

Setting the Scene: Observing A Rainy Night in My Dormitory

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The sun, arrogantly fervent a few minutes ago, grew so faint that it was almost invisible. Silently, it fell to the west and left the stage for another sleepless night.

Night slowly came from the horizon like a woven black net as melancholy clouds converged from all directions, overlapping themselves layer after layer. The thin breeze subsequently abandoned her previous gentleness and turned sharp and aggressive. It invited an intense dance with the tree branches, playing tricks on the hair and clothes of passers on the streets. Together, they formed an oppressiveness making the world breathless.

Pitter-patter, a few tiny messengers from the sky greeted my dormitory window, tapping lightly as if to greet me. Meanwhile, the streetlights on the lawn became dim, the scenery in front blurred as if being applied through a filter. The arrival of light rain seemed to be without warning but as expected. However, at this moment, a desk, a chair, a pair of airpods, and a hot bowl of shrimp noodles appeared way more stable and warm.

Overhead, the lamp's warm orange lights illuminated the room. On the desk, the shrimp noodle bowl I just bought was still steaming. The hot steam swirled up like a graceful ballet dancer and blew to my cheeks as if my mother's warm embrace. My favorite song played in my ears, a panacea that relieved my study's fatigue. One by one, the bouncing notes shaped my eyes into a crescent moon, encouraging my mouth to hum with the song I deeply loved.

Looking through the window, the outside world changed rapidly. Within seconds, thick clouds laid comfortably under the dark gray sky, unwilling to disperse. They poured down a light rain like sake, poignantly beautiful but with a hint of lightness. On the track, people gradually left with the exception of a few who chose to run in the rain. Unlike their wet hair, clothes, and skin, their pure and steadfast souls and wills were never disturbed. From time to time, umbrellas of various colors appeared and disappeared on the paths, like flowers blooming on the roadside competing for beauty or an ephemeral firework show. After a while, lights in the academic building across the street turned, adding warmth and hope to the melancholy night.

The rain continued and transformed the world into a traditional Chinese ink wash painting. In this painting, there were leisurely raindrops that have drunk the land, people, and thousands of creatures they wetted. Everytime the wind blew, the rain shrouded such drunkenness into the air. As an appreciator of this painting, I smelled such drunkenness, and felt the subtle connection between the rain and the world. Rain carries the taste of the world. Whether it is sweet and happy, ordinary and boring, or sad and angry, they combine together to present to everyone who feels. At this moment, I felt the world's heartbeat and hustle, which awakened nostalgic stories deep in my memory.

Immersing in memories made me not realize the little messengers had already left. The sky no longer wept, and soon enough, it went from dark blue to gray and ultimately to the familiar black. Everything went back to zero. An ordinary night came on schedule, and the world continued to pulse to its rhythm. Likewise, I closed the window and continued with the rhythm of my own life.