

A Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

Heart's Hope

Catherine sat before her television, watching the festivities in Times Square, a glass of champagne in her hand. It was 1987 and she had deliberately decided against going to a party this year. The freedom from all social pressure, and too much of everything, was wonderful.

She watched as the ball dropped and bedlam broke out in the square, and a flurry of shapes was released over the crowd. The camera panned over the scene.

Briefly, a red tissue heart was captured in the light. Catherine smiled. Surely, this was an omen. This year, perhaps, she would find real love.