

# Vignettes – Webs

by Angie

## 7. Masques

His life seemed to be a tangled web these days, Vincent mused, as he made his way quickly to the nearest tunnel entrance. Once inside, he relaxed a little and began to muse on the wonderful night he had just experienced.

He had been drawn by the words of an author he admired into a sordid drama that had begun on the other side of the Atlantic. Only on this night, Halloween, could he have dared to show himself to anyone above. That author had understood and given him something he needed - the knowledge that his love for Catherine was not unusual or impossible, merely challenging.

And then he and Catherine had stretched his boundaries further and seen this city - his city - as he never seen it before. For the first time, he felt connected to it, felt the strong web of ... possession, it demanded, even of himself.

He had been born here, but the city now seemed like a live thing, a conscious entity wrapping him in its web. It had not forgotten him - and it would never let him go.

He knew that Catherine loved this city as much as he. She had seen more of it, but this night, she had been thrilled to see it with him.

When they watched sunrise paint the Brooklyn Bridge, nothing had seemed impossible any more. The gift of her friendship, her beauty, her feelings for him - these bound him to her world and this city.

What other miracles lay in their future? What other beautiful moments would colour their friendship?

Vincent sighed as he neared the home tunnels.

This night would be a cherished memory for as long as he lived. He felt, for the first time, as if he truly belonged in this city - even if he only saw it from the shadows, at night, for the rest of his life.

So be it, he decided.

Catherine hugged herself happily as she sat in the cab driving her home.

What a night! Better than she could have dreamed. What possibilities were now open to them, even if only on this one night a year?

She felt connected to her world, the world above, for the first time since she had met Vincent. The city she worked in, walked in, and thought she knew, seemed completely different now. It pulled on her in a way she had never realized until she saw it with Vincent. Now it wasn't a barrier to their friendship, it was complicit in it.

Of course, Vincent could only see it at night, but on this Halloween he had been able to see it with her, with crowds of people around, no one looking at him twice. The two of them had been part of the city, part of its intricate web of people, accepted as neither of them had ever dreamed.

Seeing him as the sun rose had been an experience she would always cherish. He seemed so vulnerable, so beautiful in that light.

Yet he'd had to leave. The jogger had brought them both back to reality.

The magic was over for another year, but she would never forget it. The barriers between their worlds had disappeared for this one night. Nothing now seemed impossible.

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