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Rain, Rain Go Away!

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It was then an unending monsoon in the hilly country side of Agartala, India. The charcoal blotches of clouds and bellowing thunder shuddering you to your core; wind and water as cold and ruthless as tears of first love. It was desolate and sad. I stood at the door of our home, watching the ceaseless washing of the earth, hypnotized by the sight and sound. I stared at the water running to lower grounds, inevitable as nature, each droplet bruised at a time in a harmonic ... I saw someone. I...I...I saw someone. I saw someone from the corner of my eye, standing still, like my shadow in the rain, in the battering rain! Fear clenched me, out of nowhere. I did not even catch a glimpse but I was frozen to the ground.

I argued with myself in my head, “She is just somebody. Turn your head and look at her and smile”, “Are you crazy? Who can this be? What do you think? Can nobody get out in this rain?” “Or maybe there is no one, it’s just your hair or your delusion, just turn around.”

Thunder!! I came back from the argument with myself and I caught the glimpse again!

“She is here, she is definitely here,” I told myself.

Was she closer? I screamed inside me. The apparition had moved!

My nails were digging in my palm at this point and my skin was flushing. I could feel my urine burning inside my body. I sought to look at her but my neck was stiff as bone. Oh my neck ... my head... my head was tilted low for so long I did not remember. It was hurting but I still could not budge. I could, as if, sense a weight at the base of my brain, like an anchor dangling from my collar, towing me down to this part of the land I was staring at...thunder again!

To my disbelief, it was now pitch black outside. I had lost complete sense of time. Besides, I discerned a steady hissing sound around me. Was it the rain? Or my dress ruffling in the wind? Suddenly I realized, I was soaked! When did I get wet? I was inside, so when did I move? I could not even lift my lashes all at once!

The sound in my ear was getting louder every minute, but it was more like a wheezing now. I could neither hear the rain nor the thunder. I was motionless, transfixed at the void, swallowed by this mind-numbing breathing. I needed to scream. I grew desperate. My throat was dry and I fought to swallow and an empty glob of air staggered along my throat. I wanted to call for help, for my mother. I wanted to turn around and scream, “I AM NOT AFRAID OF YOU!!” But I only managed a hollow shriek of draft that gurgled and died in my gullet and my ear popped.

“I believe you,” she whispered hoarsely.