

B&B Tidbit (100 words)

by Zara Wilder

A Breath Away

Father sent word. Nine entered. Others stood outside the now-open door, or kept private vigil elsewhere.

The boy lay limp—unfettered, skeletal—in Father's arms. Nine closest friends knelt beside his pallet, hearkening. Each hinted breath: an ebbing tide. Each trembling heartbeat: the flutter of a broken wing.

Father whispered, "Brave, beautiful child."

Faintest sigh: the young chest stilled. Father sought a pulse. Found none.

Weeping, they touched the departed, grasping hands, wrists, shoulders, knees. Held Father, one another. Collective embrace.

And so it happened, when Vincent drew sudden breath, they all inhaled together. One reviving body. One breathtaking miracle.