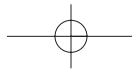


# THE MARQUIS DE FRAUD



BY PHILIP REED

FICTION

*Bird Dog*

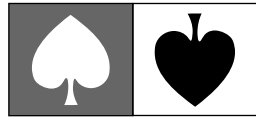
*Low Rider*

NONFICTION

*Free Throw*

*Candidly, Allen Funt*

# THE MARQUIS DE FRAUD



PHILIP REED



EPIC PRESS  
LONG BEACH, SAN MATEO, CA

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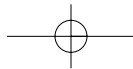
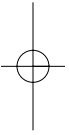
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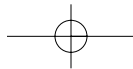
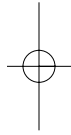
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To horse trainers everywhere;  
to their hard work  
and their undying dream  
of creating a champion.





## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I COULD NEVER HAVE WRITTEN this book without the help of Jeff Bonde, one of the top thoroughbred trainers on the West Coast. Jeff let me observe every aspect of his job as he trained and raced horses at tracks such as Bay Meadows Race Course, Hollywood Park, Del Mar and Santa Anita. He openly shared his knowledge of pin hooking—buying yearlings, breaking them and training them for racing—and patiently answered my endless questions. The devotion Jeff, and his wife Martha Bonde, show to horses, and horse racing, represent the best of what makes this sport so special.

Also, I wish to express my gratitude to the following people:

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## P R E F A C E

A FRIEND OF MINE called me one day, his voice filled with excitement. "I have the premise of your next book," he said. "It's something that actually happened to my brother. It's about horse racing. And it's about life on the backside of the track." He gave me the number of his brother, Phil Lebherz, who lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

I called Phil the next day and was glued to the chair for two hours listening to a story of a stolen thoroughbred racehorse, a charming con man and an international chase. When I hung up, I knew I had to write the story.

Still, since this was going to be a work of fiction, there were characters to be created and many situations to be invented. I began researching the world of horse racing—which really meant hanging out at the track a lot. I began writing the book and the opening section flowed nicely. But eventually I ran into a barrier and I couldn't go any farther.

In the story, the two main characters leave for England and

## P H I L I P R E E D

Scotland to chase a stolen racehorse. I had a rough idea what would happen, but I was low on details and the locations seemed sketchy. When I told Phil the book was stalled, and why, he considered the problem. Then, with characteristic boldness, he said, "Come on. Let's go find the ending to your book." A week later we were on a flight to London, filled with a sense of mission.

Phil and I covered a lot of ground while we were in the U.K. We went to the track on a stormy March afternoon and saw the horses thundering over the jumps in the driving rain. We met trainers and toured their stables. We talked with jockeys and bookies. We took an express train to Scotland and walked the streets of Glasgow where the con man in my story had been raised. We also spent the night—all night—in a Glasgow bar drinking with native Glaswegians. By the time we flew home, I knew that somewhere in our experiences were the ingredients for the ending of my story. When I finally got back to my desk, the rest of the book seemed to write itself.

Here then, is *The Marquis de Fraud*, a blend of reality, speculation and fantasy. I hope you enjoy it.

Philip Reed  
Long Beach, California  
Jan. 2, 2001