



Yesterday

by Angie

Vincent still patrolled the perimeter of the tunnel world, as he always had, although nothing much happened anymore.

He ruminated on that. He had to be honest. He sometimes missed the drama of those early years.

Suddenly he stopped. He was in the painted tunnels. Elizabeth was gone, but the images were still bright in the torch kept burning there. He gazed along the walls, remembering, racked by emotions he had almost forgotten.

An arm hugged his waist and he smiled down at Catherine.

"I'm a lucky man," he whispered.

"We are all lucky, thanks to you," she whispered back.