

# Father's Day

by Judith

"Now this..." Mouse offered a package. "For you."

"What is it?" Father accepted it gingerly.

"You'll see..." Mouse nodded encouragingly.

"Very well..." Father's beseeching eyes slid sideways to a watching Vincent, but he offered no comment. "Will I like it?"

"Mouse-made," the tinker replied. "It's okay, good."

"That's what you said last time..." Father opined darkly, releasing the parcel's string while trying not to flinch.

Matching wooden bookends were revealed, one carved with Father and Vincent, the other Mouse and Father. The craftsmanship was beautifully detailed.

Father smiled. "I'm sorry, Mouse, for doubting you."

Mouse bounced gleefully. "Happy Father's Day..."