



Picnic

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Published on Stories Space on 03 Apr 2018

keep on smiling...

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/micro-fiction/picnic.aspx>

The water is calmly flowing in one direction like a river. The storm from last night is now a drizzle. Everyone is having their hot coffee to stop the chill from the morning dew.

She can smell their neighbor's breakfast, a toyo (dried fish) and garlic fried rice. Her mother is cooking their breakfast, an arroz caldo (rice porridge) with lots of fried garlic and hard boiled egg. Giving each of them a bowl of porridge. The children start eating their breakfast as if they are having a picnic outside.

Only, they are on the roof of their flooded house.

