



Maurice: “Oh, the damage that the evil flames could do to this beautiful old city. But pardon moi! Forgive my faux pas. I have not introduced myself. I am Sgt. Maurice Legare, commander of Les Petites Gardes. You will see us on street corners silently keeping watch. And there is Private Tilton. He’s a Brit.”



Tilton: “Sir Edward Tilton, here, at your service. Like the guards at Buckingham Palace, I keep careful guard of my watch which is called Water Street because centuries ago the water that surrounds the Charleston peninsula once came up to this point. As the marsh was filled, new streets were added making most of what is known today as south of Broad.”

Maurice: “Yes, yes. Thank you for that bit of history. Leave it to an Englishman to babble on about trivia. Mon dieu! Next, you must meet Ben David.”



Ben David: “Excuse me. But if you two are finished stealing the spotlight, I have a word or two I’d like to say. After all, I have the distinct honor of having saved the house across the street. Flames erupted in an upstairs bedroom. Smoke billowed from the windows. The family emerged from the house coughing and sputtering but unharmed. Firemen arrived – sirens blaring, lights flashing!”

Ben David: “They attached their hose, and I spouted water out with all my strength. The flames were extinguished, and the house was saved. It was like David slaying Goliath. The firemen, of course, were heroes. But where would they have been without me? Did anyone mention my name in the newspaper? Did anyone think to thank me? Yet still I keep my watch protecting my city night and day.”

