When it rains she closes her eyes. Splashes of moist, warm, liquid hit her face. Her nose. Her lips. Her cheeks. Drops slide gracefully down her thick eyelashes and if she squints she can see it happen. In slow motion. But seeing the rain is not her first priority. Raindrops in cartoons, movies, drawings, are depicted as teardrop-shaped. She thinks they are simply circles. There is no need for an umbrella. A plaid one, polka dots, stripes, happy smiling characters. These drops do not hurt. She instead lets them fall on her. She counts them until it gets increasingly harder to keep up with their fast-moving succession. One. Two. Thirty nine. Fifty four. One hundred and three. A thousand. She stays put until the thin material of her shirt and the thick denim of her jeans are soaked. Toes squish in the shoes deep in a puddle. The rain, she thinks, is perfectly lovely. Feeling it is the only thing worth feeling. So when it rains, she closes her eyes.