

# Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

## Unique

He stood the book open on his table, then propped a very shiny steel tray beside it. He looked from one to the other and shook his head.

“No. Only one aspect matches.”

He flipped a couple of pages and regarded the two images again.

“Closer, but what matched before, now does not.”

He grunted and leafed through the book again. There was nothing better.

He yawned hugely and his reflection yawned back at him.

Catherine was correct. Being unique meant he could be himself. And his dreams were always of her. Those too were his alone.

Nothing else mattered.