

# Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

## Seasons of Night

In Winter, the Park slept, frigid air bit deep, and Vincent was careful of footprints.

The Summers were languid with tar-infused heat, too-abundant growth. But short nights made him wary.

In Fall, the death of leaves and flowers, thick mists and gloom, the Park seemed a world apart, and he the most alien.

But in Spring, ah, he could smell the earth warming, watch buds expand into blossom and green spears into flowers.

He felt the joy of new life sing in his blood. Yes, these were the nights he treasured in his heart. He needed but one blessing more. Catherine!