

# The Times

by Judith

“Hi, Pops, how’re you doing?” Ron Perlman sat in the chair beside Roy Dotrice’s.

“All the better for seeing my favourite son.” Roy beamed. “It has been too long.”

“Yeah, sorry about that.” Ron shook his head. “Time just seems to fly. I’ve missed you.”

“Me too. I miss the tunnel folk. Too many have left us already. Do you see Linda?”

“Occasionally, she is well.” Ron took the old man’s thin hand between his own. “What we had was truly everything, wasn’t it?”

“It was the best of times.” The old man brightened. “Say, do you still play chess?”