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A Stormy Situation

Tessa Shae Page



I learned at an early age storms should not be taken lightly. It was a beautiful June day in Orlando, Florida. I was twelve years old. My family and I were on a trip to Disneyland. It was my dad, my mom, my three little brothers, my baby sister, and me.

From the moment we walked through the front gate, I was put in charge of my little brother Cody. As we entered the grand amusement park, the smell of popcorn and candy were almost overbearing. The laughter of children was inviting, and the atmosphere was warm and invigorating. Cody had on a leash so I thought to myself, "Cool, he can be my puppy." We were having an amazing time. We danced with Pinocchio, went to MGM studios, and rode a few rides, some of which had nauseating side effects. While we were standing in line to ride the tea cups, it started to rain. It was at that moment the whole blissful situation turned to turmoil and confusion.

My dad's voice bellowed through the crowd, "Shae, be sure and hang on to Cody." "Alright," I screeched above the maddening crowd.

The rain still belting down on us began to fall even harder. Then, out of nowhere, a crash of lightning struck and dismantled the massive trams above our heads. The already anxious crowd was like a brutal herd of elephants frantically fighting to escape from a cage. Cody and I were shoved apart by these maniacs of all shapes and sizes. I yanked Cody's leash, only to have it flung back at me. My nightmare had begun. My brother was gone. I screamed, but felt drowned out by the abundance of noise and chaos that surrounded me. It was like being in a house of horror. I couldn't see my family anywhere. I frantically searched by crawling around on my hands and knees, scanning the ground all around me and yelling, "Cody, please answer me!" The people were running for their lives, not paying attention to the lost souls around them.

Finally, just as I had given up hope, I saw a little ball of clothing nestled tightly beside the decorative trashcan. It was Cody. I stood up and shoved my way through the frantic crowd of people. With lightning still streaking the night sky and rain beating down on me, I reached my frightened, helpless little brother. I yanked him up and hugged him tightly as I shoved through mobs of idiots, screaming for my dad. I yelled angrily at everyone I passed for trampling on my brother. When we finally reached the gates, there stood my dad with a look of despair. He had been patiently praying we would find our way. I threw Cody at him and said, "I am way too young to be responsible for a five year-old, Dad. We could have been killed." I told him what we had just gotten through and how careless people can be. I never will forget what he said to me.

"I knew I could trust you to keep him safe."

"I guess so," I said, a little confused. Then we walked two miles to our van because the lightning had shut down all transportation. I left there with a sense of pride, knowing my dad trusted me. I was also very thankful for my family and very aware that things like the weather could turn a blissful day into a twisted nightmare.