

Time

by Angie

Mouse regarded the small wooden object, puzzled. It had a magnet, so he decided to take it to Vincent for identification.

Vincent chuckled. This harkened back to before his time.

“It’s a replica of a very old telephone from up top,” Vincent told their tinker.

“Oh,” Mouse said, losing interest. “Vincent want?”

“Very much,” he said. “Thank you, Mouse.”

When Catherine saw it, she laughed. “My grandparents had one of those in their farm kitchen.”

“Tempus fugit*,” Vincent remarked.

“Amor manet**,” Catherine replied, smiling up at him.

“Yes,” Vincent agreed, before softly kissing her.

* Time flies

** Love remains

