# Solace

The ceaseless whooshing noise of the rain, the howling wind lashing against it, and the distant grumbling of clouds clashing together blended with the vast, empty view of the town, now washed clean. It felt like a ghost town—no, more like a futuristic utopia or dystopian city that had no need for social interaction, each inhabitant fully content within their own home.

This scenery was isolating. Even within this great behemoth of a city, filled with meticulously constructed buildings, roadways, and countless other man-made structures—undeniable proof of a vast population—it somehow exuded solitude, as if you were stranded on an island all alone.

Especially from the balcony of the rooftop house, where the grand view of the town stretched endlessly and the absence of other neighboring units made it all the more secluded.

And there, Tamre stood—alone in silence, utterly alone in his rented **lone rooftop dwelling**.

Though Tamre didn’t hate this feeling—on the contrary, he liked this loneliness. It often carried him to distant places in his mind, places where no man ruled, where he was free from everyone—free from everything. A strange sense of peace and contentment would fill his heart in moments like this, in this rain-filled weather, beneath the blackened sky. The wet environment, the heavy wind—it was all exactly to Tamre’s liking.

On any other day, he would have embraced it, soaking in the beauty of the storm. But not today. Today, he felt… empty. Not the emptiness of losing something he cherished—just empty. And it frustrated him. No, it saddened him. Saddened him that he couldn’t focus on the beauty of the rain or the howling wind, especially after breaking his meticulously designed morning routine just to witness the first heavy rain of the season.

Even so, he stood there for a while, hoping—no, begging in his heart—that he would find beauty in the rain.

But alas, it was not to be found today.

So he went back inside, though not before casting a lingering look at the storm from within the well lit room.

Then, back he turned back again and back he went inside the room—back to the monotony of his morning routine. He resumed making breakfast: coffee, check; two half-boiled runny eggs, check; noodles, check.

Gathering it all, he sat at his computer-slash-work-slash-everything table. Pushing the keyboard aside with the bowls, he placed everything down. Then, he slipped on his headphones, muffling the heavy rain sounds—despite them being just seven or eight feet away, beyond the open balcony door.

He powered on his PC, selected a video about something on the web, and started eating.