

The Storm

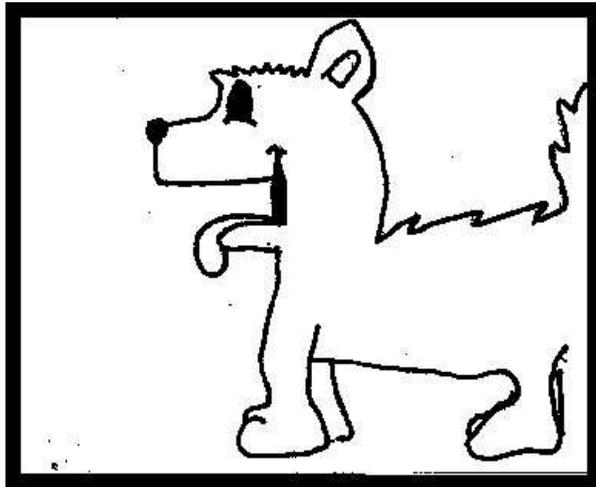
Chapter 1

It was a cold night, a storm was raging outside. There's a lot of storms round in Florida, even a couple tornadoes came a while back. I tossed and turned in my hammock, I was in my bedroom on a make-shift hammock waiting for my parents to get back from their holiday in someplace west Europe. I wasn't invited, but I didn't mind, I like having the house on my own. I realized I wasn't going to get any sleep because I was kind of scared out by a late night movie I'd just watched. It was about this guy who escaped from an asylum and when everyone was asleep he'd creep up on the bottom of your bed and slit their throats. I heard something, I scrambled for some sort of weapon, all I could find was my cell-phone I grabbed and aimed at the bottom of my bed. I threw it and heard a thumping sound as it connected I scrambled out of bed and examined what I'd just hit. It was my dog Lucky, I kicked him once, he didn't stir. I kicked him again, harder. He

kind of slid across the floor, but didn't stir. I thought he was out cold.

I walked down stairs and opened the front door the storm was getting worse, I could see a tornado in the far out distance, I ran to get the home phone, to ring my parents and ask when they'd be home. My hands were shaking like crazy and just as I began to dial I heard something right beside me "you have several new

messages," I got a shock and dropped the phone, I heard it smash on the dog's head. I looked at the dog who was getting



up and realized the dog had eaten my cell phone and broken the home phone. I thought about sending Lucky outside (since the crime was punishable by death). I decided to throw a chair at him but there wasn't one handy so I settled on a lamp, but I missed, so I decided to do nothing at all. I went into the office room and looked through the

