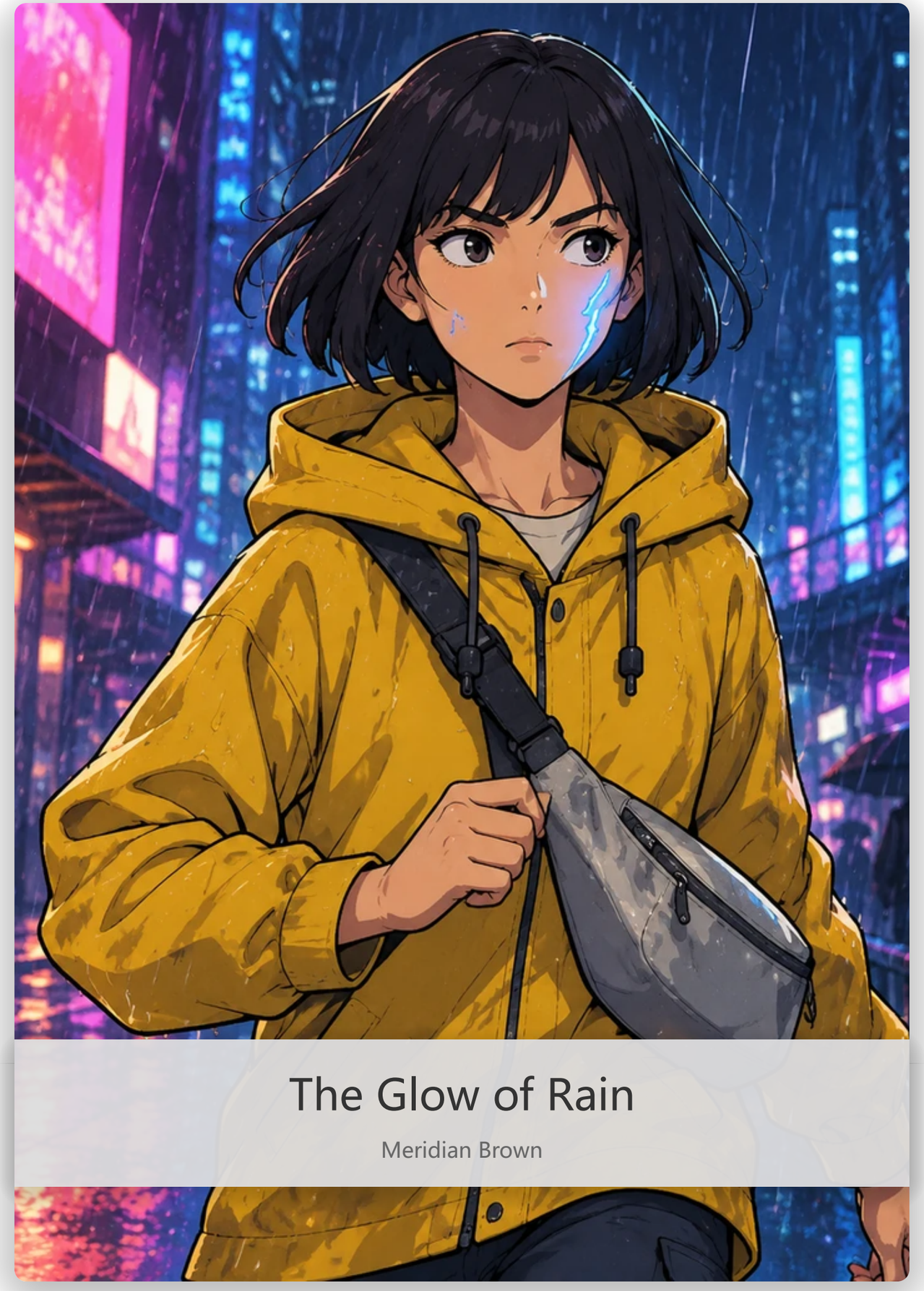


The Glow of Rain

Meridian Brown



Apple stood quietly beneath the flickering neon sign of a late-night noodle shop, adjusting the hood of her worn yellow waterproof jacket. The steady drizzle wrapped the alleyway in a soft, reflective sheen that mirrored the electric blue glow of the scar across her left cheek. She clutched the strap of her silver crossbody bag, waiting for the signal to start her midnight journey through the city.



Walking through the crowded night market, Apple wove expertly past stalls billowing with steam and vibrant colors. Passersby occasionally glanced at her striking appearance, noticing the sharp black bob haircut framing her focused expression. She kept her gaze fixed ahead, her glowing cheek casting a subtle hue against the damp evening air.



She paused by a rusted iron bridge overlooking the canal, watching the colorful reflections ripple across the dark water. The silver crossbody bag jingled softly as she reached inside to retrieve a small, metallic trinket she had found earlier. The quiet solitude of the waterfront provided a brief sanctuary from the bustling metropolis behind her.



Navigating a maze of narrow, brick-lined stairwells, Apple climbed higher into the residential district where the city noise began to fade. Her yellow jacket rustled against the damp walls, and the ambient blue light from her face illuminated the peeling paint of the old staircases. Every step felt deliberate, as if she were following an invisible map etched into her memory.



She reached the rooftop of an abandoned observatory, greeted by a sweeping panoramic view of the skyline blanketed in a low mist. The rain had softened to a gentle mist, cooling the air around her as she walked toward the center of the dome. She removed her hood, letting the cool breeze catch her sharp black bob haircut while her glowing scar illuminated the darkness like a beacon.



Sitting on the edge of the concrete ledge, Apple opened her silver bag and carefully laid out a collection of glowing glass fragments she had gathered over the years. Each piece hummed with a resonance similar to the mark on her face, telling a story of a past she was slowly beginning to piece together. She handled them with practiced care, finding comfort in their mysterious familiarity.



A sudden metallic clatter echoed from the stairwell entrance, breaking the stillness of the rooftop and causing Apple to spring instantly to her feet. Her hand instinctively hovered near her silver bag as she scanned the shadows with sharp, watchful eyes. The glowing blue scar pulsed slightly faster, reacting to the sudden shift in the environment.



A stray ginger cat stepped cautiously out from the shadows, letting out a soft meow and looking up at her with large, curious green eyes. Apple let out a relieved breath, her tense shoulders relaxing as she knelt down to offer a gentle stroke behind the cat's ears. The animal purred, pressing its warm fur against her damp yellow jacket in the chilly night air.



With the cat resting comfortably in her arms, Apple turned back toward the horizon just as the first rays of dawn began to pierce the heavy clouds. The urban sky transitioned from deep indigo to a soft, bruised violet, casting a new light over the sprawling city below. Her glowing blue scar seemed to soften against the morning light, blending seamlessly with the new day.



Apple descended the winding pathway back toward the waking streets, her steps lighter and more purposeful than the night before. The rain had finally stopped, leaving behind puddles that reflected a world full of unseen possibilities. With her silver bag secured and the cat safely tucked beneath her arm, she walked boldly into the bright morning.