

A Conchous Decision



When Sally held a conch shell up to her ear, she claimed she could sometimes hear the ocean. Her friends pooh-poohed the notion and made fun of her, saying it looked like her ear transplant operation had gone terribly wrong (ha), or that she was seeking a higher form of conch-ousness (ha ha). Well, it *was* hard to believe because Sally lived two miles from the Georgia coast. But early on the morning of July 9, she woke to the sound of pounding surf in her ears. Instinctively, she leapt out of bed, packed an overnight bag, brushed and flossed her teeth, dashed out the door without bothering to lock it (well, what on earth *for?!),* jumped in her car and hightailed it for higher ground. Good thing, too, for less than a minute later, a fifty-five-foot wall of water – later known as the Savannah Tsunami – devastated the northern Georgia coastline, inundating the land for more than two miles inland. *Now* who's laughing? (Note: It isn't Sally, because somehow in all the excitement the conch shells became permanently affixed to her ears. These days, she can't hear anything *but* the ocean.)