

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. I had no real plans other than to remain bundled in my large blanket and sweatpants, eat leftovers, and catch up on my recorded shows and novels. After putting in so much overtime in the office, my phone was turned off and left upstairs for the weekend. I was ready to do nothing but relax.

Another flash of light. ...7,8...crash!

This storm was oddly out of season, but not unheard of. Every few years it seems like the town is going to be flooded by a freak storm. Meteorologists are always caught off-guard by the sudden storm on the radar and news outlets urge everyone to evacuate just in case, but no real damage ever occurs from these sudden storms. 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 had lived here through several storms without incident and wasn't planning on evacuating for this one. 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.

I drained the last few drops from my mug and removed the blanket so I could move over to

the kitchen and wash the mug. Looking at the clock, it was only mid-afternoon so I decided not to clean the mug yet since I didn't have to rush back to the office for more overtime. I placed the mug on the counter and decided to count the time between the lightning and thunder again.

Maybe the storm would be a quick one. The floorboards creaked as I walked over to the window. The family house's view was nothing amazing, but the back side of the house had a veranda that gave a far view of the woods. From the ground floor, however, you could barely see past the end of the yard. The heavy rain obscured the view even more except for the brief flashes of lightning.

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. It looks like the rain will be going all night. I had been so busy at work that I hadn't gotten any emergency fuel or lights from the basement before the rain started. I wasn't too worried since I had plenty of leftover takeout from this past week in the fridge. I could wait until morning, then use the natural light from the windows if the power went out. That way I could have all day to relax and only get the emergency equipment out if I really needed it. I went back to my recliner and bundled back into the thick blanket.

I decided to take a break from reading and turned on the TV instead. The DVR had a backlog of true crime documentaries that I had been dying to get too all week. Normally I can binge watch several hours of crime shows at once, especially when over caffeinated from several mugs of tea or coffee. But for some reason, I fell asleep without even realizing it before the first documentary had finished interrogating the