

Not far away now. Best hold fire for a moment. Fire was the destructive evidence of British cruelty. Oh, what a beautiful meadow. Now, slow down, look ahead. A man steps onto the curb, dressed smartly but not ostentatiously. He is placing something into his overturned cap. It's getting dark now; I can't make out the details. He puts the cap under his arm. There remains something in his hand, small, flat, white. He steps forward briskly, steps up, is gone. I may continue.

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