

A Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

Good Deed

It was a very cold, snowy night as Vincent made his way back to the culvert by less travelled ways.

He heard a plaintive mew and followed it to a drain depression. A tiny kitten huddled there, and he scooped it up, then retraced the tiny footprints to the ground-hugging canopy of a large pine tree.

On the soft needles inside, a small tabby was suckling four other kittens. His squeaked when he put it down, then ran to join its fellows.

The tabby gazed at him intently, then closed her eyes and relaxed.

Vincent continued on his way, warmed.