

# **EXTREME WEATHER**

# 2020

**BY MAX VOSS**

## ***THE FLOOD, A SHORT STORY***

*Read it on Pg. 5*

## ***SHOULD YOU EVACUATE WHEN THERE'S A HURRICANE MOVING IN YOUR DIRECTION?***

*Find out on Pg. 13*

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# Dear Editor

Dear Sir,

Can you answer a few of my questions? Here they are:

1. Why can't hurricanes in the northern hemisphere rotate clockwise?
2. What's the difference between typhoons and hurricanes?
3. Why can't hurricanes cross the equator?

Thank you and please respond soon.

Sincerely,  
Caleb Noah

Mr. Noah,

Here are the answers to your questions:

1. They can't rotate clockwise because hurricanes are lows and due to the Coriolis Effect, lows spin counter-clockwise in the northern hemisphere.
2. They are the same thing only in different areas of the world.
3. The storm would have to spin in the opposite direction and would soon dissipate.

Thank you for the letter and your support.

Sincerely,  
Clark Occopinti

# My trip to the National Hurricane Center

I got into my car in pouring rain and drove to Washington Rd. It was raining so hard I couldn't see the sign for old Evans rd. and I had to take a detour onto a side road, which by now was a mud and gravel soup, only to struggle my way, inch by inch, to get back to Old Evans road. I Turned left and it started hailing with more intensity than before. It started out about the size of peas, but now the incoming chunks of ice were now the size of walnuts. Soon, the wind picked up and then I noticed that just about 50ft. in front of me, there it was, a ferocious tornado!! The tornado was moving away from me?! HALLELUJAH!! I looked for the sign on my right. I watched in horror as the tornado ripped apart a giant shopping center, sending chunks of concrete flying as if they were pebbles. I drove on only to arrive at the edge of a raging river, barring my way from going any further and, a few hours later, I finally turn around and went home without ever finding the Hurricane Center.

## Storm

Stormy days are here  
Hurricanes tearing up trees  
Storm chasers delight.

# THE FLOOD

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Dan, an avid caver, wins a contest in *National Geographic* magazine. The prize: A trip to mammoth cave for you and an additional spot for a friend! Dan packs his bags and drives down to Kentucky. Nat flies over from Oregon a few days later and meets up with Dan near Bowling Green.

“Finally you’ve come, I’ve been waiting for you for over an hour! What happened?” Dan asked.

“There was a delay in Chicago due to thunderstorms.” Nat replied.

“ Oh, no wonder! Are you excited?”

“Of course I am! I mean, who wouldn’t be?”

They drive over to the cave in pouring rain, walk into the visitor center and sign in. They are given a pair of headphones and audio players and are soon inside the cave.

“Let’s start the tour.” Nat says.

Dan starts the audiotour. A few hours into the tour,

“This *est las Riviere echo. . .*”

“What did it just say?” Nat asked.

“I don’t know.” Dan answered.

“What language is it in?” Nat asked.

“Spanish, I think?” Dan answered.

“Do you know Spanish?”

“No, do you?”

“No, pause the tour”

They stop and try to figure out what happened with the audiotour. After a few minutes of pressing buttons and turning nobs:

“Where are we?” Nat asked

“I don’t know, but I hear what sounds like a waterfall” Dan answered.

“A waterfall? I didn’t know there was a waterfall in the cave.”

“Then, lets go check it out”

They head toward the sound of rushing water. When they get to the “waterfall”, they find that it is not a waterfall but a river.

Nat yawns and asks “What time is it?”

“3:00”

“ It’s already 3:00? No wonder I’m so tired!”

“Let’s stop and take a break.”

They sit down and take a break. Twenty minutes later, Dan and Nat are fast asleep. The next morning, Dan wakes up shivering and soaking wet in a pool of water. He is confused for a second before he realizes where he is. When he gets up he discovers what had happened: while he was sleeping and snoring like a freight train, the water level had risen, flooding a portion of the passage he was sleeping in.

Dan yells, “It’s time to get up!”

“What?” Nat groggily asked.

“Get up!”

“Why am I soaking wet?”

“The cave is flooding!”

“The cave is what?!”

