

## SAFE:

*He looks out the window, watching the rain cascade down. He listens to the tap-tap-tap of the rain beating on the window. The clock strikes twelve.*

*Where are you? You don't stay out this late, even after a fight. Dear god, get him home safe.*

*He turns to the television as it announces flood warnings for the nearby area. He turns back to the window once more. Lights flash across the midnight sky and thunder rolls through. He bites the bite his bottom lip, an old habit you love watching. He stares out the window, listens to the tap-tap-tap and the news, and waits.*

*Please be safe.*

~

*You are blaring your car horn. The rain keeps hitting your windshield like it's molesting the hell out of it. The radio is yammering on about floods and you just try to get your windshield wipers to move faster. You pick up your cell - no service: a dead zone.*

*God damn it!*

*The windshields wipers are nothing compared to the howling wind and rain. What a prefect night for a fight, you think. Suddenly you slam your foot onto the break pedal nearly bashing your head on the wheel. You can't*

read the sign so you scramble out of your car instantly soaked and scream out something many people would be appalled by. You get back in your car turning around and heading to a familiar house on the other side of town.

### *Road Closed - Flooding Ahead*

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Lights go out, how wonderful for him. Cursing his way through the house he gets a flashlight and candles from a cabinet in the kitchen. He has to pull out the battery-powered radio you bought only a year ago. He sets it down on the dining room table, turns it on to the local radio station listening closely.

*Why did we have to choose this night of all nights?*

The radio goes on about the main road in town being closed, and many streets cut off as well. He knows unless you got passed the floods sites you won't be making it home tonight.

*Don't die. Please god! Don't let him die...*

Pulling a blanket around himself tighter he goes to the blazing fire he made earlier and sits in front of it, cradling the radio in his arms.

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You couldn't care less if your friends are having a date tonight; half the town had their late night plans ruined already. You park, get out, run to

the door and get soaked while pounding on the door waiting for someone to answer.

*God damn it man I'm your best friend!*

The door opens and two men in robes are standing there. The wind blows their robes around but its not like you haven't seen them before. You motion around you, and then tell them you have nowhere else you can get to. They reluctantly let you in. Your best friend gives you the guest bedroom downstairs and they go back upstairs. You shower and dress in the clothes your other friend gave you and you lie in bed.

*I'm okay man... I'll be home.*

~

When he hears the pounding at the door he thinks it's you. He runs to it and opens it but instead his friend is standing there in a poncho, wind blasting against his body. He says he was on his way home to his family, but with the flooding only place he can reach is here. He lets him in rubbing his face.

He asks if you got home, for he heard about the fight. He says no going back to the fire. His friend pats his back saying your going to be okay. He goes into the kitchen making some hot chocolate from the propane stove you also bought a year ago. You planed to go camping with him during the upcoming summer. His friend takes off his poncho he had in his car and sits in front of the fire, worrying about his family.

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Once the roads finally open back up you get home as soon as possible. You thank your friends who are just glad to have you out of the house, complaining 24/7 about your boyfriend got on their nerves fast.

You park and get out going inside. You find his friend fast asleep on the couch. You go into the kitchen where you find him over the counter frying eggs at the propane stove. Power wouldn't be on for god knows how long. You walk up behind him putting your arms around his waist and your face into his back. He slightly jumps but sighs.

"I'm glad your okay."

"I'm glad your okay. See Joey spent the night."

"Yeah, couldn't get home to Kelly and the baby."

"I stayed with Chris and Jc, who weren't too please this morning."

"Why?"

"Kept worrying about you."

"I worried about you, couldn't sleep all night." He turns around showing the bags under his eyes. You sigh.

"I'm sorry about the fight. I shouldn't have said that crap."

*“I shouldn’t have said my crap either.”*

*“I love you Lance. I think its time for us to relocate to a better town with no flooding.”*

*“I think your right baby. I love you Justin.” They hold each other tightly, kissing each other good and hard.*

*Safe at last...*

**THE END!**