

# Nectar

by Judith

“You know, bottle this stuff, and you’d make a fortune selling it.” Elliot lifted a container of the clear spring water he’d just collected.

“With you as our salesman?” Vincent queried, settling his load onto their trolley.

“I wouldn’t be averse,” Elliot teased, mock-solemn. “A man’s got a responsibility to make a living for his family.”

Leaning down, he scooped a handful of water, lifting it to his mouth and swallowing.

“Pure nectar.” He shrugged. “Surely, a wasted opportunity.”

“Then, I shall present your proposal to Father.” Vincent secured the load with rope.

“And you would, too!” Elliot laughed heartily.