

The Wind Began To Switch...The House To Pitch

As a youngster, I always loved watching a good ol' fashioned thunderboomer. Lightning flashes, rolls of thunder, wind, pounding rain, power going out, nature in all her fury, a symphony for the senses. I still do enjoy watching them as long as I am not driving in them. The conditions all day seemed to forecast such a storm sometime. Temps in the 90s, warm wind, just the right conditions. At work, the Krispy Kreme deliveryman informed me that there were tornado watches out and calling for up to quarter inch hail. Shortly after, the sky began to darken. When I got off my shift, I walked home changed clothes into something a lot cooler than jeans and a polo shirt and went uptown for dinner. While eating, the tornado siren sounded announcing the spotting of a funnel cloud. We got up and went home; but almost as quickly the storm had passed. A larger town to the south of us was not so fortunate as they had downed power lines and power outages all over. We had extended family members come "just in case" with kids from 2-13 (I think the 13 year old was more scared than any of them). If I had been their age, I probably would have made noises to instill further fear into them but I guess I am beyond that (but thinking about it entered my mind briefly). Sad to say that the storm here was not much to write home about, but fun to imagine... no need to head to the basement and break out the flashlights for some fun in the dark. DRAT!!!