

Raindrops

By Aysha Saoud Ahmed Abdulla S. Alafreet Alkuwaiti
Applied Technology High School
2016 Division D 3rd Place Writing Award

I want everything to transfigure into a beautiful haven, where everyone is free and are able to express themselves. But apparently, I am the lone individual who thinks that way. Our forlorn planet is full of miserable, mournful Homo sapiens who don't believe in light, even though it smacks them everyday in the face.

The curiosity fire has died out, hope flew away with the wind, and melancholy spilled down on us. The pitter-patter of the raindrops reminds us of the things we can never achieve. Oh how pitiful we are, oh how pathetic we got.

In complete honesty, I envy the Leweloos; the 'chosen' ones, handpicked by the upper regime. They wipe out any sense of consciousness, leaving them lethargic, and rather abiotic. Why do I envy walking flesh, without a mind you ask? Well to put it simply, it's because I can't deal with this gloomy atmosphere, the dull, and bland milieu. Daydreaming has been my number 1 escape plan, but in spasmodic times I have no path to pursue, so no choice left but to coerce myself into facing my surroundings.

After having my 'non-daydreaming' state frequently these days, I started to observe and perceive my environment. I woke up in the featureless and monotonous morning thinking of the time I would go back to bed. Being alive these days is like clinging on a pole and having the ruthless, bloodthirsty waves wash over you, loosening your grip on the slippery support. I know I don't have much energy to keep my clutch firm, just waiting for the last wave to hit me.

While descending from the annoyingly wooden stairs that make a creaking sound every time I set foot on the steps, I heard a loud agonizing, and grievous scream. The scream was wounding and hurtful to my ears, it filled the brittle air of our neighborhood with sorrow and heartache. I ran outside, preparing myself for the worst. But after I surveyed what was happening, I calmed down, knowing this is a daily scene for us, just far more dramatic. You see, 'Guardians' come every week to our region and forcefully arrest a juvenile to turn into Leweloos. After doing so, they recruit them into the army to fight enemies that no one has any knowledge of.

The dramatic scene was caused by Mrs. Ainsworth, who tried to fight off the prying hands of the guardians from her son. Unfortunately luck was not on her side since one of the guardians lashed at her with his electric whip. The electricity ran through her body causing her to go rigid in seconds and fall on the dusty street like a plank. I felt sorry, but I don't have the power to change anything. Her son, Gladwyn was placid, not making a sound. The guardians held his arm roughly and started dragging him into the transport vehicle.

The site was gruesome, to say the least. Not even one person tried to help Mrs. Ainsworth, so I complied and followed what I see. We left her to rot on the ground, waiting for time to bury her. I returned to my fixed life, no more observing or perceiving, for I concluded that change is parallel to destruction. In order to change, we need to destroy. But what could flimsy, and weak humans do? Nothing.

Days passed, months passed, years passed and still here I am, determined to keep my grip on the pole strong. I had a gut feeling that I need to hold on for a

little longer, another couple of waves. While I was in my hypnotizing position, daydreaming my thoughts out, a nudge on my shoulder broke every theory I made up.

“We need to move” Is all they said. These four words held meaning, a promise that is about to be accomplished. They were soaking wet, dripping from head to toe, the small droplets of water making the pitter-patter sound when hitting the floor. Their eyes carried the small glimmer of ambition and optimism.

“We will destroy to create” His voice maliciously smooth. The wicked smile plastered on his face telling stories of rage and tendencies to harm.

In that moment everything changed, the colorless and uneventful world had turned to a small river of hope. Where each time clouds poured down its filled buckets of rain, it replaced the feeling of not being good enough, to faith. We fought, we learned to love, we held each other close, and for the first time in our lifespan, we knew we were free. We loosened our grip on the pole knowing the raindrops that fell from above carried no more pessimism; but life. The wave carried us to God knows where.