

## VENGEANCE

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die, Broadbent dies like a little boy too—weeping, calling for his mother.

Tears cease to stream down his face. He lies perfectly still.

In the rear I hear the stretcher-bearers calling to each other.

. . . . .

The hospital train moves slowly towards Boulogne. It stops here and there to pick up more cargo.

We come to a halt and a bright-faced cockney girl comes into our car. She wears the uniform of a Waac. In one of the berths a man has died during the journey, but this does not deter us from joking with the newcomer. We shout our greetings to the girl.

“. . . what's the matter with you?”

“I'm sick . . . goin' 'ome to blighty.”

“You don't look sick.”

“But I am.”

“What are you sick of?”

“I've got mumps under the waistcoat.”

“Mumps under the . . . ?”