



The Rainbow

Katherine Cole · 8 · Short Story



Another plane ride, always going back and forth. Waking up at 4 in the morning to take a few pictures of a drab football game. I used to be excited to go to work, but now it's more like a chore. It was my third trip of the week! Monday it was New York; then Wednesday, Florida; and now it's California. These are all beautiful places that are so unique, but now I am a ragdoll being thrown across the country day by day. Photography used to be my dream. Everybody said I would never succeed, even my own family. I'm very successful in my field though. Life's just not the way it used to be. In my twenties everything was brand new and exciting. Now, it feels like everything's just so monotonous. I have just been so numb to things nowadays. It sounds very somber when I say it out loud—nothing much wrong with me, fine physically, still carry a 15-pound camera stand and run to a groundbreaking event, no depression or anxiety or anything—I've just been so far from myself. I wish what I felt was as simple as "sad"; I'm just not here.

When I saw the rainbow next to me that day, I started to smile, an abnormal feeling. Imagine

being so deprived of emotion that smiling feels unfamiliar. A simple normal occurrence brought me sincere joy. I know that's a bit odd. I felt like there was a ball in my stomach, something trying to push out of me, something exciting. Another thing I'm not used to. I was actually excited because I haven't felt that way in so long. A little deprived of what other people seem to experience every day. I had forgotten that there was so much natural beauty in the world. Nature is different from people. People let you down, even when they have a beautiful heart. An aurora of color can only make you think of happy things. I believe I miss happiness.

My concrete, business-world surroundings never really allow me to take the time to look around. Maybe all the concrete around me made my heart harden with it. One day, joy might come back to me, enthusiasm to wake up may come. It was a short fleeting moment, but I think that rainbow will be a long-lasting memory. When I'm going gray and recalling my extensive work, that will always be the hope that brought me back.

Airplane
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