



Cat's Play

by Cindy Rae

“We’re going to be late, thanks to you,” Catherine chided, trying to put on her costume for the third time. “Not that I don’t appreciate the attention, but Halloween is only once a year.”

Vincent watched her from the bed, moonlight framing her shape, as his wife of many years tried – once again- to dress for a night on the town with him.

He stretched, feeling contentment in the marrow of his bones. She threw him his shirt, which he barely caught. His smile was conspiratorial.

“If you want to be on time, don’t dress like a cat,” he teased.