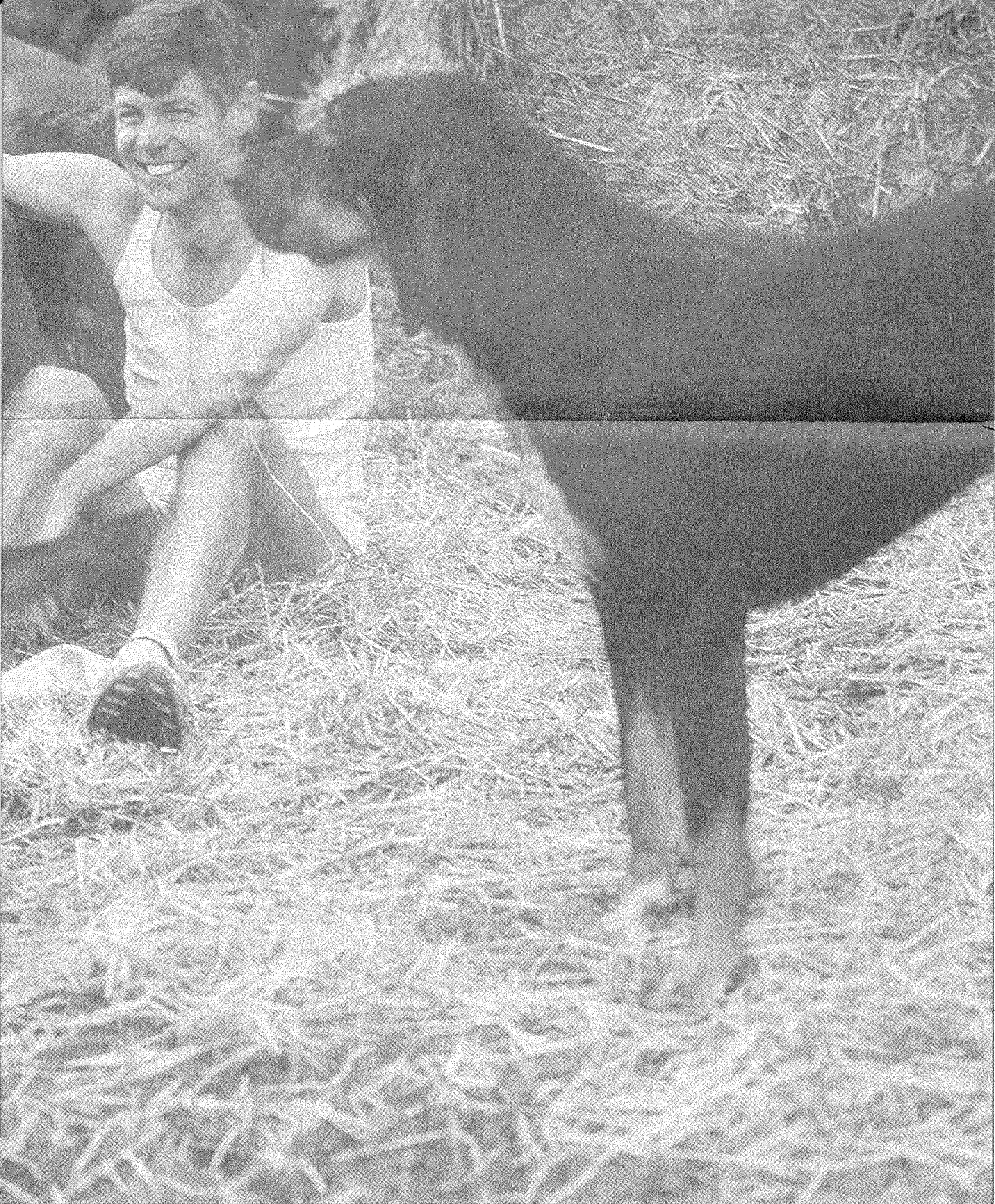




Hunting humans with hounds and horses is the coming thing. "We started it here two seasons ago," said Jonathan. "and it's catching on. It's every Sunday now, and more and more are turning up each time." He paused, breathing hard. The baying seemed to be getting closer. "They don't speak like that unless they're sure. Nothing bays like a bloodhound. Town people think any hound

bays the same, but *nothing*, not even a foxhound, bays like a bloodhound. They bay better for me than for anyone. They know my scent, see? I was the runner in our first hunt, the first one they chased. They don't forget that scent."

I nodded. Secretly I was a little miffed at the implication that they were not baying for *me*. Was there something wrong with my scent?

Not manly enough? "Secret is to sweat a lot," he said. "Dress up nice and hot so they get it fresh and strong. Cooler you are, less they can smell. Hotter you get, faster progress they make. Some people are hotter than others at laying a good scent."

The idea of taking pride in one's scent

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