

Rain Girl

Why? Why am I standing here under a tree, miles from home, with rain pelting down, getting soaked? I know *why*, but why?

It's because of Rain Girl. I'm in love with her and she doesn't know it. Or care. I've loved her for years, ever since she came to my school.

Her name is Avril Schauer, so most people call her April Showers. To me she's Rain Girl. She doesn't know I exist.

And here I am, standing in the pissing rain across from her house. I'm an idiot. I don't even know if she's home. Stupid, stupid, stupid!

I curse again and grab my bike to ride home, when I hear someone calling.

"Danny?"

I look around but see no-one. Then I hear it again.

"Danny?"

And I see her across the road in the doorway of her house. Rain Girl.

"What're you doing there?" she asks.

I look at her. I can't speak.

"You're getting wet," she calls.

I manage, "I'm soaked."

She beckons. "Come in the house."

I hesitate. When she beckons again, I make a run for it.

"What were you doing?" she asks, when I've got most of my wet clothes off and she's given me a dressing gown and a hot chocolate.

"Um..."

She looks at me, then says, "I'm glad you're here, anyway. I've been trying to get up the courage to talk to you for ages." She blushes. "I... I like you a lot."

I nearly drop my drink.

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