

Vincent and Mouse

by Judith

It was the scuttling noise that first caught Vincent's attention. It sounded like a large rat, but the movements were too big.

His sense was more of a child.

But the tunnel's children never came here. Not into the deepest, darkest places, where the light was almost non-existent.

But someone hovered close, their breathing pulled taut with wariness. Watching, waiting for Vincent to leave.

He smiled, settling cross-legged on the ground. Pulling a volume of poetry from his cloak, he opened it and began to read, without indicating he knew his wary companion was there.

The unseen entity edged closer...