The first crash of thunder

The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd. Thunder roared in the brooded clouds like drums in a band, stopping every breath, every cheer, and the beating of hearts. The lightning ripped through the clouds like daggers, forcing the stadium’s lights to surrender. Time stood still like a photograph. Disorted luminosity flickered across upturned faces. The players rushed to the dressing room, their hands sheltering their faces. Freezing raindrops pelted down, drilling on umbrellas and flattening fringes onto faces. The air tingled with elecricity. Somewhat anticipation. Yet no feeling that could be explained. What mystery does this tempest herald?

In contrast to the stadium’s chaos, Sophie remained planted to her seat. Memories rushed back into her mind. The vacant seat beside her proclaimed her dad’s absence. Her breath was caught in her throat, forming a lump. She traced the ticket’s torn edge through her whitening knuckles. Her dad’s last words clung to her heart. “When the thunder is at its full blast, follow the light that will lead the way.”

The second thunderclap reverberated through the sapphire clouds. The storm clouds swirled in the air like an ancient spirit. Sophie angled her face towards the tempestuous sky. This wasn’t merely nature’s theatre-it was a warning. As spectators fled for shelter, Sophie approached the current. Her father’s final message awaited discovery.

Droplets bombarded against the metal railings as Sophie descended towards the pitch. Each step carried the burden of loss and longing. The stadium’s floodlights flickered and faltered, illuminating her path in broken segments. Five years from this day, Sophie and her dad sat in the very stadium. His voice continued to echo through her mind against the storm’s growl. The centre of the pitch glistened. While thousands huddled beneath shelter, Sophie stood exposed against the element’s fury.

She unfloded the crease on her ticket, revealing coordinates. Her heart quickened with recognition. The storm’s voice crescendoed like Bethoven’s rhythm. She layed her hands against the sofened grass. Underneath her, an object awaited discovery. She dug her hands into the Earth, her manicured fingernails merged into the mud. Two feet below her, she scraped a cold object. The frame was cracked, with dents smashed into it. She ripped the peculiar object out of the ground.

Her face widened in shock. The compass that had guided her dad through the most treacherous journeys and adventures. Tears flowed down her cheek.

But why did her dad want her to have it so soon?