

Dodge and the Tornado

Chapter 1

Dodge tilted his head to the wind and sniffed the air. It smelt dry and dusty like it always did just before it rained. He listened. A strange roar rumbled in the distance, like a heavy train thundering down the track. He tilted his head again, trying to get a better view but the buildings were in his way. He looked along the street towards the park, then back towards the underpass where he had sheltered for the night. Strange, he thought. No humans. That was never a good sign.



The roar was getting louder. He scampered up the hill to get a better view. Raising his front paws against an old bin, Dodge stared over the buildings towards the vast plains of the American Midwest. There, in the near-distance, tearing up everything in its path and reaching high into the sky like a giant spinning-top, was a raging mass of swirling wind. He'd seen something like this before - the humans called them tornadoes - but this one was the biggest yet, and it was headed straight for the town. Dodge made a little whimpering noise and sprinted towards the underpass.

The wind was getting stronger. Leaves, rubbish and old plastic bags danced in circles in the air as Dodge darted between them. Trees bent unnaturally on the street-side and tiles torn from roofs landed like missiles on the road. Dodge focused on the underpass. It was a strong-looking bridge made to carry heavy lorries. If he could make it there, he would be safe. The roar of the tornado was louder than ever now; the sound of ripping metal adding to the deafening noise as the wind whipped at his fur. He weaved through a mist of dust and rubble and with a huge leap dived into the underpass. He nuzzled under his blanket, clenching it with his teeth. With his eyes tightly shut and with the tornado raging around him, he wondered where Banjo was.

