

Tang of Life

"What is it, Lorry?"

"You said — once — that you would wait for me."

"Yes. And now you are here, I'll never be lonesome again."

"Were you lonesome?"

"A little. I had never really waited — like that — before."

He frowned and gazed into the distances. It had been easy to decide — when alone. Then he faced her, his gray eyes clear and untroubled.

"I'm going to enlist," he said simply.

She had hoped that he would. She wanted to think that of him. And yet, now that he had spoken, now that he was actually going — Her eyes grew big. She wanted to say that she was glad. Her lips trembled.

He held out his arms. She felt their warm strength round her. On the instant she thought of begging him not to go. But his eyes were shining with a high purpose that shamed her momentary indecision. She pressed her cheek to his.

"I will wait for you," she whispered, and her face was wet with tears of happiness.

She was no longer the little mother and he her boy, for in that moment he became to her the man strength of the race, his arms her refuge and his eyes her courage for the coming years.

THE END