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The built-in audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should visit Browse Happy and update your internet browser today! This advance of the enemy had seemed to the youth as a ruthless hunt. It began to emanate from rage and exasperation. He beat his foot on the ground, and scowling in hatred at the swirling smoke that was approaching like a ghostly flood. There was a maddening quality in this seeming resolution of the enemy not to give him rest, to give him no time to sit down and think. Yesterday, he had fought and fled quickly. There had been a lot of adventures. Until today, he felt that he had gained opportunities for contemplative rest. He might have enjoyed depicting various scenes to uninitiated listeners where he had witnessed or skillfully discussing war processes with other proven men. It was also important that he had time to recover physically. It was painful and stiff from his experiences. He had received his full full effort, and he wanted to rest. But these other men never seemed to tire; they were fighting with their old speed. He had a savage hatred for the implacable enemy. Yesterday, when he had imagined that the universe was against him, he had hated him, little gods and great gods; today he hated the enemy's army with the same great hatred. He wasn't going to be harassed in his life, like a kitten chased by boys, he said. It was not good to drive the men in the final corners; at those times, they could all develop teeth and claws. He thought of himself and spoke in his friend's ear. He threatened the woods with a gesture. If they continue to pursue us, through Gawd, they better be careful. I can't stand it too much. The friend twisted his head and answered calmly. If they continue on a chasin' we they will all lead us into the river e'. The young people shouted wildly at this statement. He crouched behind a small tree, his eyes burning hatefully and his teeth in a curling growl. The clumsy bandage was still on her head, and on her, on her wound, there was a dry blood stain. Her hair was wonderfully tousled, and a few horse and mingled locks hung over the bandage fabric down towards her forehead. His jacket and shirt were open at the throat, and exposed his young tanned neck. You could see spasmodic sips at his throat. His fingers get sanded nervously about his gun. He wanted it to be an annihilating power engine. He felt that he and his companions were mocked and ridiculed by sincere convictions that they were poor and puny. His knowledge of his inability to for she turned her rage into a dark and stormy spectre, which possessed him and made him dream of abominable cruelties. The executioners were flies insolently sucking his blood, and he thought he would have given his life to get revenge for seeing their faces in pitiful distress. The winds of had swept everything over the regiment, until the one rifle, instantly followed by others, flashed on his forehead. A moment later, the regiment roared its sudden and valiant response. A dense wall of smoke has set in. He was furiously sliced and slashed by the knife fire of the rifles. For youth, the fighters looked like animals jessed for a death fight in a dark pit. There was a feeling that he and his fellows, at a distance, were pushing back, always pushing the ferocious onslaughts of creatures that were slippery. Their purple bundles seemed not to get bought on the bodies of their enemies; the latter seemed to escape them easily, and pass, between, around, and about with unopposed skill. When, in a dream, he came to the idea for young people that his rifle was a helpless stick, he lost the sense of everything but his hatred, his desire to break in pulp the glittering smile of victory that he could feel on the faces of his enemies. The blue line swallowed by the coiled smoke and twisted like a snake walked on. He swung his extremities here and there in an agony of fear and rage. The young man was not aware that he was standing on his feet. He didn't know the direction of the ground. Indeed, once he even lost the habit of balance and fell heavily. He would immediately re-remember. A thought went through the chaos of his brain at the time. He wondered if he had fallen because he had been shot. But the suspicions flew immediately. He did not think about it any more. He had taken a first position behind the small tree, with a direct will to hold it against the world. He had not considered it possible that his army could succeed that day, and from that he felt the ability to fight harder. But the crowd had surged anyway, until he lost directions and places, except that he knew where the enemy was. The flames bit him, and the hot smoke burned his skin. His rifle barrel became so hot that he would not normally have been able to carry it on his palms; but he continued to stuff cartridges into it, and hammer them with his rattling, ramrod bending. If he was trying to change shape through the smoke, he pulled the trigger with a ferocious growl, as if he had had a punch of all his might. When the enemy seemed to be rebuffed in front of him and his fellows, he instantly advanced, like a dog that, seeing its enemies lagging behind, turns around and insists on being pursued. And when he was forced to retire again, he did so slowly, sullenly, taking measures of wrathful despair. Once he, in his hatred of intent, was almost alone, and fired, when all those who were close had ceased. He was so absorbed in his occupation that he was not aware of a lull. He was recalled by a hoarse laugh and a phrase that came to his ear in a voice of contempt and astonishment. Yeh infernal fool, don't you know enough not to leave when there is nothing shooting? Good Gawd! He then turned and, and, with his rifle thrown half into position, looked at the blue line of his comrades. During this moment of leisure, they all seemed to commit to watching him with astonishment. They had become spectators. Turning forward again, he saw, under the raised smoke, a deserted ground. He looked puzzled for a while. Then he appeared on the glass vacancy of his eyes a diamond dot of intelligence. Oh, he said, understanding. He went back to his comrades and threw himself on the ground. He stretched out like a man who had been beaten. His flesh seemed strangely on fire, and the sounds of battle continued in his ears. He groped blindly for his canteen. The lieutenant was singing. He looked drunk fighting. He called the young: By heaven, if I had ten thousand wild cats like you, I could tear this war out of stomach in less than a week! He blew his chest with great dignity as he said. Some of the men whispered and looked at the young people in a marvellous manner. It was clear that, as he had continued to charge, shoot and curse without proper intermission, they had found time to consider it. And they were now looking at him like a war devil. The friend came staggering at him. There was a certain fright and dismay in his voice. Are you okay, Fleming? Is Yeh feeling good? There is no question with yeh, Henry, is it? No, replied the young man with difficulty. His throat seemed full of pimples and smudges. These incidents have made young people think. It was revealed to him that he had been a barbarian, a beast. He had fought like a pagan who defended his religion. On this subject, he saw that it was good, wild, and, in some ways, easy. He had been a formidable figure, no doubt. By this struggle he had overcome obstacles that he had admitted to being mountains. They had fallen like paper picks, and he was now what he called a hero. And he had not been aware of the process. He had slept, and, waking up, found himself a knight. He lay and lodring in the occasional glances of his comrades. Their faces were varied in degrees of darkness from the burnt powder. Some were totally smudged. They stank of sweat, and their breaths came hard and wheezing. And of these soiled expanses, they looked at him. Hot work! Hot work! He walked up and down, restless and impatient. Sometimes his voice could be heard in a wild and incomprehensible laugh. When he had a particularly profound thought about the science of war, he always addressed the youth unconsciously. There was some dark joy by men. By thunder, I bet this army will never see another new reg'ment like us! You bet! A dog, a woman, a 'a walnut Th' plus yeh beat 'em, e' better than they are! It's just like us. I lost a stacker, they did. If an old woman swept up wood git a dustpanful. Yes, one' if she's going to come around ag'in in fight an hour, she's going to get a bunch more. The forest still bore its clamor burden. From the outside under the trees came the rolling rattling of the musketry. Each distant thicket seemed a strange porcupine with quills of flame. A cloud of black smoke, like smoldering ruins, rose towards the now bright and cheerful sun in the blue and blunt sky. Page 2 The built-in audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should visit Browse Happy and update your internet browser today! The tattered line was respite for a few minutes, but during its break, the struggle in the forest grew until the trees seemed to tremble from the fire and the ground to tremble from the man's rush. The voices of the cannon were mingled in a long and endless row. It seemed difficult to live in such an atmosphere. The men's breasts stretched for a little freshness, and their throats were thirsty for water. There was a blow through the body, which raised a bitter lament cry when this lull came. Maybe