

Love Letter For You on Your Rainy Day

[Audio Version](#) (Music by ZakharValaha from Pixabay)

It all happens suddenly, doesn't it?  
It arrives at your door before you notice.  
And like an unwelcome guest, it storms into your room and makes  
itself comfortable, feeling entitled to receive all your attention.  
Without even asking for your permission.

*--Misery, is that you?*

I call the visitor from the kitchen. It's pouring outside.  
My visitor is drenched from top to bottom. I worry about my room  
getting cold and wet.

*--Are you sure you're at the right address?*

I ask him politely. I want him to leave of course.  
But he does not move. He sits on my favourite armchair in front of  
the fireplace and remains silent.

It makes me feel uncomfortable.

But I cannot ignore him, so I reluctantly accept his visit.

*--Would you like a cup of tea?*

My guest faintly nods. The first sign of communication between us.

As I come back from the kitchen with a hot teapot and a cup, I notice  
a little girl is standing at the doorstep.

I feel a sting in my chest, then emptiness in my heart.

*--Loneliness... Is that you?*

My hand shakes. The little girl nods without moving from the door.  
She seems lost.

*--Come inside.*

I call her in.

She comes in and sits next to Misery.

Averting my eyes from the two guests, I pour some tea for Misery,  
then run back to the kitchen to grab another cup.

When I come back with the second teacup, I find my third guest  
sitting next to the little girl. This guest looks a lot like me.  
In fact, all my guests look a lot like me though in different shapes.

*--Sadness. You're Sadness, aren't you?*

The person who looks a lot like me nods. I feel my heart tremble.  
Something that wants to come out of me has taken a form but cannot  
pass through my throat.

I feel a constriction in my chest.

I want to cry, but tears won't come out.

I want to scream, but my voice won't come out.

I'm trapped, I'm trapped, I'm trapped...

I collapse on the floor in front of my three guests.

It is then that Misery stands up abruptly and walks into the kitchen. The little girl walks to me to hold my hand. And the person who looks a lot like me - Sadness - kneels down before me and looks into my eyes.

There are no words between us, and yet, I feel I am part of them and they are part of me.

When Misery comes back with two more cups, and we all sit around the table together for a tea party, I am no longer miserable, lonely nor sad.

I want to offer them more tea and perhaps even some biscuits that I've baked earlier today. I hurry to the kitchen.

When I come back, however, I do not see Misery, Loneliness and Sadness in the room. Instead, I find my familiar face.

*--Happiness, where have you been?*

I run toward her.

*--I've missed you so much, please do not leave me alone!*

Happiness smiles at me.

*--But I wanted you to know that I'm always with you.*

When I look puzzled, she laughs and says this to me.

*--I've never left you, dear. You were sitting with me just now. Did you forget? I was having tea with you. Now, if you don't mind, I would love to try your biscuits!*

In the warmth of the fire, we sit and enjoy the rest of the tea party together.



(Image by Pashminu Mansukhani from Pixabay)