

Through it All

The rain sounds like a near waterfall, the wind cries. You can hear it all clearly through the broken window. You toss and turn in your rickety bed, uneasy. Trying to block out the unwanted sounds is impossible. Instead, you lie there in your thin blanket, awake. After a while, you hear a sound, distinct from the cacophony of snapping twigs and jarring booms. You look downwards, and see friendly eyes. You see the fuzzy figure leap up, and it snuggles against you. The harsh sounds agitate you less, as you pat your cat's head gently. It's alright.