

A SPECIAL  
SHORT STORY  
by BEVERLEY WATTS

I never have liked playing Scrabble, you have to be able to spell and that's not one of my strong points. Just because it's raining I don't see why people have to sit indoors, moaning about the weather and competing against each other in every game they can find in the attic. Last Sunday was just the same, the whole family sat around the dining table shouting "There's no such word!" and "Just look at that sky!"

They tried to persuade me to join in but I didn't want to. I was happy sitting by the window and watching water pour down from the sky, drenching the earth, washing the pavements and spilling from roofs. Happy to be quiet, unfussed and to wait for the clouds to stop crying, just for a little while. Then I could rush outside and shake the beautiful leaves. Feel the cold drops that fly off against your face and shiver with the pleasure found in that freshness.

Someone else got bored with arranging letters on a board and went for another rummage round the attic. It had to be the box of photographs next, it always was a rainy day's source of amusement. Giggles and screams of laughter followed the re-discovery of old albums full of fading memories and the exclamations changed to 'oohs' and 'ahs'. Pictures of me as a toddler were thrust in front of my eyes and then grabbed away again for someone else to delight in. I wasn't very interested, people and places I wanted to remember, I kept secretly in my mind.

Usually everyone gets tired of looking at themselves but the proceedings progressed to the collection of colour slides and I was sent to find the viewer. It was under the stairs in the cupboard and I checked to see if the batteries were still working. They were. Eager hands slid hundreds of transparencies into the machine one by one and each batch proved to be more exciting than the last. Suddenly my attention was commanded again. "Lizzie, Lizzie come and look at this!"

Time  
to  
Remember

Liz felt lucky that she'd met David. He was certainly someone special . . .