



## We Didn't Miss a Thing

by Cindy Rae

Replete, Catherine lay with her husband on the apartment floor rug.

"I can't believe you. We're going to miss it," she said, indicating the Halloween night outside.

Vincent stretched, admiring the sight of his nude wife. So lovely. So his. Her smile still could still make his heart skip a beat.

She was smiling now, as she collected her strewn costume pieces. He lingered.

Four children. Thirty years, together. A thriving tunnel community. And theater tickets. Ones that would be wasted, if he didn't move. He caught her hand.

"Miss it' is the last thing I've done. Thanks to you."