

Dawn

by Angie

In the tunnels, the New Year dawned quietly. Vincent stretched in his bed and listened, revelling in the silence that began the day.

This year would not be like the last. But then, no year could be repeated. It was a fact of life that everything moved forward, whether for good or ill.

Suddenly, the pipes rattled into life. Pascal was wishing everyone a happy new year. A surprising number of people were adding their own greetings!

There were worse ways to wake up than to the best wishes of friends.

Vincent smiled as he rose and added his greeting.