

Vignettes – Passion

by Angie

6: The Beast Within

Vincent can be very frustrating! He knows about my passion for helping people who are under threat, yet he told me to drop this case - before it was finished! I'm sure he knew I would never do that.

I know he was afraid for me, but he was so adamant. Then he left so abruptly, I didn't know what to think.

Then last night, when I got home from the hospital at last, he visited me. He told me about Mitch Denton and his father - and their connection with the tunnel community.

He also told me about his encounter with Mitch in the tunnels, while I was still trying to get the law machinery in gear to save the Sweeney family.

I understood then why Vincent was so short with me that night on my balcony. He was truly afraid for me, because he knew the man I was trying to stop!

Why didn't he tell me? Was he afraid that if I knew I would be even more determined?

Sometimes I think there are too many secrets. Vincent doesn't say much. That's his way, always, but every word is important. Although he will answer questions, he will seldom volunteer information. Is this what the tunnel community has instilled in him, or is he reluctant to say something that might distract me from my purpose? Will I ever know?

He puts such passion into all he says to me. I find myself drawn to him, wanting to ease his fears and smooth that brow, hug him close, bask in that feeling of oneness that he always gives me.

If I can do anything to make life easier for him and those he loves, I will do it. He knows that.

Yet, Mitch betrayed the tunnel community. He didn't know that I was friendly with Vincent, I'm sure - and it must have been a shock when he saw Vincent run to my aid. Small world!

I asked about Mitch, and Vincent admitted that he had pursued him after he left me at the hospital. No one has located or heard from the man, but he isn't dead - at least not by Vincent's hand.

Mitch was saved when Vincent felt me awaken. I turned Vincent from killing him! I hope we do not live to regret it, but I'm glad. I suspect Mitch will not have any friends now that his power over them is gone.

Seeing Vincent at my bedside in the hospital was a surprise, a wonderful one. I told him about my dream and wanted to say more, but I was too sleepy with drugs. He stayed with me, held my hand.

Oh, to have him close by me always! Will it ever happen? I can only hope that somehow, someday, it will. I can wait for that day, no matter how long it takes.

Seeing Catherine fall to a bullet, with Mitch watching, was the worst moment of my life.

I realized in those dreadful minutes that I had failed her. I should have stopped Mitch the first time I saw him in the tunnels, or gone after him soon afterwards. I didn't because of his father, because of what he used to be, even though I knew that boy was gone.

But I could have stopped him killing a good man, as Catherine described him, jeopardizing a man and his family - then kidnapping Catherine herself. She managed to escape him, but still she was hurt. She could have died!

Mitch didn't know of my connection to Catherine, but that would not have changed anything. Mitch was,

and is, no one I recognize, anymore. He is completely self-absorbed, brutal.

I was the only one who knew everything, from what Catherine told me and what I knew of Mitch. Should I have told Catherine more? Would it have made her more careful, or helped her bring Mitch to justice?

I think not. I felt her passion. She would not give up on this. She had seen a man die because of Mitch. She was determined not to let him do any more damage. But he knew she was getting close.

We live such different lives, Catherine and I, but when we're together, none of that matters. We are one in ways I could not have imagined that night I found her.

Yet, there is always that distance between us. I fear to tell her some things, and she does not question me because she does not realize there are questions I could answer.

It is not a situation that can endure. I must be more open with her. I cannot stand on the sidelines, rescue her when she needs me. I must help if I can.

Yet, passion cannot rule me. I must be aware, always alert, ready. Catherine lives in a bright world that I cannot know, but I do know about its dark side of violence and injustice.

I cannot lose her, I see that now. There are no risks I would not take for her, to keep her safe.

END