

## TYPHOON

One morning I woke up in a cold sweat. Blood rushing through my veins, heart rate through the roof. Looking around in the darkness, I caught the scene outside the window. Outside of the ship, wind rustles through foliage, kicking rocks and rumble around on the bright orange dirt. I gasped, and could barely breathe when I saw a typhoon heading straight for the ship.

I immediately jumped out of bed to switch on the lights, but the small square button did nothing when I pressed it. The power was out, but I still ran out of the room to alert everyone on board. I woke up Elliot, and Grace on my way to the control room.

“What's happening?!” Grace said in a panic. Worry was plastered onto her face as she got up from her bed.

“I'm not entirely sure, but you need to get Jules up too!” Jules's room was on the other side of the ship, and I couldn't get there in time and get to the control room. Elliot followed behind me as I sprinted toward the doorway.

“Jules isn't here, Mia!” I froze, why would Jules not be in her room? I motioned for Ell to take the wheel, and I ran across the ship to meet Grace where she yelled from.

“What do you mean she is not here?!” I felt ill just saying it, I needed to find Jules.

“I don't know! She's not in her room!” Grace spoke loud, trying to overcome the wind rustling against the metal surface of the ship.

“I'm going to find her. Go up front and help Ell.” She looked scared as I zipped up my coat, and pulled my hat over my short black hair.

“You can't go out there alone though, it's extremely dangerous. And a storm is coming our way.” I ignored her thoughtfulness, but I needed to find Jules.

Closing the door behind me was tough, the wind was blowing straight at me as I looked dead into the eye of the storm. Purple and red clouds crowded together above, leaving a dark shadow over the landscape. I didn't dare looking back at the ship, instead I pressed forward.

After struggling in the freezing cold storm, lightning raining from the sky, I found footprints. I experienced a burst of hysteria seeing them, I crouched closer to the tracks. The wind was whipping around me, blowing away the prints as I tried to examine them.

“No, no, no!” By the time I finished yelling at the ground, the prints had completely disappeared. I punched the air with my fists, but persisted. I walked against the gusts, squinting my eyes to see through the fog of the storm. I didn't know whether I was going the right way or not, because of the endless scene of hills and rocks in front of me.

I had no idea how much time had passed, but at some point, I saw a shadow crouching close to the sandy-dirt. I raised my eyebrows, and put out my hands.

“JULES?” I yelled, moving closer to her. The figure stood up but braced against the wind.

“MIA!” She threw her arms up and raced towards me, I sighed in relief as she came closer. We met, and she squeezed my hands as she started to speak, though I could barely hear her over the typhoon coming our way.

“Mia, we need to get on the ship!” She looked worried but happy at the same time, and I couldn’t help but wonder what she was doing outside. I questioned it, though we both started to run toward the blurry ship on the horizon.

The storm was worsening by the minute, clouds rumbling, and showering otherworldly lightning onto us, as watery substances dropped onto our shoulders. The sky was now completely a red-ish purple tone, which frightened me.

When we finally reached the ship, Grace was waiting by the open door. “GUYS! Are you two okay?!” A hand was cupped around her mouth, while her other held the entry hatch open.

“Yeah, we're okay Grace.” Jules said, visibly satisfied.

“Anyways, enough of this. We have to get out of here, the storm is heading straight toward us!” We all sprinted down the hallway to meet Ell in the control room. They started the engine up, and we flew off the violent planet escaping into space just before the typhoon hit our previous landing spot. Everyone was relieved as we exited the atmosphere.