

# Halloween Return

*A story told as a series of tidbits/drabbles*

by Angie

*Beware of the man who does not return your blow:  
he neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself*

- George Bernard Shaw

**1)**

Catherine's jaw dropped when Vincent suggested their Halloween costumes for their annual foray onto the streets of New York.

"I've never worn one," he told her earnestly. "And I want to - above."

*Fine*, she thought, *but what about masks?*

Vincent grinned at her, guessing her thought.

"I think something simple would be best, Catherine. Perhaps a ..." He bent down and whispered to her.

Catherine chuckled at the thought of the two of them, but liked the idea. She had been wanting to get him something 'bought' forever.

Her somewhat rusty shopping mind moved into high gear.

**2)**

Why did Vincent want such an outfit? Catherine wondered. He had declined to explain, beyond wanting to 'experience the possible'.

Her trek through former shopping haunts had proven she was out of touch, she admitted at last, frustrated.

She was grateful she didn't need a costume shop, yet. The latest movie or celebrity fad was always reflected in that selection, and frankly, they left her cold. She cared nothing for any of that anymore. Well, except for one re-occurring Disney fad.

She didn't need that fantasy either. She was living it in reality, she thought, with a tiny secretive smile.

**3)**

Vincent smiled in anticipation of the upcoming Halloween trip above. He knew Catherine would find something. Didn't most people up there have them?

He could not admit it to Catherine, but he DID have a definite, secret motive.

He thought of that very first Halloween they had spent together. This time he would be ready. Yes, this time the situation would be different. It could be VERY satisfying.

Catherine meanwhile, continuing her search, had a revelation, as if she were sensing Vincent's thoughts. Perhaps she was. Was THAT was why he wanted one? She chuckled. That would be too cool.

#### 4)

Catherine had found suitable 'costumes' for them. They weren't just for Halloween, because they could wear them below too. She found a nice one that matched his eyes, then picked up a bright colour for herself.

Now for footwear. He couldn't possibly wear those boots of his with this! After some searching, she found something in his size that matched his outfit, then quickly found a pair that matched hers.

So far so good. Her satisfaction reached Vincent. He smiled.

Next came the unavoidable costume shop, for the final piece of costume. No problem there. They had gloves too. Perfect!

#### 5)

Now that the costumes were settled and bagged for her return to the tunnels, Catherine had time to wonder exactly what Vincent was planning. If it was what she suspected, their timing would have to be very, very good.

She took her purchases directly to their chamber, but he was absent. She settled down on the bed with a book to wait. Exhausted from walking, she fell asleep. A soft kiss awakened her. She sighed and gazed into calm, innocent blue eyes.

"You've been plotting," she accused him, not deceived.

He gave her a wide, toothy grin and nodded.

#### 6)

"Spill it!" Catherine ordered him.

Vincent chuckled. She knew him too well, and he had not intended this to be a surprise. He needed her cooperation.

"May I see what you've purchased?" he asked, interested.

Catherine displayed the items neatly on the bed. Vincent nodded approvingly. He picked up one of his shoes and hefted it, then smiled at her.

"These are comfortable?"

"Millions of people think so," she retorted, impatiently.

Vincent laughed. "It's very simple Catherine," he remarked at last. "I want to put these to use.

"Well, obviously," Catherine replied, with a glare.

**7)**

"I want us to do something different. Jog for instance," Vincent explained.

"So I assumed," Catherine countered.

"There is one small condition," he continued. "We must be jogging very early."

"How early?" Catherine asked, although she was sure she knew.

"Before sunrise," Vincent replied, confirming her guess. "I've reconnoitred to confirm it."

Catherine's eyebrows rose. "I see."

"I had to be certain, you know."

"And now you are?" Catherine asked, amazed. After all it had been several years.

"Yes, indeed. This will work."

"Then that's settled," she stated, hugging him tightly.

**8)**

Halloween morning was cool, and still dark – but would be clear. Vincent went back to awaken Catherine. They had a long way to go. However, when he arrived back at their chamber, Catherine was already up and getting dressed.

"You're unusually eager, considering the hour," Vincent joked.

"It's not every day I get to jog with you," Catherine retorted. She badly wanted a coffee, but that would have to wait. *Later*, she promised herself. This was New York. Anything was available anytime, even on Halloween. Meanwhile, she could hardly wait. What a story they'd have this year!

**9)**

Vincent already had his outfit on, but the mask presented a problem. He had to get his hair inside it. No matter how hard he tried, it kept falling out.

Catherine had hers already in place and waited patiently.

"How do you keep your hair in?" he asked plaintively. Her hair was not much shorter than his own these days.

Catherine laughed. "You twist it the way you would with a shower cap."

Vincent's expression told her he had no idea what she meant. She chuckled as she showed him.

And with that, they were now ready to go.

**10)**

Vincent and Catherine travelled to their destination by bus. They were not the only ones in costume, but they were ignored. *New Yorkers*, she thought. *Nothing fazes them*. It was still dark, although the horizon was brightening a little.

They reached the Brooklyn Bridge Park and sat on a bench Vincent picked out. He produced a small bag and a thermos. Catherine slid the latter under her mask and sighed happily as the warm coffee hit her stomach. The muffin was wonderful too. He thought of everything!

"How long, do you figure?"

"Very soon," he replied. "Get ready."



## 11)

A few people passed them, but Catherine watched the brightening horizon. They were as ready as they'd ever be.

"It is time, Catherine," Vincent whispered and put the thermos in his pocket. They both rose and jogged off at the pace he set.

He picked up the pace a little to gain on a jogger. As they drew closer, Vincent leaned towards him, and announced loudly, **"It's Halloween, you know!"**

It gave them both some satisfaction when they saw him flinch.

They ran ahead quickly, then took a side pathway, to arrive at the bench they both remembered. Glorious!



**12)**

It was strange sitting here at the beginning of Halloween, Catherine thought, as the sun rose over the Brooklyn Bridge.

Vincent took her hand and held it to his heart. She leaned her head against his shoulder, more content than she could ever remember.

There were more joggers now, so they rose and headed back.

"Isn't there a way down nearby?" Catherine asked, not wanting to break the mood with a bus ride during rush hour.

"Yes, although it is somewhat distant."

"Fortunately, we're dressed for it now."

Thus they began a new Halloween, running joyfully together.

**13)**

Breathless, they arrived back in the tunnels to find Father glowering at them from the doorway to Vincent's chamber.

"Where have you two been so early?" he demanded, stomping his cane on the floor.

"Engaging in some retribution," Vincent replied, unfazed.

That took Father aback. "Nothing illegal, I hope," he said, somewhat more calmly.

"No Father, but it needed some planning and an early start."

"Ah, well, Happy Halloween!"

"It already is," they said together, giggling as they preceded him to breakfast.

Father shook his head. This time, he absolutely refused to ask for details.

**END**