

“Memories...”

by Judith Nolan

*“So how can you tell me you're lonely,
and say for you that the sun don't shine?
Well, let me take you by the hand,
and lead you through the streets of London,
I'll show you something to make you change your mind...”*

Shaking his head, Father whispered the words. He'd once been lost, wandering the streets of New York, utterly alone. He'd been taken, and shown something that had changed his mind. *Grace...*

“Ready for another Halloween?” Vincent queried softly, watching his parent.

“More tales of Ichabod Crane?” Father sighed.

“You wouldn't have it any other way.” Vincent smiled.

