

A Strange Day

May 9, 2010, 9:27 PM, Houston, Texas

"BANG!" I shot up in my bed, not sure what the sound was.

"BANG SMASH POP BLAM BANG!" Startled, I ran to the window. Little snow-white balls varying from the size of a penny to the size of a large pebble rained down from the sky, striking the roof like bolts of lightning with a *CRACK*, and fell down to the pink-bricked intricately designed patio. It was hail.

My little brother screamed.

White lightning flashed, striking a dead tree which caught on fire. Thunder roared like a tiger in the distance. Black raindrops plummeted down like pieces of cement, making cracking noises when they hit the window. A large piece of hail struck the window, and I stumbled with surprise, falling on the floor. A vortex of clouds spun in the sky, as a minuscule tornado materialized and vanished.

"BEEP BEEP BEEP," mom's white phone rung as the screen with the cute orange-striped kitten lit up. Mom picked up her illuminated phone. One message was on the screen in big, bold letters.

TORNADO WARNING UNTIL MIDNIGHT!

My brother screamed again.

"Alright, everyone!" yelled dad. "We're gonna have to keep an eye out for a tornado!"

"Aw great," I thought as I went back to bed. "Just wonderful. Just wonderful"

May 8, 2010, 31 hours and 43 minutes before the thunderstorm

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear..."

It was my little brother's birthday. He was 7 years old. He had invited ten of his friends over, and they were playing games such as pin the tail on the donkey. I had no interest in those foolish and childish games the children were playing, but I was interested in the 500-piece thunderstorm puzzle that was in each of the dark-blue goody bags.

"Hey, can I have one of those thunderstorm puzzles?" I asked my mom.

"Sure," just wait a sec and let me finish talking to Mr. Evens.

I sat down on the wooden porch, the sun shining brightly in the cloudless sky while watching my little brother play foolishly with his friends and thinking about the thunderstorm puzzle. As I thought how awesome that thunderstorm puzzle was going to be, my little brother kicked the oversized soccer ball into the goal, scoring a goal for his

team, the green team. I watched proudly as his teammates cheered and I thought, "What a wonderful day."

May 9, 2010, 11 hours and 15 minutes before the thunderstorm

"And...there," I said, placing the last piece of the thunderstorm puzzle in.

I had woke up at 8 AM to build that thunderstorm puzzle without breakfast. My brother watched and helped me build it. He hadn't washed his face, so he still had red and blue smudges of cupcake on his face.

"Honey, your breakfast has been sitting here for two hours, why don't you eat in now?" stated mom.

"Alright," I replied.

As I ate my whole-wheat bread with strawberry jam, my favorite, I stared out the window. It was a sunny day like yesterday, with cloudless skies, but today, the sky had an unusually golden-yellow tint to it. The day was without wind and I spotted a large bunny with brown fur eating our grass.

"A cottontail," I thought.

My brother's happy 7th birthday sign that was still outside and secured into the ground fell over, even though there was no wind.

"Strange," I thought, and I went back to eating my breakfast.

At noon, we went back outside to clean up from yesterday's party. Dogs were barking for some reason, and our neighbor was mowing the lawn. Something was going to happen. Something suspicious, I thought. I went back to stacking all of the white plastic chairs. After we cleaned up, we went back into the house. My little brother started watching Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, a series I used to watch but wasn't interested in anymore.

May 9, 2010, 2 hours and 19 minutes into the thunderstorm

An F4 tornado was forming. The thunderstorm had turned into a supercell and had it. It was coming right for us. We gathered up the things that were most important to us, and stepped outside, watching our house get torn apart by the tornado, wood flying everywhere as we ran to our storm shelter as hail and rain rained down on us. We opened the door and stepped inside, then closed it. I was so very tired... so tired... as blackness closed upon me.

May 10, 2010, 11 hours and 7 minutes after the thunderstorm

We stepped outside into the fresh air and looked around. Our house was completely destroyed, turned into a pile rubble. My mom cried. I was too shocked to speak. But there was hope. We would rebuild again.