

# Travels of a Camera

Judith Nolan



*"For me, the camera is a sketch book, an instrument of intuition and spontaneity."*

*Henri Cartier-Bresson*



## *The Gift*

"Oh, Dad! Thank you so much!"

"Merry Christmas. You really like it, Cathy?"

"What's not to like? I've always wanted one."

"I could've bought you any camera. You only had to ask. This is so--"

"Oh, Dad... Everyone has one these days. No film to develop, because they're instant pictures. They're so now, and hip."

"Please, Cathy. The money I've spent on your education..."

"Humour, me. You'll get used to it, Dad."

“That’s as may be. Now, don’t go pointing that thing at me!”

“Aw, come on, Dad. One picture won’t hurt...”

“I wish your mother was here, now...”



## *The Wish*

“I wish I still had my old, Polaroid camera.” Catherine nestled into Vincent’s embrace. “Dad gave it to me for Christmas, when I was thirteen.” She shrugged. “I think it was given away with a lot of other things, after I grew up.”

“What made you think of it now, Catherine?”

“Because there wasn’t any developing, no secrets exposed,” she mused, turning her face up to his. “I could take pictures of you that no one else would see.”

“I understand. But it would be too much of a risk, my love.”

“I know that...” Catherine sighed deeply. “But, still...”



## *The Find*

Standing in the dumpster, Mouse pushed around the refuse with his boot. The hour was growing late, but he was still hopeful of a good find.

Something snagged on his foot. It was the strap of a brown leather case. Mouse picked it up, turning it over. A zipped flap closed the lid. He opened it, pulling out an old Polaroid camera. His excitement level diminished.

He considered the case. It was good leather. Useful for something. Slinging the case strap over his shoulder, he climbed down from the dumpster and headed for home.

He could discard the camera later...



## *The Flash*

Arthur was bored. He patted his paws over something strange his master had discarded on the work bench. *Edible?*

He used his excellent nose. It smelled funny. He nipped with his sharp teeth. He growled, spitting with disgust, shoving the thing away. Something fell out. Curiosity re-aroused, the raccoon circled it, pushing at it.

There was a whirr and a click. A sudden flash blinded the animal. Screaming with alarm, Arthur scrambled away, falling to the floor.

The whirring went on, before something slid out of a slot at the camera's base. A grainy picture of a deeply startled raccoon...



## *The Initials*

“Found this...” Mouse proffered the camera for Vincent to take. “Must still have film in it. Arthur photographed himself.” He grinned, holding up the picture of the raccoon.

“That’s so strange...” Vincent mused, studying the camera. “Catherine mentioned her father giving her one of these, years ago. She wished she still had it.”

“Could be...” Mouse opened the camera’s case and pointing inside. “See in here. Found this too, when I opened it. Wondered.”

His fingernail underscored the initials **C.C.** written inside by a childish hand and underlined.

“Could it be possible...?” Vincent mused.

“Ask her?” Mouse raised his brows.





## *The Return*

“What’s this?” Catherine frowned at the parcel Vincent held out towards her.

“Happy birthday.” Vincent smiled, placing it in her hands.

“But, my birthday isn’t until next week.”

“I couldn’t wait.” Vincent shrugged.

“You’re being very mysterious.” Catherine complained, moving to Vincent’s desk before untying the silk cord holding the wrapping of old brocade.

It fell open to reveal a leather case that had seen better days. Catherine picked it up, turning it in her hands, her face full of wonder.

“Where... I mean, how did you find this?”

“Mouse found it last night. I knew you would like it.”



## *The Pictures*

“Sit still and stop fidgeting. This won’t take long.”

“Really, Catherine, is this truly necessary?”

“You gave me the camera, Vincent. You said, no pictures Above. But there’s no reason why I can’t take them, Below.”

“Very well. But it’s almost supper time. We will soon be missed.”

“Is that such a bad thing? We’re alone, for once. It’s nice.”

“But, it’s Saturday. William’s English hotpot is not to be missed.”

“Very well, one more and I’m done. Now, smile.”

“I’m glad Mouse found your camera.”

“Me, too. Now we can take pictures any time we want to.”

“Any time...?”



*"I take a picture, but it's not about who is in the picture or the background of it. It's about the memories and meanings it holds."*

*Kayla Davis*

