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D'ardaigh	DeVane lifted his hand.
Bhí	There was brown fur growing thickly on the back.
Is	"I'm a very nervous person."
Ní	"I can't protect myself."
Tá	"I'm writing a book about spiders."
Tagann	"People come in to me from time to time to discuss the work with me."
Tá	"I'm afraid that other people could come in from the street to attack me and steal money from me."
Tá	"I need a strong doorman to protect me."
D'fhéad...	"I could do that," affirmed Colm.
B'fhéidir	"Perhaps I don't appear strong, but I'm no coward."
D'éirigh	DeVane rose again and went towards the door.
Conas	"How would you stop me if I were leaving this room?"
Fuair	Colm grabbed him, bent his knee and turned suddenly.
Stán	DeVane stared at him in wonder from the carpet on which he was lying.
Conas	"How were you able to do that?"
Seanchlas	"An old judo trick I learned long ago," said Colm.
Smaoinigh	He thought he didn't have a chance to use it when the large muscular man attacked him in the pub.
Chabhraigh	He helped DeVane stand up again.
Tá	"I hope you're not injured, sir."
Mo	"My dignity, that's all," said DeVane with a small bitter smile.
Shuigh	He sat behind the desk.