

# Vignette

by Ulrike

## Painful injuries

Catherine sat on Vincent's bed, gathered her power and arose hesitantly, slowly, trying to keep her balance with bandaged eyes.

She made a few tentative steps, bumping against several bits of furniture, frightened. All was so unfamiliar, strange.

Catherine sensed someone nearby because of her sharpened intuition.

Vincent watched her as he squatted in the upper entrance of his chamber, sensing her panic, but also her returning strength. He knew she was so panic stricken, that she felt only fear, unaware of her strength.

Vincent arose and tried to take Catherine's mind off her worries, then lowered himself again to shorten the distance between them. He wanted to give Catherine more comfort and offered to read to her, which she refused. He made a second offer, to bring tea. This she agreed to.

When he left, she unbandaged her head, completely taken aback by what she saw around her. Then she looked around desperately for a mirror.

The first thing she found that might work was a reflector. At the sight of her face, she froze in terror, just as Vincent appeared behind her, as if out of thin air. She heard his familiar voice. Totally unprepared, and because of the distortion of the reflector, it seemed to her that a worse head appeared, as if in a nightmare.

She turned around quickly, throwing the reflector without thinking, hurting him. Vincent roared briefly, revealing his fangs.

Catherine regretted it immediately, but still shocked, she gaped at him.

Wounded beyond words, Vincent retreated and disappeared.

Instinctively, she followed for a few steps, but he was gone. As weak as a kitten, she dropped down onto a footstool.

Now both were deeply hurt in more ways than one. They both needed time to think.