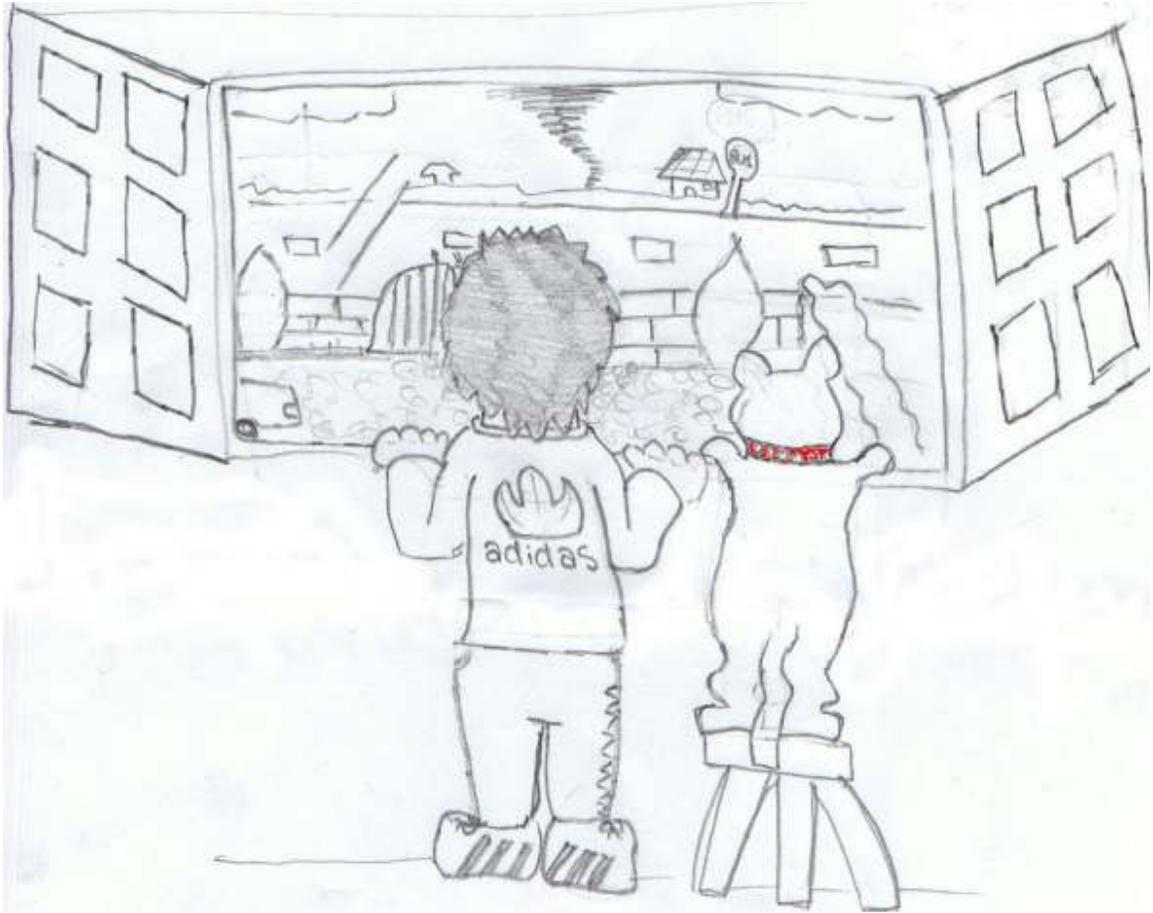
window overlooking the front driveway, lightning flashed through the sky hitting t-phone wires and causing them to light up. Dad's car was reversing down the driveway faster than it had ever gone forward and post boxes were being ripped from the ground. I thought about all the things people wouldn't get in the mail and couldn't help but yell out "Stop this massacre!" Lucky saw this as his cue to go outside so off he ran, but before he could make it to the gate he got zapped by a bolt of electricity that came from a phone-wire. The chances were about one in a million but Lucky was, well, un-lucky. He came crashing through the office narrowly missing me. I should consider myself fortunate as I nearly got hit by a flying dog. I decided to check if Lucky was OK because vets are expensive. He was breathing steadily but for the third or fourth time tonight he was unconscious.

I decided to lift him up and put him on the sofa. I opened the door and saw the storm advancing down the street. The night, I knew, would not be pleasant.

I decided the best thing to do was to wait the storm out. But when my seesaw came crashing through the back window I knew it was time to leave. I made a list of things I needed to bring. When I was finished it looked a bit like this:

1. Food
2. Dog
3. Granny
4. Shoes
5. TV
6. Water

So I went to the sofa to check if Lucky was OK. I gently tried to wake him up but it clearly wasn't working so I pushed him off the sofa. He got up with a yelp. I walked out the place where the door was until it was blown off.



Chapter 2: Microwave

I walked down the street

where the storm was furthest from and carried on down to the storm shelter. I eventually reached the stairway down to the shelter. I opened the heavy door and entered. There were a couple families that had reached the shelter before me. They stared at me as I walked through to a corner that was unoccupied. I was kinda worried about the house but I stared at a boy slowly eating toilet roll. I realized I could be a lot worse off. He realized I was looking at him so he asked, "You want some?"

"No you fool, don't look at me I find you disturbing." I replied sharply.

"What does that mean? Are you calling me fat?"

I decided to slowly pace away.

I sat in the corner and was just about to fall asleep with Lucky when a man burst into the room.

"We gotta go!" he yelled.

Everyone ignored him, psychos were two-a-penny in Florida.

“We gotta go! Pronto! People get your stuff!”



“Who are you?

Go away.” I said

“Kid get your dog
and let’s go!”

“Why are we
going?” asked
someone in the
corner.

“We’re going
because the

microwave is on fire!”

“You are clearly not the brightest bulb on the
Christmas tree, are you?”

“C’mon, lets go!”

We decided one person would go outside with
psycho and check what was wrong. I was chosen
because no one else wanted to go. Psycho paced
outside and pointed at a huge tree that was on fire
and was about to fall on the shelter.

“Microwave,” he said solemnly.

