Abiodun Freeman

Prof. Harvey

Hello, my name is Abby, but you can call me Smiling Rain. Mostly because I like to pretend I’m a really deep and poetic person… but maybe It’s because I can’t help but to smile every time it rains. It doesn’t really matter what type; it could be a light shower, a thunderstorm, or even rain that stings every part of your body. Most people get sad or upset when it rains in their life, dog died, moving schools, or maybe breaking up with the love of their life. My biggest storm was when my parents divorced in fourth grade; my half-brother and sister went with my father while my other brother stayed with my mother and I, my family was torn in two. It took a huge toll on all of us, we had thought we had no one to blame but ourselves, that it was all our fault for what was happening. Looking back now, what I realize is that event caused my siblings and I to grow closer in a way that wouldn’t have otherwise been possible, and I’m thankful for that. What I’ve started to realize is it takes a little rain for anything to grow.