

A MILD ATTACK OF LOCUST

Look, look they are!

Out ran Margarete to join them, looking at the hills. Out came the servants from the kitchen. They all stood and gazed. Over the rocky levels of the mountains was a streak rust-coloured air locust. There they came.

At once Richard shouted at the cook-boy, old Stephen yelled at the houseboy, the cookboy ran to beat the old ploughshare hanging from a tree branch, which was used to summon abourers at moments of crisis. The house-boy ran off to the store to collect tin cans, any old bit of metal. The farm was ringing with the clamor of the gong and they could see the laborers come pouring out of the compound pointing at the hills and shouting excitedly. Soon they had all come up to the house, and Richard and old Stephen were giving them orders..... Hurry, hurry, hurry.