

was busy wi' the bedroom poker breakin' out a loophole through the bricks of the gable-end wall. 'E came down an' told the Major about it. It was getting too hot, 'e said, an' the two snipers must 'ave 'im located wi' field-glasses. One bullet 'ad nearly blinded 'im wi' broken-tile dust, an' another 'ad tore a hole across the side of 'is "British warm"¹; so he was goin' to try observin' through a couple of loopholes. Then 'e went up an' finished 'is chippin' an' brought the guns into action again. Just in the middle o' a series I feels a most unholy crash, an' the whole house rocked on its toe an' heel. The brickdust an' plaster came rattlin' down, an' when the dust cleared a bit an' I got my sense an' my eyesight back, I could see a splintered hole in the far corner of my ceilin'. I made sure the F.O. upstairs was blotted out, 'cos it was that corner upstairs where 'is loophole was; but next minute 'e sings out an' asks was I all right. I never felt less all right in my life, but I told 'im I was still alive, far as knew. I crawled up to see what 'ad 'appened, an' there was 'im in one corner at 'is peep'-ole, an' the floor blowed to splinters behind 'im an' a big gap bust in the

¹ Overcoat.