The umbrellas misfired, the rain broke down, all the seed-white dandelions were bludgeoned to a fluffy paste. The bell tower ratcheted up its terrible black birds. Negotiations broke out between thunder and cell phones despite the enormous vee of geese going by. Someone whispered the secret of the match to a cigarette, and hail commenced machine-gunning a delicate wing of smoke. Cruel world for bathing beauties, though. The clatter of flip-flops rose like an ovation for the nation of May, and the Goth boy in his black greatcoat pale as the Jesus over Rio and similarly stanced, having raised his arms and brought to the air not only the wail of the noon whistle but also the howl of a hound dog leashed to a hydrant, as though it, in the midst of such majesty, in the last week of classes, were his wolf.