

VENGEANCE

it's a god-damned shame, that's what I say."

He looks over his shoulder at the looming black outlines of the waiting ship.

"You're lucky," he says, "this one is only carryin' wounded. . . ."

The *Llandoverly Castle*—carrying supplies—war material—I see the general reading us the report of the sinking just before the battle of Amiens—I see the bright sun shimmering on his brass—I hear his cold, dispassionate voice—"couldn't swim, poor chaps—wanton act—must not go unavenged. . . ."

I remember the funny jerky steps of the prisoners as they came running towards us with their hands held high above their heads—I see the clasped hands lifted over the lip of the shell-hole as we fired into it—clasped hands silently asking for pity. . . .

The orderly's voice breaks in:

"Well—give my regards to blighty—have one for me."

I am carried up the gangplank.