Rain on the Moor

by WritetItSmall (scribblemyname)

Summary

It had been more than a year since she let her brother drag her into his childish delight with the moor and its moods...

Notes

Prompt by yuidirnt at the LJ Comment Fic comm: any, any, dancing in the rain

"You'll catch your death o' cold out there, Dickon!" Martha admonished. "And Miss Mary's and Master Colin's too." She shooed him toward the indoors and ignored his contented laughter. "Off with the birds and the fox now."

"They can get warm by the fire too," Dickon told her. "Come on, Martha." But he didn't head for the fire. He pulled her out from under the sheltering roof to dance her around in the rain despite her shrieks of promised retribution.

"Isn't it graedly?" he asked her.

She slapped at his shoulders. "Let me loose, tha' crazy one."
He laughed but let her pull him inside at last.

It had been more than a year since she let her brother drag her into his childish delight with the moor and its moods, but she found she appreciated the warmth of home and hearth that much more for having danced in the rain.

Works inspired by this one:  
[Seasons For Love](#) by [JosephineStone](#)

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