he had called during the fighting too, but at that time no one had heard him. But now the men turned to the lamentable complaints of him on the ground. Who is he? Who is this? His Jimmie Rogers. Jimmie Rogers. When their eyes first met him, there was a sudden stop, as if they were afraid to approach. He was fighting in the grass, twisting his quivering body in many strange postures. He was screaming loudly. The hesitation of that moment seemed to fill him with immense and fantastic contempt, and he damned them in howling sentences. The young man's friend had a geographical illusion about a stream, and he got permission to fetch water. Immediately, the canteens were showered on him. Fill mine, yeh? Bring me a little, too. And so am I. He's gone, loaded. The young man went with his friend, feeling a desire to throw his heated body into the creek and, soaking there, drink litres. They did a hasty search for the supposed flow, but did not find it. No water here, said the young man. They turned around without delay and began to retrace their steps. From their position as they headed back to the battle site, they could understand more of the battle than when their visions had been blurred by the howling smoke of the line. They could see dark expanses meandering along the earth, and on an open space there was a row of cannons making gray clouds, which were filled with large flashes of orange flame. On foliage, they see the roof of a house. A bright red window shone squarely through the leaves. From the building, a large, leaning tower of smoke went far into the sky. Looking over their own troops, they saw mixed masses slowly turning into regular form. The sunlight made flickering flicker shiny steel. At the rear, there was a glimpse of a remote road as it curved over a slope. There was a lot of infantry retired. From all the intertwined forest was born the smoke and swagger of the battle. The air was always occupied by a howler. Near where they stood shells were flip-beat and bongoing. Occasional bullets buzzed in the air and fell into tree trunks. Wounded and other stragglers crossed the woods. Looking down an alley in the grove, the young man and his companion saw a jangling general and his staff almost climb on an injured man, who was crawling on his hands and knees. The general tightened strongly to the open and frothy mouth of his charger and guided him with a skillful riding past the man. The latter jostling in the wild and torturing the haste. His strength obviously failed him as he reached a place of safety. One of his arms suddenly weakened, and he fell, sliding on his back. He stretched out, breathing softly. A moment later, the small squeaky cavalcade was directly in front of the two soldiers. Another officer, riding with the skillful abandonment of a cowboy, galloped his horse to a position directly in front of the general. The two unnoticed soldiers made a small sight to continue, but they lingered close in the desire to hear the conversation. Perhaps, they thought, great inner historical things would be said. The general, whom the boys knew as commander of their division, looked at the other officer and spoke coldly, as if criticizing his clothes. Th' enemy formin 'out there for another charge, he said. It will be directed against Whiteside, a I'm afraid they'll break through unless we work like thunder don't stop them. The other swore to his restless horse, then cleared his throat. He gestured to his cap. It will be hell don't pay stopin' them, he said shortly. I presume so, remarked the general. Then he started talking quickly and in a lower tone. He often illustrated his words with a finger pointed at. The two infantrymen could hear nothing until he finally asked, What troops can you spare? The officer who rode like a cowboy thought for a moment. Well, he says, I had to order in 12th to help 76th, a I don't really have it all. But there's the 304th. They fight like many a mule maker. I can spare them the best of them all. The young man and his friend exchanged glances of astonishment. The general spoke loudly. Prepare them, then, I'll look at the developments from here, a send you a word when not to start them. It'll happen in five minutes. While officer weeded his fingers towards his cap and entered his horse, the general called him in a sober voice: I don't think many of your mules will come back. The other one shouted something Answer. He smiles. With his face frightened, the young man and his companion rushed to the line. These events had been incredibly short, but the young people felt that in them it had been made to age. New eyes were given to him. And the most surprising thing was to suddenly learn that it was very insignificant. The officer spoke of the regiment as if he were talking about a broom. Some of the woods needed sweeping, perhaps, and he simply pointed to a broom in a tone correctly indifferent to his fate. It was war, no doubt, but it seemed strange. As the two boys approached the line, the lieutenant saw them and swelled with anger. Fleming — Wilson — how long does it take to yeh to git water, anyway — where yeh went. But his orations ceased as he saw their eyes, which were great with great tales. We're going to 'don't' charge, we're going to 'don't' charge! cried the young man's friend, hastening with his news. Charge? said the lieutenant. Charge? Well, b'Gawd! Now it's true fightin'! Above his stained face there was a boastful smile. Charge? Well, b'Gawd! A small group of soldiers surrounded the two youths. Are we, of course 'nough? Well, I'm going to be durned! A charge? What iron? What's the matter? Wilson, you're lyin'. I hope to die, said the young man, as his tones were the key to the angry admonition. Of course the shot, I tell you. And his friend spoke in the re-application. Not by a show of blame, it is not Lyin'. We heard them talking. They saw two figures climbed a short distance from them. One was the colonel of the regiment and the other was the officer who had received orders from the divisional commander. They gesticated over each other. The soldier, pointing to them, interpreted the scene. One man had a final objection: How could yeh hear them speak? But the men, for the most part, nodded, admitting that before the two friends had told the truth. They settled again in restful attitudes with airs of having accepted the question. And they thought about it, with a hundred varieties of expression. It was a captivating thing to think about. Many tightened their belts carefully and harnessed to their pants. A moment later, the officers began to agitate among the men, pushing them into a more compact mass and in a better alignment. They pursued those who hung out and smoked to a few men who seemed to show by their attitudes that they had decided to stay there. They were like critical shepherds, struggling with sheep. At present, the regiment seemed to be drawing and breathing None of the faces of men was the mirror of great thoughts. The soldiers were bent and leaning like sprinters in front of a signal. Many pairs of bright eyes looked at creass  t faces towards the curtains of the deeper woods. They seemed to be engaged in time and distance. They were surrounded by the sounds of the monstrous altercation between the two armies. The world was fully interested in other issues. Apparently, the regiment had a little affair for itself. The young man, turning, shot a quick and curious glance at his friend. The latter returned to him in the same way of looking. They were the only ones with inner knowledge. Mule drivers, who don't pay, don't think many will return. It was an ironic secret. Yet they saw no hesitation in each other's faces, and they nodded a mute, non-Protestant assent when a shaggy man near them said in a soft voice, We will swallow git. Page 3 The built-in audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should visit Browse Happy and update your internet browser today! The young people looked at the earth in front of him. Its foliage now seemed to veil the powers and horrors. He was not aware of the machinery of the orders that began the charge, although from the corners of his eyes he saw an officer, who looked like a boy on horseback, come galloping, waving his hat. Suddenly he felt tension and uprising among the men. The line fell slowly forward like an upturned wall, and, with a convulsive breathlessness that was intended for acclaim, the regiment began its journey. The young man was pushed and shoved for a while before understanding the movement, but directly he went forward and started running. He stared at a distant and prominent tuft of trees where he had concluded that the enemy should be met, and he ran towards him as if towards a goal. He had believed throughout this that it was simply a matter of recovering from an unpleasant case as quickly as possible, and he ran desperately, as if he were being prosecuted for murder. His face was drawn hard and tight with the stress of his business. His eyes were fixed in a sinister glare. And with his stained and messy dress, his red and fiery features surmounted by the dingy rag with his bloodstain, his wildly swinging rifle, and hitting accoutrements, he looked like a mad soldier. As the regiment swayed from its position in a cleared space, the woods and thicket before it ad (up). Yellow flames were flying towards her in many directions. The forest made a huge objection. The line straightened for a moment. Then the right wing swayed forward; it in turn was overtaken by the left. Afterwards, the centre