

One Wet Day

Evey Cole, March 2024

It wasn't just one wet day, it was day after day, until the river was full to overflowing, gardens sopping, and Charley's head was sunk into gloom. He knew that it was rainy in the winter, he just had to be patient and the clouds would roll away and the sun come out again. But he was fed up to his whiskers (he didn't have any whiskers but liked the sound of them) and wondered if he could find something to do. No bicycling or roller skating, not in this wet mess of a day. Read a book? He had nothing to read that he wanted to read, just those boring school books. His eyes strayed to his closet, its door open and showing all the junk he had stashed there. Maybe his Mom was right about having to clean it out. He could do that now, right? Ugh. Maybe he'd find something in the mess to occupy this wet afternoon.



Charlie slowly stood up and faced his closet. "Watch out, closet!" He snarled and pulled out some old stuff. "I didn't know there was so much junk here" He moaned and almost decided to quit. But he decided to keep at it, since there was nothing else to do. An old baseball mitt, that goes. How about this ugly pair of socks? Full of holes and grime, out with it. He kept at it for the good part of an hour, then had to rest a minute. A brightly colored something was visible in the pile still awaiting his decision, what was that? Charles reached in and pulled out his old kite, from last year.



The kite looked bedraggled, limp, discouraged, but Charlie would not let himself be deterred. He pulled the kite out of the mess and laid it on the floor, rubbing his chin to stimulate his rainy-day thoughts. Outside, the rain had stopped and sunshine was to be seen here and there.

"Wow! Now that this relic of a kite has been recovered it looks pretty darn good! I'm going to patch her up and give her test flight!"

He ran outside into the bright sunlight, yelling the clouds away. He still held the old kite in his hands. Waiting for a gust of wind, he looked about him. On one side lay the little houses of his suburban neighborhood, but on the other side were a row of pink flowering cherry trees, now in full bloom, making a cover for all that lay under these trees, their fallen blossoms like a royal carpet. Charlie couldn't help but stop and gaze

at all this pink display, it was so magical, but soon he returned to the kite. Was it flyable? He found a ball of string that would be strong enough and then trotted over to a big hill near his house. He lifted his kite and a gust of wind caught it sending it flying over to the flowering trees, Charlie hoped it would catch there and to his relief it skirted the trees and headed down the hill. He ran after it, grabbed it and turned to go home.

Charlie thought about how his day had gone, he had to smile thinking how it started with a dull rainy morning to an afternoon of success and beauty. Not on a grand scale but a satisfactory one, the kind of day to tell his Mom about.

