

# COME TO ME IN MY DREAMS

by Pam Hewitt

*A fan has an encounter with Vincent, while watching the episode 'Remember Love.'*

It had been one of those days when nothing had gone right and everything seemed to go wrong. A recent bout of flu had left me feeling tired and weary, unable to cope. What a relief to get home, draw the curtains and shut out a cold, dark night. A quick meal, and then the prospect of an evening to myself lazing on the settee, watching a favourite video. Yes, this evening 'Remember Love' would suite my mood exactly. Vincent's soothing voice would carry me away from all the upsets of the day, and his tender love for Catherine would wash over me, until I felt calm and peaceful again.

At last the oh-so-familiar music, and Vincent's wonderful voice reading aloud to Catherine.

*"And as I was green and carefree...."*

I snuggled deeper into the cushions, trying to imagine how she must be feeling at that moment, alone with Vincent way beneath the city with only the sounds of his deep, caressing voice and the water rushing by.

*"And nightly, under the simple stars as I rode to sleep...."*

Ah. If I shut my eyes just for a few seconds, I could almost imagine that I was Catherine, leaning against Vincent's shoulder. Safe and warm and at peace. In fact, if I opened my eyes, perhaps he would be there at my side! What a beautiful, impossible dream....

Yet, something was happening to me. I couldn't move, let alone open my eyes. Panic and fear rose up within me until I felt I would burst. I could hear Vincent's voice, way in the distance arguing with Father, reassuring Jamie and Mouse and reasoning with Pascal. But even as I tried to concentrate it faded away into the blackness which now enfolded me until I was quite alone.

"Catherine! Are you awake now? How are you feeling?" Vincent's beloved voice was suddenly quite clear again, and very close by. I slowly opened my eyes and gazed up into the bluest eyes I had ever seen. He seemed to tower above me, his handsome face gazing down at me with such tender concern. I tried to lift my head to look around me, but a strong yet gentle hand touched my shoulder, urging me to lie down once more.

"What happened?" I asked aloud. "One minute I was resting, and then suddenly...."

"Sshhhh. You're safe now, Catherine. Don't you remember meeting me at our secret entrance? You fainted, and I carried you down here to my chamber. The virus must have left you weaker than you realized. Rest now. Close your eyes and let yourself dream of beautiful days when we will be together for all time."

All the time he was speaking to me, I was hypnotized by his gaze. I wondered at those gentle blue eyes which showed such tender love and concern for me. All around me the gentle glow of the candles pierced the darkness of his chamber. Shapes and shadows flickered across the walls, illuminating the richly-woven cushions on his bed, the books stacked high all around, and Vincent, sitting silhouetted on the edge of his bed, at my side.

His hand reached out now to my face and the silken fingers traced the outlines of my eyes, my

cheeks and my lips. I smiled, and opened my mouth to speak, to question, to wonder aloud at the miracle which had brought me to Vincent's side, here in his chamber. As I did so, Vincent smiled and bent forwards and downwards to me. I felt his mouth brush lightly against my cheek.

"I'm so glad that Father has agreed to us going away for a few days together, Catherine. I can't wait to see the mountains and the lake with you. To share your secret glen. Only one more day and we will be together, alone."

Alone with Vincent. But could anything be more perfect than this very moment? I tried to speak, but Vincent silenced my words as he pressed his finger to my lips.

"Come now, Catherine. You must sleep," urged Vincent, holding my hands in his own.

How could I bear to sleep? How could I close my eyes and shut out the image of the most perfect man I had ever known or would ever know in the future? He must have read the fear and upset in my eyes, for he held my hand tighter as he spoke.

"Don't be frightened, Catherine - I won't leave you alone tonight. You will never be alone. I will always be here. For you."

I suddenly felt so happy, so elated. What had happened? How had I got here? Was I really Catherine? But I no longer cared, as long as I was here with Vincent. I could hear strangely familiar sounds around me; the gentle tapping on the pipes, the distant roar of the underground, and Vincent's deep, soothing voice whispering words of love and comfort in my ear.

Panic suddenly rose up within me! What if Vincent went away? What if....? I struggled to sit upright, feeling faint as I did so. Suddenly, I was enveloped in Vincent's arms, my cheek resting against his chest. Gently, he caressed my hair and then lifted my chin with the tip of his finger, gazing into my eyes and down to my lips. His mouth was tantalizingly close to mine. In spite of myself I found my eyes closing against their will and felt as if I was drifting, drifting away.

But what was that noise? Who was talking? Who had disturbed the perfect peace of Vincent's chamber? Mouse? Jamie? What did they want?

My eyes opened slowly, taking in the very familiar surroundings. The TV played on, the tape long since finished. But how could this be? I could still feel Vincent's presence, here in my room. It can't have been a dream. Why, I was certain I could detect a faint aroma of burning candles. Still feel the light touch of hands on my face.

Sighing aloud, realizing it had all been a vivid and beautiful dream, I swung my legs over the side of the settee and wearily got up to make myself a cup of coffee.

It was then that I noticed the perfect red rose lying on the cushion....

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