

Three Rains

Neha had just woken up when the rain started pouring ,she rushed towards the window happy and excited. It was beautiful. She was glad for once that her parents chose to move here to Bangalore and she could not wait for more, more rains.

Rains always seemed to lift her spirits, for her it felt like heavens calling Earth, to say , he missed her. It always bought fresh energy to an otherwise monotonous human life. Oh how she would've loved to just go out and just dance, play and jump in that rain. Get all soaked ,come inside and eat some of her mother's fritters. But her mother would never let her, she was particularly strict these days, don't do this, don't do that, ugh , it infuriated her, but this rains... You know what she would have loved even more? to eat chocolate ice cream under the rains, it had been her lifelong dream, but no one would let her, would they?

Ramanna stood in front of his vast farm gazing at the blurry distance, to him the world was becoming way to 'watercolored' , it had been pouring since a week now, and again today...things looked bleak for him this harvest season.

"Just a week ago, we were dancing for this same rains, and now...this wretched rain", he cursed.

"A complete loss this season...", his friend and neighbouring farm owner said.

"Now now it may not rain tomorrow....the forecasts..."

"Yeah well, they had predicted a sunny day today, didn't they?"

Ramanna knew better than to argue with his friend, but couldn't get over this rain. Rain was always bittersweet to him, he remembered a saying, "Too much is too bad", and the rains he knew, he just knew this... was very bad.

Silence diffused as the two men looked ahead unsure, uncertain and as the rain seemed to be unyielding, his sorrow became more and more ubiquitous.

In a different part of the city , amidst the cacophony and commotion of traffic a software man in his mid-thirties, dressed dully was grumpy and in a hurry as always.

"Hurry up please!", he told the driver for the nth time.

And when it started to rain all hell broke loose for him , he could hold it no more

"Dammit!", he exclaimed much to his driver's disapproval.

"This rain will be the end of me", he muttered under breath.

He had always hated rains, they are overrated he felt. Movies, books and whatnot had painted this beautiful picture of rain , romantic, nostalgic and self-reflective. Godly showers of droplets of gold infused with love portion pouring upon muddy earth, he scoffed, as if! , if anything rains made his day worse.

If you go out you're wet and smelly all day not to mention the cold and fever to follow. Roads are ruined, filled with potholes breeding mosquitoes and whatnot. There's always an increase in traffic, owing to our amazing roads, this is coupled with an obligatory power cut, to further our suffering.

It's like the sky wants us to cry with it too.

"Can you hurry man?"

"Shall I take a short cut ,sir?"

"No", he knew these sneaky drivers with their stupid tricks to increase their fare, rain sucks but losing money sucks more.

The rain had stopped as he reached home, his wife hugged him.

"How have you been?" he asked.

"Great! this rain has really made my day, did you bring the ice cream?"

Before he could answer, doorbell rang.

He opened the door to a fully drenched man, "Hi Appa, how....you're all wet"

"It's fine fine..." dad said as he took the towel.

"Dinner is served", man's wife said.

As the three of them sat on the table, dad began,

"It's too much rain, its ruining the farm"

"Let's see Appa, it may not rain tomorrow, forecasts predict..."

They fell to silence again.

"Neha, I've bought some ice cream, let's serve for dessert"

Neha almost squealed in excitement, and went into the kitchen.

"Now, that she's pregnant, I've do to do what she says eh?" software man chuckled.

Ramappa replied, "Sure thing, son..." , not in a mood to talk.

As the three of them sat in silence eating ice cream, there was deafening silence.

Meanwhile outside

Dark clouds hovered, covering the city, as if to ensnare its populous, room grew darker, clouds collided , skies lit up and it began raining again.

- Raghni P Dalasagere

