

Caught In The Storm

The door slammed behind me as I dragged myself to school. My eyes were still heavy in my head as I battled against the violent wind. Disabled with fatigue, I struggled to find the usual route to school, and in an attempt to gain some kind of conscious state, I decided that the scenic route by the ocean would awaken my senses for the day ahead.

Carried by the wind, I was suddenly made aware of a familiar vision beside me.

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

Totally bedazzled by the shout, I leapt in a state of frenzy. When I looked towards the shadow, all my fears were put at ease when the friendly face of my best friend looked towards me.

“Clodagh, you gave me a fright!”

“Sorry doll! Just never saw you walking this way before! Thought I’d give you something to remember!”

“Aw don’t worry ‘bout it!”

As we walked on, the sudden increase in wind took us by surprise. It howled through us and brushed us aside. I wasn’t afraid, a simple breeze didn’t scare me, wind was wind and could not frighten me. But as the water down below the bridge started to crash against the wall, I was suddenly hit by the horrible truth that we were possibly in a storm.

The hurricane “Eliza” which was due on Monday had come a week early. The daunting clouds closed in on us, and any possible light was pushed out. Clodagh held tight to my arm as we threw our bags off and tried to make our way off the bridge.

The waves became enraged as we tried our best to struggle through the animal that was pushing us backwards. Water from the ocean and

violent rain combined together to follow us. It was not proving to be an easy task and as Clodagh screamed out, I was horribly made aware of the giant wave which shadowed over us.

“Oh my God!!!!!!”

“Aaaarrrrgggghhhh!!!!!!”

We were frozen to the spot as the tower of water cowered above us. Fear stricken, we made a wild, hurried dash towards the grass park, which was now a whirlwind of yesterdays’ picnics.

I collapsed onto the ground with the smack of the waves. Drowning I could feel Clodagh fall from me. Where did she go? Why did she leave me?

As I frantically tried to get onto my feet, I was deafened by the sounds of crashing waves and cracking bricks. The sound of nothing I’ve ever heard before struck through me like a piercing sword.

“CLODAGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

I screamed and roared as the bridge crumbled below me in my search for Clodagh. No human sound could be heard. Tears streaming down my face, I frantically gushed through the open ocean in search of some sign of my best friend.

“Clodagh? Clodaaaaaaagh??”

I found a raise of ground quite close, and soaked to the skin, I climbed aboard for a better view of where Clodagh could be. As my eyes scanned the water I became aware of something fluffy and pink floating in the water.

In reviewing the last half hour, I realised that Clodagh had been wearing a pink scarf. With this energizer, I dived into the water with the hope of pulling Clodagh to the shore. The further out I went, the less pink I could see.

Drunk with fatigue I carried on my search until I was suddenly stopped dead in the water. Once again a familiar vision travelled by my side, as I turned, I was faced by my best friend's face. Only this time she was, she was...dead.