

Isabelle Mayes

Here Comes the Tide

They say rain on your wedding day is good luck. So, as I looked out my bedroom window, I admired the dreary drizzle coming down from the cloudy sky on that early morning in September. I would not let Mother Nature's gift bring me down on my special day. The wedding was a beach venue with sandy feet and floral arches, surrounded by the tranquility of the clear blue waters of Florida. I, of course, kicked my husband-to-be out of the apartment the night before because we couldn't chance any superstition on our wedding day unless it was a good one. I believed that if he saw me before we arrived at the ceremony, the whole town would be flooded with the sorrows of our failed marriage. In reality, that assumption wasn't that far off...

As the morning continued, the sky gradually turned darker, but I wasn't too worried. All of the bridesmaids came and brought me coffee, and we all happily started getting ready together for the big day. But, I was getting into my dress, a loud boom of thunder and a colossal strike of lightning struck, and all the power in the entire city went out. This is when the panic started to seep in. I couldn't contact my fiancée. I couldn't watch the weather channel for any updates. Better yet, I couldn't even see my own hand in front of me. Hot tears streamed down my face, smearing all the flawless makeup my maid of honor meticulously applied. As I wiped the tears off my cheek, sirens could be heard in the distance. The city was advised to evacuate as soon as possible for the foreseeable future. I didn't even try to wipe away my tears as they darted down my face now, leaving a salty taste in my mouth. Without even knowing where my husband was or if he was okay, the bridesmaids packed a bag and piled into our cars, desperate to escape what would become the most devastating hurricane in Florida history.