

A Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

Enigma

I am an enigma to myself. Catherine has seen me happy, sad, despairing, angry, violent, injured, ill. Yet still she bathes me in her love. To her I can confess my heart, weep for myself or others, confess my doubts and fears.

She finds no mystery in me, sees through my differences to my very essence. Surely, this means that I am not incomprehensible, that my inability to understand myself is like that of any man.

Yes, I must conclude that I am a man, with all that implies. Catherine's love enlightens me now. I must accept what it reveals.