

Rain hit the concrete ground, soaking rocks and causing ripples in large, dark puddles. Because of all this rain, it was nearly impossible to tell when the tears started falling as well. She always had a feeling they didn't really like her. They didn't care when she cried, or seemed happy when she was. But this...what just happened really confirmed it. She sat down and wept. She didn't care that she was getting soaked. She didn't care that no one cared. She didn't care one bit. Or maybe she was lying to herself, trying to convince herself that she didn't care. Because she clearly did. Her sobs were drowned out by the sound of someone splashing through a puddle, running to her. She lifted her head and looked up at her friend. Or, she thought they were friends. "Go away" she mumbled, lowering her head. "No, wait, let me explain!" Her "friend" frantically fumbled. "No, I understand perfectly fine." She grumbled. "I mean...what they did was wrong. I can't apologize for them but I can apologize for myself. I'm sorry, and I tried to explain that what they did was wrong but I don't think they get it. They never were great friends." The friend explained. Then it was quiet for a while. Until a soft sob broke the silence. She leaped up and wrapped her arms around her friend in a tight hug. "It's ok, I'm here." Her friend whispered in a quiet, soothing voice. "I still need some time alone." Then silence. "Me too. Let's be alone together." The rain continued to fall, making ripples in the puddles, but it was no longer mixed with tears. "Ok."