“THE CAVE IS **FLOODING**, CAN’T YOU SEE IT?!”

“Flooding? You can hardly call that little bit of water **flooding**.”

“Whatever! Just get up, right now!”

“Fine, since you insist, I will get up, but I still don’t see the point of running around like a chicken with its head cut off when a little water gets into your stuff.”

Dan and Nat move back up the passageway. Over the course of an hour, the water rises a few inches toward Dan and Nat. Dan looks through the gear to see what is dry.

“There’s not that much still dry.” Dan said.

“Any food? I’m starving!” Nat asked.

“A few granola bars and maybe a sandwich or two.”

“Toss me a sandwich.”

“Okay. Here you go.”

SPLASH!!

“Toss it to me, not the water!! Go get it.” Nat commanded.

“Sorry. Can you come with me?” Dan pleaded.

“I can see you from here!”

“Can’t you just come with me?”

“Just go get it. Okay?”

“Fine.”

Dan wades into the water. A couple minutes later:

“Got it!” Dan said.

“Thanks. Now get over here.” Nat said.

“AAAHH!!!”

“Whats wrong?”

“Watch out!!”

Dan sprints past Nat, hauling all their gear behind him. Nat looks to see what has scared Dan. It turned out to be a wall of water, about 10 ft. tall, racing towards them. Nat soon follows Dan’s example, sprinting up the passage. The wave of water follows, engulfing the whole passage, with everything in it, in a matter of seconds.

Several hours later, Dan wakes up battered and bruised, his entire body screaming out in pain. He suddenly remembered that Nat was with him. He looked all around, but Nat wasn’t within sight. When he tried to stand up to find Nat, pain shot through his right leg as if an axe had cleaved a gaping hole deep into his flesh. When he looks down to see what is wrong with his leg, he gasps at the sight.

The bone is poking out through a ginormus hole in his leg, caked in blood. Suddenly he hears a noise from his left. He turns towards the sound. Then he hears it, clearer than before,

“Dan! Dan! Where are you?”

“Nat?”, Dan calls back.

“Dan? You’re alive!”

Then Dan sees Nat, running towards him with a park ranger in tow.

“Dan! Oh, that leg must hurt really badly!”

“Mr. Gauss, do you have any kind of rolling bandage?”

“Let’s see, really sorry, but nope.”

“What are we going to use?”

“Use your shirt, Nat.”

“How?”

“Tear it into strips.”

Nat does so. “Then what?”

“Wrap it around my leg and tie it off.”

“Done.”

They pick Dan up and carry him out of the cave. Nat calls 9-1-1 and 10 mins. later the paramedics are there. In less than 2 mins., Dan is whisked to the hospital where he makes a speedy recovery.





## The Man Who Survived

It rained it poured  
the rain splashed  
thunder rumbled  
Lightning flashed.

In the midst  
the midst of the storm  
a storm chaser  
races races forth.

A cry could be heard  
a cry, over the roar  
the roar of the wind  
the wind on the shore.

Storm chaser  
hears the cry  
looks to see  
who and why.

There in what was  
what was a house a man  
an old man lies  
lies crying on the floor.

Storm chaser crawls  
crawls over the rubble  
when he gets into the room  
while the thunder rumbles.

The man speaks his voice  
barely over a whisper  
“Can you find my oxygen tank?”  
The storm chaser replies, “Sure”.

“The wind blew  
sending it flying  
sending it off  
to leave a man dying”

So the storm chaser goes  
amid a load of thanks  
he goes and searches  
searches for the tank

The tank sits  
set firmly in a tree  
storm chaser spots the tree  
he goes and sets it free

The tank returned  
the man is revived  
that is the story  
of the man who survived

## **The Lies**

Hurricane Irma includes sharks?

Miami airport flooded?

Buildings blown over?

My oh my,

So many lies!

Funnel clouds over Alabama?

Irma a category 6?

Bridges destroyed?

Warning: fake news.

## **The Storm**

Wind howling trees are

falling rain pouring the

Ohio is roaring

## Cinquain

There was a young man named Clive  
on the roads he decided to drive  
saw water up ahead  
and then went through a red  
I wonder how he could survive?

