

STILL RAINING

It's Autumn. It's a normal day, a grey day.
It's raining gently.

I love the Autumn in the city. I'm watching the rain through my library window.

The streets are wet and there's a black cat on a roof. Suddenly I see something strange. Something frightening is happening on the street. I can see a young woman's body on the ground, under her there's a large blood pool. I'm sure she's dead. A little girl is crying desperately next to her, and...

...Still raining.

I can see how the traffic lights are changing from red to green continuously while a lot of people are walking quickly thinking about their work, but nobody stops, and...

...still raining.

Few minutes later the police arrive. I can see one, two, three.....six police cars, also two ambulances. There are many people in white coats. I think they are doctors and nurses. The little girl is standing next to the woman's body. She's crying and...

...still raining.

The black cat looks curiously at the little girl as if looking at a famous painting.

At last someone dressed in white takes the little girl away holding her hand.

Still raining, while I am wondering: What did we do wrong?

Life is a big stage, and we are all actors. We must all work, not only the police, judges and attorneys. We are all actors..... we are all actors, but...

.....still raining.

The body isn't on the wet ground. The rain becomes red there, and goes down as a thin awful stream.

The black cat is wet, but still standing like a statue looking at the wet street and I wonder Why? but I can't find an answer so, I think about the young woman and the little girl while a tear falls down my face, and.....

.....still raining.

The rain wets the crystal panes. It's getting dark and there's nobody on the wet street.

I can see the black cat walk away slowly, and I feel weak, small, sad, unhappy.....empty.

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By Noty.

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