

## Hope

I looked through the foggy glass as drops of rain drizzled steadily, as though they were racing each other. I began to draw in the frost, watching and waiting for the rain to cover the dry spots on the grey concrete in our backyard.

My eyes wandered towards the bike outside, rusty and drenched, longing to be played with. The sandpit cover lay saturated in water next to the flooded sand. An army of red ants tread the borders of deep puddles. The waterlogged buckets sank gradually into the mud.

The wet speckles of water gave the impression that summer was never to come again. I watched the rain transition from a small pitter patter to a violent storm. It roared as it bucketed down on the tin roof. Outside it looked as though it were snowing.

The thunder echoed in the walls of the house; lightning beamed through the frozen window. The dim, menacing clouds hovered overhead, the smoky grey sky growled, and the piercing wind howled.

The grass in our backyard turned brown amidst the sombre landscape. The birds were silenced. They took refuge in the old gum tree. Their fluorescent bright colours faded to a wearisome grey.

As I leant over the window seal I noticed its wood was chipped and splintered, as it cut into my skin. The wind whistled through the tiny gaps between the glass and the seal, shifting my hair. The casement shook, afraid of the comfortless darkness that was supposed to come.

"Will this ever end?" I thought to myself.

Almost immediately my prayers were answered. The pounding rain slowed to a soft drizzle and the last drops slid down my foggy window. The sun's rays seeped through the gaps in the clouds and warm light bounced off my face. The dark, grey clouds turned a comforting white, and they parted slowly, revealing a soft yellow sky. The soggy, wet leaves dried on the mushy brown grass. The bare trees danced gracefully in the light breeze for the sun was finally here.

Finally I could leave the house and enjoy myself. I could ride my bike in the glorious daylight and play in the damp sand with the buckets and spades. A soft, warm feeling took place deep in my heart as the birds flew free in the sapphire sky.