



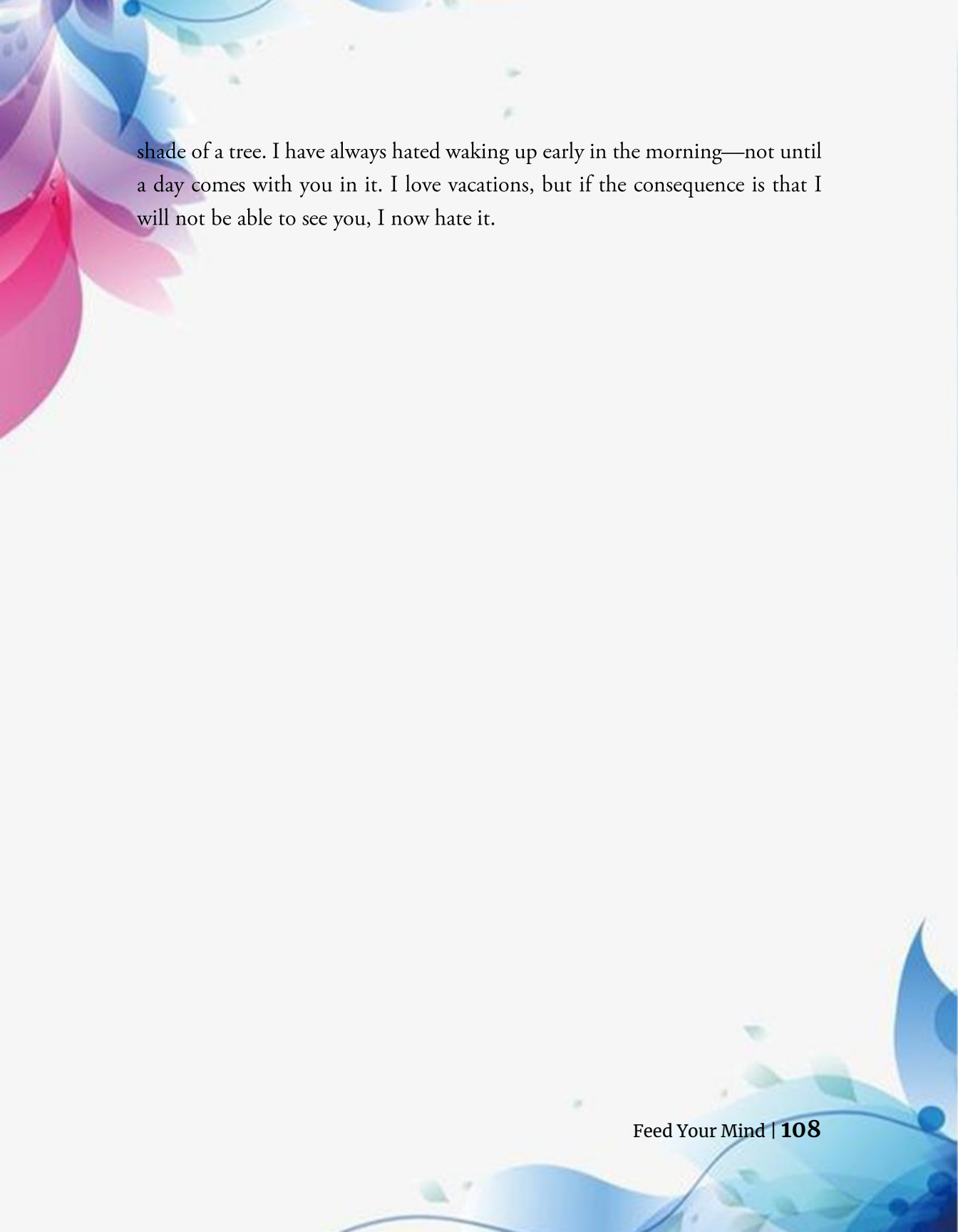
Vacation

Jayben Matiang

A rainy summer. A pouring May. The weather's ever-changing course. Supposedly, I would be dwelling in the gray atmosphere right now, and I could have allowed myself to be painted blue by this poignant ambiance. Indeed, it is quite disappointing to think that we should be enjoying every sunset this summer, but the huge gray clouds always steal the show. But our misfortune turned out to be a paradox. This might be a dismaying May, but it is not cruel. A thoroughly bright and different season compared to the tormenting April we had. No sighs and deep breaths, but only intoxication with the reddish haze. No heavy feelings, but only peace and lightness. No shedding tears, but only bearing witness to a smile and melting on it. No farewells, only a covenant.

However, this tender yet fleeting summer will come in haste. It's not like we have much time left before distance will thrust us into our solitariness. In light of this, though, we will be able to take a break from everything that prompts our weariness, which not even sleep can mend. But we can't deny the truth that we will be longing for each other, and there will be days when not seeing you will be agonizing. It's funny that we never truly had freedom; every occurrence has opposite and negative effects.

You see, I have always hated rain, but not until we had a chance to share the same umbrella. I have always hated the fiery and arid breeze of a vehement summer until we had the chance to lay down together under the

The page features decorative floral and leaf patterns in the top-left and bottom-right corners. The top-left corner has pink and purple flowers, while the bottom-right corner has blue and green leaves. The main text is centered in the upper half of the page.

shade of a tree. I have always hated waking up early in the morning—not until a day comes with you in it. I love vacations, but if the consequence is that I will not be able to see you, I now hate it.