

# Eye of the Hurricane



Bob was a storm chaser, one of those daring adventurers who seek out extreme weather, such as tornadoes or typhoons. Problem was, he lived in San Diego, where the weather was rarely extreme. The worst storm he'd ever experienced was a spring rain back in 2002, which was awful only because he'd left his car windows open. So when he was in Miami last October and heard that Hurricane Al was heading his way, he was ecstatic. The storm had gathered strength as it crossed the warm Caribbean waters, so by the time it clipped the Bahamas and bore down on southeast Florida, it had grown into a powerful Class 5 storm. Bob knew that the best place to observe a hurricane was in its eye, a circular area of unsettling calm at the storm's center. To get there, of course, you first had to withstand the ferocity of the spiraling outer winds. Bob did so by encasing himself in the Acme G-1 Storm Booth™, which he'd anchored to the South Miami Pier. To be sure, it was a bumpy ride when the eyewall's ring of violent thunderstorms passed overhead, nearly tearing the G-1 asunder. Then the winds abruptly abated, the sky cleared, and an eerie calm settled over Miami. Bob unlatched the G-1's door and stepped out. The first thing he noticed was that the barometric pressure was way low – probably down in the range that only dogs could hear. But the creepiest moment occurred when he looked up into the eye ... and it blinked! Then the eye glared at Bob, which so unnerved him that he forgot how to open the Storm Booth. Ten minutes later he was *still* trying to jimmy the door when the other side of the eyewall arrived, flattening the pier and the G-1 – everything, that is, except, miraculously, for Bob. He took his escape from certain death as a sign and immediately gave up storm chasing to instead focus on the much less extreme career of optometry.