

# Déjà Vu

by Angie



*Why were dreams so confusing?* Vincent wondered. He had been wandering unknown tunnels, urgently seeking Father, yet had been unable to hurry, his journey endless, frustrating.

The dream had haunted him all day, so he had gone above at dark, only to find himself in a fog-shrouded Park; oppressive, secretive, all city noise muffled.

Then he saw a van stop and throw something out before speeding away.

A few minutes later, his dream's urgency became real, as he hurried below with his burden. It was small consolation, since the dream had been unresolved.

Now he hoped for a happy ending.

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