



“Can your camera capture a human’s image in the same way?” His eyes sparkled with curiosity.

She knew she shouldn’t, but she really wanted a picture of Galahad. “Yes, let me show you.” She pulled the camera off her shoulder and stood, adjusting the settings for night time and pointed the camera at him.

“Stop, my lady!” he ordered.

She did, confused by the sudden change in his demeanor. “What’s wrong?”

Galahad remained silent and it dawned on her—when photography had first been invented, many cultures thought that it would take a part of a person’s soul. Though that was long after his time, he might think the same. He was probably afraid it would take a part of him.

“Galahad, I won’t deny that a picture takes a fragment of a person, but it’s not what you’re thinking. Can I show you? Please.” She used her big kitten eyes on him. She wanted him to understand the thing she loved the most—and he would be amazing in her photos.

He let out a small sigh, slowly nodding his head. Aliana bit back a smile as she snapped a few frames, making sure to capture his beautiful eyes.

“All done,” she announced. “Now, did that hurt?”
The corners of Galahad’s mouth turned up in a smile.

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