

In hindsight I wished my wish had not been granted.

The thunder shook my bed as I counted away the flash of the lightning. Actually, if I had been wearing boots, I would have been shivering in them. It wasn't the loud clapping of the clouds that shook me, quivering underneath the quilts piled on top of my nightie-clad body. It was the lightning, the electrical storm that was slowly passing over our humble abode. Yes, it was the entire area that was receiving the applause or the was it the charge of Thunder following the light show. However, I felt alone as if I was the only one fighting off the attack.

"That was close," I said out loud hoping that my husband was awake and would save me from any future disaster in this dark of night clash between the elements.

"Yup", came his drowsy mumble.

As he turned over, I counted "one one-hundred, two, one-hundred up to five, one-hundreds between the lightning bolt and the thunder clap. "Still safe," I told myself as I burled deeper in bed covering my head with a blue and white quilt.

And then it hit. No more would I wish for the cleansing of a good Thunder Storm. The lightning and the thunder clap one on top of the other, almost ending the struggle for the win. That's when my husband said, in a not so drowsy mumble. "That was close!" He too had been counting. We didn't even count out the one-one hundred.

Then the rains fell, slowing the quickening heartbeat and soothing the shaking legs. The storm still played on into the night though. However, the one-one hundreds measured in the distance. "Good," I had thought. "Let someone else take over the watch tower and do the counting."

Somewhere the lightning must have hit and scorched a pattern nearby us. However, we did not discover any markings of a clash of the gods in field nor in the park near us. The trees stood tall and undaunted like soldiers in battle ready to be on guard another night. The goddess of lightning did make her presence know that night, though. Thunder may have won the duel; he always has the last word. Our storm lasted four hours but then pushed on-ward and up-ward.

We both fell asleep counting the distance between flashes and rumbles. I awoke late morning feeling as though I had been a referee.

Sometimes wishes are granted. In hindsight I wish that I did not “wish upon a star” because Clouds seem to beat Stars in the game of Mother Nature.

Lana Russ