

“Hope is a Thing with Feathers...”

by Judith Nolan

“We should’ve closed this up.” Winslow scowled at the hole he’d help create in the tunnel brickwork.

“It remains open,” Vincent replied firmly.

“Suit yourself...” Winslow shrugged, watching his friend. “You’re still hoping she’ll find her way back through here.”

“Catherine does not belong in my world. Nor I in hers.”

“But, still you hope...” Winslow persisted.

Vincent sighed deeply. “If you can make dreams a reality, then yes, I still hope...”

“Better not tell Father.” Winslow pulled a face. “He’s likely to have a coronary.”

“Father believes he understands the situation. I must tell him that he does not...”