

# **A Story For a Rainy Night**

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Submitted: March 25, 2006

Updated: March 25, 2006

*Just a sort of inner-dialog while walking around a city at night, a very short read, just something to keep the raindrops away*

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## 1 - A story for a rainy night

I walked around town by myself, letting the lights bleed together and bounce off of puddles,

I had nowhere to go, nowhere to be

and the shifting of the world, people swimming by had nothing to do with the nothing rain.

I started to make up a story

"once upon a time there was a girl, and slowly over time, a wall built up between her and the rest of the world. At first it was only a shadow that she barely noticed, but after years it was like seeing the world through stained glass..."

and both of us girls walked on..

thinking of spheres of misconception, translations of the world falling into open and still shaking hands.

"Soon she noticed a hole growing in the wall, a place just above her heart that was weakening."

The streets walked by, I was breathing steady and bringing a soda bottle up to my mouth to keep my hands moving.

"And she saw that this Someone had reached though, and held her heart, had seen through this stained glass and stayed around"

Cars go by and a red hand blink, into an alley that narrows towards the end, a shortcut back.

"And although she trusted this person who held her heart though stained glass, she also know that one wrong move could hurt more than anything"

Black coats float by, wearing cold looking people and looking forward to hanging over a chair

"And she saw that she had options, choices to make, rebuild her wall, strengthen it with coldness, or look up and try to crash it all down, and start again. She started chiseling"