

Deja Vu

by Angie

Catherine was bereft of ideas for Halloween, when Vincent suggested using the cloaks from a couple of years before.

“Great! Then all we need are black outfits and masks!”

“We could accompany the children this year,” Vincent suggested.

So they did. The evening was pleasant and the weather fine, if chilly. When the children were safely back in the tunnels, the couple sat on a bench in one of the Park's decorated spaces.

“I get a sense of deja vu,” he commented.

“How wonderful to have that!” Catherine whispered back.

They snuggled and clasped hands happily.

