

Devin's Song

by Angie

I'm not afraid of what's down below ...
- Blondie

It had been many years since Devin had visited the tunnels – he had even missed Catherine's ordeal, death and funeral (the letters from both Father and Vincent had missed him until months later) and he had missed any mention of the news too, because he was abroad.

When he had learned the news, he couldn't decide what to do. He had no doubt that Vincent was devastated - and the tunnel community as well – but that had not drawn him back, as it should have. Of course, he was always working (some would say scheming) at something, but he had become an expert at relegating thoughts of his home to the back of his mind.

Then one evening he found himself humming a song, something he must have heard somewhere, without registering it then. He knew it was done by a group whose lead singer he had the hots for - as did many others at the time. Blondie. She had grown from a uniquely-talented and undoubtedly sexy lead singer, to one who was still very attractive, but now spoke to a more mature audience, reflecting perhaps her age – and that of his cohort, all much older now too.

Perhaps his dream had become tired as the song suggested. How long could a man keep travelling, working, living for the moment, or at least no further than a day ahead? Lately, his thoughts, when he allowed them into his current thoughts, were not kind to him.

*I wake up laughing, thrown from a nightmare
I come down standing when I'm tossed in the air
Bright as Tijuana
Like a dose of Bella Donna
I could cry but I don't want to
And the dream's lost on me*

He hadn't wanted to think too much of his tunnel family, especially Vincent and Father. What could he say to them now? How could he justify his long absence, when so much had changed?

*Cares are all buckshot and buffalo
Every dark has an afterglow
I'm not afraid of what's down below
I keep my sights on the sky*

He reacted to life, he had to admit it, and he enjoyed the challenge it presented – or had. Was it time to do something more than that? Something different? Something that would contribute to his family? Reconnect?

Must be getting old, he thought wryly.

He had made no personal ties, except to Charles, and his friend had died some years ago. The only people who mattered to him were in the tunnels. After all, he had been born in New York City, and as he knew well, no one who had ever lived there forgot it, or completely left it behind. It didn't matter that he had been born in an underground, unknown world there. It was still his city.

Vincent had known his heart, back then on his first visit. That 'hole in the ground' was home, no matter how far he roamed. It would be there waiting for him.

I come out shooting when trouble comes knocking

I greet bad news by sending it walking

Happy or just crazy

Relaxed or lazy

Going to keep my vision hazy

And the dream's lost on me

But the dream was *not* entirely lost on him now, after all. He was now sitting in his hotel room thinking about what that dream entailed. Being an adventurer and a con man was all very well, but the time had come when he had to think beyond the next job or challenge. He wasn't getting any younger.

He needed to visit the family who had set him on the path to adventure, albeit unintentionally. He had not given a moment's thought, then, as to how they would react to him going missing, that they would spend weeks looking for him. Father had been plain about that, not without anger and frustration – which he admitted he deserved. He had rarely thought of consequences then – or later, when he had saved Charles from the carnival. He didn't worry about consequences now, but he realized he would have to do better this time.

Winterfest was coming soon, and if there was a good time to visit his tunnel family, the Yuletide season was it. The decision was made for him shortly afterwards, when he received in his current mail drop an invitation from Father.

Yes, this year he would not deny the dream. What better time than the turn of the millennium?

He picked up the phone to book a flight.

END

The Dream's Lost on Me – Blondie – February 1999

<https://youtu.be/F6YtgdLU75k?si=QO8DXo35U8-QwwwO>