

Everything Happens for a Reason

By Sarah A. <mishmish.a@hotmail.com>

Rated G

Submitted October 2009

Summary: Sometimes a bad day could turn into a good one in a moment.

Story Size: 1,136 words (6Kb as text)

I don't own these characters, just wanted to flex my creative muscle and they were the ones available. So there!

Hands over my head, I wonder what else could go wrong.

It's pouring rain, and I feel as if I'm drowning in its purity. In any other day I would have welcomed it, but at this moment I want nothing more than to stand on dry land with a cup of steaming hot coffee.

The first sign that should have made me realize that today was going to be a bad day is the fact that I woke up late. Which resulted with my mother yelling at me for not doing my chores.

After I'd finished from doing the chores, I went to take the usual shower after. Where I unfortunately discovered that my brother had used all the hot water, and I had to scrub myself while trying not to get pneumonia.

Oh yes. It was that cold.

Then after that came all these unfortunate events that should've had me convinced not to leave the house.

But no, I will not be defeated. I had a date, bad hair or not. I was going to meet him.

"Him" is the little piece of scum that has obviously stood me up, who I will be dumping whenever I see him next.

But you see, I'm an optimist, and in this particular situation I really hate the fact that I am. Because all of a sudden I'm making excuses for him for standing me up.

Maybe I got the days mixed up. I'm supposed to meet him tomorrow, not today.

Or maybe he got into an accident and slipped into a coma! Oh the poor man! Maybe I'd go visit him, and when all hope is gone he'll wake up and we'll kiss and it'll be so romantic. Like a fairy-tale.

And after three hours of waiting for him and almost getting thrown out of the diner, we are here. It started raining a little while after I gave up on him and started walking home.

How a day could be so long, I will never know.

And just when I'm positive that nothing else would surprise me, a truck starts to slow down to a stop next to me.

Curious, I stop and wait for the driver to do something. I figure I'm already wet; what's the harm in getting a little more wet?

At that moment he lowers his window and I get a good look at him. He's young, about early twenties with light brown hair, maybe even sandy in the sun light with dark brown eyes.

"It's raining out there," he tells me.

For a moment I just stare and wonder if he's pulling my leg or that he's all looks and no brains, because my god is he gorgeous!

"You don't say? I haven't really noticed." I make sure he notices my sarcastic tone.

He breaks eye contact with a self-deprecating smile and stares at the front windshield for a moment. When he looks at me again his face has an unreadable expression.

"How about a ride home?"

"Umm... I don't really know you," is my weak reply.

"My name's Jonathan," he answers back with a smile. Are those dimples?

"Okay, Jonathan, I don't really know you very well."

Answering back, I notice my voice is shaking. The cold is getting to me faster than I thought.

Apparently Jonathan noticed the same thing. "Listen, I understand your reluctance to get into the car with me, and I give you my word not to do any funny stuff. I'm only offering you a ride home, nothing else." He ends it with a convincing look of sincerity.

Turning my head I think about the pros and cons of this situation.

Pros:

1. I'd get home quickly.
2. Don't have to keep walking in these heels.
3. I'd be out of the rain.
4. He seems sincere, and I have a feeling he's an honest man.
5. He's really handsome.

Cons:

1. He could be a murderer that gets his kicks by picking up woman walking alone in the rain.
2. I'd be really sick.

3. He could... I'm too cold to think straight anymore.

I look back at him once again, and he gives me an encouraging smile. Gosh, those dimples are amazing. I give a sigh that screams of impatience and move to get in the car, where he leans over and opens the door for me.

He asks me where I live, and I give him my home address. After which we fall into silence while he tries to carefully navigate the vehicle to my house. The only sound is the rain pounding around us.

"Thank you," I say, trying to fill the silence.

"You're welcome."

Another silence falls over us, and I awkwardly clear my throat.

"Remind me again what your name was?" Jonathan asks me before I say anything else.

"I didn't really give it," I say back without looking at him.

I feel him looking at me and hear a tiny little laugh that I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to hear.

"Martha," I tell the windshield.

All he does is give a little "Uh-huh" that I don't understand. And when I turn to look at him, he's staring ahead at the road.

By this time, we're rolling to a stop in front of my house. I tell him "Thank you" and turn to leave the car.

"Martha."

"Yes?" Turning back to him, I wait for what he has to say.

"Can..." I hear him sigh. "It was nice meeting you."

"You too," I reply. This time I open the door and almost walk out when he calls me back.

"Martha, wait."

I turn to look at him. I wait for what he really wants to say.

"Can I... see you... again? Next time it'll be planned, I promise," he asks me nervously.

"I'd like that," I say, while involuntarily giving a shy smile, to which he shows off his dimples one more time.

"Great! Well, you better get into dry clothes before you get sick. Don't want you to get me sick next time I see you," he tells me with a teasing smile.

"I'll see you then," is the only thing that comes out of my mouth.

"Take care," he told my retreating back.

I never really believed that things happened for a reason.
But for you, Jonathan, I'd do it all over again.

THE END