

# Sirens Are Not My Friend

By Holly Lisle

Did not get a lot of writing done yesterday. The tornado warning sirens went off as I was plugging along, and—as we live in a mobile home—tornado warning sirens are not something to casually ignore. They indicate that someone, somewhere around you, saw one of those suckers touch down.

We did not stay to ask questions. We piled into the car and split.

Our house and neighborhood were intact when we returned. I can't find any sign that there was a tornado in our area, though we did have warnings.

But ... well ... after we got home, I didn't try to write again. Too much fun for me for one day. I'm a wuss.

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