

She's My Kinda Rain

By Caitlin Sharrat

As I sat on my porch listening to the rain hitting the tin roof, all I could think of was how much I loved the rain, how it sounds how beautiful it is. I look over across the yard and see my truck; the rain is washing away all the mud from work today. I take another drag of my cigarette and flick it away watching the sparks spinning in all directions until it hits a puddle and sizzles out. The phone begins to ring and it catches my attention and I drag myself away. I answer the phone, "Hello?" I say.

A gruff voice says, "Cal?" I knew that it was my ass of a boss from the yard.

"Yes."

"We need to talk."

There was a pause and he continued, "This business can't use someone like you, you've been late three times this week and all the other employees find you a threat. You're intimidating Cal; it's better you than all of them, sorry."

In complete shock I just hung up the phone and I walked outside and the rain had stopped. Great, I thought unenthusiastically I hopped in my truck and grabbed the pack of cigarettes sitting on the passenger seat. I grabbed the last one, cracked the window, lit it and drove straight to Charlie's place. As I lean over the steering wheel and look up at the starry sky all I could think was

cars. That was all I knew... and Bruce's place was the nicest and closest to Kingston... my mind snapped back when a possum jumped onto the road, I slammed on the brakes, dropped my smoke in my lap and hopped out of the truck and slapped it off myself. The possum just looked at me and sauntered off. YOU'RE WELCOME I said sarcastically.

Thankfully I was close to Charlie's. I could see the Sweetwater Mountains as I turned down his driveway and crossed the little creek before his house. I put the truck in park got out and when I turned around there was Charlie standing on the steps with a smoke in his mouth and a beer in his hand. I stood there for a second staring at him. He was tall and thin with sandy blonde hair. Almost as if he knew, he had a beer on the step for me and as I got closer he bent down and tossed it at me.

"Come inside," he said. I wasn't there to argue so I walked inside.

"So did you kill him?" he asked with a smirk.

"Nah, what am I gonna do Charlie? He gave me some B.S spiel then had the nerve to say sorry!"

"Listen Cal, I know a place I'm sure you'll like," Charlie said with a clever grin.

"I don't know Charlie, how far away is it?"

"Right close to Kingston," he replied.

I stared at him for a moment; he had somewhat of a reassuring smile on his face.

"Alright, gimme the number."

I take it gratefully, give him a hug and walk outside. A hand reaches from behind me, over my shoulder and passes me an unlit cigarette I turn and smile, he pats my back, rolls his eyes and walks inside. I turn back around, make my way back down the steps, across the drive and into my truck, spark my smoke and make my way back home clenching my hopefully new found job.

I wake the next the next morning to the tree outside my window tapping gently. Squinting I remember that I have that number. Jumping out of bed my foot get's caught and I fall flat on my face. I get up once again, fully awake this time, run to see what time it is and skid to the phone hoping that nine AM wasn't too early on a Saturday. Dialing the numbers with shaky hands. A sweet voice answers, "Hello?"

"Hi," I reply, "Umm, I got your number from a friend...he said you needed someone to work for you."

"Ah yes, hold on a minute please," she said, then an older women's voice came on.

"Lookin' for work huh?" Without giving me a chance to reply she said, "We need some vehicles fixed and some fences mended, think you can do that?"

"Of course ma'am," I say enthusiastically.

"Good here's my address: 135 Buckcreek Road. Do you have a name?"

"Sorry yes, I'm Cal Sawyer," I reply feeling like a complete idiot for not introducing myself.

"Can you be here today?"

"I can be there in a half an hour!"

"Good, see you then, bye."

There was a click on the other end. Throwing down the phone, grabbing my keys I ran out the door.

The property wasn't that far away from mine, with a long gravel road. Getting closer I can see two houses with a tractor and a couple of cars. Getting closer to the house I see the fences that need to be mended. A woman steps outside of the little house and meets me at my truck. She asks, "You must be Cal?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well I'm Ruth, Ruth Logan."

Just then the door crept open and the most stunning girl I had ever seen walked out. She took my breath away and my heart skipped a beat. Ruth followed my gaze, turned and said, "This is my daughter, Rain-Marie."

I acknowledged with a slight nod as I kept my gaze on Rain. She was beautiful, with long brown hair and her deep hazel eyes. She walked down the steps past her mother and put her hand out for me to shake it. I looked at her and shook her hand. It was smooth but it was a firm shake. I smiled slightly, she looked at me, our eyes met quickly and she looked away. Thankfully Ruth came in and said, "Well I'll take you on a tour."

"Yes ma'am." I said regretfully. She showed me everything. Where the tools were for the fence and the cars; she showed me the other house which was for rent, and that was where I could use the washroom and take my breaks until they could find a renter. Ruth stopped just in front of the door, opened her coat and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. I looked at her then looked at the smokes, she smiled and said, "How old are you?"

"I'll be twenty on the fourth of July." I said.

"Hmm. My daughter will be eighteen on the eleventh of August." There was a slight pause and she went on, "Would you like a cigarette?" She said in a promiscuous manner. I smiled politely and said, "Yes." She said goodbye opened the door and left, leaving me to go and collect my supplies for the day's work.

