

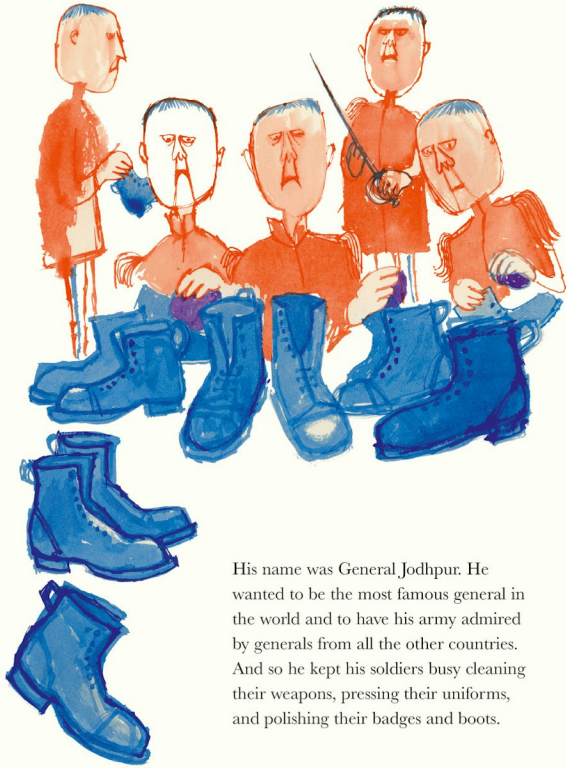
MICHAEL FOREMAN

A
CELEBRATION
OF
Peace
&
Beauty



The General

text by
Janet Charters



His name was General Jodhpur. He wanted to be the most famous general in the world and to have his army admired by generals from all the other countries. And so he kept his soldiers busy cleaning their weapons, pressing their uniforms, and polishing their badges and boots.



Every morning very early, as soon as the sun was up, the soldiers had to be out on the parade grounds smartly dressed ready to practise marching.

When they had finished marching, the soldiers divided into several groups. The cooks went to the kitchens to prepare the meals. The cavalry went to the stables to groom and feed the horses.



The other soldiers went to the rifle range to practise shooting, and the officers made sure that the men did their jobs correctly.



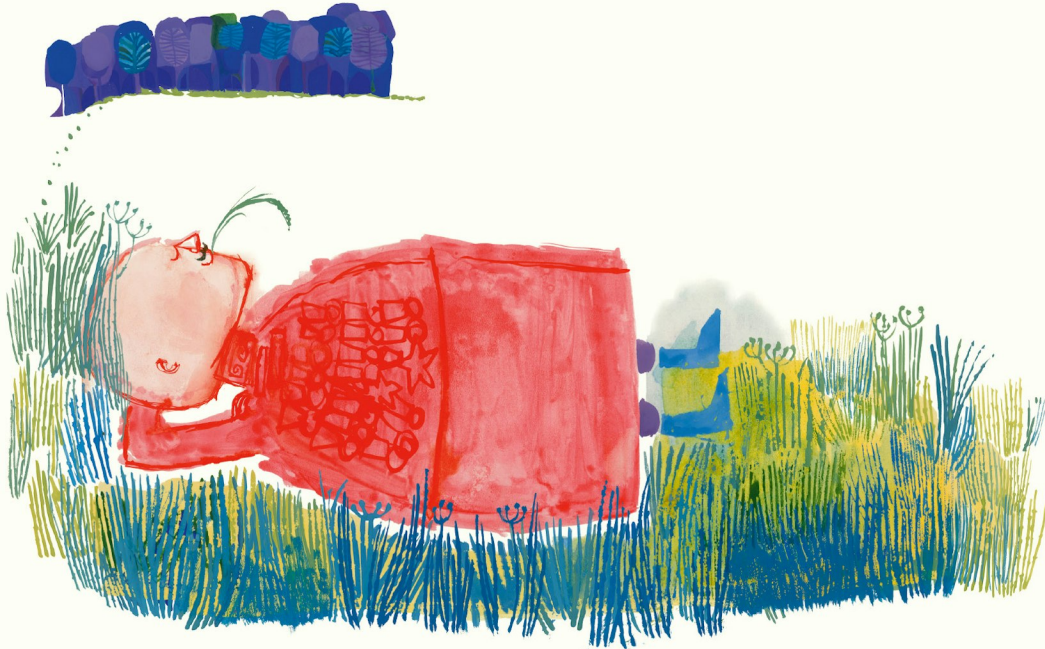
In the evening when the camp was quiet, General Jodhpur liked to sit up late and read about other generals, and about the famous battles their armies had won. How he longed for the day when he and his army would be so famous that a book would be written about them.



On Sunday morning, while General Jodhpur was riding in the country on his big white horse, a bright red fox ran across the path. The horse was so frightened that it reared up, threw the General to the ground, and galloped off into the forest.



General Jodhpur was not hurt. He landed on soft grass. The grass was so soft and smelled so sweet that, to his surprise, the General found that he did not want to move. He picked a piece of grass, put it between his teeth, and lay back in the warm sunshine.



After a long time he decided that he ought to be getting back to camp. Reluctantly he got to his feet and set off at a brisk march.

Although he had ridden along the path many times, he now noticed things he had never seen before because he was always going so fast. He saw squirrels and rabbits and field mice and hedgehogs and swallows and wood pigeons, and even a peacock.