

That Little In Between

By Abby Thomas

RAIN COMES DOWN in sheets from a heavy sky. Just looking at it - the weight of what's falling, driving itself into the ground - is oppressive. There's too much. The world is drowning, gasping for breath between splashing bullets. Slogging through the soaked earth is like climbing a mountain. The deep muck grabs your leg like a shackle, daring you to pull yourself free. And in the midst of the torrent, one can only believe the world will be flooded forever.

Time passes...

The sun beats down, all the infinite water gone. The puddles are dry. The ground is hard. Even the air is parched. It's still. Nothing moves. The slightest breeze sends the dust rising and swirling like smoke into the air. Insects hover, scouring the earth for any sign of moisture. Nothing can live. The rain will never come.

Time passes...

Which is better? I don't know. I guess we're just living for that little in between.