

Paracelsus and his Gold...

by Judith Nolan

He ached in every sinew and bone. He'd rushed headlong into the rising inferno. "My *gold!*"

He'd entered the flames willingly, to save the only thing more precious than his life.

Behind him, he'd heard Vincent shout, "*Paracelsus!*" To no avail.

"There *will* be a reckoning for this..." Paracelsus hissed, clasping the leather sack of gold closer to his chest.

The cold night air of Central Park hit his face brutally. His burning, disfigured face. He knew the damage was severe. Another mark against those who'd betrayed him. He hugged his hatred even closer than the gold, plotting his revenge...