The Tornado Diaries

20 Jun 2004 – Mom’s inscription…To my Sweet Pea on her tenth birthday, a diary to write down important things in your life, but most importantly, your dreams and aspirations…may they come true. Love, Mom. I turned ten today. I dream about tornados.

4 July 2004 – Eve got married today to Jim. It was in a park under big oak trees. I got to wear a pink bridesmaid dress with my hair pinned up. I looked grown up.

5 July 2004 – I had a tornado dream. It was the wedding, and a tornado came and destroyed everything. We ran into a concrete shelter. All the wedding flowers swirled all over, like it was raining pink. I was scared.

23 Dec 2004 – In my dream, the tornado came and took away all our presents from under the tree. It came in the house from the ceiling, opened the front door, and blew all the packages out.

26 Apr 2005 – Me and my dog Bobo were playing in a field. I saw a tornado and we ran, The next thing I know, we are in my basement. I hug Bobo and a tornado comes out of the ceiling. It laughs at me. When I woke up, Bobo was next to me on the bed. He gave me a kiss on the nose.

29 May 2005 – Anniversary of the tornado. We ate pizza and apple pie, leaving a plate of it on the deck as a sacrifice to the tornado gods. I don’t tell my friends what we do. They will think we are weird. And that we don’t go to church enough. It’s just a game my parents do so I don’t get so scared of storms.

20 Jun 2005 – I turned 11 today. Still have tornado dreams that scare me. I’m getting better about not waking up mom when I have them. I start 6th grade next. It will be a new school with more kids.

25 Aug 2005 – I start middle school tomorrow, and get a locker. I hope I don’t forget the combo. I had a dream last night. I was on the playground at my old school, underneath the jungle gym dome. A tornado came out of the sky above me. I ran. I got between the big green air conditioner and the brick wall. All my stuffed animals were there and I tried to hold them in my arms so they wouldn’t blow away. It was hard, and I cried when my teddy bear blew away.

29 May 2006 – The sacrifice to the tornado gods didn’t work. We had a bad storm. It blew a tree over down the street and cut the power. We had to sleep with the windows open because the AC was out. I dreamt I saw a tornado from my bedroom window. I asked it why it always followed me. It didn’t answer.

20 Jun 2006 – I turned 12 today. 6th grade is over and I get to go to a volleyball camp with friends next week. We will stay overnight at the University of Kansas for one night. I hope I don’t have tornado dreams there.

25 Jun 2006 – Camp was really fun. It was also hard. But my friends and I stayed up late laughing and talking. I was so tired I didn’t dream.

26 Aug 2006 – I start school today and had a dream last night. It chased me. The green ones always chase me. I don’t like them.

10 Feb 2007 – We had a blizzard last night. The wind hit the house really hard and made scary noises. I couldn’t sleep so I laid in bed scared. I thought each gust of wind was a tornado.

29 May 2007 – Sacrificed worked, no storms. No dreams.

20 Jun 2007 – I am officially a teenager today.

30 Jun 2007 – I went to volleyball camp again. This time I paid more attention and did much better. I had a dream there. It was weird. I would serve a ball at a tornado, and it would hit it back at me. We bumped the ball to each other and I even laughed. It was almost like the black tornado was my friend.

8 Sep 2007 – I start in my first volleyball game today. I hope I make my serves. Had a dream. Same one that the tornado chases me and I can’t find a basement. The clouds were an ugly green color. I woke up out of breath from running so much in the dream.

4 Jan 2008 – I dreamt Bobo and I were in the Flint Hills. I threw the ball and it went down a big hill. Bobo ran after it. He came running back up the hill without the ball, barking. The green tornado was chasing him. I knealt down to hug Bobo and yelled at the tornado to go away. It grew a face and laughed. We start classes tomorrow. I’m going to miss Bobo after spending all the days of vacation with him.

29 May 2008 – Mom forgot to make a pie, so we had to go through the McDonalds drive through and get apple pie desserts. Guess it wasn’t good enough, because we had a thunderstorm overnight. I took Bobo and we slept in the basement.

