

## The Oceanview (A Purpose of Forgotten Rain)

She floated in the air.

....

The song playing in the background was another heavily electronic song.

It seemed to “flow” .... It sounded otherworldly and surreal.

“So, what’s wrong with the food?” miss Yoko asked her boyfriend.

“Oh? There’s nothing wrong with the food, Yoko. It’s delicious. You cook interesting recipes!”

“Is that so?” She had finished so much of her food. “My plate is almost empty. And I haven’t thrown-up yet. So, ya, I guess I am as nice a cook as I thought I was.” She giggled a little at herself. A deep giggle, coming from her chewing throat.

Robert, her boyfriend, smiled. “Ya. You are a special cook, my miss Yoko.” His smile was deep and pure, showing the genuine emotion of appreciation he felt towards her “special” cooking he had quickly and easily come to so admire from her.... even from just her making a breakfast for him, for a simple one day, on a lovely early morning, on this special, very warm fall day.

There really was an unusual amount of bright, bright sunlight, for on a simple autumn morning day.... Today.

The pain came back to Robert, quickly.

“Aahhhhh!! Shut up!!!” he screamed suddenly-covering his ears in intense distress. “AAAAHHHHHH!!!”

“Robert??!!” Yoko was instantly so alarmed. Her lovely and truly alert eyes split open on her face-almost jumping off them in how quick she was.

“Robert!!!! It’s ok!!! Breathe!!!! I’m here for you!!!!!!”

“HUH-HUH-HHUUUUHHH-HUH-HUH-UH-HU-HUHHHHHH!!!!” He was trying to breath so hard. It was sad to watch.

“Robert, you sound horrible!!! Breathe!!!! Pleaseeeee!!!!!!”

Getting up from her chair, she lifted her right hand on his left cheek, bending her lush, full and curvy body over to his level.

With a whispering breath on his hot-from-stress cheek, she gave him a soft kiss.

Her soft kiss of healing, to cure the horrible heat on his cheek.

Pain fell into her loving kiss.

Love felt on his cheek.

“Well, I don’t like pain. But I love love. So, I’m giving you some of the love I have, Robert.”

He felt stress rise-up from his chest and pounding heartbeat.

Relaxing, he felt the pounding in his chest slip away.... As she gave him a kiss.

“.... Yoko, sit down. Please. I want to talk to you about something.”

The girl sat down, slowly, in her elegant-upright posture.

The boy had relaxed in his seat. He faced the girl, his head perfectly upright.

“I was never born with a life purpose.” He began.

Yoko was surprised at what he was saying.

“Was it hard, at first? Realizing you weren’t born with a life purpose?” She began to respond to him.

He smiled. “It was hard at first, miss. I cried my eyes out. It was like how I had done when I first lost you: A deep, extreme sadness of personal pain. Oh, why me.”

“But you’re smiling, now.”

“Yes. Because I understood my lack of a life’s purpose. I would live with my divorced parents forever. Maybe I would move into my fathers at some point, if he would let me live with him. I would ask for little, or nothing, for my parents to buy. I require nothing or little.”

Yoko was quiet, listening. The condo seemed as quiet as she was, right now.

“Some food. So I don’t die of starvation. Water isn’t a problem; I don’t need water bottles. Clothes? Well, I have enough to last me.”

“How about what you would want to buy?”

“Oh, there would be nothing. That’s the price to pay for not having a life’s purpose!” He smiled, seeming content over his decision.

“What are you smiling for? Robert?”

"I'm smiling because I realized my life's purpose was to help my parents. I would help my mother with whatever she wanted. I would help my father, who I would spend time together with sometimes, with whatever he wanted. I would be a help. I wouldn't be a worthless."

"What about a job?"

"I applied at a lot of places. A whole bunch. Eventually, I just gave up. No where was going to hire me. I'll take whatever I could get, but no where was interested in what I wished for. I had lost my old job for seemingly no reason. What good would it do to keep persisting? Nothing changed. So, I decided my life purpose was to help my family."