## Acrostic

**H**urricanes  
**U**npredictable  
**R**aging water  
**R**oaring wind  
**I** wish I had gone away  
**C**razy  
**A**nd  
**N**ever  
**E**nding  
**S**torm

# Advice column

Dear George,

In a hurricane, should I stay in my home and ride out the storm or should I evacuate?

Please reply soon,  
Kathy

Dear Kathy,

It's your choice. What I would recommend is to evacuate as soon as possible. Make sure to bring pets and all your important papers, like medical bills, birth certificates, drivers' licenses and more. When you do evacuate, make sure you have another place to stay, for example, your friend's house; in case your house is destroyed by the storm and you have to build it again. Don't come back until the evacuation orders are lifted and it is safe to do so.

Sincerely,

George

## Are you prepared?

With a weather radio, you get alerts when extreme weather strikes! No batteries needed! No assembly required! Made in the U.S.A.!

Don't wait until a tornado is bearing down on you! Get yours today!

## **THE DOG**

Sahara licks and  
Licks and licks her bowl across  
The kitchen floor

## **Ice Storm**

February 14,2014  
Starts to snow hard,  
then the rain, the pouring rain,  
freezing rain covering  
everything icicles hang  
from the trees and roofs  
of houses, then the trees  
start falling, falling with  
a loud CRACK! Spending the  
night downstairs, collecting  
falling icicles outside, then it  
melts, streams forming in a snap,  
then it's gone, all gone.

# THE HURRICANE

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**C**rash! Boom! I'm jolted awake. Crrreeeaakkk! Crackle! Crackle!  
It starts raining insulation. I run for my life through a storm of  
insulation as the roof falls in on itself.

A few days earlier, I was driving to work when I saw a "poor" person on the side of the road begging for money. He came to me and said, "Please anything! I don't have a job-". I shoved him over before he could finish. I started yelling, "Liar! You don't need a job, you already have one!" I shoved him again as he tried to get up. "Nope, you're staying there! Don't you dare get up!" As I zoomed away I told myself, "Liar! He doesn't need any help! He makes us pay for new additions to his mansion while most of us live in cheap houses on the poor side of town!"

When I came home from work, I made a beeline to the couch and sat down. I turned the TV on and flipped through the channels until I got to The Weather Channel (LLC). The person on the TV starts talking, "The Tropical Atlantic is surprisingly quiet for this time of year. Usually the A name is used in late June to early July, but it's already August and there hasn't been one named storm yet this Hurricane Season. This is definitely a below average season." I shut off the TV, went upstairs to my room and I got in bed.

As I got up the following morning, I realized that the sky looked different.

Instead of a rich blue, cloudless sky I was used to seeing, dark and angry clouds were covering the view of the horizon.

A couple of hours later, as I drove home from work, I noticed that the dark clouds I had seen that morning were almost directly overhead. I also noticed that the wind had picked up quite a bit. When I arrived at my house, it started to rain. By the time I got to bed, it was already pouring. I fell asleep.

Crash! Boom! Crrrrreeeeeeeeakkkkk!  
Crackle! Crackle! It starts to rain insulation. I wake up, scramble out of bed, run down the stairs and race into the bathroom before you could count to ten. Crack! Cracks start forming on the ceiling. CRRRAAACK! BOOM! Just then, the roof gave way and crashed to the ground, only to be picked up by the savage wind and flung straight at the neighbor's house like a missile honing in on its target. Crash! Boom! Crrreeakk! The walls start falling one by one. Boom! Crash! The windows crack and shatter into a million pieces. Plink! Plink! Plink! Plink! The wind howls like a pack of ferocious wolves howling at the moon.

Suddenly, everything stops. The sun comes out and the sky is mostly clear. I hear a couple HALLELUJAHs and THANK GODs

from the neighbors. And then as suddenly as the sun appears, it disappears. Boom! What seemed to be the end of the storm was only the eye. It starts to rain in sheets. Trees are ripped out of the ground by the furious wind. Dirt starts flying in all directions and then it starts to rain mud. Splat! Spat! Soon everything I can see is covered with a deep layer of slimy mud. Splash!

