

FEAR

(An excerpt from Vincent's Journal – episode: The Watcher)

by Katrina Relf

Catherine,

Your courage over these past few days, as always, has astounded me. You, alone, have had to fight for us, for our secret, for life itself. To be so helpless, yet knowing your fear, tore at my heart. I wanted so much to shield you, to bring you to the Tunnels, but you were determined to fight this man alone. You were protecting me when I should have been protecting you. How undeserving I felt of your love, your care. But now, at last, the nightmare is over. Those hours, those days were a darkness I pray we never have to visit again. Now, at last, I can come to you, hold you, without fear of his evil overlooking us.

Those dreadful hours – can it be only yesterday? – will haunt me forever. I had no sense of you, no sense of your fear. The inconceivable truth tore through me like a knife. He had taken you – I was losing you – you were dying.

Something, somehow (was it fear, instinct?) led me to the place that creature had chosen as your grave. Even as I tore into his flesh, as I shed his blood, I felt that death was not punishment enough for him. As his life drained away, I felt a distant pull. It drew me to the water, and, with a strength born out of fear, I tore away your prison door. You were there and you were mine. Death could not claim you. I forced my life into you – breath by breath – and, as you took that first laboured gasp, my heart leapt with joy.

I held you close, never wanting you to leave my arms again. You whispered that you loved me, and, in that moment, all the horror was forgotten. You were here and you were mine.

Too soon the stillness was broken by the sounds of your world. I left, knowing that you would be safe – that you would be cared for.

Hours seemed to pass until that magical, wondrous moment – a moment that it seemed I had waited a lifetime for. You were here in my arms. Once again the balcony was ours – a place of safety – a place of love. We held each other so closely, so tightly – almost fusing into one being – never wanting to be parted again.

Catherine – my love, my life.

Vincent