

**Title:** The Way She Rained

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**Prompt:** "rain" or "maps" in one hour (if both, 1:15) [6-2-05]

**Music:** Sex and Candy—Marcy Playground, Breakfast at Tiffany's—Deep Blue Something

**Notes:** 252 words, half an hour, G rating.

It rained the day she turned twenty. Rained like the world was coming to an end like it had so long ago where only 8 people survived. She was not prepared for it, coming into another age. In fact, she was far from it. She had remembered the day, and that was all.

It was a Sunday, and the rain was pouring down around her house, a veil of droplets. She sat out on her porch, in the swing her father had built, and stared at the grayed day. Even having known what the day should have been, she was less than surprised when it turned worse. She awoke late, and stayed lethargic throughout.

She missed home. Or, as home as it could have been in the three months she'd gone for a visit. She could not decide what she missed more. Was it the home she had grown in, with the family she had always known? Or was it the private room, the neglectful grandparents, the new friends she had made?

She stared at the rain, as if it would give her some answers. "Once I was happily content to be... as I was... where I was. Close to the people who are close to me... here in the home I love." She continued to hum to herself as the rain fell around. It didn't matter, not here where the rain was refreshing everything.

"Come inside, So. It's getting cold."

"Coming!" she called. There was plenty of time, after the rain.