

A Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

An Occasion

Father gazed around his chamber speculatively. It was almost Yuletide and he should recognize the occasion. The clutter made any serious decorating virtually impossible, but there was one thing he could do, if he could find it.

He rooted around his wardrobe, at last putting his hand on what he sought, something Grace had found long ago and loved. He attached it carefully and waited.

Several people visited him, not always alone, but apparently did not see the addition.

Then Mary dropped by. She stopped and looked over at him, smiling.

Father obligingly hugged and kissed her under the mistletoe.

END