

Blessings

by Angie

Vincent was somewhat depressed as spring came. He would not be able to see the true beauty of flowering bulbs in the dark.

Catherine had sent him down a pot of miniature narcissus. The irony of the name was not lost on him.

Although Catherine thought him beautiful, he knew better and avoided mirrors. He was unlikely to suffer the fate of that eponymous Greek.

On returning from lunch, an envelope awaited him. He recognized it and opened it eagerly. The little ceramic tile he found inside made him chuckle.

'Count your blessings', he imagined Catherine saying. She was right.

