

Rain

by Faby Martinez

I hate the rain. When I was four years old , I was a picky eater, and my brother told me if I **didn't eat, a terrible thunderbolt would strike me.** When I was eight, the creek on my way to school flooded with rain and two men got stuck trying to cross. I saw them flailing in the dark water, trying to swim back. The next day they were found, naked and dead. When I was ten, my cousin Lety dragged me along to see her drunk boyfriend in the country. It was raining hard, and I was so cold. I stood watching the road while they kissed and hugged and touched each other. When we got home, our mothers beat us, and later I got a terrible cough. My mother said it was punishment for my bad behavior. When I was eleven, a storm killed so many birds that I thought there would **never be any more.** In the field next door, the neighbor's cows stood helpless in the rain, splattered with mud and dung. Last night I dreamed that I crashed. It was raining hard on Highway 78 and traffic snaked around the turns I lost control of my car and everything went dark. Out on the road, I stood looking at my little car, crumpled and destroyed by the rain.

Lety says that sooner or later my dream will come true. Next time, she says, I must tell someone about it before breakfast or else it will happen. My Christian friend Mady says my dream is the work of the devil, so she prayed for me. My friend Rosa says nature is a gift, and I should only think of how nature benefits from the rain. Perhaps I should be superstitious like Lety, or a Christian like Mady, or a nature lover like Rosa. But the only thing I really know today is that I hate the rain.