

Creative Design

So I wrote about a guy hiding in the rain, trying to take shots of our protagonist. I may under esteemed the limitation of 150 words as I found myself struggled to tell anything compelling in that word count.

I live outside the town.

But lately I have always felt like I am being spied on.

It's late at night and there's a thunderstorm outside, but my feeling of being spied on doesn't lessen in the slightest.

As lightning and thunder bolt after thunder bolt come from outside the window, I cover my head with the blanket, leaving only a small gap, and hold my breath, not daring to move.

It has been five minutes, and through the gap, my sight falls on the bedroom window.

In the past five minutes, there have been six thunderclaps, but I count thirty flashes sound.

Click, click, click, the sound was so interspersed with the torrential rain that it was almost inaudible.

I hear the sound of breaking glass and I wish it is the wind.

And hopefully I am the only one who heard it.

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