STORMY NIGHT

Lightning cracked, awakening the sky as the air vibrated with a rolling boom of thunder that echoed off the mountains and rolled down into the valley, carrying debris with it. Cold, icy rain drummed down, pelting windows that fogged up as though they could blanket themselves against the bleary weather raging outside. It pooled in the dirt until thick mud puddles formed on the road. The wind joined the orchestration as it whistled through treetops, and threaded itself around nearby homes, and the grass, under the heavy gray clouds, danced in rhythm with nature's music unconcerned with the incoming deluge.

A storm that ripped through our area recently inspired this week's one hundred word story. In fairness, I was kicked back in a recliner snuggled under my fuzzy yellow blanket, blissfully ignoring everything while I polished off the last of my current read. Thunder boomed outside, and I glanced up to see if the current round of Mario Kart was getting out of hand. Hey, stop laughing! There's a reason that "I'm sorry for what I said when I was playing Mario Kart" shirt exists.

I had ideas on how to spin the storm piece, with two guys, Sam and Elliot, digging in the woods. Their story flopped, because I had no idea what they were looking for, and they were so engrossed in their digging they refused to tell me.

As I sat staring out the window admiring the lovely spring weather, I was reminded of one of our trips off the island and back to the mountains. During said trip, a pack of coyotes wasn't far off one evening as they sang to the moon. I was laying in bed enjoying the musical production when the kids panicked and jumped into bed with us. Not long after the howling abated, a storm rolled into the hollow. If you've never been in a hollow during a thunderstorm, you're missing out.

Thunder echoes off the surrounding mountains, and you can watch the rain move in as it

rains on a neighbor's house before it hits yours. As the storm raged, thunder echoing around us, and lightning brightening our room every few minutes the kids couldn't settle. The wildness of this storm was unlike anything they remembered. They'd witnessed many storms, but the violence of them on the island is often played out over the sea before the rain hit our home.

We could stand in our living room and watch the churning waves, the sky darken, the ever-increasing torrent of rain pelting down, and out on the horizon lightning would strike deep into the ocean. It was a sight to behold, but most of what reached us was rain and wind that knocked tourists off their feet and left them gasping for air.

The night the kids laid huddled in the bed incapable of sleep, I moved to the nearby sofa and curled up, allowing the thunder and lightning to carry me to dreamland. I woke up refreshed and recall sitting up, stretching, and declaring something down the lines of, "That sleep was amazing, wasn't it?" Three faces gaped at me; none had gotten a wink of sleep. There's something different about storms in a hollow, and for those who grew up witnessing them, perhaps it's more magical for them.

My kids are more apt to say there's something magical about watching storms at sea. The waves growing angrier and darker with each passing cloud. Lightning streaking into the waves, and thunder rolling in the distance. Watching boats coming into the harbor turn their lights on, and being woken by the sound of an unending fog horn from a boat who can't find its way home.

In truth, perhaps storms are simply magical no matter where they take place, or what form of precipitation they drop on us.