The next few weeks I would only see Rain when she was out with the horses. Everyday when I would take my break I would watch her ride off elegantly. Later that day when I was fixing the fences Ruth drove up to me in the truck that I had fixed earlier that day. She came to a halt, rolled down the window and happily invited me for dinner. I was nervous to accept the offer but I knew it gave me the chance to see Rain's delicate face one more time.

I arrived in my best shirt and pants with my hair slicked back. I shakily walked up the steps, nervously knocked on the door and waited with a million thoughts running through my mind. Ruth answers the door, looks at me and slightly bites her lip I smile awkwardly and she invites me inside. As I walk inside the scent off sweet potatoes fills my senses. I look across the room. Rain is sitting at the table looking at me. I can hardly look away. Ruth invites me

to sit at the table; there was lots of food, sweet potatoes, chicken and ochre with an apple pie cooling on the window sill.

We begin to eat and Ruth had to start the conversation. "So how did you get our number for work?" She asked inquisitively. "My best friend Charlie Barker told me about you. I'm not sure how he knows you though."

"Charlie did some work for me a long time ago, but something happened and he left," she said reluctantly. I looked at Ruth and she looked away quickly, then I looked at Rain. She had tears in her eyes. Ruth got up and said, "Excuse me, but I have some dishes to attend to."

As she walked away everyone felt the awkward silence. I looked at Rain once again and said, "Would you like to go outside?" I could see she was very upset but she gave a smile. We both got up and I opened the door for her. She went and sat on the steps and I sat beside her and neither of us said anything. I thought of things to say but before I had the chance she opened up to me and she told me about her and Charlie's love. "Charlie was a great guy and I thought that we were in love but Charlie was scared of love and I was left alone," she said while she wiped her tears and continued to say, "but while I thought I was in love, I did not know love until I met you." As she looked at me in fear of what I might say, I gently tucked her hair behind her ear, I looked in to her eyes and I knew I loved her and I said, "Listen, from the moment that I saw you I never thought I would never be able to settle down and be in love. When I see you my heart stops and I don't know what to say and I want to be with you."

Suddenly it started to rain. I looked at her and grabbed her hand and asked her if she wanted to dance. We

walked down the steps and into the rain, and our love was there as we danced hand in hand. As our gaze met I leaned in and our lips lightly touched.

As I woke the next morning remembering the night before I jumped out of bed with a slight spring in my step, hopped in my truck, cranked up the country and sang the whole way there. When I arrived, Bruce's truck was there and I didn't understand why. I jumped out of my truck and quickly went inside, only to find the three of them sitting in the living room. They all looked over at Bruce. His face went off colour and he jumped up quickly.

"What are you doing here!" He exclaimed.

"I work here what about you?" I said with a snarl.

"I'm here to see my daughter." My heart dropped. I was in complete shock. I had no idea that Bruce had a kid, and what are the chances of me falling in love with the only one. Ruth looked at us and said, "You obviously know each other."

"Yes," Bruce said, "I fired him about a month ago from my yard." I didn't know what to say. I looked around like a fish out of water. All I could say was, "I have work to do." I walked away in anguish and went straight to the old house. Rain was closed behind me.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she said.

"Cause I didn't know." I look at her and I could tell she was hurt but it was true I had no idea. Then she looked at me and said in a frustrated tone, "I'm goin' ridin'."

I looked at her and nodded my head. As she walked away I waited a

minute and stepped outside into the wind. I watched her walking towards the barn, I just turned around and made my way to the fences.

I finally got the last row of fencing up on the east side of the farm, when I saw Rain's horse come galloping by without Rain. I ran down to the riding ring and I saw Rain laying on the ground. Her body seemed mangled as she lay against the fence. I sprinted closer to her and just looked at her. Her head was bleeding badly. In a split second I was running towards the house to call 911 and tell Ruth what had happened. As I leapt into the house Ruth stood up quickly and asked, "What's the matter?"

"It's Rain, we need an ambulance!" I said in my most stern voice. Bruce was already running down to the ring as I got on the phone with the ambulance. As I told them what happened all I could see was her body lying limp in the dirt, her beautiful face covered in blood.

The ambulance arrived a short time later. Bruce and Ruth both went in the ambulance with Rain and I drove close behind them. It seemed to take forever to get to the hospital, and when we got there it was all a blur. Rain was put on a stretcher and rushed inside. I tried to follow them into the Emergency room, but a man stopped me and there I stood, looking like a lost puppy not knowing if she was ok or even alive.

Hours passed.

The doctor came into the waiting room and said, "Your daughter is in coma." He stood looking into Ruth's eyes. They were all welled up. She was crying and Bruce was just looking into nowhere. The doctor took a quick look at me and walked off. My heart fell. I sat down with my head in my hands,

thinking of her beautiful eyes and that night in the rain.

The next few weeks were horrible. I was by her side everyday telling her stories, and telling her how much I loved her. Today I brought my guitar and I had something special planned as I got it all tuned. I hadn't noticed that Bruce and Ruth were standing in the doorway. I began to strum and the words just poured out, "She's my kinda rain like love in a drunken sky, she's confetti fallin' down

all night, she sits quietly there like water in a jar. She's my kinda rain." There was a slight twitch in her fingertips. As I look up at her she's staring at me with a slight smile on her face and I couldn't help but let a tear roll down my cheek in sheer happiness. I hear Bruce and Ruth begin to cry but I drowned it out. I am lost in thought, her beauty, her everything. The only thing I could think about at the moment was that I love Rain.