

Rooftop Runners

by Cindy

“Mary can babysit. It’s not like we’ve never been,” Vincent insisted.

“Not since Jacob came. It’s too far away from him,” Catherine resisted, overprotectively.

Jacob crawled through his toys, oblivious.

“Catherine...”

“No.”

Sigh. “Fine. Take him with you. I’ll meet--”

“And say what if we’re seen? No.”

Months into parenthood, Vincent longed for the sky above Catherine’s balcony.

He scooped up his cooing child. “Very well. Meet us there.”

“You’re not going to leap across rooftops with him!” Catherine sputtered.

Vincent touched noses with his giggling son. Leaving, he gently informed his wife, “It won’t be the first time.”