went to the front until the regiment was a wedge-shaped mass, but a moment later, the opposition of bushes, trees and places ground divides the command and disperses it into detached clusters. The young man, with light feet, was unconsciously in advance. His eyes still kept note of the pile of trees. From all the places near him, the clamnish cry of the enemy could be heard. The small flames of the rifles leaped from him. The singing of the bullets was in the air and the shells rumbled the tree tops. One of them tumbled straight into the middle of a hurried group and exploded in a crimson fury. There was an instant sight of a man, almost on her, throwing his hands to protect his eyes. Other men, shot, fell into grotesque agonies. The regiment left a consistent body trace. They had passed in a clearer atmosphere. There was an effect as a revelation in the new appearance of the landscape. Some men working madly on a battery were simple to them, and the lines of the opposing infantry were defined by the gray walls and smoke fringes. It seemed to the young people that he saw everything. Each blade of green grass was bold and clear. He thought he was aware of every change in the thin, transparent steam that floated with his arms folded in the leaves. The brown or grey trunks of the trees showed every roughness of their surfaces. And the men of the regiment, with their starting eyes and sweaty faces, running madly, or falling, as if through headlong, to the queer corpses, piled up, were all understood. His mind took a mechanical but firm impression, so that after all was photographed and explained to him, except why he himself was there. But there was a frenzy made of this furious rush. The men, darting madly forward, had erupted in cheers, moblike and barbarian, but listening in strange touches that can awaken the dullard and the stoic. He made a mad enthusiasm that, it seemed, would be unable to be verified before granite and brass. There was delirium that meets despair and death, and is helpless and blind to every chance. It is a temporary but sublime absence of selfishness. And because it was of that order was perhaps the reason why the youngster later wondered what reasons he might have had to be there. At present, the frantic pace has eaten the energies of men. As per agreement, the leaders began to slow down their speed. The volleys directed at them had had a seeming wind effect. The regiment sniffed and blew. Among a few feuloid trees, he began to weaken and hesitate. The men, staring, began to wait for some of the distant walls to smoke to move and reveal to them the scene. As much of their strength and breath had disappeared, they returned to caution. They are once again becoming men. The young man vaguely believed that he had travelled miles, and he thought, in a way, that he was now in a new and unknown country. As soon as the regiment stopped its advance, the protesting splutter of the musketry became a stabilized roar. Long stretches precise smoke is spreading. From the top of a small hill came the level belings of the yellow flame which caused an inhuman hiss in the air. The men, arrested, had the opportunity to see some of their comrades fall with moans and screams. A few lay under their feet, motionless or moaning. And now, for a moment, the men stood, their rifles soft in their hands, and looked at the Decrease. They seemed dazed and stupid. This show seemed to paralyze them, overcome them with a fatal fascination. They looked in wood at the views, and, looking down, looked face to face. It was a strange pause, and a strange silence. Then, above the sounds of the outer commotion, rose the thunder of the lieutenant. He suddenly walked forward, his infant features black with rage. Come on, yeh fools! Come on! Yeh can't stay here. Yeh has to come. He said more, but much of it could not be understood. He started quickly forward, his head facing the men, Come on, he shouted. The men looked at him with white eyes and yokels. He was forced to stop and retrace his steps. He then stood with his back to the enemy and delivered gigantic curses on the faces of men. His body vibrated with the weight and strength of his imprecations. And he could take the oath with the ease of a young girl who puts on pearls. The friend of the youth aroused. Suddenly hugging forward and falling to his knees, he fired an angry shot at the lingering woods. This action awakened men. They don't snuggle up like sheep anymore. They suddenly seemed to think of their weapons, and at once began to shoot. Belabored by their officers, they began to move forward. The regiment, involved as a trolley involved in mud and confusion, began unevenly with a lot of shaking and shaking. The men now stopped every few steps to pull and load, and in this way moved slowly from the trees to the trees. The fiery opposition on their forehead increased with their advance until it seemed that all forward lanes were forbidden by thin jumping tongues, and off the right a sinister demonstration could sometimes be dimly discerned. The smoke produced recently was in confused clouds which made it difficult for the regiment to proceed with intelligence. As he passed through each body of curling, the young people wondered what would face him on the other side. The control progressed painfully until an open space between them and the sinister lines. Here, crouched and curled up behind a few trees, the men clung to despair, as if threatened by a wave. They looked wild-eyed, and as if they were astonished at the furious disturbance they had stirred. In the storm, there was an ironic expression of their importance. The faces of men, too, showed a lack of a certain sense of responsibility to be there. It was as if they had been driven. It was the dominant animal not remembering in the supreme moments the energetic causes of various Superficial. The whole affair seemed incomprehensible to many of them. As they stopped thus, the lieutenant began to breathe profanely again. Regardless of the vindictive threats of bullets, he began to coax, repress and deny. Her lips, which were usually in a gentle and childish have now been twisted into unholy contortions. He swore by every possible deity. Once he grabbed the kid by the arm. Come on, yeh lunhead! Come one! We'll all be killed if we stay here. We didn't go through that a lot. A then — the rest of his idea disappeared into a blue haze of curses. The young man extended his arm. Cross there? His mouth was creased in doubt and fear. Definitely. Jest 'cross e' lot! We can't stay here, the lieutenant shouted. He twists his face close to the youth and shakes his bandaged hand. Come on! Currently, he has struggled with it as if for a wrestling fight. It was as if he intended to drag the young man by ear until the assault. The soldier felt a sudden and unspeakable indignation against his officer. He violently tore and shook him. Come on, then, he cried. There was a bitter challenge in his voice. They galloped together on the regimental front. The friend jostling after them. In front of the colors, the three men started to yell at me: Come on! Come on! They danced and gys tered like tortured savages. The flag, obeying these calls, folded its glittering form and swept towards them. The men wavered for a moment in indecision, and then, with a long lamenting cry, the dilapidated regiment leapt forward and began its new journey. On the ground went the mass rushing. It was a handful of men splashed on the faces of the enemy. Towards her she instantly jumped the yellow tongues. A large amount of blue smoke hung in front of them. A powerful blow made the ears worthless. The young man ran like crazy to reach the woods before a bullet could discover him. He sketched his head down, like a football player. In his haste, his eyes almost closed, and the scene was a wild blur. The pulsating saliva stood at the corners of his mouth. In him, as he lets himself forward, a love is born, a desperate inclination for the flag that was near him. It was a creation of beauty and invulnerability. She was a radiant goddess who folded her form with an imperious gesture towards him. She was a woman, red and white, hating and loving, who called her with the voice of her hopes. Because no evil could come to him, he endowed it with power. He kept close, as if she could be a saver of lives, and an imploring cry went from her mind. In the mad stampede, he knew that the colored sergeant was suddenly bronching, as if struck by a bludgeoning. He faltered, then became motionless, except for his simmering knees. He made a spring and a pouch at the post. At the same time, his friend grabbed him on the other side. They, robust and furious, but the colored sergeant is dead, and the corpse will not give up his For a while, there was a dark encounter. The dead man, swaying with his back bent, seemed to be stubbornly pulling, in a ridiculous and terrible manner, for the flag. It was over in a moment of time. They ripped off the dead man's flag furiously, and as they turned again, the corpse was sweeping forward with its head bowed. An arm tilted high, and the bent hand fell with a strong protest on the shoulder without Bacing the friend's entrance. Page 4 The built-in audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should visit Browse Happy and update your internet browser today! When the two youths turned around with the flag, they saw that much of the regiment had collapsed, and that the rest of them had slowly returned. The men, having thrown themselves into the fashion of