

Meanwhile, Below...

by Judith Nolan

“Do you think we’re free of him?” Catherine stared at Vincent. They stood in the Central Park threshold.

“I’m afraid he’s not finished with us yet. Paracelsus has more lives than a cat.”

Vincent shrugged, leaning back on the steel gate.

“You think he survived the fire?” Catherine’s look was deeply incredulous.

“John Pater is a man of many faces, and incredible talent. Yes, I think he survived.”

In the back of his mind, Paracelsus’s parting words still echoed. *“Vincent, I know the truth. Aren’t you curious to know why you are... the way you are?”*