20 Jun 2008 – Turned fourteen today. I get to drive!

25 Aug 2008 – I start high school tomorrow. Volleyball practices started two weeks ago, so I am used to being in the building. Still, I’m nervous.

26 Aug 2008 – Should have known I would have a tornado dream. I’m worried about missing the bus, forgetting my combo, getting lost in the hallways. In my dream, I am in a maze. I hear Bobo barking and I want to get to him. But I am lost. Each time I got to an intersection, the black tornado would block my way and force me to go the opposite. I found Bobo and the tornado hovered like it was watching us. I think it helped me find my path. Weird. Maybe it is a sign that today will go alright.

27 Aug 2008 – Yesterday was awesome. I didn’t get lost, got into my locker ok, didn’t forget my class schedule, and liked all my teachers. First volleyball game is next week, and I will be a starter on the freshman squad!

27 Oct 2008 – Found out I am going to suit up with the varsity team as a server for the state playoff tournament.

29 Oct 2008 – Tournament is today. I had a dream last night. I kept serving the ball into the net. Then on one, it was headed straight toward the middle of the net, when a gust of wind lifted it over. I served again, and the same thing happened. I looked behind me and the black tornado grew a face then smiled at me. I told it to stop. Then I served ten in a row over the net. Now, if I get nervous during a game, all I have to do is remember that, and I should do OK.

30 Oct 2008 – We got second in the tournament, but don’t go to the state tournament. Good news is, I made every serve, even three aces! Wasn’t nervous once.

15 Nov 2008 – Had our post-season volleyball dinner. I lettered!

29 May 2009 – I made the apple pie. Sacrifice made, no storms.

20 Jun 2009 – Fifteen. Now I just need a car.

30 Jun 2009 – Finished a five day volleyball camp. It was so hard. We started at 8, took an hour for lunch, and an hour for dinner, then quit at 9. I slept like a rock, no dreams at all.

30 Aug 2009 – The final roster for the team gets posted today. I really hope I make the varsity team instead of the junior varsity. Not many sophomores do. The black tornado visited me last night. I sat on our deck with Bobo. The tornado hovered to my right. We watched the sun set, full of blazing golden-yellow color before turning a deep red. I was hot, and it blew wind on me to cool off. I hope the dream was a good omen.

30 Aug 2009 – I made varsity!

31 Aug 2009 – Well, that didn’t last long. Maybe I’m nervous about making sure I am going to do well on the team. In my dream I was driving a car, then all of a sudden I am surrounded by green tornados. They block me and I can’t move. The car rocks, and I can’t get out. I just sit there, terrified, unit they decide to stop. I get out of the car and run away, and all the tornados laugh at me.

1 May 2010 – Eve had a son, Trenton Michael. Mom left to spend a few weeks with them to help Eve.

29 May 2010 – We got a supreme pizza instead of pepperoni. Wrong move. I guess the tornado gods don’t like onions and peppers, because we had an awful storm. The county over had a tornado. Lightening struck our neighbor’s brick chimney and some bricks fell to the ground. I heard it, but was already in the basement. Bobo kept me company.

20 Jun 2010 – Sweet sixteen! And I got a car!!!!

9 Dec 2010 – Bobo got sick. The vet said he only has a few months to live. I’m sad.

10 Dec 2010 – In my dream I’m crying, sitting on the steps to the deck. The black tornado nudges me to stand and walk over to a barn. I hear Bobo barking and he looks like he is really young. He leaps up to catch the balls the tornado tosses to him. Bobo and I spend a long time playing and running. Looking back at the dream, I know that even if he dies, he will always be there to play with me in my dreams. I just need to spend all my time with him so he knows how much I love him.

