

FLASH FICTION

It Is Going to Rain Tomorrow

by Tatia Veikkola

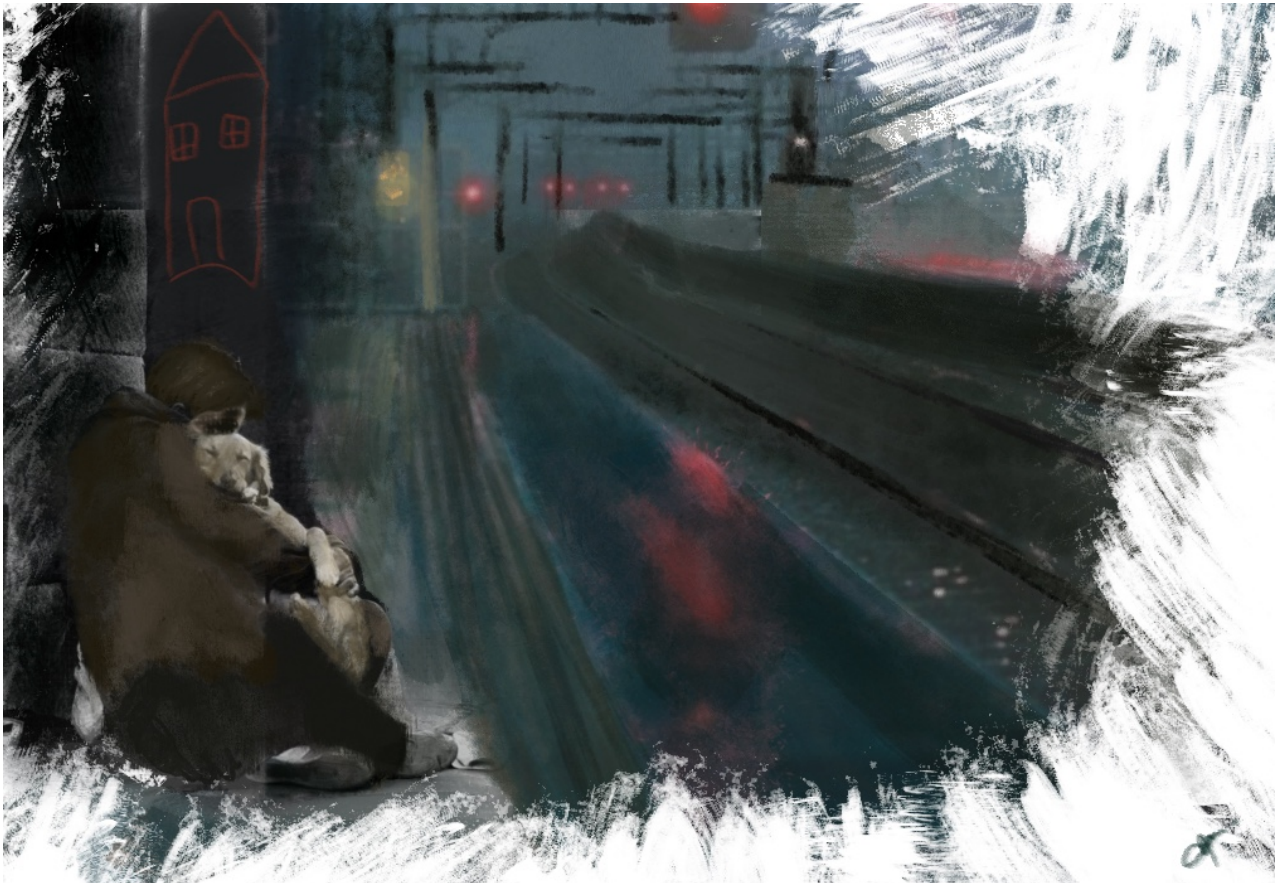


Illustration by Bianca Cosar

It is such a gloomy day. It has been raining since the early morning and there is no sign of the heavy rainfall slowing down. Determined streams are making their way through the side ditches by the dark gray asphalt road and the greedy puddles are expanding their territories to the slightest imperfections of the otherwise straight surfaces.

The naked trees are pounded by the heavy rain drops and the last leaves of the year are taken away by the streams or drowned in the shallow puddles.

The warmth and coziness of homes is sheltering the lucky ones from the misery of the depressing weather. The lit windows are like shields, protecting their residents from the outside world. Also, by closing the curtains, the sight of the gloomy day can disappear within a matter of seconds, helping the inhabitants to forget about it for some time.

A man is looking out from his tent. Though his shelter, made of cloth and carton, is covered by a tall bridge, the moisture and the cold easily penetrate the thin walls of his home. As if frozen in the moment, the man, sitting like a statue, stares at the thin curtain of rain in front of him as if it was a massive screen stretching all the way from the edge of the bridge towards the ground. The colorless curtain is separating his world from the rest. Although his penetrating eyes see everyone and everything beyond the translucent screen, nobody ever notices his existence.

“What a hopeless day it is for poor sparrows, stray dogs and hurried pedestrians without umbrellas,” the man is thinking, full of compassion towards them. “I wish I could help them all.”

The merciless rain keeps pouring down on the soaked ground and there is no sign of it letting up. Hopefully, the sun will come out tomorrow and put an end to this misery. Though, somewhere I have heard, it is going to rain tomorrow.