

# A Little Lace?

*(A 100 word series)*

by Angie

1)

Jenny plonked something down on the restaurant table and sighed.

“This is the latest 'every wedding has it' craze.”

Cathering picked it up. It was a stone covered in fine filet crochet.



“It's beautiful, but what's it for?”

“Who knows? Throwing at your groom, holding open that gift cookbook.”

Catherine chuckled. “Who'd have thought it?”

“I wish no one had. My cousin is getting married and wants 150 of these things.”

Catherine's eyebrows rose. “Urk.”

“Yeah. Like I don't have work, without making a doily for a rock.”

Catherine laughed, but her brain was working.

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2)

When Catherine visited Vincent, she asked to visit the great falls and the nameless river. Vincent was happy to accompany her, and she looked around the shore with interest. No lack of raw materials here! She picked up a suitable smooth stone and put it in her jeans pocket.

“A souvenir,” she explained, when his eyebrows rose.

She visited Mary later, and mentioned Jenny's rock. Mary gave her a crochet hook, two small reels of crochet cotton, and a pattern. Catherine knew the basic crochet stitches.

How hard could it be? She would make an anniversary surprise for Vincent.

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3)

Catherine went to work encircling the rock with crochet on her return to her apartment. It was tricky closing the lace around the rock, but the important part was on top. She was pleased – and Mary's motif made it perfect.

On her next visit below, she found the place a-buzz. She went to Mary, Vincent being absent, and found her looking a little harried.

“What's going on?” she asked.

Mary sighed. “I mentioned your idea. Next thing I knew, everyone who could was making them, and others were trying.”

Indeed, several were on Mary's side table.

Catherine chuckled.

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4)

Fads did happen in the tunnel world, and this one seemed harmless enough. Catherine went to visit Father and was told Vincent was with a group of children - looking for rocks.

Catherine had to laugh at a pile of crocheted ones artfully arranged on a piece of linoleum.



Father looked a bit peeved, but welcomed her as he always did and offered her a tea, which she accepted.

“I understand this was your idea,” he remarked.

Catherine shook her head. “Not mine. My girlfriend showed one to me. All I did was ask Mary for help.”

Father grunted.

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5)

"What are we going to do with these things?" Father asked grumpily.

Catherine really had just one idea.

"If you have too many, I'll take some up to Jenny. She's on the hook for 10 or so, she told me."

Father brightened at that. "Yes, I think you could probably take these, for a start."

"Won't someone notice?" Catherine asked, taking a sip of tea.

"They're still being generated," Father replied, sourly.

"Thank you," she smiled at Father.

Catherine emptied her makeup bag into her purse and swept the rocks into it.

Jenny would be ecstatic.

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6)

Catherine waited for Vincent to escort her to dinner.

He arrived looking harried and dishelved, also splattered with mud and water.

"You look like you had fun," she commented, laughing.

Vincent grunted like Father had, and she laughed again. Vincent went to get changed and Catherine looked around. She noticed there wasn't even one crocheted rock, anywhere.

"You don't have any rocks," she commented, when he returned.

"No. I refused them."

"Don't you like them?" Catherine asked, worried.

"It would not stop at one. Father has dozens."

Catherine sighed, relieved. *One would be fine then.*

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7)

There really was only one gift he could give Catherine for their anniversary, Vincent decided. He had seen Catherine pocket a rock and could guess what she would do with it.

So he went to the nameless river and searched some while. When he spotted it, he smiled. It was singularly appropriate.

That night, he sat and struggled with the small crochet hook and white cotton, according to instructions from Mary. His nails were an annoyance, but women managed, so he could too. He hissed in frustration often, but the end result pleased him.

He wrapped it in a handkerchief

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8)

On their anniversary, after their 'entertainment' and dinner, Catherine presented Vincent with her gift.



He smiled at her. This was one he accepted with happiness, and he told her so.

"I was afraid you wouldn't want it," she admitted.

"Catherine, how could I not want your heart?" he chuckled. "I have something for you."

He handed her a pink handkerchief package, which she opened."



I didn't know you were so talented."

"At need. This is a dark piece of my world, for you who brought me light."

"I shall treasure it always," Catherine said, kissing him.

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9)

Vincent was very tired after his evening with Catherine, and was dragging his feet somewhat as he neared home. As he was about to turn into his dark doorway, his foot hit something very hard. He suppressed a roar out of deference to the hour. That had hurt!

He reached down and picked up the large, offending object and carried it into his chamber, then lit a candle to look at it more closely. It was a very large, crocheted rock, with many motifs in many colours.

Vincent chuckled, despite his throbbing big toe. The children had got their revenge!



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