Sandy

By Griffin S.

“We have reports of a major storm heading our way,” said the weather man. “But not just any storm, its Hurricane Sandy!” As the weather man kept blabbering on and on about some “hurricane” coming to hit Bucks County, I paid no attention. When he finally finished with “Back to you, Sally,” and a shiny smile, I clicked the television off.

*Caw! Caw!* I was awoken the next day by the screech-like call from the crows. I gazed out my window. The sky was as gray as film noir. *Birds can sense changes in the atmospheric pressure, right?* I thought to myself, *and low atmospheric pressure means a storm…*my thought train stopped. My growling stomach snapped me out of my trance. I dismissed it with a loud yawn. Still half asleep, I went downstairs to breakfast.

After a long day of school, I was gleeful to get off the bus. As I walked toward my house, a sharp breeze blew past me. A shiver went up my spine. Slowly, I started to walk again. The wind got harsher, and harsher. The sky looked as dark as death itself. I began to panic. Usually, these hurricane reports were as true as the stories you hear off the internet. Even if a storm hits us, it isn’t even half as bad as the weather reporters say it is. It felt like forever, but I finally reached my house. I opened the cold, creaking metal door, slamming it hard behind me.

Night fall came, and I could hear the lightning fast wind, ripping through the once strong and mighty oak trees. They whipped back and forth, like laundry drying in the wind. My nerves were out of control. In an attempt to calm down, I turned the television. The TV turns on, and I finally started to relax. *This isn’t so bad*, I thought. Suddenly, light flashes through the room, making it brighter than a day in August. “*Ah!*” I yelp. I fall of the soft couch, onto the hard floor. It seems everything is chaos.

The light stops. Still on the floor, I catch my breath and collect my thoughts. I stand up. An ear shattering *BOOM!* rocks the Earth. In the after math of the noise, I don’t even realize the power is out. Well, maybe a little. Okay, I noticed everything was darker than your worst nightmare. But it is nothing compared to the annoyingly painful ringing in my ears. “*Oi!* That hurts, that really hurts!” *I’m talking to myself again,* I thought. I gaze out the window. The downpour of rain looks like the trigger happy fire from a gangster’s tommy gun. The longer I ogled, the more and more gangsters joined in the firing. I realize I should locate my parents. Thrusting my hands forward, I start taking little baby steps to find my way out of the play room. Everything was dead silence. *Thwack!* My body collides with the hard ground. I look back, trying to see what I fell over. *I can’t see anything!* I thought. I get back on my feet, and continue the journey through my haunted house of a house.

“Mom…” my voice trails off. “Dad? Where are you” The floor boards creak under my feet. *BOOM!* Thunder rings through the night sky. The lightning strike illuminates everything. A monumental *Crack!* Blares through the room. I rush to my kitchen window. In the back yard, a ten foot limb fell off our massive pin oak. I couldn’t even begin to imagine what kind of damage it did to the house. *I’m getting off track*, I thought, *I need to focus on finding my parents*. “What’s that?” I wonder. A high pitched screaming noise is coming from my basement. *Better go check it out*, I thought. I slowly open the noisy wooden door to the basement. During the day it was dark, but now it looks like a serial killer’s hideout. I gather up all my courage, and I venture down the cool, creaking stairs, into the dark, damp basement. Each creaky step I take into the darkness, the harsher and harsher the screaming becomes. *Flash!* Lightning brightens the nightmarish underground floor. I caught a glimpse of what was making the eardrum shattering noise. It was a pipe. A very large pipe. An important pipe. A water pipe. I kneel to the ground. My hands tough a freezing puddle, rapidly spreading. My mind races. What if the water continues to surge out of the busted pipe? The basement might as well be our “aquarium.” I snap out of my hypnotic state of terror, being greeted by a pair of soaked jeans. I spring up to my feet, like a dog leaping for a treat. I whip around, and bolt up the stairs on all-fours. While I bolt up the stairs, I realize my mistake. I could have prevented all of this. Every minute of it. The fear (and wet jeans) could have never happened. If I just listed to that weather guy, I wouldn’t have to be in this mess.

I sneak my way through the kitchen, only to be caught by another explosive boom. I ignore it, determined to find my parents. I’m finally in the living room. There’s a fire in the fireplace. My sister, Mya, is playing on the floor. My parents are reading in the dim, but warm, fire light. I stutter, “Uh…but…oh,” Then, an unexplainable anger starts to bubble inside of me. “Where were you guys?!” I quietly scream. “Was scared out of my mind!”

“Griffin, calm down!” said my dad.

“Why are your jeans wet?” asked my curios sister.

I sigh, “It’s a long story…”

My mom buts in “Well, go change them!”

“Fine…”

I walk past the basement door. I walk down the hallway. Up the steps to my room. More lightning brightens the entire house. I don’t even bother to react. I slip on a dry pair of jeans. But then, I realize I have a huge lightning storm to watch. Sprint down the steep stairs, ready to watch some thunder and lightning.

Looking back at this, I over reacted. A lot. But, in the end, I had lots of fun watching the huge lightning bolts crash through the sky. I learned something that day. I learned I was over my head. I thought I was better than that weather man. I should have trusted my sources. I do now. In fact, I sometimes watch the news in the morning. I trust them more. Sure, most of their weather reports of major storms are false. But I always take precautions. As for any future hurricanes, I’ll be ready. Ready to watch.