

Holding On To My Certainties...

Episode expansion of: **When the Blue Bird Sings**

Judith Nolan

Artwork by Kathy Fidge



Catherine,

You weren't home tonight, so I slipped this note, along with the drawing, under your door. I hope you're well, and you'll find them soon.

I know you've already seen my painting I created of you and Vincent. I sensed your joy, and your confusion. Some things should remain unexplained. But yes, I had that sketch of you I did when we had coffee at Café Arpeggio. But Vincent's face came so clear from my memory.

You both went to that old warehouse, and found all my works. I knew you were there, and it pleased me. So much so, I've taken up the brushes again. Mr Smythe

tolerates me banging about in his shop attic space, setting up my studio. I must strive to be quieter during the day. He scolds me for upsetting his customers with my *ghostly* noises!

You have no idea how much it means to me to be painting, again. My hands are never still, and my brain is exploding with new ideas. There aren't enough hours to commit it all to canvas.

All because of you. You inspired me, with your beauty and your secrets. And your love.

I wished you hadn't sent Vincent away that night, but I understood why you did. To protect him from those who would seek to hurt him. I would've done the same for you, and him. But I meant him no harm.

His incredible face is burned deep into my memory. And his voice. He reads so beautifully. I could've stood and listened to him all night. I can't sleep now, for thinking about the two of you. What a beautiful couple you make. Remember, I told you all about Botticelli? Lorenzo and Simonetta were his muses, as you're mine.

But, Catherine, I must ask you again... What century did Vincent walk out of? What storybook? What aren't

you telling me? Are there other worlds of which I'm unaware? I want to know!

Sometimes, in my dreams, I've travelled to a magical place, full of caves and caverns, lanterns and candlelight. I've had the urge to commit this place to canvas, but something stays my hand.

I've seen Vincent there, along with others. Once there was a strange, young man with flashlights slung on his helmet. He was so quirky, he made me laugh! Do these people truly only exist in my overworked imagination?

I have so many questions that go unanswered. I truly am large, and I do contain multitudes! Maybe that's the only answer I can find.

Catherine, we will meet again, you and me. I know that, if nothing else. One day soon, you may need to revisit Mr Smythe, at the 777 bookshop, seeking to find another first addition. I'll be waiting...

Until then...

Your friend,

Kristopher