

30th Wish

by Cindy

“Nearly thirty years,” Vincent said, handing his wife a coin.

“Thirty,” she echoed, holding the money.

“The first three were the hardest,” Vincent remembered, adoring her.

“Probably,” Catherine agreed.

He embraced his dearest treasure. “Then we became lovers. Then parents. Those were better years,” he whispered, even though he recalled the strain of two a.m. feedings, with twins.

“Mm-hmm,” she dreamed with him. “Better years. Not so dangerous, or stressful.” she remembered.

“True.”

The coin went in.

“What was your wish?” he asked.

Her smile was devilish.

“That it was 1987, again.”