

The Conversation Goes On...

by Judith

"I can't believe we're now sixty-six, can you?" Ron Perlman raised his eyebrows at his quiet friend.

"No..." Vincent allowed slowly. "We have come a long way, you and I."

"It was only yesterday, it seems." Ron waved his left hand. "I used to smoke cigars back then. I miss them." He laughed.

"I don't," Vincent replied honestly. "Catherine always commented my clothes smelled of them. I told her it was the candle-smoke Below."

"Great catch!" Ron grinned, before sobering. "I miss those times, more than I can say."

"I am always here with you..." Vincent heaved a sigh. "Always..."