Storms brewed on the emotionless horizon promising nothing but winds to level even the mightiest of trees. Torrential rain poured down in icy sheets like needles upon my face. The wind didn’t howl, it screamed. The rain was not falling: it was driven, hard, merciless, torrential. The trees did not sway, they creaked, bent and moaned as their fine limbs were ripped away and their autumnal leaves became not confetti, but ammunition in the gale.

A car came out of nowhere and drove right through a puddle that was doing a very good impression of a miniature lake. I was jolted out of my reverie and was dazed and drenched to the bone.

Great.

Now I had to spend the entire day like this. The added weight of the water was enough to drop my emotions to a new low. I packed my umbrella away; no need for that, now that I’m soaked. The outline of the school was barely visible even within its proximity. It’s church-like structure loomed over the rest of the surrounding buildings, as if it was wanting to make its presence known.

I opened the gate to find the vast area eerily quiet. Silence – well apart from the heavy rain. I crossed the grounds to the entrance where the sounds of life emerged.

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