

# *Bubbles in the Rain*



The rain has been pouring for the past hours, and the sounds of drops making leaves bend before melting onto the ground are surprisingly soothing. However, a bird's bawl is heard afar like a call for the rain to stop. And as an obedient child giving in to their mother's orders, the angry rain fades away, making space for a peaceful silence, that slowly engulfs you. Soon, you realise it's becoming heavier as the minutes pass by, suffocating maybe, until a police siren is heard outside allowing you to breathe again.

Your mind, is filled with confusion, random thoughts running through it, and memories of what you read, saw, watched and heard linger in. The reporter's voice announcing how many lives were taken away during a killing spree on the other side of the globe, headlines declaring the state of emergency in some countries, and riots in your own city. All of these seem so surreal, especially that when you look out the window, you are met by the alleviating smell of petrichor (post-rain smell).

You start to wonder if it isn't due to the fact that you've been living in your own bubble, what if it has stopped you from getting in touch with the outside world? What if it adjusted your vision of what reality is? Maybe you hid for too long? But does avoiding the horrors of life make you less aware? Are you expected to get into the riots, the marches, to be allowed to have an opinion? Truly not, that's not what's expected, even though you're dying to help around, to find a way to bring peace, to make sure the good will win, and the bad will lose. Until you remember that not everyone is entitled to your vision of what is good and what is bad.

They always told you "don't get into politics, no one is innocent in that world" and so you've understood that it's nearly impossible to divide the good and the bad, for some are simply good at disguising their intentions. And you start to wonder if you truly have a say in all of this. You start to wonder about who are the victims instead of who are the criminals, and decide to focus on helping those who endure instead of chasing those who commit the murders.

Crimes against humanity, crimes against peace... So many words that seem to sugarcoat the truth and they never seem to be enough to explain the horror, but you are aware that they are the safest words to use, that people may just not have the strength of describing things with raw words, and that the only way of making an information pass through media without feeling sick and guilty is to turn it into something that seems to come straight out of a work of fiction.

At this point, you realise that you actually do have an opinion, that your bubble is not a shield, that it's seen-through, that you're not blind to your surroundings. A feeling of hope gets you as you scroll through your feed, as you see outraged people feeling abhorrence, as horrified and disgusted as you are, desperately sharing different solutions to help as much as a "passive" citizen could. Passive might not be the right word to use here, as you'd expect someone who's completely careless. Instead, it only means someone who observes from far away, with the burning desire of helping, while staying safe. A sensible person, and a lucky one, for whom the choice is given, for we do not endure, for we are not forced

to react, for we are allowed to make our decisions. To react, or to close our eyes and turn back to our daydreaming.

By now, it is nighttime. Your head is aching, and no matter how hard you try, your mind doesn't seem to get tired of bringing in this same subject again and again. You want to go out, and knock on people's doors, to talk, and ask for advice, or just discuss the situation. But it would be overreacting. It would be forcing them out of their own bubbles, to join you in your own maze of thoughts, taking the risk of all getting lost. People may not have the same interests as you, they may not judge this situation the same way as you do. Silly you, maybe you are indeed overreacting? What a naive thing it is to believe that you can just get up and change the world. That's not how it works, right? You listen to people around you, those who seem well informed, those whom everyone listens to, what is it that they have? Maybe they could help you understand? They don't seem to agree with you. It all sounds like a chess game to some, while others simply judge that we are doomed. We? It is hard to believe, it is hard to believe that we, as the safe part of the population, the one that's allowed to make decisions, is doomed. Some claim that if we try to react, we'll have to play the same game as those who lead it, some others try to convince you that no matter what you do, it is all a puppet show, that you'll never get the hang of it.

The glimpse of hope that was animating you, starts to get crushed, and gets replaced by a wave of anger and hate. Yes, those two feelings on which you blame everything. You are angered, because of the fact that it is turned into a game, in which you are a pawn between billions of others. These pawns are still divided and defined by their opinions, by their statuses of those-who-endure or those-who-are-passive, and in the end, no matter how much you want it, it feels like you won't be able to scream as loud as the bird that convinced the rain to stop. And this time, the storm seems to be approaching slowly, as you drift into sleep, silently wishing for the world to hang on, just long enough for us to make a move, and stop our society from drowning in the floods caused by Mother Nature's tears.