

"Rosa! It's shower time! Don't wait for the water to cool!" Rosa's mother's voice came from outside the door.

A trace of panic flashed on Rosa's face, and she locked the screen of her iPad and mobile phone with lightning speed. She agreed like a puppet and walked to the bathroom. She twisted the sprinkler, and numerous water droplets poured down and beat against her delicate skin. The memory with Hermione was like spring wind that turned clouds into rain, moistening the bottom of her eyes. The wind and rain outside the window were bleak, and there was another boom-

