

Solvang

by Angie

Vincent had been fascinated by the decorations on Catherine's refrigerator, shaking his head in amazement at what topsiders produced. She had told him told they were just for fun, occasionally for holding notes.

The next day, Geoffrey handed him a lumpy envelope. Inside, he found a tiny, white porcelain plate. It had a windmill, painted in blue, and above it, the word "Solvang."

California! Vincent smiled.

He searched for, and found, a miscellaneous metal sheet and attached it to the wall in his chamber.

The tiny plate looked lonely. He suspected it would not be for long.

He was correct.

