Chapter 8, The Bullet, (excerpt)

As the pack moved on to the straightway approaching the finish line, a big mouse-brown horse stretched its neck ahead of the conglomeration. Then the brown's broad muscled chest emerged from the closely grouped bunch. "Damned it all, where is my black champion?" Ardal grumbled aloud. Then he observed that all the horses were brown, the blacks, grays, and bays, all colored brown with mud. The jockeys, the colors, and the numbers all were monochromic brown.

As Ardal held his breath, clinched his teeth, and closed his fists the thundering animals slammed hooves and splattered a spray of muddy soup across his view. Then the frontrunner, three quarters of a length ahead of the next horse, a full length in front of the third and multiples of lengths ahead of the other three horses, broke across Ardal's line of sight over the tops of the whitewashed and red-striped posts that marked the finish line. Only at that point in time, looking directly at the side of the lead horse, could Ardal discern the horse's number. Faintly through the film of mud appeared, miraculously, the number five. The Bullet had won.