

# Ten Memories

by Angie

Vincent stood at the culvert entrance, gazing into the night. So much had happened in this area.

To the right was the carousel, where two memories made him smile. Nearby, he had seen murder.

Ahead, he had found Catherine, and years later saved her again.

To the left, they had gazed at a full moon.

A few feet away, he had been shot with tranquilizers. Months later, Catherine had run into his arms, confirming their love. Nearby, a ghost had recited Tennyson.

Behind him, an old love had returned.

Now his true love awaited him inside. He turned for home.