

I love violent weather. I love the storm. It is what I grew up with. I would watch the lightning, under shelter by the door, or outside in a small pocket of protection. I would go outside and wander barefoot. I would step down the street, the water rushing past my feet, feeling contact with nature. Afterwards, I would come home, and feel the water of a hot shower on my back. I always felt my world was a violent storm, and seeing a real one made me feel cosmically at home. This was the world I was adapted to. Other people would go inside, and I would be protected by the violence of the storm. This was my element. People would hurt me, but not the storm.