

# A VOICE FROM TOMORROW

*AN IDEA INSPIRED BY LOUISE*

**GHOST WRITTEN BY ALLISON**

Narcissa had been sensing something or someone for the last couple of days. She couldn't put her finger on what it was. She rolled her stones for guidance, but nothing materialized to explain the sensation.

"Narcissa...", a voice whispered out of the darkness.

"Yes? Who is it?"

"Narcissa...", the voice whispered again, then faded away.

"When you are ready, I will be here."

Each night she heard the haunting voice call her name.

"Come spirit. Come to me. Tell me what disturbs your rest."

The candles flickered and a willowy mist floated out of the darkness. When the mist cleared, Narcissa could make out a figure dressed in white.

"Come closer, child."

The shadowy figure advanced towards Narcissa. The slight breeze moving it back and forth. The candlelight finally revealed a face.

"Vincent's Catherine. Your spirit lives, child. Yet here you are, before me, as though you are dead."

"I am dead, Narcissa."

"No. It cannot be. The fates deemed you and Vincent are one, together forever."

"I am the future of things to come. I need your help to prevent this future from happening. They allowed me to come to you."

"Is that possible since you are already gone in your time? To change what was?"

"The future is always uncertain."

"What must I do?"

"Make Vincent and I see that my life is in danger now, even though neither he nor I can sense it. Show us this future. We have the power to change it. Show him. Show me."

"I will do as you ask. They may not believe, but Vincent will listen."

"Thank you... Narcissssa...", she heard, as Catherine's spirit faded from sight into the night.

Narcissa made her way down one of the long tunnels to where a section of pipe intersected with the tunnel she was in. Slowly, she tapped Vincent's name and then her own. She continued to tap until a faint acknowledgment sounded back. Pascal had heard her message in the pipe chamber and promised to send Vincent and Catherine to her as soon as Catherine was again below.

"I pray that I am not too late. That this future spirit has allowed enough time for fate to change."

\*\*\*\*\*

Catherine had come down, planning on spending the weekend with Vincent. Since Vincent's illness, they have become much closer. The need to be with the other consuming them at times. Not in the physical sense, but just knowing they can reach out and touch abates the hunger this new peace brings.

"Catherine," Vincent breathed, as she came into view.

"Vincent. Two whole days together." She embraced him and held him tightly.

Narcissa would like us to see her."

"Narcissa? Is something wrong?"

"No, she did not say so, but you know Narcissa. She knows things we do not."

Catherine nodded. "If its something that concerns you and I, we must heed her calling."

Vincent dropped Catherine's things off in his chamber and then they made their way to Narcissa's chamber.

"Enter, my children."

"How does she do that, Vincent? Know it's us right outside?"

"She's always known before the pipes have had a chance to inform her."

"Your spirits are strong when you are together, Vincent, Catherine. Without the other, the spirit doubts the signs they may see around them. The father has told you I'm a crazy old woman."

She poured each of them a fragrant tea she prepared.

"I have always valued your counsel, Narcissa."

Vincent took one cup then gave the other to Catherine.

"The spirits are restless tonight. They come to me with warnings of things to come."

"What is it, Narcissa? What warning? Who is it from?"

"A voice from tomorrow."

Vincent looked at Catherine.

"There's nothing going on right now. No new cases I'm overly concerned about."

"Are you certain, Catherine?"

"There's nothing, Vincent."

"The spirits do not lie. Tonight, a glimpse of the future will be revealed. They will show you what is to come. You may not believe me, but you will believe your eyes when you see..."

"We will listen, Narcissa."

"Heed the warning, child, for all your tomorrows will be lost otherwise."

Vincent helped Catherine out of her seat and they began their return to Vincent's chamber. The hour was late and a single candle flickered in the dimness.

"Do you believe her?" Catherine asked. I'm not certain I do."

"Narcissa's world is full of spirits and magic. She would not advise us to beware unless she was absolutely certain of the danger.

"You're certain, Catherine, that there is no danger involving any of your cases?"

"Nothing, Vincent. There is nothing. Believe me. I would not worry you so if there was."

"Would you... stay... here... with me... tonight?"

"If that will ease your fears then yes, I will stay here with you."

\*\*\*\*\*

Hours later, Vincent and Catherine returned to his chamber to retire for the night. They each went through their nighttime routine and were enjoying a final cup of tea when Father arrived at the chamber entrance to say good night to the couple. He was aware of the premonitions Narcissa had told them and their decision to spend the night together.

"I hope your dreams are pleasant ones and that whatever Narcissa told you doesn't come to pass."

"Thank you, Father," they both said.

Father gave a final nod of his head then left them to the night.

As they both settled into the bed, Vincent put his arms around Catherine to hold her close. Wordlessly, they looked into each other's eyes, confident that their love would see them through whatever Narcissa saw in her vision. Suddenly, a willowy mist floated out of the darkness. They both stared as a figure appeared in the mist.

"Who's there?" Vincent challenged.

"A voice from tomorrow," the mist whispered.

