

## Kildochart

a timed exercise

by Jorj Kowszun

He'd never seen a rain quite like this so gentle that it seemed barely to fall yet slowly laid its shine on the bay leaves and hydrangea flowers. Soft weather, they called it. The rain didn't really fall it just emerged from a fine mist that had come down from the hills above. The sun gave a diffuse yellow light that faded to grey at the edges of his sight. So this was what it was like to live here by the loch in Kildochart. This parcel of land had belonged to his father and came to him after his death. It was his first visit and the experience delighted him.

'Where do you live?' one of the locals had asked him when he dropped into the village pub. 'California,' he said automatically. 'No, wait, Kildochart. Yes, that's my home now.'

'So your Aidan's son then? You're moving in are you? Will you not miss your California?'

He remembered the conversation and thought, No I will not miss California. Every morning I woke and wondered what the weather would be like that day, and the answer was always the same, hot and sunny. This place actually has weather, real weather, beautiful weather.

Putting on wet weather gear that was his father's, still there in the cottage as if he'd just hung it up yesterday, he walked down to the edge of the loch, his shoes crunching on the stony beach. It was so special, the surface of the water had a texture to it caused by the rain that he had never seen before. The reflected mountains in the water looked like an impressionist painting, how it warmed his heart to appreciate there could be sights like this here, where he now lived.

An enormous shriek rang through the air, the water shifted under the downward pressure from the jet aircraft and his ears popped as this futuristic metal arrow sped past him a few feet above the loch and disappeared towards Aberfeldy.

Low level fight training, here? Now I know why my brother didn't want to live in the cottage. The bloody British Air Force – Argh!