

Chopin

by Angie

Kipper handed Vincent a little envelope. Vincent smiled and thanked him. He waited until the boy left, then walked over to the metal plate, positioned out of sight of his doorway. This was his secret.

He opened the little envelope and extracted a small rectangular portrait of Chopin. He stuck it near the top, above the tiny plate.

Smiling, he closed his eyes and let the beautiful “Nocturne” fill his mind.

Some time later, a pair of arms encircled his waist. He turned into them.

“Thank-you for a most delightful memento,” he whispered.

“You’re very welcome, Vincent,” Catherine replied.

