

## Tim Page

He sat alone on the stump of a freshly chopped palm under the drops of icy water that fell from the sky. His tall rubber boots slid across the squishy surface as he straightened his legs and contemplated his task. *Clear these dang palms to provide people with a place where they could come to relax at their leisure*, his mind seethed. He found it quite ironic being that he had been chopping all day and couldn't distinguish between his sweat and the rain, which had combined to soak his overalls. He placed his hands in his pockets, attempting to warm himself but to limited effect, as he felt the bumps on his skin and his teeth chattered.

*How could anyone find this place relaxing after all my tedious work and toil, the constant drizzle, and sloppy ground fit only for a pair of Wellingtons*, he thought to himself peering up into the leaking grey sky. *Why didn't I bring my rain jacket today?* he continued to complain to himself. *I knew it would rain, and I knew I'd be sitting on one of these splintery seats again cussing about the sweaty work, mud, and rain. Imagine if I had something I could use to protect me from the cold drops that would keep me dry and warm. Even if it was just while I was resting. Maybe something the shape of the palms, but with a waterproof material that I could stand under. That's it, a mini palm tree that you can hold in your hand. It could have a small trunk allowing me to hold it over your head. The rain could fall as much as it liked.*

Although the day was still grim, he was brightened inside and was looking forward to testing his theory. I don't know if he was ever successful. In fact, I don't even know his name. I think it might have been something like, um... Brella??