

Vincent and Catherine

by Judith

Vincent stalked the shadows cautiously. With the evening mist rising, the park became his. At fifteen he knew the dangers of being seen.

Suddenly he heard voices. A man's urgent request and a girl's reply. Within the tree-line's shadows he edged closer.

A sandy-haired man stood beneath a distant tree, arms raised now in urgent appeal. Far above him a blond girl sat smiling on the highest possible branch.

"See... I won't fall." She laughed down at him.

"It'll be dark soon...Catherine, please..."

"Oh, all right..." The girl moved reluctantly earthwards.

"Catherine..." Vincent breathed, the name echoing throughout his soul....