

The Calm After The Storm

2:49. The clock beside my bed reflected dim red light onto my face. Wind. All I could hear was the wind howling in between the houses. Frantic footsteps outside my bedroom told me it was time to go.

“Ruth, come on.”

“Daddy why do we have to go? I like our house, it's gonna' be all lonely when we leave.”

“Ruth, the storms are getting worse. We need to go with everybody else if we want to survive.”

“But Dad-”

“No buts Ruth, we're going.”

I was going to tell him that I left my stuffed dog Rover on my bed, but I never got the chance.

We ran out of the house and Dad held me close so I didn't blow away. Everyone in our neighborhood got onto big shuttle busses and we left.

“Here sweetie. Drink this.” A man handed me a cup full of orange liquid. I took a sip and tasted the citrus on my tongue. Then I fell asleep.

I woke up in a bed that wasn't mine, with unknown needles in my arm.

“Good morning cutie, you okay? You've been asleep for three whole days.” the woman wore a white suit. I didn't recognize her.

“Where's my Daddy?”

“He's still sleeping. Welcome home.”

“Home?” she walked away, and I looked out the window. Dark and sandy, but no wind, no fire, and no flooding.

“Ma'am, where are we?”

“The moon. Don’t worry, we’re safe now.”