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## Rainy Day

by Richard Lewis

“So how does it feel to be followed?” enquired Wind.

“Well, it does make me smile the way humans follow the weather forecast,” replied Rain.

“I agree, they’re obsessed with it,” said Wind.

“Absolutely! They don’t much like me but there’s a job to be done. Streams and rivers must flow, lakes and reservoirs have to be fed and even the briny sea has its needs,” Rain complained.

“Well I don’t come high in the popularity stakes either,” Wind joked.

“We can be trouble I know, creating havoc in the streets below,” Rain continued, “just the other day, clouds became so bloated I had to open the heavens, sending down great sheets of the wet stuff, lashing the heads of those poor humans, filling gullies and flooding homes.”

“I saw a young man helping stranded motorists and clearing drains in his waders, looking like a half-submerged frogman. A culvert had become blocked; an iron gate having been strapped over its mouth like prison bars, where branches and debris had congregated, like a ragged mask.”

“He reached down into the swirling depths and I wanted to warn him but could only watch as the force of the flow sucked him into the steel jaws of the trap, clamping him by the thigh. The level up to his chest, he cried out, panic rising like the flood waters, already steeling heat from his veins.”

“Oh! the poor man,” whispered Wind.

“Yes and there seemed to be confusion about which emergency services to call, it was half an hour before a flotilla of fire, ambulance and police vehicles appeared along the river roads, by which time the lad was in a bad way.”

“Efforts by divers to pull him out proved fruitless, firemen and police seemed to have no effective plan. A doctor arrived brandished a bone saw, thinking amputation might be necessary to free him but the level was now up to the lad’s neck and such an operation was impossible under water. All hope seemed to be ebbing away.”

“Goodness me, if only we could help at these times,” Wind sighed.

“Yes if only, but then amazingly, along came an ancient Landrover, equipped with makeshift crane. A man jumped out and instructed the diver who was supporting the lad, to attach a chain to the iron gate. He seemed determined not to just let him to drown like a beast in a flooded ditch.”

“Waves were now lapping at the boy’s chin and he seemed to be slipping in and out of consciousness. His head only being kept above water by the efforts of the diver. Chain attached, the man engaged the winch and sure enough the lad slowly emerged with gate attached, rising up like Lazarus from a watery grave.”

“Cutting equipment separated him from the death trap but his body temperature must have dropped to a dangerous level as paramedics were frantically trying to get some heat back into him. He was taken away by ambulance but I never did find out if he survived.”

“Oh dear, I do hope he made it,” said Wind.

“Yes me too, I suppose it’s one thing to follow the forecast, quite another to fully understand the watery laws of nature,” Rain concluded.