

A Matter of Perspective

by Judith

“Vincent’s old. Glad it’s not me,” Mouse said, hanging an anniversary banner.

Jamie smiled at the “boy” she loved, who’d never quite grown up.

“It’s been 30 years for everybody, Mouse. Not just him,” she chided.

“Has not,” Mouse denied, finishing. He climbed off the ladder.

“Catherine... old. Vincent... old... Father... very old.” He stood before “his” Jamie.

“Mouse isn’t old?” she brushed at his grey.

“Nope. Jamie either. Still beautiful. Beautiful Jamie.”

She had no doubt when that he looked as her, he saw a 17 year old rebel.

“And that’s why I love you,” she replied, kissing him.