

Devin and Vincent

by Judith

“Baby quiet now...” Devin’s small hand hovered above the child’s blond hair as he slept in the crib.

“Careful...” Jacob warned, raising his head from his crossed arms. He’d fallen asleep at his desk.

“He’s finally stopped crying after three days. Don’t wake him now, please.”

Devin’s hand retreated. “What’s his name?”

Jacob stared at him. “His name...?”

“Needs a name.” Devin shrugged. “Baby’s not a name.”

Jacob frowned. A name was the least of his worries. Saving the child’s life had been his sole priority.

“What would you suggest?”

“Vincent...” Devin shrugged. “St Vincent’s. Found him there. Good name...”