A few hours later, I hear a sound above my head that sounds like this: Th-th-th-th-th-th-th. "What's that?" I ask myself. I look to where the sound is coming from and HALLELUJAH! It's a helicopter! Soon, I am in the helicopter and we are on our way to the nearest shelter. After what seemed to be an hour long helicopter ride, we finally arrive at the shelter. It's packed with so many people that they're squeezed together like sardines in a can. I squeeze and shove my way through a thick barrier of people until I arrive at the only spot clear of people. Outside, the wind has died down a whole lot, but what's left of what was a tree is still shaking around hanging on with only a thread. The rain hasn't really slowed down a bit since I left the house an hour and a half ago. Or was it two hours? I don't really know. I sit myself down on the freezing concrete floor, and I wait. I sit there for a long time, thinking of what I've been through so far in this massive, never-ending storm. I must have fallen asleep while looking around the shelter, because now it's dark outside and everyone is fast asleep, sleeping on the floor, on chairs, and

a couple people are even sleeping on the table! I can hardly hear the rain pouring down over the noise of all the snoring people!

The next morning, I wake because of all the shouts of excitement. I get up wondering what all the commotion is about and there it is, something I have been waiting for for so long. THE SUN! Everyone is crowding around the door, overjoyed and grateful that the storm has passed. A few minutes later, food and water are brought in, and almost as soon as they are brought in, they are gobbled up by the hungry people and are gone in a few minutes. The light flicker on and off for a few seconds before they turn on completely, bringing more light and, even more shouts of joy and thanks into the shelter. The helicopter returns with so many people that they had to put up canopies outside to hold all the people!

When I look around inside the canopies, I ask a boy there, "Who are these people?"

"They are the homeless." the boy replies.

"So they're the homeless." I tell myself. Just as I said this, a man walks up to me and introduces himself. After I do the same, he asks me, "Do you remember me? I remember you."

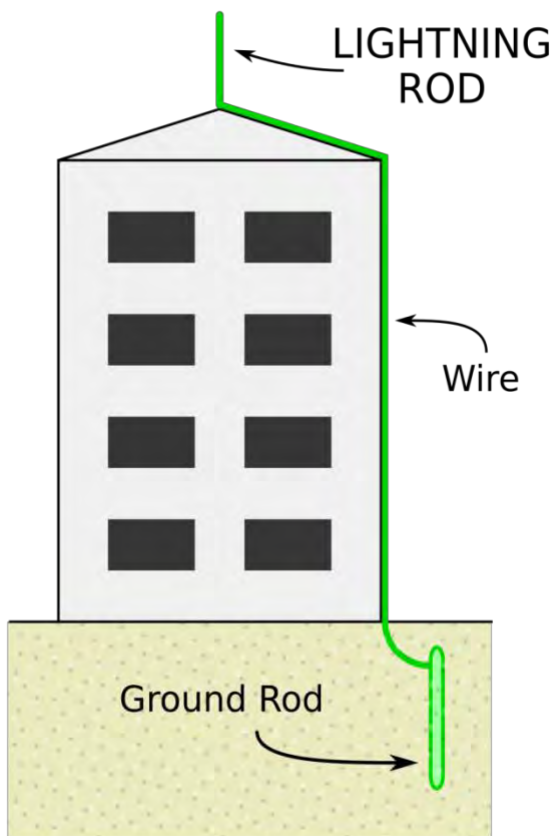
"No." I respond.

“Weren’t you the guy who pushed me over at the intersection?”

“So you were that guy.”

“Yep, that was me.”

“I’m really sorry about what I did that day. Back then, I thought you were one of those people who fake being homeless but really aren’t I’m really, really sorry.” I gave him a big hug.



## **PROTECT YOUR HOUSE THE NEXT TIME LIGHTNING STRIKES!**

### **Did You Know That:**

- Lightning strikes the earth more than 8 million times per day.
- Lightning strikes the continental US 90,000,000 times per year.
- Lightning causes an estimated \$5 billion in property damage per year in the US.

Don't let you and your family be the next victim to a house fire when lightning strikes! Don't wait! Call us today at 412-111-2222! Or visit our website: [www.franklinlightningrod.com](http://www.franklinlightningrod.com)