projectiles, had now spent their forces. They retreated slowly, their faces still turned to the choppy woods, and their hot guns still responded to the vagain. Several officers gave orders, their voices shouted. Where in hell yeh gain? And a red-bearded officer, whose voice could clearly be heard by three brass, commanded: Shoot them! Shoot them, Gawd damn their souls! There was a melee of landslides, in which the men were ordered to do contradictory and impossible things. The young man and his friend had a small scuffle on the flag. Don't give me anything! No, let me keep it! Everyone felt satisfied with their possession, but everyone felt obliged to declare, through an offer to wear the emblem, their willingness to take more risks. The young man pretty much pushed his friend away. The regiment fell back into the felt trees. There he paused for a moment to blaze at some dark forms that had begun to fly on his trail. Presently he resumed his walk, bending among the tree trunks. By the time the exhausted regiment had reached the first open space again, they were given a swift and unforgiving fire. There seemed to be crowds about them. Most of the men, discouraged, their minds carried by the turmoil, acted as stunned. They accepted the coat of bullets with courboreal and tired heads. It was of no purpose to fight the walls. It was of no use to fight against granite. And from this awareness that they had tried to conquer something inconspicuous, there seemed to arise a feeling that they had been betrayed. They shone with bent eyebrows, but dangerously, on some officers, especially on the red bearded with the triple brass voice. However, the rear of the regiment was lined with men, who continued to fire irrevocably at advancing enemies. They seemed determined to make all the trouble. The young lieutenant was perhaps the last man in the disorderly Mass. His forgotten back was to the enemy, had been shot in the arm. It hung straight and rigid. Sometimes he would stop remembering it and take the oath of a radical act. The increased pain led him to with incredible power. The young people went along with slipping uncertain feet. He kept his eyes watching backwards. A scowling of mortification and rage was on his face. He had thought of a beautiful revenge to the agent who had designated him and his companions as mules. But he saw that he couldn't do without it. His dreams had collapsed when the mules, rapidly diminishing, had wavered and hesitated on the small clearing, and then retreated. And now the retreat of the mules was a march of shame for him. A look at the dagger, without his blackened face, was held towards the enemy, but his greatest hatred was riveted on the man who, not knowing him, had called him a mule maker. When he knew that he and his comrades had done nothing good that could bring the small pains of some kind of remorse to the officer, the young man allowed the rage of the baffled to possess him. This cold officer on a monument, who dropped the epithets without disintegrating, would be finer as a dead man, he thought. So serious he thought he could never possess the secret right to really mock in response. He had imagined red letters of curious revenge. We're mules, aren't we? And now he's been forced to throw them away. He now wrapped his heart in the cloak of his pride and kept the flag up. He harassed his fellow men, pushing against their chests with his free hand. To those he knew well, he made frantic calls, seeing them by name. Between him and the lieutenant, growling and about to lose his head with rage, one felt a subtle brotherhood and equality. They supported each other in all sorts of hoarse and screaming protests. But the regiment was a machine that came down. The two men babbled at one thing without force. Soldiers who had the heart to go slowly were continually shaken in their determinations by the knowledge that the comrades were speedily sliding towards the lines. It was hard to think about reputation when others thought of skins. Wounded people were left crying during the black trip. The smoke fringes and flames were still swaggering. The young, once looking through a sudden fault in a cloud, saw a brown mass of troops, intertwined and enlarged until they seemed to be thousands. A flag with fierce hues flashed in front of his vision. Immediately, as if the rise of the smoke had been pre-arranged, the discovered troops erupted screaming, and a hundred flames darted towards the retreating band. A grey cloud rolling again interposed that the regiment answered obstinately. The young man had to depend again on misused ears, which trembled and buzzed from the melee of musketry and cries. The path seemed eternal. In the murky mist, the men grieved, agreeing that the regiment had lost its way and was going in a perilous direction. Once the men who led the wild procession turned and came to push push against their comrades, shouting that they were being drawn at points they had considered to be towards their own lives. At this cry, hysterical fear and dismay assail the troops. A soldier, who until now had been ambitious to make the regiment a small wide band that would proceed calmly amid the enormous difficulties appearing, suddenly sank and buried his face in his arms with an air of bowing to a fate. On the other hand, a shrill lament sounds filled with profane allusions to a general. The men ran here and there, looking with their eyes for escape routes. With serene regularity, as if it were controlled by a calendar, the balls polished in men. The young man walked securely in the middle of the crowd, and with his flag in his hands took up position as if expecting an attempt to push him to the ground. He subconsciously assumed the attitude of the color carrier in the fight of the day before. He passed over his forehead a trembling hand. His breath did not come freely. He was choking during this little wait for the crisis. His friend came to see him. Well, Henry, I suppose it's good by John. —Oh, shut up, you fool! replied the young man, and he did not look at the other. Officers worked as politicians to beat the masses in an appropriate circle to deal with threats. The ground was uneven and torn. The men curled up in depressions and adjusted comfortably behind anything that would frustrate a bullet. The young man noted with a vague surprise that the lieutenant stood mute, his legs spread and his sword held like a cane. Young people wondered what had happened to his vocal organs, which he no longer cursed. There was something curious about the lieutenant's little intention break. He was like a girl who, after crying her filling, looks up and stares at a distant toy. He was absorbed in this contemplation, and the soft under the lip shuddered with self-whispered words. Some lazy and ignorant smoke curled up slowly. The men, hidden from the bullets, waited impatiently for him to rise and reveal the fate of the regiment. The silent ranks were suddenly delighted by the eager voice of the young lieutenant shouting. Here they are! Right on us, b'Gawd! His other words were lost in a roar of wicked thunder of men's guns. The young people's eyes had instantly turned in the direction indicated by the awake and restless lieutenant, and he had seen the haze of betrayal reveal a body of enemy soldiers. They were so close that he could see their characteristics. There was recognition when looking at the types of faces. In addition, he that their uniforms were rather cheerful indeed, being light grey, accented with a glossy-hued face. Also, the clothes looked new. These troops had apparently been moving forward with caution, their rifles kept in a state of readiness, when the young had discovered them and their movement had been interrupted by the flight of the blue regiment. From the moment the preview of the moment, it was derived that they had not been aware of the proximity of their dark enemies or had confused the direction. Almost instantly, they were completely closed from view by the smoke of the energetic rifles of his companions. He stretched his vision to learn the accomplishment of the flight, but the smoke hung in front of him. The two troop corps exchanged blows in the manner of a pair of boxers. Angry rapid fire came and went. The men in blue were determined by the desperation of their situation and they seized the revenge to have at point-blank range. Their thunder rumbled loudly and valiantly. Their curvature forehead bristled with flashes and the place resonated with the clangor of their ramrods. The youth dodged and dodged for a while and got some unsatisfactory views of the enemy. There seemed to be a lot of them and they responded quickly. They seemed to be heading for the Blue Regiment, step by step. He sat sadly on the ground with his flag between his knees. As he noted the vicious and wolflike temperament of his comrades, he had a gentle thought that if the enemy was about to swallow the regimental broom as a great prisoner, he could at least have the consolation of going down with hair forwards. But the antagonist's blows began to become weaker. Fewer bullets tore through the air, and finally, when the men relaxed to learn the fight, they could only see dark, floating smoke. The regiment lay motionless and watching. Presently, a whim of chance came to the harassing blur, and it began to get heavily bogged down away. The men saw a vacant field of fighters. It would have been an empty scene if it weren't for a few corpses lying thrown and twisted in fantastic shapes on the slope. At the sight