Chapter 3

“Everyone out!!!” I yelled as I ran back into the shelter,
“there’s a fire!!!”

“I’ll get outside,” replied a granddad “but first I’ll have a
cigarette.”

Everyone rushed outside as the shelter started heating
up. Eventually the roof collapsed and we thanked God for
the crazy guy and his blessed microwave. Suddenly I
heard coughing coming from inside the shelter. I yelled
out “Everyone quiet!!”

“I don’t like this kid,” someone muttered, “he’s always
bossing us around .”

“I don’t mind as long as he doesn’t take me cigarettes,”
someone muttered back.

Then there was silence, but it was swiftly broken by the
sound of more coughing.

“Someone go in and rescue whoever it is!!!” I cried.

“I’ll go in, if ye get me a pack of cigarettes!!!” the
granddad cried back.

Then the microwave-man pushed by me, and ran right
into the burning dilapidated shelter. Everyone held their

breaths apart from the Granddad who continued puffing on his cigarette and the little boy who had resumed eating toilet roll. Then the microwave-man came back out carrying a little girl on his shoulder.

“Milk,” he said and dropped her on the ground.

“I’m a doctor!” a man said as he ran the wrong way.

He eventually realized where he ought to go and turned around. He lifted her up and said “it looks like a rare gas called anthrax exploded in its tank inside the shelter,” he said, “she has an hour to live, unless we get the antidote which is probably at the hospital, at nearest.”

“My God,” said the granddad “this is worse than that time when I lost my cigarettes....”

Chapter 4

I was chosen for the rescue team along with Lucky, Microwave Man and the Doctor. We got into a jeep that was empty down the road, we stared at the ten or so people behind us and got into the car.

Chapter 5

I looked at the Doctor who looked out the window, but the window didn't look anywhere at all. The suspension bridges supports that were looking a bit shaky or it was just my imagination, I didn't know. The car was acting a bit weird, it was jolting forward fast, then stopping. Then. *CRACK*

One support cracked in two then there was a domino effect, all the bridges supports snapped I looked through the front window the land was so close....

* * *

Everything went black.

There was a faint humming in my ear and then it began to ring.

I smelt smoke, smoke and grass, I got to my feet. Then fell down again. I couldn't feel my left leg, I hoped it was still intact. I staggered towards a tree, I hadn't had the guts to look at my leg yet, so I took this as a good opportunity. My leg looked bad with a capital B. A layer of

skin was off and I could see a bit of bone in a place where the cut was particularly deep. I moaned, I moaned again, I moaned yet again. I heard a grunt that wasn't me it came from above me in the canopy of the tree. Then the Doctor fell out of the tree but a sharp rock broke his fall. I looked at the burning mess that was keeping me warm, it was the car. I ripped off a bit of the Doctor's shirt and used it as dressing for my leg. (I didn't want to catch a cold!!) The Doctor stood up and said "Bulldog bulldog I call 11811" then he yelled *meh!* and slipped off into a sleep. I limped around looking for Lucky, I found him or heard him if you like. I was calling for Lucky and I heard a yelp coming from a pile of rubble. I walked back to the burning heap of something we used to call the car we noticed that the Microwave-man was leaning over the boot staring at the contents. I walked over, he then turned to me and said "hello sir, my name is Patrick Cobbler. You wouldn't have any tea? I was just running from away from one of my friends you see, he was on fire."

"Ok....." I replied nervously.

"I was just coming back from my job in the Volunteer Fire Department, and my friend Stuart Biggle burst into flames,

he was playing with matches while carrying petrol you see.”

Lucky walked over to Patrick and promptly bit his left toes off.

“Ouch my piggies!!” Patrick exclaimed. I fought to contain my laughter. The Doctor then said “the tree stole my stethoscope” and collapsed.

Chapter 6

The Doctor recovered after an hour of sleep and two hours of verbal abuse about his mother. He decided that after losing the car it would take us a while to walk. I complained, but walked all the same. I walked by a mail-box -one of the cylinder ones- and it said 'please turn right.' I'm used to seeing drunks yell at mail-boxes that they do have friends, but never once has a mail-box responded. I went over to The Doctor and told him what had happened. He asked me if I was delusional. I responded my punching him in the face. He rubbed his nose and walked over to the box. It said "approaching destination."



"I think its got a GPS in it," said the Doctor.

