

Shakespeare in the Park

by Ulrike

It had been a very busy warm summer day. Catherine felt rushed and tired. Her feet were aching from wandering around the city, foot work as Joe liked to refer to this part of her work, always with a crooked smile.

She sighed and looked forward to taking a shower and getting changed. The prospect of spending an evening with Vincent was a stimulating force.

Later, on her way to the tunnels, she took a walk through the park, inhaling the air of a summer evening.

“Today, it’s the longest day and the shortest night of the year. What a wonderful idea to top such an special evening with Shakespeare’s “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”, and smiled as she thought of them enjoying it together.

With these thoughts, she left those of her daily professional life behind and continued her walk with a more buoyant and joyful step, floating the bond with happiness.

Meanwhile below, Vincent picked up a little picnic basket. William had offered to arrange some of his extraordinary specials for the two of them. As Vincent felt her emotions, he started to smile.

When Catherine arrived finally they hugged one another intensely and the look in their eyes did their hearts good.

They gathered the needed goods and made their way hand-in-hand to their private theatre box, beneath at the feet of the front row, where they made themselves comfortable.

“Have I ever told you how much I’m enjoying these long warm summer evenings in your company?” Catherine kissed him with delight, delicately on his nose, fishing for one of William specials.

“No. But I like your storytelling very much. Please tell me more!” Vincent encouraged her.

“Later,” she answered, just for the devilment, speaking with her mouth full.

Catherine’s contempt of etiquette made her crease her face so comically, that it needed all their strength to restrain from laughing. They sank forwards into the pillows and tried to recover their breath.

“William excelled himself, we have to give thanks to him,” Vincent determined finally.

This time, Catherine gave her approval with a nod. After they prepared themselves the performance begun. They paid attention carefully. Shakespeare and his work would ever been something very special for them.

In the course of the second scene, Catherine sighed suddenly.

“What is it?” Vincent whispered.

Above them, the dialog between Lysander and Hermia resonated, while Catherine snuggled into Vincent's embrace.

"What should I say?" she whispered back.

Something reminded Vincent of their first embrace and a feeling of happiness overwhelmed him. How wonderful to take it for granted, without hesitation.

They listened:

Lysander

*Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way":
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.*

Hermia

*Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.*

Lysander

*One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.*

Hermia

*Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.*

Lysander

*O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is **

Vincent hugged and caressed Catherine, floating the bond with all these emotions. She took his hand in return, pressing it to her breast.

It was one of the rare, blessed moments where time and space seemed to stand still for an eternity.

Therefore, because this was a special night, they rested there, following the lead of Lysander.

END

* Auszug aus: William Shakespeare. „A Midsummer Night's Dream.“ iBooks. <https://itun.es/de/fqjNA.l>