

Light

by Angie

Vincent gazed at the light which shone down the metal ladder in the threshold, casting a bright oval on the floor. It was so different to the light he was used to; the soft, mellow, golden glow of candles and torches in the chambers and tunnels.

This would be different to the light of Catherine's office too, which was mixed with the brighter tones of daylight through the windows.

This was harsher, more blue, colder.

Yet because of it represented something between their worlds, a meeting place, it was precious.

It belonged to neither of them, yet embraced them both.