



ing sound, and Rosa huddled in the corner in panic. She hugged her body tightly.

Rosa mumbled, “I wish I had gone on Twitter earlier, so I wouldn't lose...”

She couldn't let go of the fact that Hermione was gone. Accompanied by the sound of the rushing rain, her nose was running, and the water washed down her cheeks, and it was not clear whether it was water or tears. The bright yellow heated light above her head illuminated her whole body, giving her nowhere to escape.

She wished it was just a nightmare.

Thunderstorms always come and go quickly.