

What's Happening?

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As soon as I stepped through the door I knew something wrong. In a hurry, I'd grabbed my car keys, purse, list, needed to get to the store, buy food, return, prepare everything, set up the house and be ready in two hours when he arrived. Pulling the door behind me engaged the lock. Committed, I felt odd. *What am I missing?*

Blinded by the bright sun, I remembered my sunglasses were in the car. Everything looked like old movies when they used halo-lights around the stars, blurry, out of focus. Strangely, I felt little of the ninety-degree warmth surrounding me. A crisp gust of wind startled me and I gasped in acknowledgement.

Urgency crept along my spine, sent adrenaline through me, and goose bumps surged across my skin. *I must hurry, I thought, get to the car.*

Taking that first step, my foot felt sluggish and heavy. It re-enforced my building anxiety. I leaned into the increasing wind, and clutched my purse, its strap slung over my shoulder, as if that would support me from falling down. I checked skyward and saw no threatening storm clouds.

The wind didn't loosen its grip on me. It swirled around my body, and whipped cold fingers at my back as it passed. My legs flexed harder to push through it. *I must get to the car.*

Repeated pressing on the unlock button of my key chain verified my growing panic. I should have been sweating under these efforts, but the wind sucked up every drop of liquid as soon as it escaped my body.

Each step more arduous than the last, I looked desperately at the car hoping my eyes would grab something and help pull me forward. There it was, ten feet away. *Help me! This isn't real, or I've gone crazy.*

Now five feet left, each completed step a reward for getting closer. Adrenaline, at full blast, coursed through my body, drove me forward. Each gasp of air felt blown into my lungs. I felt they'd burst at any moment and I'd be blown into the heavens.

A foot left. I peered down at the door lock and saw it was up, unlocked, waiting. My strength faded, I wondered if I could get it open. *For heaven's sake, what is going on here?* I gripped the handle, pressed hard on the release button, and jerked the door with all my strength.

It swung wide with a **whoosh**. Startled, I let go, my arm flew over my head and I jumped behind the steering wheel. I slammed the door shut and looked through the car's front window, the side window then the rear-view mirror. The roaring wind stopped, it was silent and the car ceased jiggling, leaves swayed in a gentle, warm breeze. I looked down and realized what my mind was telling me, the cold air jolting me, wind making forward movements lethargic. It was trying to push me back into the house.

Egads! I forgot to dress.