

A Letter for a Ghost

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

Judith Nolan



Dearest Catherine,

You didn't have to send him away, tonight. I know you were trying to protect me from discovery, and I love you for it. But I felt such a strange connection to your mysterious Kristopher. I cannot begin to explain it. Even if he seems a very impulsive young man.

Father worries that he may have seen me, and perhaps wonders about what he saw. He talks of risks and the dangers of our being carelessly lost in the night, and the stars, and each other. Nothing could be further from the truth of how things really are.

I tried to tell him this is not how it is between us. How could I ever forget the constant perils we face, whenever we are alone together? I truly do hear it all, the sounds of the traffic, the wind in the trees, and the activities of those who make the park their home. All was there tonight. I knew, heard and understood everything. But I did not hear Kristopher approach, until he spoke. How can that be, Catherine?

Is it possible he is some kind of ghost? A mischievous spirit from another realm, sent to uncover our failings? He appeared real enough, the glimpse I had of him. And then he spoke.

Catherine, he read his part from Idylls of the King so beautifully I almost wept. I wished I could have stayed, sharing the moment with you both. We might have talked, like two men who met by chance, and may never see each other again.

But, of course, I dream of impossible things. I wish for a fool's paradise where all of us are equal, and I do not frighten people with my appearance. The bitter taste on my tongue, tonight, is because of this wish, this wilful dream. To be a part of you, always, wherever you go, and whomever you meet. Is it truly too much to ask?

Sadly, I fear so. Therefore, we must live in the small moments of joy, in the quiet places, between our worlds. We share your balcony, and my drainage tunnel entrance, equally. In these places, we can be ourselves. It is all we can have, for now. But one day, my love, one day, could that dream show us more, give us more than we ever thought possible?

Sleep well tonight, my Catherine. And I will sit here and think more on Kristopher, and about the blue bird, floating above our heads, as it sings of beautiful and impossible things. Of things that are truly beautiful, of things that are lovely and never happen. Of things that are not and should be...

Always,

Vincent