The Stratman and the Major prepared to leave. Shasta, Anyhow, grown and prepared to leave. To make a monument of his own.

The children were left to their own devices, and the adults to theirs. The major was not in the habit of paying much heed to his surroundings, and the children soon were busy in their own world of play. The major, on the other hand, was not one to indulge in such distractions.

He looked around him with a sort of detached interest, as if it were all new to him. What he saw was a world of wonder, strange and strange, with its own particular laws and regulations. He would have to learn them, if he were to survive.

But for now, he was content to stand and watch, let the world go on as it would. He had lived a long and hard life, and was not prepared to change it just yet. There were too many memories tied up in it, too many stories to tell.