

# Father and Vincent

by Judith

“You’re sure about this?” Falcon hovered at Father’s shoulder. “I mean, the kid’s near dead anyway. Best leave things alone. Can’t be long now.”

“I am a doctor, where there’s life, there’s hope.” Father grimaced, gathering a long breath. “I hope...”

Slowly he unwrapped the infant’s swaddling of filthy rags. The child made no protest until completely uncovered, and even then any movement was minimal.

“Well, I’ll be...” Falcon stared aghast. “What’s that? It surely isn’t any baby...”

“I have no idea...” Father studied the baby’s thin, leonine features, and filthy blond hair. “But I feel he wants to live...”