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In the estaminet of the Fortunate Rabbit, you find yourself lending matches to a man working hard on the square egg. He claims to be a victim of the war, before going on to recount a tale of the visionary brought low by sharp practice and a cunning aunt. Some of you English are men of private means, are you not? Then the request for a loan of eighty francs; an opportunity for which you give thanks but decline in favour of marriage to his aunt. Biting muddy biscuits with muddy teeth among chance-foregathered men, you later consider, for the mud of a moment, a badger’s-eye view of the honey-combed earth, dwelling, at length, upon all that is not estaminet. And all that is not estaminet is mud and the bison’s idea of pleasure: muck-bath, hell-broth, quagmire, filth, engulfing you as cheese engulfs cheesemite knee-deep and greasy to souse you for hours, days, weeks. The streaming clay walls of a narrow-dug support trench when thaw and heavy rain have come atop a frost, send you to your hands and knees in the dark, crawling through the thick soup of mud to a dug-out where you stand deep in mud, lean against mud, grasp a mud-slimed fork with mud-caked fingers, clearing clay from your ears, winking mud from your eyes which close upon a grit-free instant’s dream of warm beds, fresh eggs and the guileless quiver of a maiden aunt.