"Percy Bernard Young enlisted in the World War One army on November 24, 1915, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. His rank number was 461282. He served in Canada, Britain, and France with the forty-fourth Battalion. He was discharged January 31, 1918 in Winnipeg as a Private with an honorable discharge. He was awarded the British War Medal and the Victory Medal."

Walking to the train station in Winnipeg Percy took one last look around. "This is where I started, and this is where I end," he thought. It was 4:30 p.m, just enough time to catch a quick bite to eat and get on the train that would take him home. He went into the station and settled on just a coffee and a bowl of chicken soup. The papers had not had a dull moment in the past two and a half years. The headline in today's paper, "Our Boys Giving Their All," made Percy give a little smirk. "What about those boys that gave their all," he said not realizing until after he said that, that he should have kept his voice lowered. Luckily no one paid him any attention except for the occasional nod.

The last call for the train came and Percy jumped up into car, forgetting that his knee had just been torn into by Satan just days before. He could still remember the feeling of the shells burying into his right leg. His first thought was that his leg must be gone. The pain he felt was unlike anything that he had felt before, and that was including the time his horse stepped on his foot while Percy was cleaning him. It was a shrapnel, a bullet that exploded in mid air and leaving its fragments to head for the first targets that it could latch onto. His knee buckled and he landed with both hands clenching the sides of the wall of the car, and him laying face down on the steps. He got right back up in a second, hoping that nobody had seen his display of stupidity.

His seat was right next to the window, as he had hoped for. As he sat there, he watched the other passengers starting to board, wondering if he would see anybody he knew that had been discharged that day also. He saw no one and thought that maybe they had gotten on another car or were finding other ways to get back home. The train whistle blew three times with a mighty shout, and the mighty contraption, with its engine roaring, began its travel eastward to Paspebiac, Quebec. A day and a half and he would be home. This time his father would not be there to greet him. Two months after Percy joined the army, William Young, his father, had taken ill and passed away. The letter came three weeks after the funeral had taken place, and Percy thanked God that he had said everything he had wanted to just before he had left. Luckily his mother, Mary, had three of her boys close by to look after her, and now Percy was returning to give a hand.
Sleeping was not as good as Percy remembered. Every time he dozed off, he was right back in the battle field with his comrades. He could still feel the tension in his muscles from the running and sliding in the dirt, and the clenching of his hands around his gun still left blisters where normal skin used to be. At one point, Percy was trying to run away from an attack, but the funny thing was that he could not go anywhere. He was running but he never moved an inch. The screaming orders of the commander cut through the darkness, and the cries from the wounded soldiers on the battle field lasted what seemed like forever. He could even hear some of them calling his name. That's when he woke up. The sweat rained off of him, and he looked around to see if anybody had been watching him during his nightmare.

It was night and most of the passengers had already fallen asleep or they were caught up in whatever they were reading.

Paspebiac was just the same as Percy remembered, except for a couple of new shops that had opened since his three year absence. The smell of the horses and the cattle still rang in the air, but probably would have been overpowered by the smell of the grain being brought into the town, but it was January, and harvest was over two months ago. The train pulled up to the station, but to Percy it was taking a lifetime for the train to come to a halt and let the precious cargo out. Eventually the door to the car opened and Percy had never noticed how hot it was in the car until a blast of January wind filled the cabin. He reached for his jacket, and jumped into the narrow line that was being herded off the train.

Upon reaching the outside of the car, someone had tackled him. Actually it felt like three people. He was right. Getting up and regaining focus he realized that it was his three brothers. George, Walter, and Harry had come to greet him at the station. After a brief brother to brother conversation, Percy was introduced to some of his new nephews and nieces that had been born during his absence. Each one of the new children brought back a moment in time when he was younger with his brothers and sisters and how those days seemed too far away and yet so close at the same time. He looked beyond them, and standing there, waiting patiently, was his mother. Her eyes met his in an instant and the tears could not be held back any longer. He ran to his mom, arms wide open, almost as if to hug the two people that meant so much to him at the same time, but this time he was only hugging one.

The next few days were eventful. Percy began getting settled back down. His nights, although still tormented with dreams and visions, began to ease a little now that he was home. He began to learn about all that had happened over the past three years that he had been away. Who had passed away, who got married to who, who had children now and where they were located. Mary had also mentioned that Maye Ashby’s husband William, had been killed in the war. William had left two weeks prior to Percy being enlisted. She also mentioned that Maye had given birth to William's child just after William had left for the war, and now she was left to support herself on whatever odd jobs she could get at this time.

The next day Percy decided to go and see Maye and see how she and the child were doing. He had known Maye since they had been kids. They had grown up only about five kilometers from each other and had remained in contact with each other even after she had gotten married. As Percy walked up to the door to the house, he noticed a ball laying on the ground and more child’s toys, all homemade, scattered across the front of the house.
Maye answered the door and met Percy's eyes with surprise and joy. Upon catching her breath and her balance, she invited Percy in. They didn't speak until they sat down in the kitchen. Percy gave his sympathy to Maye on the death of her husband but came to a loss for words on how else to comfort her. Maye changed the subject entirely, which was just fine to Percy. Actually, she didn't, but something of hers did. A tiny whimper came from just below Percy's line of vision. Maye picked up her two year old child, who she had named Arthur. Maye handed Arthur over to Percy, and Percy could tell that Arthur was nervous about being held by a complete stranger. After a minute or two Arthur became calm and became accustomed to being held by Percy. Percy immediately fell in love with the little guy. The three of them spent the afternoon together, which was completely not what Percy had expected. He had only planned to spend an hour over at Mayes.

That evening, Percy left Mayes. Maye was still a beautiful woman. He thought back to the days when they were younger and he teased her because of her long hair that her mother had put in two ponytails. He said that she looked like a horse because of those two ponytails which looked like the reigns the cowboys used to use to turn the horses. Then over the years, to Percy it was like magic, Maye began to turn into a beautiful woman. To him, it was like a frog that had turned into a princess. Maye married William, and at the time, Percy did not care. He was enjoying just being single and care free. Now, he felt somewhere along the line that he had matured into a man, and was ready to settle down with someone.

Percy continued to go over and visit Maye and Arthur on a regular basis. Most of the time, it was spent playing with Arthur and entertaining him. When Arthur went to bed, the two of them stayed up talking or went for a walk. A few months later, almost a year after Percy had been discharged from the army, he decided to sign up for a new kind of mission; he called it marriage. The day he asked Maye to marry him she said yes, and even though Arthur was still only two years old you could tell in his eyes that something good had just happened. Not only to his mom, but to him as well. The two were married on January 1, 1919. Percy took Maye in one hand and Arthur in the other and realized that his life would be changing now, and the three of them would be walking hand in hand for many years to come.