



hurricane this powerful. But I think that if this thing hits land, it will spell disaster. Millions of lives will be lost. Hundreds of billions of dollars worth of property will be destroyed. Large areas will be waterlogged. Getting life back to normal would be next to impossible.”

Just then they heard the window panes behind Suzanne’s desk rattle violently. They turned to look through the glass, pushing aside the soft curtains. The sunny morning of a short while ago had been replaced by a dark gloom. The trees in the garden downstairs were shaking violently in the strong wind and a few CIA staff, their clothes and hair flying wildly, walked with visible difficulty along the road. Even through

the double glazing, the menacing sound of the wind was audible.

“Well,” said Suzanne, “this proves that the hurricane is not a bad dream. It’s a reality.”

Michael sighed and nodded.

“God!” pleaded Suzanne. She put her palms together and prayed silently.

Suzanne was Michael’s girlfriend. He put his arm around her and tried to comfort her. “Relax, have faith.” But deep inside, he felt the tension too.

She looked up into his face and nodded. “Thanks.”

They walked back to the couch with their arms around each other and sat down, watching the news.

“...a meeting is on between the administrative officials of Washington D.C. They are chalking out a plan for the evacuation of people and for rescue and relief. We’ve been told that though there is already a plan for disaster relief, it is now considered to be inadequate, given the size of the hurricane approaching the city...”

“I think we should start preparing to leave the city,” said Suzanne.

Michael nodded thoughtfully. After a moment he looked at her and said, “But

let's wait till we get a directive from the city administration."

She smiled briefly. "All right, Michael."

They continued watching the news. After a while, the news reporter excitedly said, "I've just received a message from the weather guys that says that the hurricane has changed course and is now heading north! That means that Washington D.C. is now safe from the hurricane!"

"Wow!" exclaimed Michael. He then turned to Suzanne and exclaimed, "It has changed course! It's not coming at us anymore!"

Suzanne laughed and hugged Michael, tears of joy in her eyes. “Oh, that’s great! I’m so relieved!”

He took her in his strong embrace. “So am I!”

She looked into his eyes and said, “Michael, this calls for a small celebration.”

“Of course, it does.” He moved closer to her and kissed her passionately on the lips. After a long moment, he asked, “Liked the celebration?”

She made a face and shook her head. “Too brief, I’d say.”

“Oh! Was it? Okay...” He moved in to