

In Spirit

by Judith

Of things that are beautiful, of things that are lovely and never happen...”

Catherine pushed past Kristopher, stomping angrily away. He followed her, still reciting. “...Of things that are not and should be! It’s Oscar Wilde! Where are we going?”

Catherine scowled. “Home!”

Kristopher brightened. “Okay...! Does that mean you want to pose for me?” He followed her.

Not in this lifetime or the next... Catherine wanted to shout at him, but she was grateful he was following her. She couldn’t afford to have Vincent exposed to this quixotic man... whatever he was. She frowned... there was the true mystery...