of this painting, many men in blue joined from behind their blankets and could have a dance of joy without gain. Their eyes burned and a hoarse cheer of elation broke from their dry lips. It had begun to appear to them that events were trying to prove that they were powerless. These little battles had obviously tried to show that men could not fight well. On the verge of submission to these opinions, the little duel had shown them that proportions were not impossible, and by it they had avenged their apprehensions and the enemy. The momentum of enthusiasm was once again theirs. They looked around them with looks of uplifting pride, feeling a new confidence in the dark weapons and always confident in their And they were men. Page 5 The built-in audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should visit Browse Happy and update your internet browser today! At present, they knew that no shots were threatening them. All avenues seemed open to them once again. The blue lines of their were disclosed a short distance away. In the distance there was a lot of colossal noises, but in all this part of the field there was a sudden calm. They perceived that they were free. The exhausted band drew a long breath of relief and gathered in a group to complete their journey. In this last length of journey, men began to show strange emotions. They rushed with nervous fear. Some who had been dark and painless in the darkest moments could not hide an anxiety that made them frantic. Perhaps it is that they feared being killed insignificantly after the time of the appropriate military deaths. Or, perhaps, they thought it would be too ironic to get killed on security portals. With backward glances of disturbance, they hurried. As they approached their own lines, there was a certain sarcasm on display from a gaunt and tanned regiment lying in the shade of the trees. They were asked questions. Where the heck yeh summer? What yeh comin' iron back? What yeh didn't say there? Was it hot there, sonny? Go home now, guys? One of them shouted, taunting the mimic: Oh, mother, come quickly a look at e' sojers! There was no response from the bruised and bruised regiment, except that one man made diffusion challenges for the fist fights and the red-bearded officer walked close enough and looked in great washbucket style at a great captain in the other regiment. But the lieutenant repressed the man who wanted to fight in his fist, and the great captain, rinsing with the little brass band of the red beard, was obliged to look carefully at some trees. The tender flesh of youth was deeply stung by these remarks. Beneath his crumpled eyebrows, he shone with hatred against the mockers. He was meditating on some revenge. Yet many in the regiment hung their heads criminally, so that it came to pass that the men walked with sudden heaviness, as if they carried on their folded shoulders the coffin of their honor. And the young lieutenant, remembering himself, began to whisper softly in black curses. They turned around when they arrived at their old position to take into account the terrain on which they had taken over. The young people in this contemplation were struck with great astonishment. He discovered that the distances, relative to the brilliant measurements of his mind, were trivial and ridiculous. The feud trees, where many had taken place, seemed incredibly close. Time, too, now that he's thinking, he's seen being short. He wondered about the number of emotions and events been crammed into such small spaces. Eflin thoughts must have exaggerated and expanded everything, he said. So it seemed that there was bitter justice in the speeches of gaunt and tanned veterans. He veiled a look of disdain at his fellows who littered the ground, suffocating with dust, red of misty, disheveled eyes. They swallowed in their canteens, ferocious to twist every mite of the water of them, and they polished to their swollen and watering characteristics with coat sleeves and bouquets of grass. However, for the young, there was considerable joy in thinking about his performance during the load. He had had very little time before to appreciate himself, so that there was now much satisfaction in quietly thinking about his actions. He remembered pieces of colour that, in the gust, had stamped without knowing about his engaged senses. As the regiment rose from its warm efforts, the officer who had appointed them as mules came galloping along the line. He'd lost his cap. Her tousled hair groaned wildly, and her face was dark with vexation and anger. His temperament was displayed with more clearness by the way he handled his horse. He jerked off and crumbled wildly at his bridle, stopping the animal, which was breathing heavily with furious traction near the regimental colonel. He immediately exploded into reproaches that are not forbidden to the ears of men. They were suddenly alert, always curious about the black words between the officers. Oh, thunder, MacChesnay, what a terrible bull you have made of this thing! He tried low tones, but his indignation caused some men to learn the meaning of his words. What a terrible waste you've made! God, man, you stopped a hundred feet away on this side of a very nice success! If your men had gone a hundred feet further, you would have made a great load, but as it is-what many mud diggers you have anyway! The men, listening with bated breath, now turned their curious eyes on the colonel. They had a ragamuffin interest in this case. We saw the Colonel straighten his shape and put a hand forward oratory. He looked wounded; it was as if a deacon had been charged with theft. The men wriggle in an ecstasy of excitement. But suddenly, the manner of the colonel went from that of a deacon to that of a Frenchman. He shrugged. Oh, general, we have gone as far as we can, he said calmly. As much as you could? Did you, b'Gawd? Well, it wasn't very far, was it? Not very far, I think. You were thinking of diversion in favor of Whiteside. How well you managed your own ears can now tell you. He rode his horse and rode steeply away. The colonel, forbidden to hear the shocking sounds of an engagement in the woods to the left, erupted in vague damnations. The lieutenant, who had listened with an air of helpless rage to the interview, spoke in firm and unflappable tones. I don't care what a man is, whether he's a general or what, if he says boys hasn't put up a good there, he's a damned fool. Lieutenant, the colonel said sternly, this is my own business, and I will disturb you. The lieutenant has made an obedient gesture. All right, Colonel, fine, he said. He sat down with an air of content with himself. The news that the regiment had been accused of went at the same time. For a while, the men were baffled by it. Good thunder! they ejaculated, looking at the general's disappearing form. They conceived it was a huge mistake. At present, however, they began to believe that in truth their efforts had been called light. Young people could see this weight of conviction throughout the regiment until the men were like handcuffed and cursed animals, but rebellious. The friend, with a grievance in his eye, went to youth. I wonder what he wants, he said. 'He must think we went there a 'played mardies! I never see a man gett'! Young people have developed a quiet philosophy for these moments of irritation. Oh, well, he replied, he probably didn't say anything of it at all and God mad like flames, and concluded that we were a lot of sheep, just because we didn't do what he wanted to do. It's a shame that old Grandpa Henderson was killed yestirday, he would have known we had done our best and we fought well. It's just our terrible luck, that's what. I should say it, replied the friend. He seemed deeply wounded to an injustice. I have to say we were very lucky! There is no pleasure in fighting people when everything yeh does, no matter what happens, is not well done. I have a notion of not staying behind next time a 'let them take their of' load a 'go you th' devil with it. The young man spoke with appeasement to his comrade. Well, we both did good. I'd like to see the fool which would say that we didn't both do as well as we could! Of course I do, said the friend with awe. I would break my neck if it were as big as a church. But we're fine, anyway, because I heard an aggressor say that we both fit 'best in e' reg'ment, one' they had a great argument 'but I. Another adilleur, a course he didn't have until a' say it was a lie, he saw everything that happens on a 'he never saw us e'beginnin'te' end. A 'much more stuck in a'its it wasn't a lie, we beat like thunder, a 'they give us quite a shipment. But that's what I can't stand, these eternal soldiers, titterin' 'an 'laughin', so this general, he's crazy. The young man exclaimed with sudden exasperation: It's a lunthead! He's giving me back! I'd like him to come next time. We show 'im what'. He stopped because several men had come to hurry. Their faces expressed a great news. O Flem, yeh joke should hear! Heard what? said the Yeh joke should hear! repeated the other, and he arranged to tell his news. The others made an excited circle. Well, sir, colonel met your lieutenant right next to us -- that was the most cursed thing I've ever heard-a he his: Ahem! Ahem! Mr. Hasbruck! There, Flemin', what would yeh think one that? Who was a boy what was wearing e'flag? he, an e' lieutenant, he speaks right away: It's Flemin, a he's a jimnickey, he said, right now. What? I say he did it. A jimnickey, he said, these words. He did