

# MASQUES REDUX

A VIGNETTE STORY

BY CINDY RÆ



*FOR THE HALLOWEEN CELEBRATION ON TREASURE  
CHAMBERS, 2018. HAPPY HALLOWEEN!*



VIGNETTE ONE  
AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION

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“And now won’t you be a right bonny Jack?” Brigit O’Donnell asked the half-carved pumpkin. She cut out a triangular nose, happy with the results.

Creatively occupied, she didn’t see the huge figure drop deftly down to her balcony. But even in the New York evening’s chill, she felt the effect of being in his large shadow. Barely turning, she greeted: “Good evening, Vincent. Come to see if they’re having another party for me, are you?”

Vincent smiled. “No. Tonight, I thought I’d invite you to one.” He extended a gallant hand. “May I show you where I live?”

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## VIGNETTE TWO

### SAMHAIN AND STORYTIME

Samhain Night ebbed and flowed, Below. Children wearing paper hats scampered by with cardboard swords, and Brigit marveled at all she'd seen and heard. If there was magic in New York, it was here. Brigit was certain of it.

"In an hour, Father will have all the children at his feet, mesmerized. He'll tell them a ghost story. One some of them have heard ten times before."

Brigit beamed. "Storytime! And you've heard this epic tale?"

"Since I was a boy." He smiled.

"And Catherine? Will she hear it?"

The great head inclined. "It will be her first time."

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### VIGNETTE THREE

#### FAIRY MUSIC

Storytime done, the children scattered. William served cookies, while Mary ladled punch. As Brigit's eyes grew full of all she saw, her heart grew fuller. *What an amazing place. How... right it all is.*

Catherine offered her a cup. "So? What do you think?" she asked.

"Same as you," Brigit replied. "It's sure there's no more magical place on Earth than this one." She nodded toward Vincent.

Catherine smiled. "There's a bridge nearby. On it, you can hear... everything. Pieces of the entire city," she said. "More magic."

*"Ah. Two places in the world full of Fairy music,"* Brigit thought.

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VIGNETTE FOUR  
**THE PERCEPTION OF AN AUTHOR**

“Vincent says you’re enjoying yourself,” Father observed. “I’m glad.”

“It’s a fine home you have here. And a finer son.” They both glanced toward Vincent and Catherine.

Jacob raised a curious eyebrow. “When did you know?... About him, I mean. That it... er, that it wasn’t a mask.”

Brigit shrugged. “Not at first, I’ll admit. But as the night deepened... well. All of us removed our masks at some point. Jamie Harlan, Catherine... me. Only he didn’t. So I realized... Either he wouldn’t or he couldn’t. There’s not so many other choices.”

“How perceptive,” Father complimented.

“’Tis a gift” She smiled.

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VIGNETTE FIVE  
THE ACCOMPANIED RIDER

Brigit knew it was time to return home, so that Vincent could be with Catherine. He escorted her back to her balcony.

“I’m glad you came,” he said, as she lit her jack-o-lantern. He hoped she would return for Winterfest. Father, among others, was quite taken with her.

Her pleasure shone. “It’s me who’s more than beholden.”

“Goodnight, Brigit. Be well.”

“And you, Vincent... Vincent?”

“Yes?”

“I can still see you riding with Cuchulainn. Or sailing with Theseus.” She gave her a sure smile. “As can I. And now when I see it... Catherine is riding and sailing with me.”



NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE IN YOUR OWN FAIRY TALE, I WISH  
YOU LOVE. ~ CINDY

 **Happy Halloween!** 