"So, you never moved out of your parent's home?"

"Oh, no. I lived there forever! You don't expect a life that was born with no life purpose to move somewhere else, do you?"

"A girlfriend? Sex? You were a virgin or the rest of your life."

"Oh, yes. I was so, so sad. But it was the price to pay for not being born with a life purpose. The sooner I accepted it, the sooner I could live, how I was fated to live since my birth."

His eyes showed happiness. "I feel that I've been doing what I was born to do: Help my family, and live with them, forever."

"But, Robert. That sounds so sad." She was frowning, as her eyes drooped, and her mouth was downturned in a small frown of sadness.

"Oh, it was, at first. I cried my eyes out. But the sooner I accepted it, the sooner I could live. I could help my family."

"You never had a place to fit in society."

“Oh, no, no. Never did. Never have. Never will.”

“But why?” She was straining her own sadness in.

“I don’t know. That was determined by my birth. Blame my mom for giving birth to me, I guess! Silly parents, having sex!” He laughed a little at how ridiculous it was. “It was determined when I was born. Fate, you could say, if you believe in that kind of stuff.”

“A baby without a life purpose. Who knows why nature would want to create that?” He admitted.

Yoko was sad, but she didn’t know what to say.

He was simply born without a life purpose.

Sad, but nature was the creator. There was nothing wrong with what nature had done.

It was natural.

Maybe nature had created the baby for an experiment. It loved to see a human who was so lost.

The experiment was wondering what the boy would do with no life purpose.

“Well, I used it to help my family. I used it to help my parents.”

“You were never able to get a job. You fit nowhere.”

“No, I wasn’t. Sad, and they were deeply upset at me. But I never had control over it. After a while, I simply accepted it.”

“When I did so, I felt like I was worthy of a life. My family! To help my parents!” He exclaimed cheerfully, like a child who was discovering his or her life in the world.

“You couldn’t even stay in your job where I was....”

“... Someone there made an enemy of me. For no reason. But I accepted my nonsense fate. I tried to accept them. But in the end, I couldn’t. They made an enemy out of me.”

“But.... Why?”

“Why? Because I existed.”

“That’s horrible.”

He started laughing, surprisingly. “Oh, come on. Don’t make me the victim of this. There’s no reason, but she wanted to make me an enemy. So, she did!”

“That doesn’t make sense, Robert. You’re lying to yourself.”

“Oh, I know! I think I scared her! She thought I was going to kill her!”

“What did you give her to think that?”

“Oh. Nothing.”

“Nothing?....”

“I existed.”

The young woman Yoko commenced her deep and strongly feminine laughter, shaking Robert's heart with her confidence. "I'm sorry. That's so ridiculous. I can't help but laugh."

He shrugged. His smile stayed put on his mouth and face.

"Ya. But I exist."

.... Silence in the room.

"But they weren't seeing the same person."

"They....?"

"Nope. They were seeing different people. Strange, isn't it? I was the same person. But they saw different people."

"Who is they.... Robert....?"

"You. Yoko."

"What did I do for you?"

"Oh. You made me believe I had a life purpose. It was a fake. But thank you, anyways."

".... You're welcome?" She was confused what to say.

"Yes. I still feel pain. But as dumb as it sounds, you helped me through it."

"Oh.... I was in your mind."

“Yep!” Robert exclaimed, cheerfully acknowledging her overseeing ability on his life and mind.

He felt a.... burden.... Lifted off his heart. He could breathe again. He felt free.... When he realized he wasn't born with a life purpose.

“It was funny.” He continued. “You fooled me into thinking there was a purpose to my life. Boy, was that a lie! The world had a funny sense of humor, huh?”

He sounded sad, straining intense distress inside him.

“Robert.... Don't say that about yourself....”

The electronic “wave” like song in the background came to a slow shift, with a sharp “wave” like electronic sound.

