



Duror is recovering after fainting at the deer-drive. The cone-gatherers, the other beaters and the members of the shooting party are nearby.

Again he threw a glance of hatred at the little cone-gatherer. It seemed to them he was still blaming the hunchback for what had happened. They did not know that there by the dead deer he understood for the first time why he hated the hunchback so profoundly and yet was so fascinated by him. For many years his life had been stunted, misshapen, obscene, and hideous; and this misbegotten creature was its personification. Had the face been savage, brutal, ugly, in keeping with the body, there could have been no identification with his own case: then the creature would have been merely itself, as a toad was or a dragonfly larva, horrible but natural; but the face was mild, peaceful, and beautiful.