

I Do, I Do, I Do...

by Judith

I do, I do, I do, I do..."

Entering the Mouse-hole, Vincent smiled at the endlessly-repeating litany. Mouse practicing his wedding lines. But in song.

"Abba?" Vincent queried, watching the harassed-looking tinker.

"Have to..." Mouse continued walking a tight line, back and forth before his work bench. "Jamie said, Mouse, practice. Remember. Got to be right on the night." He grimaced. "Right?"

"My friend..." Vincent gripped the tinker's shoulder, halting his progress. "I say you need sleep. You look worn out. You have this."

"I do...?" Mouse's haggard face brightened. "Okay, good. Okay, fine. I do, I do, I do..."