

# Love in a bag

by Angie

Catherine tried to make something for Vincent every anniversary. She riffled through knitting patterns below, stopped at a tab that said 'slippers'. One caught her eye, and when she saw the instructions, she realized it was perfect for her. She would make the time.

She presented her gift to Vincent on September 25<sup>th</sup> and he gazed at the little drawstring bundle, puzzled. There was something inside the bag. He extracted another bag, just like the other. He was no more enlightened, and looked to Catherine for an explanation, one eyebrow cocked.



“A pair of slippers,” she declared. “You just slip them on and pull them tight with the drawstring. They call them travel slippers, so I thought you might find them useful on your trips into the nether regions.”

Nether regions of a different kind were celebrated with passion not long afterwards.

A few days later, Vincent got a boot full of water in an area of the Maze that had collapsed, again.

He cleared the new mess over the side of the drop, a tiring job and it took him some time, to reach a clean and dry part of the pathway. He eyed a small cave often used by work parties, and decided to spend a few hours resting.

He lit a fire from kindling left there, and dug the shovel into the soft sand so he could use it to hold his wet boot over it to dry, then dried his foot with an old towel, and reached in his pack for a dry pair of socks. His hand touched something soft and he pulled out Catherine's gift. He put one slipper on his now very cold foot and immediately his foot warmed. He moved closer to the fire and sighed with contentment. It felt so good that he took off the other boot and put on the other slipper. Then he ate some journey food William had packed for him and took a drink of water from his flask. His feet now warm and his stomach content, he put out the lantern and settled down for a nap. He would leave when he was rested.

When he awakened, his sense of time told him he had slept longer than he had intended, although it was still hours until dawn. He quickly packed up, carefully putting one slipper inside the other before putting on clean socks and his boots. The boot was still a little damp, but at least warm.

He trudged back to his chamber, and was amazed to find Catherine asleep in his bed. He put his pack down, took off his clothing, and found his sleepwear. It was near dawn now, but he crawled into bed beside her and gathered her into his arms, knowing full well that she would

awaken anyhow.

“How did it go?” she asked sleepily, cuddling into him.

“Your slippers were wonderful,” he reported.

“Good,” she replied and went back to sleep. He found the soft bed and her warm presence beside him enough to send him to sleep also.

END