

"Quiet!" "Yes, Watson. Someone has used a clever mixture of paint and phosphorus," replied Holmes, examining the dead animal. Its eyes shone red and its muzzle glowed like flickering flames in a fire. He glared helplessly at the frightful hound which was hunting him down. Even now in the stillness of death, the huge jaws seemed to be dripping with a blue flame and the small, cruel eyes looked as though they were ringed with fire. I put my hand on the glowing muzzle and when I held them up my own fingers were shining in the darkness. We glared at the cloud of fog. Suddenly, a dreadful shape jumped out from the shadows of the fog. As we flew up the track, we heard scream after scream from Sir Henry and the deep roar of the hound. I arrived to see the hound attack Sir Henry and push him to the ground. But in the next second Holmes had fired his gun into the creature's body. With a last howl, it rolled on its back and then fell dead on its side. exclaimed Holmes. It was an enormous hound. "Good grief, Watson!"