

The Rain Storm

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As I lie on my extremely comfortable small twin bed on top of my colorful striped quilt, I'm reading my book. I stop reading and look around and see my enormous Pooh Bear staring back at me. I take a quick scan over my room and have mini-flashbacks of my childhood as I see my Disney princess collective dolls displayed on shelf and the doll house my Mom's aunt built for me when I was born. I catch myself staring at pictures from my 8th grade "prom," my Sweet Sixteen, and Senior prom. As I am lying on my bed, I ask myself, "Where did the time go? I feel like just yesterday I was starting at my new elementary school in third grade and graduating eighth grade. Now, in just four short months, I'll be graduating with my Bachelor's degree? How is this possible?" I snap back into reality when my entire room lights up as if the sun were shining in my room at mid-day from the rain storm.

I hear what sounds like acorns hitting my air conditioner, "clunk, clink, thump." My dogs, Mia and Dixie, come running in my room barking because of the acorn-like sound outside, which are the pellets of rain, along with the thunder and lighting. Dixie, a hundred-and-ten-pound Border Collie, jumps on my bed and covers me in her light brown and white fur. Dixie comes over to cuddle with me until the storm passes, whereas Mia, a forty pound hound mix, is barking at my window, ready to attack. Little does she know, the rain won't attack her. My once colorful striped quilt acquired a tint of brown and white fur.

While I'm trying to tell Mia to calm down and comfort Dixie who is partially laying on me, my room lights up as if a

meteor from outer space were about to make a crash landing in my room. I look out my window and see the sky turning different shades of green, blue, purple, pink, orange, and yellow in the matter of ten seconds. After witnessing the color explosion in the sky and the bright burst of light into my room, I began to reminisce about rain storm in the summer when I was younger. My brothers and I would change into our bathing suits and run into our backyard and begin to dance in the rain, as well as go on our play set. We would swing as high as we could on our red, blue, and yellow swings and go up and down the red slide countless times, until it became a water slide, which ended in a mud bath. Once it started to thunder and lightning, we would hurry back into the house and begin playing countless board games from *Candy Land* to *Trivial Pursuit*.

All of a sudden, Dixie jumps off my bed, Mia stops barking and although it is still raining, the drops don't sound like acorn torpedoes hitting my air conditioner. I hear children laughing outside my window. I take a peek out of my window and see my neighbors' children playing and dancing in the rain without a care in the world, just as I had done when I was at the young, wonderful, and carefree age of six.

As the rain subsides by the evening, I take Mia and Dixie out for their evening walk and see the destruction of the storm from earlier in the day; tree branches are blocking the street, large green leaves are covering cars and lawns. Mia and Dixie are trotting along on their normal route until they come to an emergency halt. They are unable to continue walking because of the branch which is blocking the street. I move the branch over and we continue on their way. The branch is just similar to the next milestone in our lives because we must conquer the next task in life. Yes, it would be nice to go back to

that carefree time and dance in the rain, but it's unrealistic. We can't go back in time. We must keep moving forward and prepare ourselves for our next milestone or task in life.

For myself, that will be graduating in May.