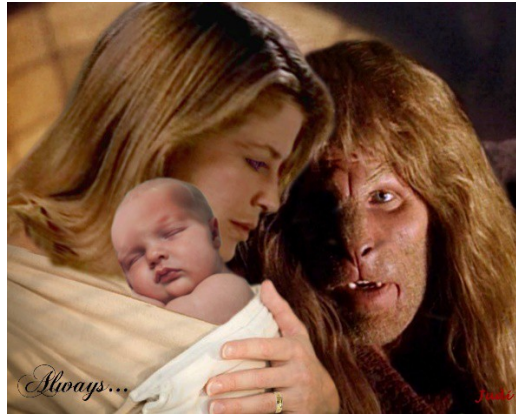


To See A World...

Judith Nolan



"Children see magic because they look for it..."

~ Christopher Moore

"But why don't I look like you, Dad?"

"Because you look like your mother, Jacob."

"Oh, okay. But Peter said he looks like his dad. So he asked me, how come? I said I don't know. Why don't you look like Grandpop, then?"

"Because your grandfather is not my real father. I was found Above when I was a tiny baby. Father raised me, here in the tunnels, as his own son."

"Yeah, I heard that story. Someone said you got found behind St. Vincent's Hospital. That's how come you got named Vincent then, eh?"

Yes, that is the name they gave me. I was very sick for a long time. They needed to give me a strong name to help me survive. It was as good a name as

any.”

“So you didn’t know your own parents? That’s sad.”

“All I know is I was born, and I survived. I said that to your mother when we first met. She asked me the same question. It is the only answer I have.”

“You saved her then, didn’t you, Dad? You saved her from some real bad men. Found her up in the park and carried her all the way down here. Mum said she remembered the wind was real cold. She was cold.”

“Yes, I saved her that night. And later she repaid that debt by saving me and showing me how true love can be forever, if we wish it to be so. And now we have you and your sisters.”

“Cause you were real lonely then, weren’t you, Dad? Mum told me that story too. She said you’d always been alone.”

“Yes, I was lonely, but I was not alone. I had my family around me, good friends, and this place to keep me safe and warm. It was all I needed, until I saw your mother. She changed everything for me.”

“Mum said you’re beautiful. She said she’d never seen anyone like you before. I like your face too. No one else has a Dad who looks like you. Makes you special.”

“Thank you, Jacob, but your face is beautiful too. I can truly see your mother in you. You grow more like her every day.”

“But your face is cool, like in Grandpop’s stories. Kings and fairies and all sorts of neat things, magic things. You really can do magic, right Dad?”

“Your mother and I made you, Jacob, against all the odds. And your sisters. That is the only true magic.”

“Yeah, I guess. But it’s not the same. You’re gonna tell me that story someday,

right, Dad?”

“Yes, one day I will tell you that story, Jacob. But for now, we had better find your mother. I am sure she will be looking for us. It is almost dinner time.”

“Okay good, okay fine. I love you, Dad.”

“I love you too, son, very much.”

“Sometimes I wish I looked like you, though. Your face really *is* kinda neat...”

THE END