“Oh! This song....” Robert's miss Yoko started....

A male voice was saying lyrics, in the song. In a background, the sound of strong waves from an ocean or sea could be heard.... Creating a “flowing” sound. Strange, dreamy electronic sounds, “flowing” with the distant waves, were heard strongly in the “flow”:

“.... When the music flowing.... Oh ya.... When the music rolling.... I'm going to take you.... Some.... Where....” A soft echo of the voice fading out, into a silence, could be heard, as the song became a soft-dead silence for a split-moment. The strong waves of a distance faded out, slowly, with the music and words....

“.... This part reminds me of my purpose, when I was young.... It was like I was some.... Where.... Back in those days....”

Robert was interested in what this girl Yoko meant by that....



Fading out to a moment of quiet silence, the song resumed with a sudden burst and a chanting, echoing voice. The male voice said a few words that were hard to make out.

A sharp drumbeat resumed the song's strong and flowing "wave" like power.

Robert felt a sudden, strong sadness in his heart. He thought about why he never knew the girl back when she listened to this song, in her youth so many years ago....

.... He had wanted to know her during all those rainy days and nights she had lived through. Rain of so, so long ago. He wanted to stand with her in her rainy year, day and night memories.

He wanted to stand with his miss in the rain of her memories.... Visions water had seal away into a past that was lost to him. A past of hers, lost to him to ever, ever hope to reach....

Maybe it was time he accepted it was so gone.

Something had found life lost, along the way.

Robert leaned over the table. His face with Yoko's, he gave her a kiss on her left-cheek.

"Oh-!" Her surprised cry of pleasing surprise.

Similar to the one she had given the boy, that day....

"T-thank you-." She let out. It was the same soft kiss she had given him.

"Thank you, Yoko." Her boyfriend spoke. "You brought me back.... To myself."

"I brought you back to yourself?" His girlfriend's mouth was open, and her huge eyes were wide. His breath breathed on her left-cheek as he pulled his face away.

"Yes. You made me remember myself.... If only it was for a few passing days."

Miss Yoko thought: "It's interesting that you say that. You made me remember myself.... How I was like when I was younger.... When I saw you.... that day."

The girl paused. "So.... thank you. Again.... Robert."

A sound of the "waves" flowing strongly in the background.

"I.... appreciate.... It...." She let her voice trail off, remembering the days she had heard this "wave" sounding-song, playing in this early morning of her adult home.

The "waves" of the background still flowed around the early morning condo.

"You're not small miss. You're so big.... You're so big, to me. That's what a true lover says, right?"

".... I'm a big girl?" The loud noises of electronic "waves" never stopped splashing.

"Yes. Yes you are, miss Yoko."

Behind them, the lake flowers wilted some more in sunlight of this fall. A plant bud, a pleasant, mild-yellow and green, fell and dried-up more in the dry vase on the living room's white windowsill.

".... I think you're as big as me, Robert...."

He looked surprised. "But I wasn't born with a life purpose."

“I know. You’ve made that clear to me. But I still think you’re big.”

“.... Why?....”

She gave a small, pleasing smile at her boyfriend.

“I’m your lover.”

Her powerful and dark eyes were a truthful wide.

He and she were so quiet.

Outside, birds chirping on this autumn day.

“.... Last night.... I was. This day.... I’m lost.”

Robert shouldn’t have been here, in this condominium home with this young woman, Yoko.

It was all so wrong.

Why wasn’t he seeing her life’s visions?

"... Lost?" She didn't understand what he meant.

"... But now, I love being lost."

A silence between them. He or she didn't wish to waste their words.

Miss Yoko had nearly finished her own breakfast. After being eaten very quickly, the smallest amount of food was pushed to the middle-right of the plate. A few pieces of leftover egg and ham. The toast was eaten and gone.

"Do you want to.... go outside on the balcony, soon, Robert?"

