

Me and The Rain
By Fae L.

I sit on the bench, waiting for the bus. Holding my umbrella in the fog and the rain. The trees are torn by the strong winds. On the sidewalk is what is left of them. I hear the tip-taps of the water droplets hitting the roof violently. As if it were trying to say something. The water drips down the roof as I check the time again. The bus is late today. Then I realize that it is just me, only me and my friend, the rain. I check my surroundings. Just to make sure that it is, in fact, just me and the rain. The bus had been delayed for a few minutes by now. I checked the time again, only this time, the bus was finally here! The rattling on the roof had stopped by now, the wind had gotten weak, and the trees seemed to have mended themselves. Now it was just a soft, subtle, breeze. When I got up, my legs felt sore. I had been sitting for an hour by now, but not alone. No, with the rain. There was no time to ache as the bus was already here. When I came out of the bus stop with the shabby tin roof, I immediately felt small sprinkles of rain hit me one by one. Like it had decided to be playful with me. The grass was swaying to either side. I climbed the stairs and hopped on at last. It had been a while, but it was time to say goodbye. I looked through the window as a few more droplets hit the walls of the bus as the rain eventually stopped. The bus was crowded, unlike the bus stop. I had not expected this many people. The chattering and nonstop mumbling of the people made me uneasy. I liked it more when it was just me and the rain but all good things come to an end. So that is what the rain did. The liveliness of the people was somewhat comforting, but not as much as the rain. Everything about it was perfect. The trickling sound of it hitting the sidewalk, the millions of drops coming down, and the nostalgic smell it held. But there is no need to worry, for it will come back some day. And when that day comes, it will be me and the rain once again.