

Drought and Deluge

Louise Kaestner

In a final cacophony of light yellows and deep oranges, the sun dipped the last quarter of its golden face below the horizon. It emitted a solitary gamma ray of pure frequency in protest.

That communiqué penetrated into my cerebral as I was futilely wiping sand from my thighs. Today it felt like a banshee inside my skull trying to escape the calcium prison. Legs that were unsteady at the best of times shot out from beneath my derriere, and I sat down with a thud onto the hard-packed sand of the woefully eroded coastline.

Propping my elbows on my knees, I allowed my hands to dangle loosely between them as I focused my gaze beyond the incoming tide to the darkening horizon. If I played with my imagination, I could almost see the non-existent rain clouds gathering along that line, far out to sea. If I concentrated, I was so sure that I could create them with will and energy. Closing my eyes, I shook my head. There were no clouds, just unanswered prayers.

It had been 18 years since Australia had had precipitation. That lack of water had taken its toll on the population, economy, and the false, man-made authority that had driven the world to irreversible climate change. The drought, which was this country's Karma for the arrogance of man, had decimated 99% of the population. Only the hardiest, and most mentally adaptable had survived.

Opening my eyes, I noticed that the sky above the horizon had taken on mass. I blinked, to clear the image. A flash of lightning more than 10 kilometres away streaked across the ocean, spreading out its many fingers. Jets of water spurted upward everywhere it was caressed by the untamed frequency. Moments later, I felt a strange rumbling undulate across the glassy surface of the ocean.

Like an unmuffled backfire to an exponential magnitude, the clap exploded at the shoreline, thrusting me onto my back, winding me. The air became alive with electricity. The weight of the brewing storm pinned me to the ground.

Lightning gyrated around me, burning my hair. Rain, in sharp sheets, emptied itself upon the land. Closing my eyes in terror, I could barely breathe. Thunder rolled over the landscape.

During the lulls I could hear the bellowing of a cow. They had been extinct for 9 years, so that couldn't be. I started to giggle every time I heard the phantom moo.

The deluge ended. I had survived despite the lack of an Ark. Sitting up, I opened my eyes.

The horizon was painted with a triple rainbow.

Next to me, I heard the deepest, and happiest 'Moo' in my entire 65 years. Startled, I glanced sideways. Rising up from the turbulent tide, standing on unsteady legs, was the fattest cow I had ever seen, with heavy udders. Seaweed coated its back.

It walked towards me, as if it knew me, and stood waiting. 'Moo'

That's when I realized, prayers do get answered.

Author Bio:

Louise Kaestner live in a seaside community. She spends time feeding the birds, communing with nature, dealing with a painful spiritual awakening, and write some really weird s**t.