

## **Rain** by Jacey Quah

As the rain drummed down onto the earth, she wrote. The mixed signs and her broken hopes were spilled onto the paper, her words no longer illiterate. Her grip on her journal was so tight that she gasped at the sudden pain. However she watched with pleasure and fascination as the life and colour faded from her skin and her fingers turned into a numbing white.

There she was; huddled in the corner and curled into a ball, locked in her room where memories lingered and haunted her. She was no longer in her lovely fairy tale, the alternate world that had kept her safe and sound. The reality she dreaded had finally caught up to her, keeping her awake at midnight with hallucinations and whispers of evil beings that lurked inside her.

She stared at the rain pouring outside her foggy window, hypnotised by the way each droplet would inexplicably fall from the sky and land with a little splash. Together they sang a loud but soothing melody, causing a small smile to finally adorn her tear-stained face. Like the drops of rain falling in sync, her tears escaped and rolled down her cold cheeks.

She stretched her pale arm towards the foggy window, her finger gently touching the cold glass. Her dull, grey eyes lit up as her finger danced across the icy mist, a clear trail left in its wandering wake. In that clear trail scattered across the window she saw little pieces of herself, a face broken into delicate shards. There she saw not just a fragmented reflection of herself but a metaphor, one limited only to her imagination. She saw eyes that blinked and sparkled with life and tears that ran and glided like swans but most of all – the girl that stared back at her was alive.

She was alive – barely breathing – but alive.

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Jacey Quah from Wantirna College was awarded First Prize in the Secondary School section with "Rain".



*Janet Claringbold of SWCN awarding Jacey her prize*