

Battle-piece

War



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Those who are going for picnics stopover here for one hour, fill their stomachs and leave. Hardly ever they make a immediate visit downhill to the camp; they overlook the throb, crack and annoyance in the tightened teeth, rifle, bullets, cap and camp-boys. The shouts of canon, ringing, the tap of drum. In haze, pallid, dirty, smoke-blackened Clem, Austace and Willy-it is futile to identify them by name or even describe every one. Anyhow, it has completed by now.

In every winter grandsons and spouses of respectful soldiers put garland, or ornaments of undying artificial flowers. No one labels it lethargic. It is month of August and it is late afternoon, a mix of heat and vapors sparkles over the polished stonework, sun moves through the silky tress of pines borders has been trimmed like short graceful grass. It is distressing to observe that beautiful concrete box turning into fragments. The bombardment of gun shell produces screeches.

Twisting splitting of delicate Lielly. Yes here are scraped trails with beautiful tress and cool streams. The cries, you were not able to hear were of doves. Now evening recalls you all; you excited as a neat bubble gum and young boy who stole apples are tasking last sip of their molasses drink as some other's son who is eager to supplyfoodhas finished haying. Note down the startling shock when each of these boys has got sandstone bolsters while hitting the neat border of a scythe.