

THE BLUE WOUND

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The Blue Wound by Garet Garrett

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GARET GARRETT

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By

Garet Garrett



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To
J. O'H. C.

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PROEMIAL

He seemed not to know how night parted the days. He behaved as one who required neither food nor sleep. The telegraphers left him there at 2 A.M. The first down of the editorial crowd at 12 o'clock noon found him going still. When he was not in a spasm of conflict with the typewriter he was either beating his breast or embracing it, alternately, as one would think, threatening or wheedling the untransferred thought. In moments of despair he combed his dry, black hair with thick, excited fingers until it stood on end and flared out all around like a prehistoric halo.

This had been going on for two weeks.

Then one day the City Editor spoke about it to the Managing Editor, saying: "My curiosity seldom overcomes me. You have unearthed many strange specimens in our time. But what of that person now over there in the telegraph room?"

"I don't know who he is," said the Managing Editor.

PROEMIAL

"You put him there and told us to let him alone."

"He is unclassified," said the Managing Editor.

"Four or five days after the armistice was signed he came walking into my office here and said, with an air obsessed, that he had given up everything else in the world to go an errand for mankind.

"'Yes?' I said, wondering how he had got in and how long it would take to get rid of him.

"'I am going to interview the man who caused the war,' he said next.

"'And who is that?' I asked him.

"'He can be found,' he answered.

"'Where shall you look for him?' I asked, beginning to be interested by a poignant quality in his voice. Besides, I am a very credulous person, believing in hunches and all manner of minor miracles.

"'Up and down, anywhere in the world,' he replied.

"I supposed of course he would come immediately to the familiar request for credentials, passport, and money. They always do, in the most naïve manner. Not so. All he wanted was an undertaking by me to provide him on his return with a desk, typewriter, and paper. He had to know that when he got back there would be a place where he could sit down and write—a place in a newspaper office. He couldn't write in