

The Umbrella

She lays me on the backseat again this morning. I hear her tell one of the other humans there may be rain today. God I hope so. I've been bunched up for what feels like an eternity. I don't even know if my limbs work anymore. It's been ages since I've been able to stretch my wings and feel the cool, refreshing rain from heaven trickle down my body as she carries me for cover. That's one thing I don't understand about humans, why they would want to shield themselves from one of the most amazing experiences ever, it's what I live for. I'm dead until that wave hits me. Without it, the purple flowers painted on my body seem to wither and lose its color. And although I've been told by other umbrellas that this is impossible, I am almost certain that when the wave hits me, my purple shines a little brighter on even the cloudiest of days.

But she hasn't carried me in a long time. The closes I've come to rain was watching it roll down the back window of her car as I lay lifeless on the seat. One day I saw her come to the car with Blue Betsy, her umbrella she keeps at work. She opened the back door and threw her on the seat next to me. She didn't bother closing Betsy up to let her air dry; I was just hoping that some of her water would drip onto me before it evaporated into nothingness. That's the day she took me into the house, and that's where I've been ever since.....until today.

As I lay on the backseat I can hear her singing some tune from the radio. I look up, out into the sky, it looks very cloudy...it is coming....I can feel it; any moment heaven is going to open its flood gates onto the earth and shower it with life giving water.

And sure enough the first drops began to populate the window. *"Ahhh what a beautiful sound."*

A couple of seconds later there is the sound of two cymbals clashing... *"Thunder? Even better."*

The rain began to get heavier and heavier. I see that she begins to drive more slowly now and she turns down the radio. Suddenly she comes to a stop. I think this is it. I think we are here. I began to get itchy and anxious just thinking about finally stepping out into the mist. She turns the car off and takes out the key, reaches over and grabs her pink purse off the seat and then THE UNTHINKABLE HAPPENS. She pulls out Blue Betsy! She steps out of the car with her and my heart stops. All my excitement, all the waiting and anticipation, wishing and praying and hoping comes crashing down in that very moment. My spirit is broken, I ask myself, "is this my life, tied up and bound in this prison of a backseat only to look up to heaven through the glass shield, never truly stepping out and living in it?" And in that moment, in my deepest despair, something amazing happens. She opens the back door and throws Betsy on the seat. Betsy is whimpering and leaning to the side. I ask her what happened. She says the storm was too strong, she didn't have enough time to prepare for it, she jumped out there too soon and when the first big wind hit she went down. I cannot believe it, all this time I sat here wishing I was Betsy, feeling like I was dying and missing out when all along I was being prepared for the big one. I was set aside for this moment.

Nichole Land
Th 109
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She reaches in and grabs my clear handle, a firm grip holds onto me. And as she pushes my center up into the air my limbs began to open until they are outstretched to the sky. I feel the rush of cool water wash over me and I began to awaken and come to life. As she starts to run across the parking lot into the building I cherish every moment as if it is my last. She reaches the entrance way of the building and starts to close me up; before she does I hear the most beautiful symphony, the applause of thunder. I know that is especially for me, welcoming me back to life.....

Outstanding Student Essay Competition Information Form - 2011

This submission is for Nichole Land by her instructor Dawn Ursula-Rachal.

The writing was submitted for course Th 109 404 Fundamentals of Acting, Spring of 2011.

The assignment that was given that served as a prompt for the written work was twofold. First students had to pick a random object from their possessions. Each student was then asked to talk about that object, non-stop, for two solid minutes. After each student had participated in the exercise, the class was told that the second part of the assignment was to write a two minute monologue from the object's point of view and be prepared to read it aloud at the next meeting of class in one week.

The attached writing from Nichole Land is that monologue.