

Sleepless

by Judith

Vincent pushed aside the pile of detritus with his boot-toe.

The alleyway was choked with rubbish. But, as he passed, a flash of white had caught his wandering attention.

He'd been heading Below, after sharing a meal with Catherine on her balcony.

The night was full of stars, beauty, and promise. He'd never felt more alive.

He bent down, and gathered the small button into his palm. He cleaned its face

with a fingertip. A legend appeared, and a statuette figure of Lady Liberty.

Vincent read the words. "How appropriate."

He slipped it into his pocket, before continuing his wanderings.

