He stood a stoic figure at the edge of the mourning crowd, a stark contrast to the weeping faces around him.  His lover's funeral procession ebbed and flowed around him like a tide, but he remained unmoved, a solitary rock in a sea of grief.  Later, he found himself drawn to the shore, to a jagged reef that jutted out into the restless waves.  He ascended its rough surface and, with a peculiar premonition, unfurled a red umbrella, though the sky remained untouched by clouds.  It shielded him not from rain, but perhaps from the invisible storm raging within.  The world around him began to shift. The sky, moments before a brilliant blue, darkened ominously.  A sudden, violent crack of lightning split the heavens, illuminating the man silhouetted against the churning sea, the red umbrella a stark halo around him.  He seemed oblivious to the gathering tempest, lost in a world of his own making, unaware of the danger that lurked just beneath the surface… and within himself.

I’m 15 and I live in 450 Vista Roma CA Newport Beach 92660