

The storm

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It was a normal mid August afternoon, and as I plodded along the ordinary, yet somewhat apprehensive North Close, I knew something was wrong. My insides started to become tight, and my stomach rolled around and around, as if it was doing somersaults. I cautiously turned around. Nothing. My insides were getting tighter, and a sharp pain, as if someone had thrust a blunt dagger into my side, started. I fell to the floor, almost knocked unconscious by the ever increasing pain.

Salty tears rolled down my face, as I struggled and fought my way to my feet. Suddenly, the sharp stabbing pains had vanished. Nothing. Again, I turned round, this time not knowing what, if anything, was behind me. Again, nothing. I stared at the August sky, and soon realised that something wasn't right. Those clouds, those big black malicious looking clouds, growing larger and larger, spreading left and right, covering every millimetre of the cobalt blue sky. They were unlike normal clouds.

They were a rich black colour, like the colour of soot, and seemed almost human-like. My stomach churned again, and the pain returned, this time, stronger and more painful than before. I staggered home, tears flowing down my cheeks, and splashing onto the hard, rocky pavement. I could see my ouse in the distance. Coloured hay yellow and on the corner of Colorado Close and Main Street, it was extremely distinctive, and couldn't be mistaken, although one really annoying and bothersome drunk continuously argues that it is a pub.

I stopped, just short of the pelican crossing, and listened. The noticeable rumble of thunder filled the sky, and a large crack of lightning blasted

through the air. A long pause, so long in fact, that it felt like an eternity.

Nothing, not even the minute sound of a travelling car, or the scurrying of a terrified cat, just an unearthly silence. I continued to teeter and totter home, the pain becoming