

Random Page #5

The rain is coming down like it is trying to get away from the sky at the fastest speed possible. I remember reading a long time ago about something called 'terminal velocity'. That something falling could only go so fast with just gravity pulling. That to go faster meant you had to use some kind of propulsion or something.

I think each one of these rain drops has a jet pack on its back. I've never felt such painful drops before. And if I could get out of this rain, I certainly would. But right now, staying out here is the only thing keeping me alive.

Even through this torrential downpour I can hear them in there. Cutting through the screams of my friends like butter. It's been going on for a while now. I thought the number of my friends in there would have been smaller.

Would have heard less screams by now. But, they keep coming.

I told them to follow me, when I heard the crash from the basement. They just stood there in utter confusion, listening like they didn't know what was coming. I did. I knew.

Even as I was pulling my foot through the window, I called back to them, saying to hurry and follow me. They had already started to cry by then. Seemingly resigned to their fate. I wasn't.

I'd scoped out this path to the roof and chimney the day before. You never know, it might come in handy, I told myself.

It came in handy. Here I am in rain that is hitting harder than hail, huddled next to a brick chimney. Listening to my friends die.

Kinda could go for some thunder right now. Anything so I don't have to hear it.

Another scream.

"Jake! Jake, come here and help me! Jake, come here an-"

That is my friend Bethany. No, that was my friend Bethany. She must have remembered I went out the window. She should have followed.

I told them to follow.

They didn't.

Another one. Really, really would like some thunder.