Vincent and Catherine looked at each other in shock. The figure had Catherine's voice. Slowly the figure moved into view and they could clearly see Catherine's features in the pale white face.

"I am the future of things to come. Hear me. They've allowed me to warn you... show you..."

Another swirl of mist formed next to the floating figure. A picture began to form. Catherine and Vincent watched as Joe met with a friend and was then involved in an explosion that killed his friend Patrick Hanlon. Then how Catherine discovered she was pregnant.

"Pregnant!" Catherine said with a touch of wonder. She shyly glanced at Vincent. Vincent turned to look at her and gave her a small smile.

They watched in growing horror as the scenes unfurled to show John Moreno betraying Catherine to Gabriel's men.

"No! No! Not John! I don't believe it! He wouldn't do this!"

Vincent growled low in his throat, as he watched Gabriel's treatment of Catherine during her captivity. He watched his rescue attempt fail and how he searched the city for Catherine in vain.

"I failed you," Vincent whispered.

"No, Vincent. You've never failed me in anything. I love you." Catherine caressed his cheek.

"There is more," the spectre spoke.

"It will be hard for you to see." Narcissa's voice came from the chamber entrance.

Vincent pulled Catherine closer into his protective embrace as the vision continued. They watched as Catherine was placed in the sterile white room with the video camera constantly watching. They watched with wonder as Catherine's pregnancy advanced. How she talked to their child and whispered of his father and how they both loved him. They watched the way Gabriel's men treated her, devoid of any compassion or emotion.

"Oh Catherine," Vincent moaned.

"Can this future be changed?" Catherine whispered.

The vision changed. Catherine is in a room with medical equipment set for a birth. A doctor and nurse hovering over her as she labored to give birth to her child. Once the baby was born, Catherine reached for the child as the doctor handed him to Gabriel.

"Let me see him," they heard her cry out.

As they watched in terror as Gabriel gave her a brief glimpse then took the baby away.

"No!" they cried out.

"Finish it," they heard the man called Gabriel tell the doctor, then left with the nurse carrying the child.

"I promise you. You won't suffer," the doctor stated, as he injected something into Catherine's arm then left her alone in the room.

Catherine buried her face in Vincent's neck, unwilling to watch further.

"No... No... I can't bear to watch."

"You must," the spectre said. "To understand... to believe."

"I lost our child, Vincent," Catherine cried. "How can I live with that?"

"You survived, Catherine." Vincent tried to reassure her.

"Vincent...," Narcissa gestured toward the mist.

Vincent looked at the vision once more. He saw himself racing to the rooftop of a building where a helicopter was preparing to lift off. He roared his frustration as it lifted off and he saw Gabriel's face in the window.

"Catherine!" he heard his voice roar into the wind.

He heard his name whispered and the figure whirled to see Catherine standing at the top of the stairs. Vincent watched as he caught Catherine in his arms as she collapsed. She told him of the child and how beautiful he was. Vincent's eyes filled with tears as he realized what was going to happen. He heard Dylan Thomas' quote as Catherine died in his arms. He almost howled in his grief until he realized he was still holding Catherine in his chamber.

Catherine sensed his grief and reached up to cup his cheek. he turned to face her and leaned down to kiss her lips. Desperate to feel the life within her after what he just witnessed.

"I've done what I came to do. Now the rest is up to you. Remember..." The voice faded into silence as the mist cleared and they were again alone with Narcissa.

"The future is not always certain, children. Heed the warning." She turned and left to return to the lower tunnels.

\*\*\*\*\*

The rest of the night they spent talking, making arrangements for Catherine to resign from the DA's office and move Below permanently. Vincent didn't want Catherine out of his sight.

"I've got to warn Joe," Catherine commented.

"We'll send a message with Benny. Please Catherine, stay with me." Vincent pleaded.

As Catherine was writing the note, Benny happened to bang on the pipes requesting he speak to Father and Vincent. They were waiting for him in Father's chamber.

"Father. Have you seen...? Miss Chandler, I've been looking for you. Something's happened to Mr. Maxwell."

Catherine's face drained of color. "And so it begins"

"We know, Benny." Benny looked at Vincent in shock. "Benny, contact Gloria at Mercy Hospital and tell her to check Mr. Maxwell's room for a book and give it to you."

Benny nodded and left to do as Vincent asked. Two hours later Benny returned carrying a black book with a note from Gloria.

"No one saw me take the book. The district attorney arrived just as I exited the room. I saw him go through Mr. Maxwell's jacket for something. He sort of smiled when he didn't find anything. He picked up the phone and called someone. I heard him whisper '*The book must have been on Hanlon.*' he said a few more words then hung up and left. I hope this helps."

Catherine took the book and handed it to Vincent. "Hide this somewhere. Once Joe recovers, we'll take this Gabriel person and Moreno down. My future is here with you. We'll endure and face this together."

"Yes, Catherine. My future is with you too."

Vincent took the book and hid it as Catherine requested. He knew they would eventually have to deal with this, but for now, at this moment, their future was set... together.

FINI