

Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

Spring Sky

Catherine had commented on the beauty of the morning sky, this late spring, so Vincent decided to see it for himself.

He clambered up the tall rocky cliff beside the waterfall, then to the cave where the nameless river bubbled from its forgotten spring.

Through a slash, he peered at a large patch of clear daylight sky. Criss-crossing it were white contrails, aircraft going to places he could never go. Magic rivers in a deep blue firmament. An invitation to dream.

His heart swelled in joy, rendering him momentarily breathless.

He sighed deeply and whispered to himself, "Thank you, Catherine."