

Shrapnel! Woolly, fleecy puffs of smoke floating gently down wind, getting more and more attenuated, gradually disappearing, while below each puff an oval of ground has been plastered with bullets. And it's when the ground inside the oval is full of men that the damage is done.

Not you perhaps—but someone. Next time—maybe you.

And that, methinks, is an epitome of other things besides shrapnel. It's *all* the war to the men who fight and the women who wait.