

### **Narration Full Text:**

White flash... 9,10,11... crash!

The storm outside was gradually drawing closer. I lay back in my recliner and sipped my tea. The smell of mint combined with the warmth of the fireplace nearby was soothing. After this past week at work, I was looking forward to relaxing. Another flash of light. ...7,8...crash!

This storm was oddly out of season, but not unheard of. At most a few trees get blown over and knock out the power, maybe a little flooding in the lower areas of town, but nothing that isn't resolved and forgotten within a few days.

I sat there, sipping my tea, enjoying the solitude and relative silence of the house. It was around this time that the sound of the rain began to reach me. The sound grew so gradually that I have no idea when it really started, but by the time I had finished my tea and the final chapter of my novel, the sound, filtered through two floors of family history passed down along with the house, the sound had developed into a dull roar of water droplets on my house's metal roof. It was constant, yet soothing. Maybe the storm would be a quick one. The floorboards creaked as I walked over to the window.

4,5,6,7...

The timing between the lighting and thunder was getting closer and closer. Hopefully this would move past without too much trouble, but it didn't seem to be moving any faster than before. (1:32)

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I decided to take a break from reading and turned on the TV instead. Flash... 3,4,5... crash!

The thunder had startled me awake, and I was both a little groggy and confused that I had fallen asleep so unexpectedly. The long days at work must have worn me out more than I originally thought. The TV was displaying nothing but static. The storm must have knocked something out in town. At least the power was still on for now. The rain was still coming down as a dull roar on the roof; blending with the static from the television.

Glancing outside, I saw that it was pitch black from the storm in the night. That made sense; I had been out for several hours at this point. I shivered a little and drew the curtains shut as the kettle began to boil. Crash! I didn't see the lightning, but the thunderclap sounded as if it was right above the house. A few minutes later I returned to the living room, steaming mug in hand. When I returned to the TV, it was still displaying static. (0:57)

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