

Time, 12/3/99



Listen to them speaking!" Jonathan panted, "the hounds are baying well." Jonathan Heath and I were stumbling across a ploughed field in a biting March wind on a Suffolk Sunday.

About a mile behind us and hot on our scent were a dozen bloodhounds, howling like a lynch mob of banshees. Behind them,

galloping wildly over the skyline was the entire Hunt: the East Anglian Bloodhounds. In black and white and scarlet, root-tooting on their little horns. Animal liberationists are going to hate me for saying this but to be the prey is a terrific thrill! All that fuss and bother and noise, all that dressing up, all that music, all those braided tails, all that *ceremony*, just for little old you! It's — well, flattering.

Hunting humans with hounds and all is the coming thing. "We started it seasons ago," said Jonathan, "catching on. It's every Sunday now, and more are turning up each time I paused, breathing hard. The baying is to be getting closer. "They don't stop unless they're sure. Nothing but a bloodhound. Town people think and