

Unafraid

by Judith

I found this, tucked into an old pocketbook of my mother's. I've never seen it before. I thought you might like it."

Vincent studied the tiny picture of a sweet little girl with a page-boy haircut and wide eyes. She stared into the camera with curiosity, and without concern.

"This is you, Catherine," he said, with certainty.

"It is. But how did you know?"

"I would know that look anywhere." Vincent smiled down at her. "You looked at me like this, the first time you truly saw me. You showed no fear."

"That's because I wasn't afraid. Not of you."

