

Vignettes – Passion

by Angie

5. No Way Down

Catherine has found me at last. I am glad she did not arrive while my life hung in the balance. I could not have helped her. I have never felt so weak, been in such pain, known such sadness and grief.

Worse even than watching the man who helped me die, was the despair. I was unable to return to my world and was being hunted.

Through it all, I felt Catherine searching for me. I could not risk attracting her attention, because I could not see well. The knowledge that she cared, and would not give up, gave me strength.

She knew I needed help! Our bond was telling her! I could feel her love - and I needed that, especially after the torture.

Then I escaped, but was so weak I could do nothing but hide. In that darkest moment, I found a friend. Lucy rose above her fear and helped me as much as she could.

Now, with Catherine's help, I am going home at last. I can see the light of the tunnels and someone standing in it. It must be Father. He will have harsh words for me later, for putting myself in danger and almost getting killed.

Does he know why? Will he ever understand the necessity, the passion, that drives me to help Catherine? It was not her fault that I was captured after the blast. She could have died there!

I can feel Catherine's remorse. She will not easily forgive herself - nor will Father. Yet, they must come to terms with it. There is a lesson to be learned. Our lives are not destined to be peaceful, it seems. We are committed. There is no turning back.

To feel Vincent beside me, even in obvious pain, is worth everything. I feared I would not be in time, that I would find him dead or nearly so. Isaac and I saw that there had been a battle.

I can hear his breathing rasping in my ear. He is tired and walking in pain. His ribs may be broken. I shudder to think what the Silks did to him.

Ahead is the tunnel entrance and Father. He will not thank me for this night's work, but at least he knows I tried to find Vincent, that I didn't abandon him. How could I when it was my fear which drew him? I cannot forgive myself for that. I must be more careful.

I realize I now have a lot to lose. To lose the friendship Vincent offers me would be bad enough, but to see him dead, or dying ... I could not bear it, especially if it was my fault.

I am putting him in terrible danger, yet I know he will never berate me for drawing him to my aid.

Yet, feeling him beside me warms me in ways I have never known. I can feel that he cares for me, that he's glad I am beside him, even now, even through his pain.

He has gone through so much, yet he still projects something I can feel. I hope I am giving him strength now, and that he knows I care deeply for him.

I would give him anything, everything.

END