

BEAST WITHIN

The Lost Love Letters of Catherine Chandler #6)

by Joy Faulkner

My Dearest Vincent,

I am writing this from my hospital bed, so you must excuse my feeble attempts at writing. My hands are still not strong enough to hold the pen properly and they're shaking a little, but I'm sure you won't mind. And I have to write. I have to.

A few nights ago, I came close to death, and that's an experience which makes you think, makes you weigh up your life and what it means to you. And I've learned what mine means to me, Vincent. It means you.

Just as I have become your life, so you have become just as important in mine. Trust me in that.

But someone must stop the Mitch Dentons of this world, if there is going to be any peace in it at all. And we have to live with that knowledge. Not everyone can escape Below.

The warning you gave me, the fear you felt, the fear of my going on, came from love. I know that. And the hopelessness you speak of, I know it well. It is echoed in my own heart, whenever I imagine losing you.

I fear for you, too, Vincent. Surely, you know that? I fear for your safety every time you venture Above. I fear for what the world could do to you. Sometimes, I fear it so much it almost tears me apart. But as you say, we must let go. We must trust. And I trust you to take care in the world Above, Vincent, just as you must trust me to do what I have to do. What you have taught me is right to do.

But I can only go on, do my work as well as I do, because I know you are there to guide me. And protect me. When I came to, here in the hospital, when I first opened my eyes, yours was the face I first looked on. And yours was the face I dreamed of, in my unconscious hours. I need you, I rely on you, Vincent, in far more ways than you will ever know.

Love is not a refuge, a place to hide; you are right in that. It is a journey, as you say, filled with both terror and wonder. But it is a journey we take together, Vincent. Together. And we must enjoy the wonder of it, even as we have faith to survive the terror.

Take care, my dearest Vincent. Be well.

Catherine