

Clyde blinked and woke up in a Red Cross field hospital, though he never specified how much time elapsed between his injuries and regaining consciousness.

*35 degrees, 21 minutes, 28 seconds north. 138 degrees, 43 minutes, 51 seconds east. Mount Fuji, Japan. Woke up in a field hospital with both my legs. Shrapnel cut the nerves and never felt the left one after that. Made friends with the airmen in the hospital. One of 'em took me for a ride up north once I was back on my feet. Flew past Mount Fuji. Came in low over Nagasaki too. Whole goddamn country was bombed to shit and shot to rags. Some pencil-pushin' egghead miscalculated our fuel allotment and the wind speed. Ran outta gas taxiing back to the hangar when we landed back in Naha.*

After being nursed back to health and learning to walk with no feeling in the lower half of his left leg, one of the airmen took Clyde on a trip from Okinawa to Tokyo and back on a supply run. The casual nature of the flight reinforced the fact that the war was over and he would be going home soon, but low-level flyovers of Hiroshima and Nagasaki reinforced the horrors of war that haunted him for the rest of his life. In one final, death-cheating experience to close out the war, his plane's fuel allotment had been miscalculated, sputtering to a halt short of the hangar while taxiing off the runway shortly after landing on the return trip.

*41 degrees, 50 minutes, 39 seconds north. 79 degrees, 8 minutes, 33 seconds west. Warren, Pennsylvania. My whole family thought I was a dead man when I joined up. Sold everything I had the day after I left. Wasn't anything special 'cept a pearl-handled revolver though. On my way home I spent \$300 on a watch for Marian. Full of rubies. I was broken inside. Haunted by things I could drink away one day at a time, but couldn't erase. But she'd waited for me. Goddamn, she'd waited for me.*