



The rain is pouring down all around you, filling the air with the scent of morning dew. The sun slowly rises and illuminates your estate, casting its honeyed rays down upon you. The stoic grassland scape dotted with wooden cabins in front of you does not make a bit of sound. However, the wind does; it's blowing across the newly wet grass and the old boards of the cabins, making a slight sound that scratches an itch in your head. Rustle. Rustle. Shck. Maybe you should move out of the rain; sadly, this makeshift log bench feels quite good on your back.

You should at least move your damp hair from your eyes, but should you really? The unintelligible and indescribable sounds are simply enhanced by the blindness induced by your hair. Yeah, you'll move it... eventually. You should have brought your flute. Someone will come for you eventually, but for now, just enjoy the moment.

Eventually, a few damp steps echo behind you in the grass. It can only be one person; I mean, only she can find you so quickly. The footsteps stop a few paces from you, and you can only imagine that her eyes are boring into you. Well, she hates being ignored; you better turn around and greet her.

You turn around and stare, and yes, it's her. Carrying an umbrella. She stares back at you, her hair all tied up and fancy, her face pale and with no expression, her eyes a cool opal color.

"Hi. I didn't know you were a fan of the rain." You say this, staring directly into her cool eyes. Always so calm and collected.

She stares back at you, her face not moving an inch. Her clothes glimmer with the scant few drops of rain that fall on her. So elegant, as always.

You both stare at each other in silence; you should have expected this. "So, how are you? The rain woke you up too? It was pouring hours ago, but now..."

She cuts in, "It's sprinkling." Her face is still as still as the log you lay upon. She takes a few more steps toward you.

You lightly pat a spot of the log next to you and say, "You could sit with me, y'know? Enjoy the sunrise?"

She stares on, her stoic expression not changing a bit.

You go on, "No? Why not? We could... recite poetry, paint the landscape in our mind's eye, or just sit here, basking in the rain."

"You need to come home, master." She says, her voice not angry, simply there and present.

"Indeed, I do. Why should we, though? Days like this happen so little; why don't we just enjoy them for a bit longer?" You reply. She's still calling you that, she never changes.

Surprisingly, she begins, "You're right, days like this are rare. Still, we should go back home." Her voice is still calm and cool, and the firmness is sliding in like a snake.

You look away from her gaze for a moment. The landscape has still not changed; the rain is still falling, and the sun is still shining. But, still, everything is so pretty and pristine in this moment, so shiny and new. A few birds fly above you, all in a synchronized motion.

You look back at her and say, "Five more minutes?" You ask, and the desperation in your voice is not even lost on you.

She stays silent for a moment. "Four." Her voice was deadpan and calm.

Oh, does she want to play this game? Let's go; you're up for the challenge. You reply, "Four and a half."

She replies, "Four and a quarter."

You reply, slightly firmer now, "Four and a half, take it or leave it."

She falls silent once again, her gaze falling to the ground. She stays like this for a while. Finally, she looks back up and stares at you. "I'll sit with you, master. For four minutes."

You scoot over, making her a spot on the log, and exclaim to her, "Deal." You hesitate for a moment before adding, "You have to ditch the umbrella, though."

She sits next to you, her bottom getting slightly damp. She looks at you and replies, "Now you ask for too much, master. Our bargain was already struck; you cannot add more."

You make a slight, audible groan and stare at the landscape once more. She's right.

You both stay silent for a moment, simply soaking in the surrounding atmosphere. The rain continues its sound of 'pitter, pitter, patter, patter' on the grass and dead leaves. The smell of morning dew is becoming ever more present, almost engulfing your senses at this point.

You turn your head and address her, "Are you enjoying this?"

She turns her head and looks at you, but her face still shows no change in expression. In response, she simply nods.

"Liar." You say this, looking directly into her eyes. Those eyes of hers never change. Like pools of swirling mercury, going around and around.

She looks away for a moment, glaring at the simple landscape, and speaks, her voice still stoic: "I simply do not see what the point of this is, master."

You verbally spit, "Really? The point of this is obvious; can't you see it?"

She replies blankly, "The rain? The grass? The Cabins? I don't get what you're asking."

"No. The point is that..." you say, expecting her to finish your sentence.

"To sit here?" she replies, her voice now filled with a bit of confusion.

You look around in confusion and stare at the ground. "No, the point! The point is, there is no point! The point is pointless! The point is just to be here!"

She stares at you for a moment, then replies, "Have I upset you, master?"

You finally sit up and look up at her. "A bit."

"Forgive me, master." She says, simply staring at you.

You stammer a bit, "No, no, you didn't... I'm not mad, I'm just... nothing." Once again, you let out a little sigh.

She replies, "I understand, master." She pauses a bit before retracting her umbrella and setting it on the ground. In a moment, she is engulfed in the morning rain, her hair drooping down onto her face and making a slight crashing sound, its mechanical machinations shuttering at the slight impact. Her shiny clothes getting drenched, the sound of rain hitting silk is quiet yet precise; it protrudes a slight 'ploop' sound. You both sit there on the log for a moment, you staring at her and she staring towards the landscape.

She breaks the silence by saying, "I'm cold, master."

You break out in a small fit of laughter, cover your face with your hands, and try to snuff it out. Thankfully, the rain stifles your laughter a bit.

Opal looks at you, and a small smile appears on her face. "Is something funny, master?"

You finally stifle your laughter and look at her directly in the face. "No. Sorry for the outburst."

She looks away from you and stares down at her umbrella, the violet floral pattern now darkened and wet from the onslaught of raindrops. She then stands up and looks at you.

You quickly stammer, shifting a bit from your comfortable position, "Where are you going?"

She looks at you and replies, "It's been four minutes, master; time to go."

Your face scrunches up, ready to start the begging act to possibly squeeze a few extra moments out of Opal. However, you two made a deal for four minutes. A slight audible sign escapes from your lips; you look up at Opal once more, then get up. Looking down at your log bench, you see the imprints your feet made in the dirt.

Opal picks up her damp umbrella and beacons you to follow her; you do.

As you two begin to walk, the silence between you and Opal is suddenly stopped when she stoically says, "I enjoyed this, master. We should do this again."

You quickly look up at her and stare into her eyes; the pools of swirling mercury have still not changed. You exclaim, "Really?"

She looks back at you with a small smirk growing on her face and says, "Indeed. However, one condition."

"Yeah! What?" You ask, and the glee is obvious on your face.

She suddenly turns around and pokes you on the shoulder, saying, "Bring an umbrella, master; you'll catch a cold if you don't."

You simply stare at her and quietly mutter, "Alright. Deal."

Around you both, the rain finally stops; the only sound now is the crushing of the fresh grass below your feet and the wind on your skin. A new day is just beginning; the sun takes its rightful place as lord of the sky and continues to shine down on you and Opal. You both walk slowly back to the estate, the idea of sitting in the rain once more dancing through your mind.