

to discover their house was in ruins. Rain was pouring through missing chunks of roof. Walls had collapsed. Furniture was smashed.

But it wasn't the house they were thinking about. It was Ethan, Wyatt, Frank, and Sara. Peering into their wrecked neighborhood, there was no sign of Ethan and the others. They were still somewhere outside, in the evil swirling darkness.

TORN TO PIECES

Around the same time, the Piotrowskis were still driving in their truck, trying to steer clear of the tornado. It was terrifyingly close, and moving at highway speed: 60 miles per hour. The road had become an obstacle course of fallen telephone poles, sizzling wires, and pieces of rooftops and other debris. Deadly chunks of wreckage flew through the air like bombs being dropped from the sky.

Jeff struggled to keep the tornado in sight as he drove. It was to the left of them, moving in the opposite direction from the truck. But at any moment it could change direction and swerve into their path. Both Jeff and Kathryn fought panic. They knew they were in grave danger. If the tornado made a sudden turn, they could be sucked into its jaws, or crushed by debris.

But, luckily, the tornado stayed on its path, and soon the Piotrowskis had driven clear of its winds. They were out of danger.

But their relief soon turned to horror as they drove into a neighborhood that had suffered a direct hit. What had once been a road of tidy houses was now a sea of wreckage. Houses had been shredded, cars smashed. Never in Jeff's decades of storm chasing had he seen such utter destruction. All across the city, the scene was the same.