

windy

a short story

“Hold on to your umbrella,” Evie suggested.

I squinted into the wind and reached toward the top to try to close it. “Whose idea was it to bring this, anyways?”

“Your mom’s,” Evie informed me.

I grunted as I tried in vain to force it closed. “Well, the forecast said *nothing* about rain, just *wind*! And now it’s so windy that I *can’t close it*! Which is making it INFINITELY HARDER to walk! You’ve still got the groceries, right?”

“Yes,” Evie said. “Barely, but yes.”

I pressed harder into the wind, which had started to pick up. “I literally *can’t walk*,” I protested. “The wind is too strong!”

“We need to find shelter!” Evie declared dramatically.

“Why do you think we’re walking back to my house?” I snapped.

“All right, I see your point.” She took another step forward and almost toppled over backward. “Whoooooaa, Mia, LOOK AT THIS.”

I turned to look at her. She was leaning forward into the wind, but at a frightening angle. The wind was so strong that it was holding her up as she tilted forward, almost forty-five degrees to the ground.

“Creepy,” I noted. “Also, *insanely cool*. I’ll bet with this type of wind I could—”

And then I felt my feet leave the ground.

Evie screeched and grabbed onto me. The wind suddenly came faster and harder, creating a weird eddy around us that swirled upward and caught my umbrella, pulling us both higher into the air.

“THIS IS NOT HAPPENING,” Evie screamed.

“Hey, you know what’s ironic,” I said, trying to calm her down. “Before I lifted off, I was going to say, I’ll bet with this type of wind I could use my umbrella as a paraglider. Isn’t that felicitous?”

“I DON’T EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS,” she yelled.

“It’s like, coincidental, but—”

“We’re headed for a tree!” Evie shrieked.

We both screamed and squeezed our eyes shut as the wind hurled us at the tree. I braced myself for the impact, preparing to feel the leaves and then the branches and then surely our umbrella would get tangled and we would stop floating away—

Evie broke my concentration by yelling, “I don’t think I can hold on to the groceries any longer!”

“FORGET THE STUPID GROCERIES!” I said, opening my eyes.

She let go of the bag, and we watched as it got tossed back and forth by the wind before finally splatting on the ground. The milk carton burst and splattered milk everywhere, and the satisfyingness of twelve eggs smashing on the ground is too amazing to even convey with words.

“Is this just me,” Evie yelled over the wind, “or do you ever think about the things that people will remember years from now? Like—” She put on a grandmother accent. “Back in my day, there was a time when the streets of this neighborhood were flooded with milk, because these two hooligans started using an umbrella as a parachute—”

