

He watched two more men being dragged to an exit. But it would take more than heckling to stem the evil tide that had burst the dams elsewhere in Europe. "This is what the next war will be about," he said grimly to David.

David turned to look at him and did not want to believe the inevitability he saw in his eyes. He felt the tic in his cheek that had troubled him in the trenches in the last war flicker to life again. It had stayed with him after he returned home, then one day he'd noticed it wasn't there any more and had known his recovery was complete, that he'd learned to live with the things he remembered.

The memories too had receded; he had not thought of Flanders for a very long time. Even the poppy he bought and pinned to his lapel on Armistice Day, and the two-minutes' silence, had become token gestures and did not stir up painful recollections as they had once. But now the stench of blood and fear rose to haunt him again, and the voices of his dead comrades returned to his ears.

He had not wanted to be a soldier, put on a uniform which gave license to kill, and even in their darkest hours he and the other lads had not known what the war was about. He gazed with revulsion at the black-shirted figures on the platform. Their leader was standing in front of a Union Jack, his face sinister as a death's-head in the white light centered upon him, preaching the doctrines that contradicted everything the flag stood for.

I'd like to throttle him, so he can't say any more! David thought, and was shocked by his own violence. What had happened to his pacifist principles? Perhaps you had to espouse a cause in order to feel the way he felt now, and, if Sigmund's prediction was right, the next war would be a battle between good and evil, a cause worth fighting for.

Marianne was glad when the meeting was over and they were outside in Peter Street, away from the men she had sensed wanted to harm them, though this had not been said in actual words.

"I wish you hadn't made us go to it, Bobbie!" Shirley burst out as the family walked to Albert Square, where they had parked their cars.

Until then none of them had spoken. The tension was still with them.

Sarah looked at her granddaughter's tall figure in the lamplight and thought, absently, that she looked older than