

destroyed so much. By morning, the Tri-State Tornado was news all over the world.

For the rest of his long life, Adrian Dillon would try not to think about those terrible moments when he and Leonard and Ruie stood alone on their ruined farm. He would try to forget the sight of his shattered town.

But he would always cherish the memory of what came next: of seeing his mother walking toward them, clutching the hands of Faye and Wendell. The three had been carried away with their house, but dropped into a field without a scratch.

Not long after, a voice rang out: his father's. He had been inside a store when the tornado hit. He, too, had been lifted into the sky and then tumbled into a field. His leg was injured, but he managed to run back to the farm to find his family.

They huddled together in amazement and relief. The Tri-State Tornado had taken away everything they owned—their house, their barn, all of their possessions. Adrian had lost his prized marbles collection.

But the Dillons still had what was most precious, and all that mattered: one another.