

victim's lover. They almost always seem to jump right to the spouse.

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 and was currently the main source of light for the house, so I knew I wouldn't be able to watch anything for a while. 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.

Looking at the clock on the wall I realized it was suddenly 8pm! I decided to make some chamomile tea and go to bed after. I couldn't enjoy the weekend off if I kept falling asleep and sleeping in my bed was much better on my back than the recliner. My phone should have enough battery to use the light to read a little more until I doze off again. I stumbled back into the kitchen, still half asleep and began boiling some water.

Glancing outside, I saw that it was pitch black from the storm in the night. That made since; 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.

As I was sipping the tea and savoring its warmth and flavor, I slowly walked around the first floor of the house I grew up in; looking at old photos and knickknacks from previous generations as well as my own trinkets and accolades from my time in school and in recognition of my years at

the office. When I returned to the TV, it was still displaying static.

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!

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