

As I sipped my tea, there was another clap of thunder and the TV suddenly cut out, plunging the whole room into darkness. Cursing a little, I stumbled my way around the room trying to find the light switch. By the time I got to it, I had stubbed my toe and tripped on several small items I couldn't see on the floor. I didn't think I had left anything on the floor before I fell asleep, but the darkness was extremely disorientating. I had probably knocked something over without realizing it when I first woke up.

Click... Click, click, click. Great.

It wasn't just the TV but the entire power supply was out; probably for most of the town by this point. The rain kept coming down. I could no longer see the white flashes from the lightning but could hear the claps of thunder, much louder than before. I fumbled my way out and down the hall, trying to find the basement door. It was strangely dark.

Despite living here for almost my entire life, the storm seemed to turn the place into somewhere I was unfamiliar with. I wasn't originally going to try and find a lamp downstairs, but the darkness was oppressive and I had almost dropped my favorite mug trying to find a light switch. I didn't want to trip on something I couldn't see and fall. With my luck so far tonight, I would end up stepping on the broken shards and near-boiling tea.

Crash! (1:25)

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After what seemed like 30 minutes, I had finally found the basement door. There weren't any more knickknacks knocked onto the floor, but I couldn't seem to find anything in the dark. Everything felt like it was in the wrong place. I unlocked and opened the door and began to walk down the stairs, the creaking of the wooden steps being the only noise other than the low roar of the rain and the occasional thunderclap.

Creak, creak, creak...

Were there always so many steps to get to the bottom? When I finally got to the bottom of the stairs the roar of the rain had faded away into nothing. Hopefully the fact that I couldn't hear the rain down here meant it was passing by. I began to head in the direction of my emergency lights, annoyed at myself for not getting them out before the storm and for leaving my cell phone upstairs. I figured the cell service would be out, but at least those have a built-in flashlight. That would have made finding the lamps and fuel much quicker and easier. It was then I noticed that something was in the basement. (1:06)

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I don't remember what it looked like or what kind of sounds it made. In fact, I don't even remember running away. As soon as I encountered it, my body was filled with something I had never experienced before: in an instant I was dripping in a cold sweat, and shaking as my body filled with an unexpected terror. Just a second ago I was hoping the basement hadn't flooded, but now there was only one thing my brain and body could comprehend, and it was that I needed to run away as fast as possible. In that moment nothing else mattered. If I didn't move, I knew I was going to die.