

Writer: Carol Lee Brunk

Title: She sat under the tree. The rain drizzled...

Date: January 16, 2020

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She sat under the tree. The rain drizzled upon the earth through the air. Not a dry area if she would get up from where she sat. The umbrella had holes in it and she touched the drops that drizzled threw in front of her. Behind a dry spot where the umbrella sheltered out away from her body. Warmth of a day was not there. She would of shivered but the heat of body was at the temperature on a constant comfort to the cool drizzled rain of the cool day. 'Trees..' a thought that gradually only faded in the pronunciation of the word in the inner of her thoughts. The attention of her eyes cooled with a color that reflected earth's day. Softness of the hair upon her head graced the shape of her face reflected of a dampness seen by her inner thoughts-no mirror. It scampered the distance. She grabbed. Not at the scamper that hopped right beneath her for shelter. Movement of slow- her eyes moved. A visual of a blur passed by her legs. 'What?' the surprise vocal voice that spoke in the atmosphere.

Slow to the movement.

Slow to the movement.

Slow to the movement.

She moved. They moved.

The umbrella leaked and drizzled where and when she slanted it back and forth slowly touching the drizzled rain that moved through the umbrella. She was quiet.

Eyes peered- her and those underneath her sheltered. No nest lain eggs hatched to heavy and no feathers grew upon her body. No quack from underneath released. She sheltered the unfamiliar – not of a friend but of nature wild and independent of her human nature. No nuts lain upon the dress skirt that sank in formation of small pocket upon her lap. No squirrel to climb upon her lap to snatch a small meal concealed within an outer shell. It scampered to side her legs-a softness of the movement felt upon the side. The look to the side. The nose pushed gently upon her leg. The twitch to breath in a home. No to the live trap. A friend nuzzled and twitched at her leg. A reach for the fur of softness. A closeness of a hand smelled through the drizzle of rain. Hop! Hop! A careful quick grab.

Hop!

The drizzle increased to a steady rain. If she moved to retrieve her seat would be wet.

Hop!

The warmth of the softness brushed of gentle swiping against her other leg. She reached behind her and felt the seat of the bench. Slight wetness. The pocket on the left hung open. But the skirt held its own- the slight hand of the side pocket in for the reach. Not of pebbles. No paper facial tissue. No pen or paper. The movement smooth the ridge of sewn cloth of the seam. No eraser. The hop nuzzled onto the top of the foot.

A reach! Thump! Thee grab.

'Hey, calm down,' she remarked.

The pocket was filled feet first and the pocket was pulled over in front with unbalanced umbrella that teetered back and forth that rested upon her bent head and shoulders. "Ssssh!" "Got you!" She announced. Calmness of four and half pounds weighted in the pocket. "Hey." "Got you," she said with a smile. "Time to go home!" With a slight scoot forward the bend, of not to much, she leaned with the umbrella held with balance- the push of the back feet with legs she pushed for the rise, the holding, the pocket in front. "I'll keep you warm." "Here we go!"

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The stance of balance rocked slightly as she stood. Forward through the drizzle, the warmth of a four and half pound weight nuzzled in quiet for the rock of the movement in the walk. It rained. The drizzle ran through the front of the umbrella wetted the front of her and part of the pocket. "Hold on," she said and pulled the pocket higher to keep it warmed. "Ssssh!" she said. "We're going home!"

The rain poured-now. The drizzle was a wish to revert back. The pocket moved. She held the pocket higher. "Ssssh!" "We re almost there!" Thunder boomed far off in the distance. The front door within the reach of her hand upon the door handle unlocked. She dropped the umbrella. Rain poured upon her head as the door opened. Within she stepped inside. Wind blew the door with a slam-shut from behind.

The umbrella tossed upon the ground rolled as it poured. Bounced. The launch in the air the umbrella moved of the electric fan whirl of a climb it rolled over up upon the bushes to the fence in air flight the toss of the whirl in flight rolled to the neighbors home down the block with a rest of sticking finally half spoked with holes enlarged in thee umbrella fabric stuck by the turmoiled storms wind under a shed.

"Pocket," she announced softly in the living room as she grabbed at fleece of the pillow small enough for her lap. Calmly she removed the damp softness -the nuzzled with a small twitch of a nose and placed upon her pillow as she began to sit. "Hey!" "Its ok!" she announced quietly. The warm of dampness nuzzled into the fleece.

"Sssh!" "Quiet-time," she said. She petted the softness. The purity of its color two with the dampness. "Warm." "Huh," she remarked. "Its ok." Thunder was upon the home. It boomed. She duck-pressed the pillow towards her upper body with both hands. The crunch of the crackle skyward. She patted slightly the pillow. "Ssssh!" she said "Its gon'na be ok!" "Scared?" "Me too." The softness made a slight warmth of a 'Coo'. She smiled and pulled thee pillow slightly away from her body to see thee 'peace' of softness calm nuzzled into the pillow. "Ssssh." "It'll be ok."

Warmth of the animal was held. The storm slowed to the drizzle. The walk to a separate room. A hand dryer accessed. Slight pull away. Low heat dried a small friend that arrived dry to the cage in her room.