

Uniting Under The Rain.

I heard the sound of raindrops fell on my green umbrella.

I smelled the freshness of soil and plants.

I tasted the hot exhaled breath, trying to warmed up my mouth and my dry lips.

I felt the coldness from the surrounding, seeping through my bright red rain coat into my skin, wondering if the coat was really waterproof.

Then, I saw her.

Running under the rain, her chocolate hair and light blue blouse was damp. The ends of her slack were wet from all the puddles she stepped on and I'm sure her flats were soaking. She stopped under the roof of the bus stop, combing her hair with her fingers.

Then, she saw me.

She smiled as bright as the sun. I sauntered towards her, a smile on my face.

"Hi," she greeted me.

"Hello," I replied. Then I held out my umbrella a little and she stepped forward.

Now under my umbrella, we both ambled along the pavement in silence, used to hearing the rain talked instead.

"It has been almost a month since we met, hasn't it?" she asked, eyes forward but the small smile etched on her face clearly meant for me.

"Really?" I said, a bit surprised. Time didn't seem to move under the black, heavy clouds.

She nodded. "I still remember the first time I saw you." She glanced at me and giggled.

"I thought how strange you were, standing under the rain like a statue, looking up to the clouds."

"I like the rain," I told her, "-but I have no one to share it with. Others think I'm weird so I don't have much friends."

She smiled reassuringly at me. "I like the rain too." Our steps halted. "I'm glad that you let me walked beside you under your umbrella that day."

"That's just an act of stranger's kindness on my part." It's true because even until now I didn't know what was her name and she didn't know whats mine.

"Yes and I'm very grateful for it."

We shared a meaningful smile. We, with our unmatched outfits, stood still for a while. Any longer, people might stared or maybe they wouldn't care. So we continued walking.

We arrived at a train station.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

She walked away.

I turned around and started my journey back home. On my way, the rain slowly stopped and Time moved again. I saw the sky as blue as her blouse. White, cotton clouds as soft as her smile. I thought to myself, *she might not be here with me under the sun but she's there with me under every rain*, and that itself was enough to make me feel better.