it, too. I say he did it. If you parents tell this story better than I do, go a 'say it. Then keep your mouth in it. Th' lieutenant, he his: He's a jimnickey, and he's a colonel: Ahem! Ahem! he is, indeed, a very good man do not, ahem! I keep 'e 'flag 'way te' before. I saw 'im. It's a good no, his, his colonel said. You bet, his lieutenant, he a 'shot named Wilson was at the head of 'an e' charge, a 'howlin' like the Indians all the time, he said. The head an e' loads the time, he has. A feller named Wilson, he says, The Wilson, boy, put this in a letter that a 'send it um'yer mother, hay? A feller named Wilson, he says. A colonel, he his: Were they, indeed? Ahem! Ahem! My sakes! At the head of a th' reg'ment? They were his lieutenant. My sakes! He his: Well, well, well, it's. They do not deserve to be major generals. The young man and his friend had said, Hey! Y'er lyin' Thompson. Oh, don't blaze! He never sed it. Oh, what a lie! Hey! But despite these youthful mockery and embarrassment, they knew that their faces were deeply under the influence of thrills of pleasure. They exchanged a secret look of joy and congratulations. They quickly forgot a lot of things. The past held no image of error and disappointment. They were very happy, and their hearts swelled with grateful affection for the colonel and the young lieutenant. Page 6 The built-in audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should visit Browse Happy and update your internet browser today! When the woods began to sweep over the dark-hued masses of the enemy, the young felt serene. He smiles briefly when he sees men dodging and ducking with long shells that have been thrown into giant handles on them. He stood and quiet, watching the attack begin outside the line that made a blue curve along the side of an adjacent hill. His vision being uns molested by the smoke from his companions' rifles, he had the opportunity to see parts of the hard It was a relief to finally see where some of those noises that had been roared in his ears came from. Shortly thereafter, he saw two

regiments fighting a little separately with two other regiments. It was in a clear space, with a relaxing look. They were flamboyant as if on a bet, giving and taking huge blows. The shooting was incredibly ferocious and fast. These regiments of intent were apparently oblivious to all the most important goals of the war, and slugging each other as if to an equal game. In another direction, he saw a magnificent brigade leave with the obvious intention of driving the enemy from a wood. They passed out of sight and currently there was a most impressive racket in the woods. The noise was unspeakable. After sparking this prodigious uproar, and apparently finding it too prodigious, the brigade, after a little while, returned airily with its fine formation in troubled nowise. There was no trace of speed in his movements. The brigade was jaunty and seemed to point a proud thumb at the howling wood. On a left-hand slope, there was a long row of cannons, gruff and panicked, denouncing the enemy, who, through the woods, formed for another attack in the merciless monotony of conflict. The round red discharges of the cannons made a crimson rocket and thick and high smoke. Occasional glimpses could be seen from hard-working groups of gunners. At the back of this row of cannons stood a house, quiet and white, amidst the shells that burst. A congregation of horses, attached to a long railing, frantically pulled on their bridles. The men were running here and there. The detached battle between the four regiments lasted some time. There was no interference, and they settled their dispute on their own. They beat each other savagely and powerfully for a few minutes, then the lighter-hued regiments faltered and recoiled, leaving the dark blue lines screaming. The youths could see the two flags trembling with laughter amid the remnants of smoke. Currently, there was a quiet, pregnant sense. The blue lines moved and changed a trifle and watched with expectation the woods and the silent fields that awaited them. The silence was solemn and religious, except for a distant battery which, obviously unable to remain silent, sent a slight thunder rolling on the ground. It irritated, like the noises of unimpressed boys. The men imagined that this would prevent their perched ears from hearing the first words of the new battle. Suddenly, the guns on the slope roared a warning message. A sound of brilliance had begun in the woods. He swelled with amazing speed at a deep clamor that implied the earth in the noises. Collisions swept along the lines until an interminable roar was developed. For those who were in the middle of it, it became a tailored before the universe. It was the roar and and gigantic machines, complications among the small stars. The young people's ears were filled with cups. They were unable to hear more. On a slope on which a road injury, he saw wild and desperate rushes of men perpetually back and forth in tumultuous outbursts. These parts of the opposing armies were two long waves that lamented madly on top of each other at dictated points. Back and forth, they swelled up. Sometimes one side by his cries and cheers proclaimed decisive blows, but a moment later, the other side would be all the screams and cheers. Once the young people saw a stream of bright shapes go in houndlike jumps towards the undulating blue lines. There was a lot of howl, and now he went away with a large mouthful of prisoners. Again, he saw a blue wave rushing with such thunderous force against a grey obstruction that he seemed to clear the earth of it and leave only trampled sod. And always in their fast and deadly rushes here and there, men shouted and shouted like maniacs. Special pieces of fence or safe positions behind collections of trees were disputed, such as gold thrones or bead beds. There were desperate cracks at these places chosen apparently every moment, and most of them were banded like light toys between the conflicting forces. Young people could not tell from flying battle flags like purple foam in many directions what fabric color was gaining. His emaciated regiment was agitating with undiminished ferocity when his time came. When they are attacked again, the men burst into a barbaric cry of rage and pain. They bent their heads for intent hatred purposes behind the hammers thrown from their rifles. Their ramrods sunk loudly with fury as their greedy arms beat the cartridges into the barrels of the rifle. The front of the regiment was a wall of smoke penetrated by the flashing dots of yellow and red. Wallowing in the fight, they were in a surprisingly short time resmudged. They have surpassed in the stain and dirt all their previous appearances. Moving here and there with a tense effort, jabbering all the time, they were, with their bodies swaying, black faces, and bright eyes, like strange demons and ugly jiggling heavily in smoke. The lieutenant, returning from a tour after a bandage, produced from a receptacle hidden from his mind new oaths and omens adapted to the emergency. Chains of expletives he swung lashes on the backs of his men, and it was evident that his earlier efforts had altered its resources. The young man, still wearing the colours, did not feel his idleness. He was deeply absorbed as a spectator. The accident and the swing of the great drama made him lean forward, his eyes determined, his face working in small contortions. Sometimes he chatted, words coming unconsciously from him in grotesque exclamations. He did not know he was breathing; that the flag hung silently above him, if absorbed was he. One enemy line came within dangerous range. You could see them clearly, tall, gaunt men with excited faces running with long strides towards a stray fence. At the sight of this danger, the men suddenly ceased their monotonous cursing. There was a tense moment of silence before they threw their rifles and fired a plump volley at the enemies. There had been no order; the men, after acknowledging the threat, had immediately allowed their herd of bullets to lead without waiting for the word of command. But the enemy was quick to get protection from the stray fence line. They gled behind her with remarkable hasty, and from this position they began eagerly to slice the blue men. The latter have turned their energies for a great struggle. Often, white teeth have shone dark faces. Many heads have leapt here and there, floating on a pale sea of smoke. Those hiding behind the fence frequently shouted and played in taunts and gibberish cries, but the regiment maintained a stressed silence. Perhaps, at this new aggression, the men remembered the fact that they had been named mud diggers, and this made their situation three times bitter. They were out of breath determined to keep the ground and keep the rejoicing body away from the enemy. They fought quickly and with a desperate savagery indicated in their expressions. The young people had decided not to move no matter what. A few arrows of contempt that had been buried in his heart had generated a strange and unspeakable hatred. It was clear to him that his final and absolute vengeance had to be obtained by his lying corpse, torn and giggling, on the ground. It must have been a poignant retaliation against the officer who had said mules and later mud diggers because in all the savage seizures of his mind for a unit responsible for his suffering and agitation, he always took over the man who had wrongly nicknamed him. And it was his idea, vaguely formulated, that