

# Tamara's Turn...

by Judith Nolan

Tamara worked steadily, adjusting the leather strap. Paracelsus sat motionless, allowing her access to his face, and its beaten gold mask.

As she worked, Tamara's gaze took in the damage, without comment. *What was there to say?* She wasn't a fool, and had no intention of incurring wrath by asking.

"There..." She sat back, satisfied with her work.

"Bring me a mirror," Paracelsus commanded brusquely.

Tamara's hesitation was fractional, before she shrugged, supplying the required implement. She held it before him.

"It will have to serve..." Paracelsus frowned, turning from side to side, studying his reflected image.