

**EDGAR  
WALLACE**



...the pleasures, all the glory.  
...I hold inside me?  
...And he came into the flames.  
...were darker than the winter night.  
...her soul, her magic.  
...for she felt his hot like sweaty hands on  
...he, she knew, he coveted her gift. His greed  
...me air.  
...smiled, so handsome, so ruthless.  
...Sasha the Dark. You and all you are. He one meant. He  
...thought, we are not the same, but as day to night, light to  
...are the only merging comes in shadows.  
...show you are, and bonded! You man leaves you a cold bed. Come  
...yourself in mine, feel the heat. Make that heat work me. Together, we  
...the ache and pull inside her twisted toward pain.  
...from wind come to blow through her hair.  
...alone with it. And now, even in the  
...face.

**WRITE  
IN BARRACKS**

**EDGAR  
WALLACE**



**WRIT  
IN BARRACKS**

**Edgar Wallace**

# **Writ in Barracks**

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TO THE RANK AND FILE OF  
THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS  
AMONGST WHOM I SPENT SIX HAPPY YEARS  
OF MY LIFE, THIS COLLECTION OF VERSES  
MOSTLY WRITTEN IN BARRACKS  
IS ADMIRINGLY  
DEDICATED  
RONDEBOSCH  
*April 4, 1900*

*'Ginger James' appeared originally in the 'Daily Chronicle,' 'Make your own Arrangements' in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' as also did 'T. A. in Love.' 'Legacies' is reproduced by the kind permission of the 'Daily News,' and 'Arthur' and 'Her Majesty has been Pleased—' of the 'Evening News.' Most of the others are new to the English reader.*

# WAR

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I

A tent that is pitched at the base:

    A wagon that comes from the night:

A stretcher—and on it a Case:

    A surgeon, who's holding a light.

The Infantry's bearing the brunt—

    O hark to the wind-carried cheer!

A mutter of guns at the front:

    A whimper of sobs at the rear.

And it's *War!* 'Orderly, hold the light.

    You can lay him down on the table: so.

Easily—gently! Thanks—you may go.'

    And it's *War!* but the part that is not for  
    show.

II

A tent, with a table athwart,

    A table that's laid out for one;

A waterproof cover—and nought

    But the limp, mangled work of a gun.



A bottle that's stuck by the pole,  
    A guttering dip in its neck;  
The flickering light of a soul  
    On the wondering eyes of The Wreck,  
And it's *War!* 'Orderly, hold his hand.  
    I'm not going to hurt you, so don't be  
    afraid.  
A ricochet! God! what a mess it has made!  
    And it's *War!* and a very unhealthy trade.

III

The clink of a stopper and glass:  
    A sigh as the chloroform drips:  
A trickle of—what? on the grass,  
    And bluer and bluer the lips.  
The lashes have hidden the stare....  
    A rent, and the clothes fall away....  
A touch, and the wound is laid bare....  
    A cut, and the face has turned grey....  
And it's *War!* 'Orderly, take It out.  
    It's hard for his child, and it's rough on his  
    wife,  
There might have been—sooner—a chance for  
    his life.  
    But it's *War!* And—Orderly, clean this  
    knife!'

