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Wrath of the Sea

Michael Bern

Gusts of wind provoked the battered tree to release its grasp on its few remaining limbs. Branches tumbled wildly to the ground, joining their brothers in a two-hundred mile-an-hour hell. Unable to cling to the ground, a branch careened into a nearby window, shattering its pane of glass.

Inside what was left of the house, Tommy shrieked as the piercing crash of glass splinters accompanied by a mass influx of pressure caused his ears to throb. Before, at least his house had protected him. But suddenly, everything was not all right. In a crazed panic, his father Glenn shouted something, but it was lost to the howling wind. There was but one last haven in the remnants of the crippled house. . . Tommy stood up with the rest of his terror-stricken family.

As they staggered forth against the onslaught of wind and water, Tommy remembered how proud and grand he had felt when his team had captured a Little League title just hours ago. He had been a great asset to his team this day, scoring twice in a pivotal section of the game, thus securing the game. At the time, he thought nothing could have brought him down. He had been wrong. Silently, Tommy cursed at the horror that the ocean god had sent upon them.

The house groaned as they toiled to pry the garage door open. Finally, after what was really seconds but seemed like an eternity, Tommy's family got the door open and raced into the garage, pausing only to slam the door shut. They huddled together quietly as their house crumbled under the wrath of the sea.

Hours later, when Tommy finally uncurled himself

from his mother's arms, father, wife, and son emerged from their garage into the twisted pile of wreckage that had once been their kitchen. Tommy turned around in time to catch the sorry sight of a man's limp body being pulled out from under a mountain of wood and metal, his dog mournfully licking his master's arm for the last time. Little terror-stricken Tommy stared at heaven and silently screamed, "Why?" But the sky just stared back into his eyes. When he had controlled the destiny of his baseball team, he thought he had felt power. Now he knew his power was as insignificant to nature as that of an ant was to his. His head hung low as did his spirits. Nothing would ever be the same.