10 Apr 2011 – Bobo died.

20 Apr 2011 – I miss Bobo. Dreamt I was running through the tallgrass prairie hills searching for Bobo. I grew frantic running around. Then a black tornado popped up and forced me to go a bit to my right. Another popped up and made me turn right. Then yet another one appeared after I went a ways and forced me left. This kept happening, the black tornados leading me along a path. At the end of it was the site where we had buried Bobo and put a plaque on the ground to mark the spot. The tornado hovered over it and dropped a tennis ball onto the plaque. Then it reached out a hand and gave me a daisy, and disappeared while the sky cleared to reveal a pretty golden sunrise. I laid the flower on Bobo’s plaque, then woke up. If this is what it feels like to loose someone you love, then I don’t ever want that to happen again.

29 May 2011 – Pizza and pie sacrifice offered, and all is clear.

8 Jun 2011 – Maybe we need to offer the whole pizza instead of a slice. Last night we had some bad thunderstorms. I forced myself to stay up in my room because I need to stop being so scared of storms. I was reading in my bed when I heard a low rumble. The wind howled and the rain hit the window really hard. I felt a shudder within my body and the pressure drop. Then it let up. I went back to reading, the storm moved on, and I fell asleep. Come to find out, a small tornado touched down 5 blocks away, and what I heard was the funnel moving over our house!

9 Jun 2011 – So, I had a dream. In the middle of a pasture sat a run down, old grey-weathered wooden house. Above, the green sky was littered with gyrating funnel clouds, moving all over the sky, dipping down randomly but never touching the ground. I yelled and yelled for Bobo, but he never came to me at the house. I refused to go in without him, and the funnels eventually went away.

20 Jun 2011 – Seventeen and legal to drive ALONE. No restrictions.

13 Aug 2011 – Eve had a girl, Margaret Mary, Meg for short. Mom went there again to help. I think we will go visit during Christmas.

25 Aug 2011 – Starting senior year!

4 Nov 2011 – We made it to the state tournament!

12 Nov 2011 – We didn’t win, but we placed the best in our school’s history. 4th.

28 Dec 2011 – How can I love Eve’s family but hate her? It’s like I have two mothers when she is around. Jim asked me what I was planning on majoring in when I go to college, and I answered meteorology. I said I was still deciding where I wanted to go and what scholarships to apply for. Eve piped up and said if I chose to go to Oklahoma that I could stay with them and consider their place like home. Little does she realize that offer is the biggest reason why I wouldn’t pick OU.

16 Mar 2012 – I have full scholarships in meteorology for both Kansas and Oklahoma. Now I have a big decision.

17 Mar 2012 – I sat on a covered porch in a rocking chair in the middle of a tallgrass prairie. Bobo sat next to me and nudged my hand, flipping it back on top of his head as a demand to pet him. I stroked his long fur while I watched a black tornado dance in the distance. It’s antics amused me. As it came closer, it pushed a wall of sunflowers towards me, their happy yellow petals surrounding giant round seedheads. I heard the call of a Meadowlark. And gazed upon the undulating motion of the tallgrass waving in the wind. The tornado reminded me that I belonged in Kansas. At least right now.

18 Mar 2012 – It’s official, I’m a Jayhawk. Rock Chalk!

29 May 2012 – Offering made, not a cloud in the sky.

20 Jun 2012 – I’m an adult! But I can’t rent a car, nor a hotel room, and can’t drink. All I can do is vote. And die for my country. How is that fair?

20 Aug 2012 – Moved into the scholarship hall. It was tough saying goodbye to mom and dad, but mom crying all the time didn’t help. I’m only 45-minutes away! Well, maybe over an hour. I’m so excited! And kinda scared.

21 Aug 2012 – I don’t think I will be able to sleep in my dorm room for awhile. Just woke up. The dream had green tornados coming out of my room’s ceiling. When I went into the hall, nothing but green tornados. In the stairwell, the green tornado’s wind blew me up the stairs and I could barely pull myself down them by using the railing as leverage. I got into the lobby to go to the basement, and the tornado let out an ominous laugh before all of the windows of the sunroom blew in, slashing some of the students with chards flying through the air. I woke up before I could get to safety. Thank god my roommate is out partying, otherwise I’d have to explain why I screamed. My neighbors probably think I’m having sex. I guess I need to have a conversation with my roomie about the dreams. Classes start tomorrow, need to get back to sleep.

