Today is set to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad. It will be a rainy day, and it's likely to be stormy in the late afternoon". All of these words came from the tinny sounding but familiar radio alarm that May had received as a bad gift a few years back, when getting anything decent for your birthday was taken for granted. No-one realised that the good gifts would stop coming after 18.

The ball of sheets and covers laying slumped ontop of the bed was May, a 20 something adult who had just moved out of her parents house, an act that's seen as a right of passage of sorts, but one that she saw as an chance to get into a city apartment and away from the country. The human under the lump of bedding agreed with the radio this particular morning, at least in part. The man over the speaker had said it was going to be a rainy day, the light tapping on the window agreed with him too. But he had also mentioned that it was going to be a terrible day, what could possibly happen today that would be worth staying in bed for? And so she began to think.

A young woman is walking down the street of a busy town, she does not seem to know her way round that well, so she might be new in the area. She holds a jet black umbrella, this was decidedly not her choice of colour, or lack thereof. However, the ingraving on the back of the plasic umbrella that rests under the grip of this person reads "May", which is her name, so this umbrella is likely another bad gift. The type of gift that is accepted with a depressed "Thank you" before throwing it in the pile of equally awful gifts. An engraved umbrella is really tacky after all. May cannot remember where she is going, or perhaps she never had a destination and she just wanted to take a walk. Either way, she takes a turn down what appears to be a disused alley way, the type of cobbled street thats small enough to be called an alleyway, but not so small and disused that it could be considered a 'creepy' or 'dark' alleyway. She rests her eyes on a man.

The man in question appears to be hassling a person of similar age to herself, a young man, 20 something, possibly new here, possibly not. There's an air of panic, or similar, floating around the both of them. This is understandable as it appears to be a mugging. However, surely only one of them would be panicked? This thought came to the ball of covers as a rhetorical question to herself, and it was one that was quickly answered by her thoughts: this person had never robbed anyone before. Yes, that's it! Under the very cliche ski mask, (a trend it seems) was an equally panicked guy who was slightly older than the man he was holding a cheap gun to. Back to the scene at hand, the younger man was attempting to inform the older one that he had no money on him. This was the truth, he was only in the town to get food, which he had already bought with the money he had brought as evidenced by the small bag of shopping under one arm.

The man in the mask had no idea how to react to this situation, in the movies everyone always had money to hand, and they would give it up quite easily. "Surprisingly easy actually, those might not have been the best sources of information for this" Continued his rushed thoughts. So, the older one just kept asking for money: it was an ask more than a demand, he couldn't be demanding if he tried. This loop would have likely continued if a young woman in her early 20's with a black umbrella had not intervened. Of course, May was not the violent type and she never was, so being cautious she shouted at the masked man from down the street. And then it was over.

This mugger, as we already stated, is new to his profession and he has no experience when it comes to guns. He had no intention of harming anyone actually, he just needed money. Or at least that's what he thought to himself as he pulled the trigger in a panic as he turned to face the voice, at the same time he realised that the safety was off. The gunshot echoed around the cobbled street as it left the barrel, and it echoed still as it flew through the air, and it still echoed as a young woman in her 20's fell to the ground with a hole in her neck. For what the mugger lacked in experience, he was a good shot.

The radio continued in the background as the ball of covers played out this scene, along with many others, in her mind, shifting and turning as she does so. This would have been a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything would have turned out bad. It would be a rainy day, and it was going to be stormy in the late afternoon.

The chorus of thunder that played overhead of an alleyway agreed.