

Tranquility

by Aligewe

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It is interesting how in a single moment the world around you can appear so fragile but at the same time so tranquil.

I just left my apartment to go for a walk. Of course it is overcast but the weather seems cooperative. At least for now.

I walked out the door and into the street of a rundown neighborhood. Many people would never enter this area voluntarily. But that is where I live. In a rundown street with many buildings empty and falling apart. The neighboring street is said to be the ghetto because many foreigners live there. Sometimes you notice that it is the ghetto of the city. When you see drunks sitting on a bench huddled together, comforting each other, or drinking beer, or when you hear people yelling at each other not caring who hears. Considering what kind of people live here, people who don't have a job, who are trying to start over and other people like me, needing a cheap place to live, it is pretty calm.

As I walk up the street, I reach the main street of town. One of the busiest streets each day. Morning traffic to work. Evening traffic home again. But today, on a Saturday, it is pretty peaceful.

Quiet.

Tranquil.

I cross the street as soon as the little man turns green. It doesn't take long, and I am in the park surrounding half the concert hall. (The other half being busy streets.) Once I reach the open space behind the hall, I spot the river flowing through the city. Dirty. Muddy. Full of junk. Bicycles. Shopping carts. Car wheels. Who knows what else is down there. Actually, I don't want to know.

Not that many people come here. It is out of the way. Not surrounded by a habitable neighborhood, but surrounded by main streets, a highway feeder road, and a small cattle field on the other side of the river of where I am standing.

Surprisingly, the river is hiding its secrets today. The flood hasn't ebbed away yet. You could see a small current in the waves. It's peaceful. It's like you could just hide away, let your mind wander and just enjoy the smell of water and the small waves rolling into the walls confining it.

This sound, this feeling is what I have been hoping for. The quiet splashing, the loneliness, the peacefulness of being outdoors, even though I always heard the cars driving by in the background.

Peaceful tranquility.

It's starting to drizzle.

Because I didn't feel like turning around and heading back home, I continue on my regular route, through a couple of trees and bushes. The drizzling starts into a rain. Every once in a while a rain drop would fall on my head. I stop walking, turn my head into the rain and enjoy the occasional drop onto my face. It feels like a caress to my skin.

Like a comfort to my full mind.

Letting me forget everything around me and just enjoy the rain. I can hear the rain falling onto the leaves and shrub around me.

The small wind blowing, rustling the leaves together, creating bigger drops of rain, the sound of the river behind the brush, the smell of the leaves and the earth, invigorating.

Magical.

Powerful.

Now that I have enjoyed the moment, I notice that the drizzle has become more than just a few drops. Not wanting to be outside in the storm that seems to be coming, I turn around and walk home again. Sadly, this way is faster, than continuing on the route I had planned on taking.

Once I reach the traffic light again, I have to wait until it turns green. The rain seems to be picking up more force, and the jacket I had pulled around me was already soaked, which I haven't noticed before.

The rainfall wasn't merciful, it started showering down on me.

As soon as the traffic light changed, I sprinted the short way to my apartment. Before I could even pull out my key for the building door, the door was already pulled open from the inside. I jumped in, not caring at the moment, who had opened the door for me. Only when I heard my name whispered behind me did I turn around stunned.

"Severus," I gasped, shocked.

"Hermione," he whispered my name again, taking me into his arms.

That was when I noticed that I trembled from being in the cold for so long. He took off my jacket and led me up the stairs to my apartment, where he opened the door separating us from the open hallway and our private area.

We didn't have to say anything. I just knew, him being here, was his way of telling me, he wouldn't leave me again. Not that his leaving was deliberate to begin with. But now, with him here, holding me in his arms, I felt the same, maybe even more powerful, tranquility as I had outside near the river and the surrounding area.

Finally, I am at home with the one I love.