

Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Ulrike

Dear.....

His hand stopped, refusing to continue. He jumped to his feet, crumpling the piece of paper and dashing it to the floor. It wasn't the first one which had landed there. He paced the room restlessly.

"Why should it be so difficult to write a letter to the old man?" he wondered.

He still couldn't call him father.

"I ran far away from that hole in the ground. And even though that was 20 years ago, I still remember his threatening, wagging finger.

"Now I dream of the place. Is it time to go home?"

Devin groaned.