

The poem below was taught to us in our school years, and it made an impression on me back then. It still comes to mind sometimes, as I quote certain lines in some situations. I found this brief description of the story behind it, quite helpful.

The Charge of the Light Brigade was a disastrous British cavalry charge against heavily defended Russian troops at the Battle of Balaklava in the Crimean War. The attack, which took place on October 25, 1854, was led by Lord Cardigan and resulted in 113 deaths and 143 injuries among the British soldiers. The charge was immortalized by Alfred, Lord Tennyson in his 1855 poem of the same name, which commemorates the heroism of the brigade.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

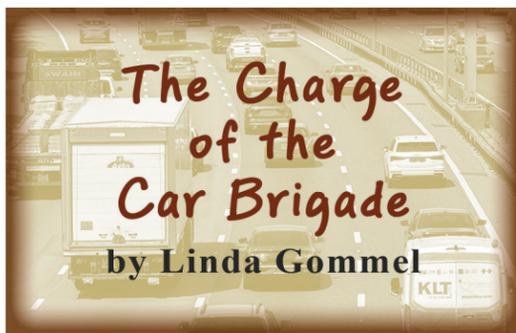
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!



"Why did you want to use Tennyson's poem?" you're probably wondering. Good question. It sprang from my drive down to Orange for a doctor's appointment and having to survive the trauma of freeway traffic. As you might suspect, it's not my favorite thing to do. I decided to adapt Tennyson's great poem for a piece of trash relating to that drive. And even the new RED Honda HR-V got a word in about it! So here it is. Sorry, Lord Tennyson!

THE CHARGE OF THE CAR BRIGADE

by Linda Gommel

(with apologies to Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

80 miles, 80 miles,
80 miles onward,
All to the Valley of Cars
Drove the six million.
Forward, the Work Brigade!
Down to our jobs, they said.
Into the Valley of Cars
Drove the six million.

"Forward, the Work Brigade!"
Was there a one dismayed?
All of them really knew
Their lives had been sundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the Valley of Cars
Drove the six million.

Hondas to right of them,
Hondas to left of them,
Hondas in front of them,
Filled with gazillions:
Stormed at with trucks and smell,
BOLDY they drove and well,
Into the jaws of jams,
Into the mouth of Hell
Drove the six million.

Flashed all their turning lights,
Flashed as they shifted lanes
Wanting to nail "that guy",
Driving too fast, for why?
All the cars wondered.
Plunged into clean tailpipe smoke,
Over lane lines some broke;
As drivers muttered and grunted.
Hondas protected theirs,
Flashed little warning lights;
"If they would go back that night
Listen to me and drive right."

Truckers to the right of them,
Jeeps to the left of them,
Hondas behind them
Roaring and thundering;
Stormed at with traffic merges,
Stalled by vehicles surges,
They who had driven so well
Sitting in Honda Hell
Watching it grow to be
More like six billion.

Why don't they learn to stay,
Work from their homes these days?
All of them wondered.
Driving their lives away,
What's it for, anyway?
'Way more than six hundred!



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Some Light & Some Serious Stuff... from the Web

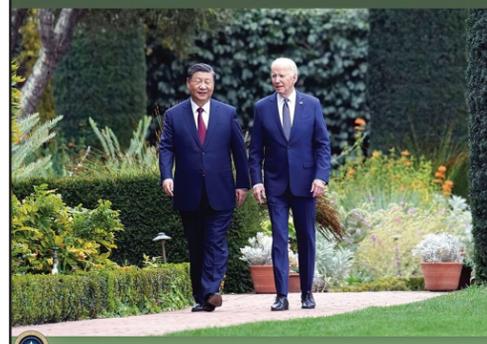


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Xi Jinping was spotted yesterday walking his dog:



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Israeli Combat Vest Hamas Combat Vest



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Look for yourself, and you will find only hatred, loneliness, despair, rage, ruin, and decay. But look for Christ and you will find Him, and with Him everything else.

C. S. Lewis

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