20 Oct 2012 – I can’t believe I have an F at mid-term in biology. Why it’s considered a core course required for graduation is beyond me. I’ve never had anything other than an A. What is wrong with me? Am I going to have to declare something else as a major? I’m not out partying all weekend long like my roommate, so this shouldn’t be happening. What am I going to do?

21 Oct 2012 – The tornado spoke to me tonight. I was sitting at my desk, looking at a book filled with text I couldn’t decipher. The letters were in Greek characters. They began to swirl on the page then coalesced into a grey-black tornado, spinning on the page. It drew my whole body into the book, and I ended up standing next to the tornado in a meadow. It was dawn, no, the moment before dawn when the sky lightens just a bit and the stars disappear. For all his motion beside me, there was no wind, my hair hung limp. Then all of a sudden, a gentle cool movement of air rose from the ground. Wisps of hair flared outwards. The sky turned from indigo to a periwinkle, and the cloud edges grew a soft golden color. Then I heard a voice, not too deep and not too high, but definitely male and most assuredly from the tornado on my right say “You can do anything.” Then I woke up and looked out the window. Dawn was breaking, and the sky turned to a blazing orange then soft pink before the tip of the sun burst onto the horizon.

22 Oct 2012 – I was in the same meadow from the night before, but it was day. I don’t know how to describe it other than I was frolicking with a tornado. I ran, it ran, I leaped, it leaped. I laughed, the grey column answered. I walked through the wildflowers pointing and calling off their Latin names. How I knew them, or if I was right, I don’t remember. But each time I said something, the tornado spoke encouraging words, like, “good job” or “keep going.” I even started naming the trees at the boundary of the meadow and the bits of wildlife I came across. At one point, I stopped and turned to face the tornado. It grew two arms and they captured me by the shoulders. Hovering over me, it said “You are amazing, strong, and determined. I know you can overcome this.” Just then a butterfly flited between us. With a dark body dissecting mirrored wings, each had yellow upper quarter with a darker path turning orange in the center with a darker lower quadrant of a pale solid yellow with a dark orange-brown small dot in the center. The undersides contrasted with a greenish tint. Laughing, the tornado drew the fragile creature into his swirl, and before my eyes, the butterflies multiplied to become a rotating mass of fluttering yellow. Then with a burst, the tornado disappeared, leaving a yellow shroud of beautiful living creatures to softly envelop me.

23 Oct 2012 – Not such a good dream tonight. I walked around with not only a stack of books in my arms, but a backpack full of them, too. I would walk past the bronze Jayhawk statue in front of Strong Hall only to approach it again. I wasn’t circling, just walking a straight line on the sidewalk. It happened over and over again. There were different people in the area of the statue each time, too. After about the sixth time, just past the statue, the color changed. It was autumn, like right now, and the trees wore their fall colors. And that always makes the air around you tinged with a hint of golden orange. And when the sky is really blue, almost a halo of yellow. But the sky turned a dirty green with pulsating clouds above, and the tint turned brown. A green rope tornado gyrated down from the clouds, horizontal, diagonal, then vertical. It blocked my path. I side-stepped it to the left, but it followed, I moved right, and so did it. I stopped, not feeling like playing the game with all the weights of the books. The face emerged and it laughed. And in a really, really deep voice, like Darth Vader deep, it said, “Stop trying so hard. You belong to me.” And while it laughed some more, it jumped over me, knocking the Jayhawk over and tossing students aside like rag dolls as it rose into the clouds.

24 Oct 2012 – I was back lugging books again, in front of Strong Hall. The Jayhawk statue stood proudly upon its mount, the ambient light making it through the grey cloud deck casting a weak shine on it’s beak. The backpack double in size from the day before, the books in my arms larger. I wanted to drop everything and run away. From behind me, a wonderful voice spoke. “You never run away, so don’t start now.” I slowly turned my head and out of the corner of my eye, I saw the tornado, a clean black cone, standing tall and proud, but not threatening. The face formed with a hint of a smile. It moved to my left, and a strand of cloud broke free from the turning motion. It was an arm with an open hand, and it made a motion like “after you”. I looked at the doors of the library, and took a step towards them. Then I woke up.