He nodded at her. "Sure, Yoko. I would love to go outside on your balcony."

Somewhere far, in a dream of death.... A goddess's naked toes were about to touch her nature.

Somehow, he was never born.... With a life purpose.

Sad.... But true.

Extreme and rare....

But being born was never a choice of life.

It may have never been anything but wise, for him to be born.

Somehow.

Somewhere.

On some day.

On some year.

For some reason.

Born on a rainstorm's day....

Outside rain never held his life in its drops.

A dream, she dreamt one night....

Of his fallen raindrop.

"Sure." He said to this lady he never knew:

“Let’s go outside. On the balcony.”

“I hope the air outside is fresh.”

....

Somehow, the naked woman saw a vision of him in the soaked dirt, beneath her reaching feet.

“Since he wasn’t born with a life purpose, it falls to him to make sure I was born with mine.”

Her right toes reached the large pinecone on the wet soil, dangling above it. Ever so close to her goal....

“It’s his job.... To show me my nature.”

.... Closer to the soil.

“I thank him for it. It’s my ultimate appreciation for him.”

Her big toe touched the pinecone. The fresh feeling of something so natural on her naked, crème flesh. It felt one of the edges of the brown pinecone. The upper-edges of the big pinecone themselves were a very light, almost gray, brown colour.

Her big toe lightly-touched an upper, nearly-gray, big pinecone edge.

“I.... can breathe again....”

Yoko felt fresh air filter into her pink lungs.

In the vision, it had begun to pour a rainfall....

....

Outside the condo, on the balcony, the clouds were beginning to pour rain....

The closed glass door of the living room's window, swung over to the left-side of the opened window, was covered in raindrops, facing high-up on the condominium building. It was exposed to the rain outside.

The raindrops and rainfall held no meaning in their waters....

....

In the rainfall, their past days were made worthless.

Something loving had never dreamed of saying goodbye....

Outside, the rainfall gave life to a planet.

When Robert and Yoko put their plates in the sink and started to walk outside,

The echoing sounds of electronic "waves", from the sounds a decade ago from the young woman's youth, started to fade-out.... Slowly.... Sounding out-quieter and quieter-in a distance. Then, the echoing "waves" or electronic "bubbles" stopped. The condo was a silent place.

The echoing voice faded out with the rest of the sounds, into a quiet condo living room. The rain falling outside was the only noise that could be heard, very quiet in the living room.

Yoko and Robert felt the rain hit them, outside.

“I wanted you to be my girlfriend.”

The rain fell.

“I guess it was too much to ask.”

Nothing outside ever stopped.

But she had never existed to not look wonderful.

The goddess's naked, crème foot touched the pinecone. The girl felt her life return to her.... being brought back to her curvy, well-built and lean body. Her healthy fat absorbed the energy of her nature.... Available to her to touch on the dream's wet dirt.

The pain of the branches was, truly, a blessing of hers. A twisted forest, where everything was wrong.

When the strong-willed young woman experienced her forest, she knew how pain felt like. What it put it her through, what her experience of a pain was.

....



Her life was trying to kill her. A death that was difficult to resist. It pained miss Yoko's heart with a fool's existence.

Kill branch.... Kill branch.... Kiss branch.... Kiss branch.... Kill dream.

Kill dream. Kill dusk.

Fill the dusk and the forest with love.

Below her, the waves of her visions flooded the forest dirt again.

The forest had been a dream. The forest never saw itself as anything, but a dream.

Being alone in a dusk forest.... A strong miss Yoko appreciated it.

Even if it horrified her.

But she didn't want to be alone. The dusk was leaving.

Allowing the branches to float her.... She found her way out of the lonely forest.

Night was overtaking the silence of dusk. A few cicadas chirped in the silence.

When a goddess, barely living through this dusk day, got out of the forest.... A location of nowhere....

It was a dark night-time.

The goddess couldn't see anything.... far.

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