

The wind is wishing side to side
as the hurricane rolls in.

My papa yells, *Get down, get down!*

I get into the basement without a sound.

It is quiet there as I wish for the storm
to stop screaming its dreadful sound.

It seems like hours.

I wait in the darkening light.

Then the storm stops screaming
and the wind stops whistling.

I walk upstairs to the sound of my cat's
meow meow meow.

I call, *Beau, come here!*

He runs to me like a bolt.

I pet him as I sit

down, down, down.