25 Oct 2012 – I am not going to sleep tonight. I don’t want to lose my sanity by having discussions with a dream tornado. I don’t have time to waste, I need to study. Although, talking to him makes me feel more confident in myself. See? I just called a tornado “him”! When did I start to become so dependent on my tornado dreams? How? Maybe I need to read through my journals.

26 Oct 2012 – OK, I went through all my journals and have realized that whenever I am anxious about something, or when a significant event has happened, I have a tornado dream. So, that means it’s just my mind’s way of sorting through things in my subconscious. Maybe if I take time after a dream to reflect on it and compare it to what’s going on in my life, I can consciously put my mind at ease and then have a good night’s sleep. Let’s try it. Obviously this last wave of dreams stemmed from my failing grade. I’ve made up a plan on how I’m going to study to make it better. I will also let mom and dad know so I don’t feel so alone in this. And, I’m going to sign up for some classes on how to study. I think good grades came too easily for me in high school and I never learned what study methods worked best for me. Now that I have stiffer competition, I am at a disadvantage.

27 Oct 2012 – No dream! I slept for 12-hours. Glad I didn’t have a morning class!

22 Dec 2012 – Got a B-minus in Biology!

*….A long series of tornado dreams, mostly black tornados, but a few green ones thrown in for good measure. Entries now have an analysis portion after the dream description….*

Jan 15, 2017 – Sitting in a rocking chair on a porch with no house in the middle of the prairie, I feel sad and a little anxious. Bobo, the family dog that died a few years ago is lying next to me, his head resting on my feet. Tornado approaches from the distance, a symmetrical cone, the tail not quite touching the tops of the tall grasses as it dances over the undulating hills. When it gets to me, it just swirls in front of me. I say hello. I am not frightened, nor is Bobo. Tornado tells me to trust in what I’m doing. I ask how it knew I was having doubts. Says it knows I will do well, I was meant to run with storms. A piece of debris gets drawn into the funnel and rotates around within the black wall of dirt a few times. When it comes around from the back, a tendril of the twister pulls away and extends toward me. At the end is a hand, and in it, the debris. The hand sets the debris gently onto my lap. It is a bunch of daisies. I smile at the tornado, then it dissipates. I lift the bunch to my nose and inhales the fresh, crisp scent of the posies. I am at peace once again. The tornado disappears in a puff. I rock for a few minutes, watching the wind ruffle the grass over the hillsides. Following the same path as before, a green tornado approaches, a wide based wedge, churning up the grasses in its path. Bobo leaps to his feet and positions himself between me and the twister, his butt against my leg. Shackles raised, he growls and furiously barks at it, saliva flying from his mouth. I reach down to pat Bobo saying, “It’s ok, it won’t hurt us.” A booming deep voice responds, “don’t count on it”. The twister rushes forward then whips back, the resulting gust of wind picks up Bobo and sucks him into the middle of the vortex. I scream.

* Analysis: The tall-grass prairie represents Kansas and my dead pet the life I had there. The black tornado is my subconscious saying it is worth it to move away and start studies to help people. The green tornado is latent anger at my parents for going so far away that I won’t be able to count on them for the same type of support I had in college. Instead I have to rely on Eve, and I don’t want to do that. I miss having a pet, but know having one would interfere with the work I must do.

Jan 16, 2017 – Tira death dream.

* Analysis: I have no earthly idea. Chalk this one up as just plain weird. Guess I’m too excited about starting school again, and not used to the apartment yet. And kinda scared I might fail in my quest to figure out how to predict the small percentage of unwarned tornados that elude the experts. I mean, who am I? A kid about to swim with the big fish, people who have been studying tornados for decades. And I have the arrogance to think I can figure out what they haven’t been able to solve. So, my scary dream has evolved to something new. Although, the guy in it was hot. Same sexy voice as the tornado. Wouldn’t mind dreaming about him again.