



# SOLDIER'S HOME

— BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY —

RETOLD BY SARA SIMPSON

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Retold by Sara Simpson

During this time, late in the summer of 1919, he slept late every morning. When he got up, he walked to the

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

easy. Thinking about French and German girls made him think about France and Germany. He liked Germany. He

[illegible][illegible]

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This image shows a full page of blank white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice or general note-taking. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

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"We're going to play softball today," she said.

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“Good,” he said. “How’s your throwing arm?”

“Good. I’m going to be the pitcher,” she said. “I tell everyone you taught me. The other girls aren’t very good. And I tell them you’re my sweetheart. You’re my sweetheart, right, Harry?”

“You bet,” he said.

“You’re not just saying that because I’m your little sister, are you?” she said. “If I were older and not your sister, would I really be your sweetheart?”

“You’re my sweetheart now,” he said.

“Will you always love me?” she said.

“Sure,” he said.

“Will you come watch me play softball?” she said.

“Maybe,” he said.

Krebs’s mother came in with a plate of pancakes, eggs, and bacon.

“Go play, Helen,” she said to Krebs’s sister. “I need to talk to Harold.”

She sat down across the table from Krebs.

“Have you decided what you’re going to do yet, Harold? Now that you’ve had some time to rest after coming back,” she said.

“No,” he said.

“Don’t you think it’s about time you thought about your future?” she asked. “God has a plan for everyone in his Kingdom.”

“I’m not in his Kingdom,” Krebs said.

“I’m so worried about you,” his mother said. “I know you were around a lot of sinful behavior when you were in the war, especially sinful behavior with women. I know how weak men are. My father was in the Civil War, and he told me what war is like. I pray for you all day long, Harold.”

Krebs didn't look at her. He just stared at the food on his plate.

“Your father is worried, too,” she said. “He thinks you don’t have a plan for your life. Charley Simmons is the same age as you. He has a good job and is about to get married. All the boys who came home are getting jobs and getting married. Boys like that are a credit to the community.”

Krebs said nothing.

“You know we love you. I’m telling you this for your own good. We want you to make your own decisions, but they need to be good decisions. Take out the car. Go riding with some nice girls. Have fun. But you need to settle down and get a job. We don’t care what kind of job you get, but you have to get some kind of job. Your father asked me to tell you to go talk to him at his office today.”

"Is that all?" Krebs said.

"Yes. That's all. I'm your mother. Don't you love me?" she said.

"I don't love anybody," Krebs said.

His mother started to cry.

Krebs wanted his mother to understand what he had been through. He wanted her to understand that he had been changed by the terrible things that happened in the war. But she couldn't understand. It wasn't her fault; she had never been to war. He had hurt her. He touched her arm. She was crying with her head in her hands.

"I didn't mean it," he said. "I was just angry. I really do love you," he said.

His mother couldn't stop crying. She kept shaking her head "no."

“Mother, please. Please believe me,” Krebs said.

Finally, she looked up at him.

"All right," she said, "I believe you."

Krebs kissed his mother's hair. She looked at him.

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"I'm your mother," she said. "I held you next to my heart when you were a tiny baby."

Krebs felt sick to his stomach.

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