his corpse would be for those eyes a great reproach of salt. The regiment was bleeding extravagantly. The grunting packets of blue began to fall. The orderly sergeant of the young man's company was shot in the cheeks. His supports being wounded, his jaw hung far down, revealing in the great cavern of his mouth a pulsating mass of blood and teeth. And with all that, he made attempts to scream. In his business, there was a terrible seriousness, as if he saw that a great cry would make him well. The young man now saw him turn backwards. His strength now seemed impaired. He ran quickly, casting glances for help. Others fell on the feet of their companions. Some of the wounded crawled from time to time, but many still lay their bodies twisted into impossible shapes. The young man once searched for his friend. He saw a young man vehement, smeared with powder and frowzled, whom he knew to be him. The lieutenant, too, was in its rear position. He had continued to curse, but it was now with the air of a man using his last box of oaths. For the regiment's fire had begun to weaken and sink. The robust voice, which came strangely from the thin rows, growing ever weaker. Page 7 The built-in audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should visit Browse Happy and update your internet browser today! The colonel came to run to the back of the line. Other officers were following him. We have to charge! We must charge! they shouted in resentful voices, as if anticipating a rebellion against this plan by men. The young people, hearing the cries, began to study the distance between him and the enemy. He's made vague calculations. He saw that to be firm soldiers, they have to move forward. It would be death to remain in the present place, and with all the circumstances to go back would exalt too many others. Their hope was to push the galling enemies away from the fence. He expected that his companions, tired and stiffened, would be driven to this aggression, but as he turned to them, he perceived with some surprise that they were giving quick expressions and unqualified assent. There was a disturbing opening and rattling to the charge when the bayonets trees shook on the barrels of rifle. At the screaming command words, the soldiers leap forward in greedy leaps. There was a new and unexpected force in the regimental movement. An acquaintance of his faded and jaded state made the charge appear as a climax, a display of strength that comes before a final weakness. The men swindled into the mad fever of haste, racing as if to achieve a sudden success before an exhilarating fluid should leave them. It was a blind and desperate rush by the collection of men in dusty blue and tatters, on a green towards the sword and under a sapphire sky, towards a fence, faintly sketched in smoke, from behind which sprayed the ferocious rifles of the enemies. The young people kept the bright colors at the front. He waved his free arm in furious circles, while shouting wild calls and calls, urging those who did not need to be exhorted, for it seemed that the crowd of blue men throwing themselves at the dangerous group of rifles were again suddenly savaged with an enthusiasm of selflessness. From the many shots that began towards them, it seemed that they would simply manage to make a large pinch of corpses on the grass between their old position and the fence. But they were in a state of frenzy, perhaps because of forgotten vanities, and he made exhibition of sublime carelessness. There were no obvious questions, no figures, no diagrams. Apparently, there were no loopholes considered. It appeared that the rapid wings of their desires would have broken against the iron gates of the He himself felt the audacious spirit of a savage, mad with religion. He was capable of profound sacrifices, of enormous death. He did not have time for dissections, but he knew that he thought of bullets only as things that could prevent him from reaching the place of his business. There were subtle flashers of joy in him that should therefore be his spirit. He's stretched all his strength. His eyesight was shaken and dazzled by the tension of thought and muscle. He sees nothing but the haze of smoke gashed by the small knives of fire, but he knew that there was the old fence of a missing farmer protecting the snuggled bodies of the gray men. As he ran a thought of the shock of contact shone in his mind. He was expecting a major concussion when the two troop corps crashed together. This became part of his wild battle madness. He could feel the regiment's forward oscillation around him and he devised a thunderous and overwhelming blow that would prostrate the resistance and spread consternation and astonishment for miles. The flying regiment was going to have a catapult effect. This dream made him run faster among his comrades, who gave free rein to raucous and frantic cheers. But at the moment, he could see that many men in grey did not intend to bear the blow. The smoke, rolling, the disclosed men running, their faces turned again. These grew to a crowd, which retired stubbornly. Individuals walked frequently to send a ball to the blue wave. But at one part of the line there was a dark and obdurate group that made no movement. They were firmly installed behind poles and rails. A flag, ruffled and ferocious, waved at them and their guns dined ferociously. The blue whirlwind of men came very close, until it seemed that in truth there would be a narrow and frightening brawl. There was a disdain expressed in the opposition of the small group, which changed the meaning of the cheers of the men in blue. They became angry, directed, personal cries. The cries of both sides were now in its an exchange of scathing insults. They showed their teeth in blue; their eyes shone all white. They lamented like the throats of those who resisted. The space between decreased to an insignificant distance. The young man had focused his soul's gaze on this other flag. His possession would be a great pride. He was expressing bloody inglings, near the blows. He had a gigantic hatred for those who made great difficulties and complications. They made him be like an avid treasure of mythology, clinging to the midst of tasks and artifices of danger. He dived a crazy horse to it. It has been resolved that he should not escape if wild blows and daring blows could seize him. Its own emblem, quivering and aflame, was winged towards the other. It seemed that there would soon be an encounter of strange beaks and claws, like eagles. The swirling body of blue men came a sudden stop within range and disastrous and roared a quick volley. The group in gray was divided and broken by this fire, but its screened body still fought. The men in blue howled again and rushed at her. The young man, in his jumps, saw, as through a mist, a picture of four or five men lying on the ground or writhing on their knees with their heads bowed as if they had been struck by bolts of the sky. Totttering among them was the rival color carrier, which the youngsters saw had been vitally bitten by the balls of the last formidable volley. He perceived this man fighting one last fight, the struggle of one whose legs are seized by demons. It was a horrible battle. On her face was the bleach of death, but put on it was the dark and hard lines of desperate purpose. With that terrible smile of resolution, he kissed her precious flag and stumbled and staggered in her design to go down the path that led to safety for her. But his wounds always made it seem that his feet were lingering, held, and he fought a dark fight, as with invisible ghouls eagerly attached to his limbs. Those who stood in front of the blue men who were screaming, shouting cheers, jumping at the fence. The despair of the lost was in his eyes as he looked back at them. The young man's friend went over the obstruction in a tumbling pile and jumped over the flag like a panther to the prey. He fired at her and, tearing freely, swung his red glow with a mad cry of exultation, even as the color bearer, panting, lurking in a final throes and, stiffening convulsively, turned his dead face to the ground. There was a lot of blood on the grass blades. At the site of success, there were more wild cheers of cheers. The men gesticulated and sounded in ecstasy. When they spoke, it was as if they considered their listener to be a mile away. What hats and caps were left to them, they were often slung across in the air. At one part of the line four men had been plunged on, and they were now seated as prisoners. Some blue men were upon them in an avid and curious circle. The soldiers had trapped strange birds, and there was an examination. A wave of quick questions was in the air. One of the prisoners was nursing a superficial wound to his foot. He cuddled him, baby-wise, but he looked up often to curse with an astonishing total abandonment straight to the noses of his captors. He shipped them to red areas; he appealed to the pestilential wrath of strange gods. And with all this he was singularly free from the recognition of the finest points of the conduct of prisoners of war. It was as if a clumsy clod had trod on his toe and he conceived that it was his privilege, his duty, to use deep oaths and resentments. Another, who had been a boy for years, took his fate with a lot of calm and apparent good nature. He spoke with the men in blue, studying their faces with his bright and bright eyes. They talked about and the conditions. There was a keen interest in all their faces during this