

Prompt #16

The city lights were reflected off the puddles on the street. They were the only things that seemed to make Peter happier after the long night. The wind blowing through his hair made him feel weaker than he already was, and he slowly opened the door to his home. He quietly went up onto the roof in the night and stretched his right hand out, hoping to see a thin white string stretch out onto the other building and stick. With each try, disappointment followed him, so he returned inside wanting to make sure he was still strong somehow.