

# Leftover Treat

by Angie

Vincent carried the leftover Winterfest meat to the kitchen. There wasn't much of any roast, but collectively – ah! He almost smacked his lips.

William regarded the meat speculatively. Vincent wasn't fooled. He knew very well what a good portion of this meat would make – and he anticipated it eagerly.

William looked over at him. “Stop drooling,” he chided with a chuckle.

The two men eyed each other, then both laughed.

“You can't blame me,” Vincent remarked. “After all, I do the grinding.”

For which William was very grateful, although he wondered how 'shepherds' had managed that trick.

