

A Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

Whirlwind Wish

Vincent perched on fire escape with a keyhole view of Times Square, a dark shadow against the old building. It was almost New Year 1987. Soon he would be year older, but his life wouldn't change. He sighed heavily.

Suddenly, there was roar of jubilation as the ball dropped, and a blizzard of colourful specks filled the air. An errant whirlwind carried them high and wide, and they tumbled like magical wishes everywhere. Vincent carefully snagged one. It was a large red tissue heart.

Vincent smiled. Perhaps this was an omen that next year, he would not be alone.