exchange of views. It seemed a great satisfaction to hear voices from which all had been darkness and speculation. The third captive sat with a gloomy face. He maintained a stoic and cold attitude. To all the advances, he made an undying answer, Ah, go hell! The last of the four was still silent and, for the most part, kept his face turned in unleaded directions. From the point of view the youngster received, he appeared to be in a state of absolute fejection. The shame was upon him, and with him a deep regret that he was perhaps no longer to be counted in the ranks of his fellow men. The young man could not detect any expression that would allow him to believe that the other was thinking of his narrow future, the dungeons photographed, perhaps, and the famines and brutalities, likely to the imagination. All we need to see is shame for captivity and regret for the right to get angry. After the men celebrated enough, they settled behind the old railway fence, on the other side of the one from which their enemies had been driven out. A few shots superficially at distant marks. There was long grass. The young people huddled and rested, making a practical rail support the flag. His friend, jubilant and glorified, holding his treasure with vanity, came to him there. They sat side by side and congratulated each other. Page 8 The built-in audio player requires a modern Internet browser. You should visit Browse Happy and update your internet browser today! The roars that had stretched in a long line of sound across the face of the forest began to become intermittent and weaker. The stentorian rhetoric of the artillery continued in a distant encounter, but the crushes of the musketry had almost ceased. The young man and his friend suddenly rose to the air, feeling a form of distress cushioned by the decline of these noises, which had become a part of life. They could see changes happening among the troops. There were parades that way and that way. A battery with quiet wheels. On the crest of a small hill was the thick glow of many muskets at the start. The kids got up. Well, and now I wonder? By his tone, he seemed to be preparing for a new monstrosity in the manner of dins and fracas. He shaded his eyes with his spitting hand and looked out on the ground. His friend also got up and looked. I bet we're going to 'git along this 'back on the river', he says. Well, I swan! Said the young man. waited, looked. In a short time, the regiment was ordered to return to its path. The men let themselves growl from the grass, regretting the gentle rest. They jerked their legs stiffened, and stretched their arms over their heads. A man swore by rubbing his eyes. They all moaned, Oh Lord! They had as many objections to this as they should have proposed for a new battle. They were slowly trampling the field through which they had run into a mad crook. The regiment marched until he joined his comrades. The reformed brigade, in columns, was aiming through a wood on the road. Directly, they were in a mass of troops covered with dust, and walked along in a manner parallel to the lines of the enemy as these had been defined by the previous troubles. They passed a leafy white house, and saw in front of her groups of their comrades lying waiting behind a neat breastwork. A row of guns were booming at a distant enemy. The shells launched in response raised clouds of dust and shrapnel. Cavaliers rushed along the line of intrannchations. At this point in its walk, the division moves away from the field and rolls towards the river. When the importance of this movement had been impressed with the youth, he turned his head and looked over his shoulder towards the trampled and debris-strewn ground. He breathed a breath of new satisfaction. He finally pushed his friend. Well, it's over, he said. His friend looked back. B'Gawd, that is the case, he replied. They were thinking. For a time, young people were forced to think in a perplexed and uncertain way. His mind was undergoing a subtle change. It took him moments to distract himself and resume his usual course of thought. Gradually, his brain emerged from the clogged clouds, and finally he was allowed to understand himself more closely and the circumstances. He then realized that the existence of shooting and counter-shooting was in the past. He had lived in a land of strange upheavals and squalling and had gone out. He had been where there was red blood and black passion, and he was escaped. His first thoughts were given to rejoicing at this fact. Later, he began to study his actions, failures and achievements. Thus, fresh from the scenes where many of his usual thinking machines had been idle, from where he had processed sheep, he struggled to gather all his acts. Finally, they walked before him clearly. From this current point of view, he was allowed to look at them in a spectator way and criticize them with some accuracy, for his new condition had already overcome some sympathies. As for his procession of memory, he felt joyful and without coming together, for in it his public acts paraded in great and brilliant prominence. These performances, which had been witnessed by his companions, now marched in broad purple and gold, having various deviations. They went gayly with music. It was a pleasure to watch these He spent delicious minutes looking at the golden images of memory. He saw he was good. He remembered with joy the respectful comments of his fellow men about his conduct. Nevertheless, the ghost of his flight from the first engagement to him and danced. There were little cries in his brain about it. For a moment he blushed, and the light of his soul flickered with shame. A specter of reproaches came to him. There was the recollection of dogging the ragged soldier, the one who, gored by bullets and blood passing, had worried about an imaginary wound in another; the one who had lent his last strength and intellect to the great soldier; one who, blind of weariness and pain, had been deserted in the field. For a moment, an unfortunate shiver of sweat was upon him at the thought that he might be detected in the thing. As he was constantly standing before his vision, he gave free rein to a cry of acute irritation and agony. His friend turned around. What's the problem, Henry? The young man's response was an explosion of purple oaths. As he walked along the small road suspended from branches among his talkative companions, this vision of cruelty smoldered upon him. He always clung close to him and darkened his vision of these acts in purple and gold. No matter how his thoughts turned, they were followed by the dark ghost of desertion in the fields. He looked stealthily at his companions, feeling sure that they must discern in his face the evidence of this pursuit. But they plowed in tatters, discussing with quick tongues the achievements of the end of the battle. Oh, if a man were to come and ask me, I'd say we have a good lickin. Lickin - in the yer eye! We are not licked, sonny. We go here far, swing aroun', a 'come in their behind.' Oh, shhh, with your comin' en behind 'em. I've seen everything I want. Don't talk to me about comin' in behind- Bill Smithers, he his he had preferred to be in ten hundred battles than to be in this hospital heluva. It its they got shootin'in 'night, a 'plum shells dropped among them in hospital e'. He his sech hollerin' he never sees. Hasbrouck? He's the best off in this case here. It's a whale. Didn't I say yeh we would have come aroun 'en behind 'em? Didn't I tell Yeh? We — Oh, shet yeh mouth! For a while, this chasing memory of the man in tatters took all the exaltation of the veins of youth. He saw his mistake alive, and he was afraid that he would stand before him all his life. He took no part in the chatter of his comrades, and he did not look at them or know them, except when he suddenly sensed suspicions that they saw his thoughts and scrutinized every detail of the scene with the ragged soldier. Yet, little by little, he made the strength to put sin at a distance. And finally his eyes seemed to open up to new paths. He found that he could look back on brass and bombast of his earlier gospels and see them really. He was happy when he found out he despised them now. With this conviction came an insurance store, insurance. felt a quiet, nonassertive manhood, but of robust and strong blood. He knew that he would no longer qual in front of his guides wherever they point. He had been touching the great death, and found that, after all, it was only the great death. He was a man. Thus he presented himself as he came from the place of blood and anger, his soul changed. It came from hot plows to clover prospects quietly, and it was as if the hot plows were not. The scars faded in the form of flowers. It rained. The procession of weary soldiers became a dethralled, discouraged and whispering train, walking with a churning effort in a hollow of liquid brown mud under a low and miserable sky. Yet the young man smiled, for he saw that the world was a world for him, although many discovered that he was made of oaths and walking sticks. He had rid himself of the red disease of battle. The sweltering nightmare was in the past. He had been a blistered and sweaty animal in the heat and pain of war. He turned now with a lover's thirst to images of quiet skies, fresh meadows, fresh streams, an existence of sweet and eternal peace. Above the river, a golden ray of sunshine came through the hosts of lead rain clouds. The end. End.

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