

THE STORM

I have seen where the storm ends and where it begins; where the grey and black clouds cover the blue skies. The ambiance creates flashes of lightning right before my very eyes. Underneath it all, I reside in slow motion behind the steering wheel. The raindrops become so heavy that I fear the moist air will turn them into thick ice. I look across to see the harsh wind take away the branches of trees, and the leaves flow in an erythematic motion as if they found a way to dance into the oncoming traffic. I can clearly observe the other drivers emotions as my car fears its movement forward in the battle with Mother Nature.

The lady beside me pounds on her horn, there are tears crawling underneath her eyes creating a mesh with the makeup she put on. She looks lost and appears to have given up her fight against the ever growing storm, but I must go on. Little do I know the battle with the storm has just begun. I switch lanes back and forth to keep an even flow with the treacherous wind. The rain fools me as I see the formation turn into ice. The streets turn into a pond, and my tires sink with the fast moving water. I look up for some help, only to see the lightning flash right above me. The crackling thunder gives me the realization that Mother Nature is winning as all the power lines give way.

The city turns black, even the radio station in the car turns to fuzz. Now it is truly just me alone fearing what could come my way next. "Don't panic", I say to myself, I gear my car towards the north, as the storm is most damaging from west to east. The lightning and the wind try to create further obstacles for my bravery as I attempt to move into different directions. I try to fool the weather while driving on a road construction site. The storms winds howl ensemble laughter towards me as construction cones tremble and falter in its presence.

"SHIT" I yell out of fear; now my car has to attempt to dodge these cones while the water beneath attempts to handcuff my wheels. I see a glimmer of hope a half mile ahead as I see the black and grey clouds become lighter. The storm tries to hide its weakness by throwing multiple lightning bolts all around the skies. The lightning only comforts me as it is now the only light that I see from the powerless city. The tides have turned; I actually have luck and momentum on my side as the sky is turning light grey.

Miles go by and I look at complete blackness in my rearview mirror. I am rubbing my eyes in disbelief as I start to see the skies open up. The auroras of colors are indescribable as I believe that I have conquered the battle with the nasty storm. The rain turns into sprinkles and my destination is coming to an end. I congratulate myself too early as the storm has seen my escape and decides to follow. The storm reminds me to be prepared for more upcoming difficult challenges. These challenges will never rest, but the obstacles should never be too hard for a person to conquer. I drive now in anticipation of the next storm with bravery, luck, and motivation on my side. I must continue to conquer my fears and face this next storm head on!

