



# "Tidbits"

## The First Time...

By Judith Nolan

*"The meeting of two personalities is like the contact of two chemical substances: if there is any reaction, both are transformed."*

*~ C.G. Jung ~*

## Jacob and John

“John Pater...” The tall man thrust out his hand. “Grace said you could be useful to our world.”

“She told me something of what you’ve built down here.” Jacob Wells shook hands warily. He still wasn’t sure this would work. “Don’t know if I can help.”

John’s eyes narrowed shrewdly. “But you’ve got nowhere else to go, right?”

“Maybe...” Jacob grimaced. Put so baldly, he couldn’t deny the truth. “You’re right. I’m penniless *and* homeless.”

“Then, welcome, Jacob.” John put aside the book he was reading and beckoned. “Let me show you around...”

“Thanks.” Jacob turned and followed his lead.

## Father and Vincent

“You’re sure about this?” Falcon hovered at Father’s shoulder. “I mean, the kid’s near dead anyway. Best leave things alone. Can’t be long now.”

“I am a doctor, where there’s life, there’s hope.” Father grimaced, gathering a long breath. “I hope...” Slowly he unwrapped the infant’s swaddling of filthy rags. The child made no protest until completely uncovered, and even then any movement was minimal.

“Well, I’ll be...” Falcon stared aghast. “What’s that? It surely isn’t any baby...”

“I have no idea...” Father studied the baby’s thin, leonine features, and filthy blond hair. “But I feel he wants to live...”

## **Devin and Vincent**

“Baby quiet now...” Devin’s small hand hovered above the child’s blond hair as he slept in the crib.

“Careful...” Jacob warned, raising his head from his crossed arms. He’d fallen asleep at his desk. “He’s finally stopped crying after three days. Don’t wake him now, please.”

Devin’s hand retreated. “What’s his name?”

Jacob stared at him. "His name...?"

"Needs a name." Devin shrugged. "Baby's not a name."

Jacob frowned. A name was the least of his worries. Saving the child's life had been his sole priority. "What would you suggest?"

"Vincent..." Devin shrugged. "St Vincent's. Found him there. Good name..."

## Vincent and Catherine

Vincent stalked the shadows cautiously. With the evening mist rising, the park became his. At fifteen he knew the dangers of being seen. Suddenly he heard voices. A man's urgent request and a girl's reply. Within the tree-line's shadows he edged closer.

A sandy-haired man stood beneath a distant tree, arms raised now in urgent appeal. Far above him a blond girl sat smiling on the highest possible branch.

"See... I won't fall." She laughed down at him.

"It'll be dark soon...Catherine, please..."

“Oh, all right...” The girl moved reluctantly earthwards.

“Catherine...” Vincent breathed, the name echoing throughout his soul....

## **Vincent and Mouse**

It was the scuttling noise that first caught Vincent's attention. It sounded like a large rat, but the movements were too big. His sense was more of a child. But the tunnel's children never came here. Not into the deepest, darkest places, where the light was almost non-existent. But someone hovered close, their breathing pulled taut with wariness. Watching, waiting for Vincent to leave.

He smiled, settling cross-legged on the ground. Pulling a volume of poetry from his cloak, he opened it and began to read, without indicating he knew his wary companion was there. The unseen entity edged closer...

## **Catherine's Touch**

“Vincent...” Catherine edged closer. “Your secret is safe with me. I would never betray your trust...”

Vincent’s breath rushed from him. “I know... I knew that from the beginning, when you trusted me.”

Catherine reached out, pressing her hand to his chest, her head finding its place on his shoulder. “What can I say to you?”

Vincent swallowed tautly. Everything within him demanded he run. But the newness of her embrace, the warmth of her body with its soul-wrenching joy, seeped undeniably into his. He could do nothing more than slide one hand around her back, drawing her closer still...