"I think it's haunted," I replied.

"I think it's a mail-box," said Patrick.

We used Lucky to break down the mail-box and surprisingly found a GPS, not a ghost.

“I put in the coordinates for the hospital, we’re actually a lot closer than I thought. And it looks like the storm has begun to calm.”

He was right- the storm had turned into light drizzle and the arctic cold had turned into late-night Irish winter cold. Everything was going well...

Then we heard howling and saw six wolves coming toward us.

I quickly told Lucky to be a distraction he replied by running into the forest. The Doctor ran left and Patrick ran right I panicked and kicked my metal bottomed Adidas at a wolf and followed Patrick since he looked stronger we ran through the forest and found Lucky curled up in a ball under leaves and the Doctor with his stethoscope around his forehead swinging through trees like Tarzan but looking like Rambo. He told us to follow him and we didn’t argue. We could all still hear wolves howling in the distance behind us.

Chapter 7

We all stared at the hospital. It was nothing like we imagined, I had thought it would be like a great marble building with HOSPITAL written across it in golden lettering. Instead there was *Orlando Hospita*, the words had flaked off an old banner that hung from the left side to the right. The actual building was three storeys high, so when the weatherman predicted a storm, the patients were moved to *Florida State Hospital*, a much bigger hospital, about three hours driving the whole way.

“C’mon let’s go.” said the Doctor quietly putting his stethoscope back around his neck. We paced in through the broken glass in the left shattered sliding door. We walked up to the reception desk at the floor contents, everyone was scared. Patrick Cobbler looked at his toes and whimpered.

I took a quick glance down the hallway to my left and said “hey, there’s a medicine cabinet down there.”

Patrick and the Doctor turned and sprinted down to it.

It wasn't fair instead of being left with a military doctor, or a crazy Irish firefighter I was left with my annoying dog that I didn't want to keep in the first place. I whistled gently as Lucky shocked himself with defibrulators and walked dazedly into the wall. Then I heard snarling, I jumped in fright. I paced slowly to the direction of the medicine cabinet. Just as I saw the wolf come around the corner toward me I heard the Doctor yell "I've found it!!"



I yelled and ran Patrick glanced at me and pulled a fire extinguisher off the wall, he held it like a baseball bat I knew what I had to do I slid along the ground and heard Patrick's bat and the wolf's face connect.

The Doctor looked worried, I asked him why.

"Because that was just one

of a pack, I saw them when I was swinging through the trees. They're coming."

Chapter 8

We bolted through the hall, following the signs that said GARAGE. We eventually made it and the Doctor told me to drive.

“I’m twelve!!” I yelled.

“Have you been in a car?” he asked.

“Yes-but-”

“So you’ve seen your parents driving?”

“Yeah-but-”

“Get in the ambulance and drive”

Chapter 9

I was driving the ambulance well. Patrick and the Doctor were in the back. The Doctor was clinging on with one hand to a chair, the other holding what looked like a bag of injections. Patrick had strapped himself to the stretcher in the middle of the back and was stuck when it fell on its side. I guess I wasn't driving TOO well after the initial shock of mixing up the brake pedal and the windscreen wipers I had only crashed sixteen—to seventeen times. Then I heard the wolves howl. Lucky (who was sitting beside me) whimpered. Then I saw three walk out in front of the road. They obviously didn't know who was driving. I tried to hit the brake but I hit the accelerator and.... Things weren't pretty. I heard more howling and the Doctor suddenly turned into Rambo again. He wrapped his stethoscope around his head and held onto two injections. The wolves came from behind. I knew this because I discovered two little mirrors on each side of the doors. I drove, the Doctor threw antiseptic injections at the wolves and Patrick rolled along the ground. We made a good team.

Chapter 10

Eventually we made it back to the shelter without any wolves that could move their legs behind us. The crowd of people in the shelter were gathered around in a circle around the little girl. Me, the Doctor, Patrick and Lucky held our breaths as the Doctor put the red and white tablet in the girls mouth, we waited about twenty seconds wondering if we were too late. Then she opened her eyes I was so happy I hugged Lucky. The Grandad smiled then threw his cigarette on the ground. "I'm quitting!" he yelled. "HOORAY" everyone replied.

"Ahh forget it" he said a few minutes later and lit a cigarette and put it in his mouth.

The End

(Goodbye Pius)

By Brian Moore

