



Weathering

Her undoing was her love for the sound of rain. The physics had been fiendishly complex, but she eventually came up with a weather system that would ensure it was always raining somewhere

Enchanted, she watched as the landmasses covered themselves in a bright green furze. The seas developed warm and cold currents in conversation with the air. Microbes washed about in these currents and clung to one another for safekeeping, and became fused into all sorts of shapes and sizes and colours of things, some with muscles that enabled them to defy the currents.

To remind these creatures who was in charge here, she brought in Moon. Between them they worked out tides. Well, she worked them out while Moon waltzed about playing with them. What happens if I turn this way, or maybe spin that? If I dodge behind you, am I still here? We're spheres, she reminded him, we have no behinds. She locked him into orbit and lay back among the stars to recuperate.

She should have realised when the things with muscles just grew bigger muscles, when some of them crept up on to the beaches where tides and currents were powerless to reach them and others grew wings to harness the power of the weather system for themselves.

Moon said, dancing past, 'You should see this.' There was something in his tone...

She parted skeins of cloud and looked. A knot of dun-coloured animals, tiny in an expanse of sand...on two legs, not four. As she watched, their necks lengthened to allow for a larger larynx, then their skulls grew thinner to accommodate their efflorescent brains. When she saw one squat in front of a little pile of sticks and strike two flints together until they showered sparks, she panicked.

Ice, she thought. Lots of it. These creatures, with their straggly pelts, couldn't survive if she sheathed herself in ice. Told you so, said Moon, after the second attempt, even though he hadn't

She has tried hurricanes and tidal waves, fire and drought, plagues of locusts and plagues of germs but the robustness of these creatures seems boundless. All dreams are reality to them, all lost time can be made up. They refuse to play by the rules.

What's this now? Is she no longer enough for them? Metal phalluses thrusting up through the atmosphere, ejaculating all sorts of mechanical ephemera into space. They often collide with each other, some slam into the face of Moon, who has grown used to their worship, and sulks. It's Chaos. Again. Her answer to Chaos last time was physics, so she makes a few more calculations.

The next time her neighbour the Warrior is in earshot, she leans across the stars and says, 'Word to the wise...' Feels a burden lifted. Listens to the sound of rain on leaves.



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