

Beware 2

by Judith

“Oh, now I know this one’s from Devin!” Vincent laughed, holding up the next magnet from Catherine.

Now he needed to be afraid of a flightless bird, and a brown fruit. It fitted well with his brother’s warped sense of humour.

Vincent leaned back in his chair, holding the magnet in his hand. He missed his big brother more than he could say. These small reminders spoke of the miles between them that could not be bridged physically, until Devin chose to return home.

Vincent sighed. Reaching out, he placed the magnet on his board beside its mate, the weta...

