

Text Adventure

by C. D. Peck

Twenty-two tornadoes tore through Toronto, spiraling steel and stone to the streets where she stood, texting her best friend.

OMG, Cheri texted. Tapping the virtual keys on her cell phone while debris rained around her, Cheri glanced up momentarily to see an airborne Buick LeSabre soar across the sky, narrowly avoid a nearby Starbucks, and crash into another Starbucks further up the block.

Theirs liek 22 tornados, she texted.

LOL wut? her friend replied.

Srsly, Cheri responded.

The sky darkened, shadowing the street corner. In the gloom, her face illuminated by the 320x480 liquid crystal display, Cheri quickly managed to update her Facebook status with: "is in tornadoe storm like in wizard of oz lol"

A pedestrian bumped into her as he ran, screaming, looking for shelter. Cheri nearly dropped her phone, shot the old man a dirty look, and then watched as a street sign snapped in two, sliced through the wind, and severed the man's head from his shoulders. Blood pooled on the sidewalk.

She checked her cell phone.

WTF? her friend had texted back. Pics or it didn't happen.

Cheri sighed and switched her phone to camera mode. She held it up, struggling to get one of the tornadoes into frame, but it was too close and it kept moving. It just looked like a big, swirly mess. As it engulfed her, plucking her from the ground and sucking her up, she managed to snap off a photo and send it to her Twitter.

Moments later, the phone plummeted thirty stories to the street below, shattering on impact. Tiny bits of glass, plastic and aluminum flew in every direction.

Miles away, Cheri's friend checked her Twitter feed. She tweeted, @Cheriberi89 K u win lol. U shld probly get out of there.

