

Vicki

Starry Night

The night was crisp and the sky was clear and blinking with icy jewels. Harold stamped his boots on the frozen ground and wondered if Ellie was thinking of him from under the warm covers of their goose down quilt. A droplet fell from his nose onto his worn Enfield just as the whistle shrieked its dreaded command. He shivered more from fear than cold. His companion gave a nod. It was their turn to go over the top this time.

Ophelia

She closed her eyes and lay back with determination. Surrendering to her fate, she allowed the waters to soak her gown and drag her under. With her final breath she gave a silent apology to her absent lover. As the stream began to fill her nostrils, she felt a flutter of butterfly wings from deep within. Her eyes flew open and her feet found purchase on the gravelly bottom as she clutched her belly and struggled to rise. Hope.

The Persistence of Memory

Old eyes looked into young, perfect eyes. 'You haven't changed a bit.'

'Well you sure have, you old bludger,' the younger one smiled.

'I've missed you,' the older said through moist, squinty eyes.

The younger nodded, 'I know, but you can't stay.'

The older frowned and scratched his head of grey, 'No?'

'The younger shook his thick brown curls, 'Off you go cobber, I'll be here waiting when it really is time.'

A lightning bolt suddenly returned the old man to a world of noise and smells and excruciating pain.

'He's back with us,' a voice called.

'Harry, oh Harry,' the old man moaned coming out of the fog.