

Romantic

by Angie

Vincent and Catherine heard an odd noise and someone singing “Home on the Range”.

They both laughed as Kipper rounded a tunnel corner riding a hobby horse hung with coconut shells. As they made way for him, he waved, but didn’t stop.

“I used to have one of those,” Catherine mused. “I loved the westerns on TV.”

“The real west was not at all romantic,” Vincent commented.

Catherine laughed. “Just fantastically real.”

The next day, as if to prove him wrong, she handed him a battered and romantic item for his collection.

Vincent hugged her. “Thank you.”

