

Left Out

Wet doesn't even begin to describe how utterly drenched I am. The rain is coming down in sheets, sounding like a stampede of elephants. Jagged blue light streaks across the sky, sending elusive shadows over the landscape. I cringe at the deafening crack of thunder that follows.

As the darkness returns, I look up at the warm glow emitted from the small glazed window framed by a wooden door. How I long to be inside, to feel the dry heat evaporate the droplets that cover my body. How I wish for a comforting hand to pet away my fears and smooth my tangled hair.

I shiver as the wind whips around me, the cold cutting through to my bones. An aging tree groans in protest as it is forced to lean against the mighty power of nature. I can imagine the monstrous plant bending more and more until it finally gives under the immense pressure and falls slowly towards me.

My new fear drives me over the edge. I run to the door, scratching, screaming, barking. Anything that will get their attention.

It is not long before a tall, shadowed figure appears against the bright light from the other side of the pane of glass. I squint in an attempt to make out any features, but it is a hopeless cause.

Slowly, the door opens, and a head pokes out, it's eyes gazing down at me.

"So, you've come to your senses, have you boy?" laughs a cheerful voice, "Well, come on in. I told you you'd not last five minutes out in this weather."

I give a happy bark, tail wagging, as I run into the house. I stop for a moment to shake, and soon find myself smothered in the soft folds of a towel.

"So, you happy now, boy?" my friend laughs at my enthusiasm, "You didn't think I was going to leave you out there, did you?"

I pause to consider this final comment, and soon realize how silly I'd been to think I was in any trouble out in the storm, for my dear friend would always be there to let me in.

Turning back to face the door, I give the pouring rain a triumphant smile, confident I will never be caught out in it again!

Standing there, gazing out, I feel a sudden urge to be out there. The rain seems to call me.

Running to the door, I let out a whine, scratching at the obstacle that keeps me from my destination.

"Oh, not again!" my friend moans.