

Rain

by Alfred Lau

It is raining outside. I can hear the constant shattering of raindrops on the ground. I can see them as they hit the floor with such impact they shatter into a million little diamonds, sparkling for that brief split second before they disappear altogether.

I can see the rain. It is raining outside. I know it is raining outside because I can hear it and see it.

"The rain is heavy isn't it?"

It stopped. Let's go before it starts raining again.

It was February the 2nd, and it was raining. I said, let's go before it starts raining again.

Rainfall nourishes the plants and the trees. It gives us drinkable water and helps us stay alive. It is the existence of rain that allowed life. Without a water cycle, life would not have existed on Earth.

Without rain, life would not have existed.

Without rain, there will be no life.

Without rain, there will be nothing.

But why did it have to rain?

I said, let's go before it starts raining again.

"Yeah let's go!" was your reply. I handed you your helmet, a giant Hello Kitty sticker plastered right on top of it. The pink contrasted against the glossy black helmet.

A touch of feminine was your retort when you first stuck the sticker on the helmet despite my violent protest.

"Just to make sure I will be the only female pillion rider you will ever have," you teased. I remember rolling my eyes. I also remember myself saying in jest that I could simply go get a new helmet.

I remember your sour face when you heard that. You didn't say a word through that entire riding journey. I remember making weird faces just to cheer you up and assuring you that you will be my only female pillion rider ever.

It was raining, and it stopped.

I said, let's go before it starts raining again. The one cylinder engine roared into life as I started the ignition. It was raining, and it stopped.

I waited as you climbed onto the motorcycle behind me, your shivering body against mine. Your arm wrapped my waist tightly, and I could feel your heaving breasts pushing gently against my back. You seem cold.

Are you cold?

"Of.. of course I am!" you replied me through quivering teeth.

Let's go before it starts raining again.

The floor is wet.

Be careful.

I rode out of the car-park slowly. The road was wet, and I could feel the tyres of my motorcycle struggling to get a firm grip on the asphalt road.

That was what I said, let's go before it starts raining again. I stand at the window, staring at the downpour outside.

Since then the sun has gone down a precise one thousand four hundred and sixty one times. The moon had waned into a crescent forty eight times.

It is February the 2nd today, and it is still raining.

One thousand four hundred and sixty one sunsets ago, it was February the 2nd, and it was raining. It stopped and I said, let's go before it starts raining again. You got onto the pillion seat behind me, your hands wrapped around my waist tightly. I could feel your heavy breasts against my back, could hear your trembling lips.

The floor is wet, you said, be careful.

I rode out of the car-park carefully, testing the tyres' grip on the wet asphalt road. It was very slippery. I remember being hesitant as I turned out onto the main road.

Three junctions later, I became more confident. I sped up, weaving in and out of the slow moving traffic that was undoubtedly caused by the wet road conditions. I remember thinking I was in control.

I remember feeling your grip on my waist tightening.

I remember hearing your request for me to slow down.
I remember turning my head to look at you, giving you a nod.
I remember hearing you scream.
I remember quickly returning my vision back to the front.
I remember seeing the car in front of me.
I remember taking a sharp turn right to avoid a collision.
I remember feeling the momentary loss of grip.
I remember thinking, oh shit.

The floor is wet, you said, be careful.

We both fell off the motorcycle, sliding across the wet floor. I saw you sliding beside me, but I could not see your face. I tried to reach out for you, but you were so far away. I heard the screening of brakes behind us, and felt a sudden jolt of horror.

I watched as it ran over you.

I gaped as I saw your blood flying in all directions, a silent scream escaping from my mouth. I ran towards you, what was left of you, and held you in my arms. I was full of blood. You were full of blood. I screamed, loudly this time. I screamed myself hoarse. I screamed and I screamed. You were in my arms. You were full of blood.

No... No... No...

NO!

I held you in my arms, what was left of you. I screamed and I screamed. I screamed, and it started raining again.

Forty eight crescent moons later, it is raining. I stand by my window, looking at the rain. I held you in my arms.

I screamed, and I scream.

