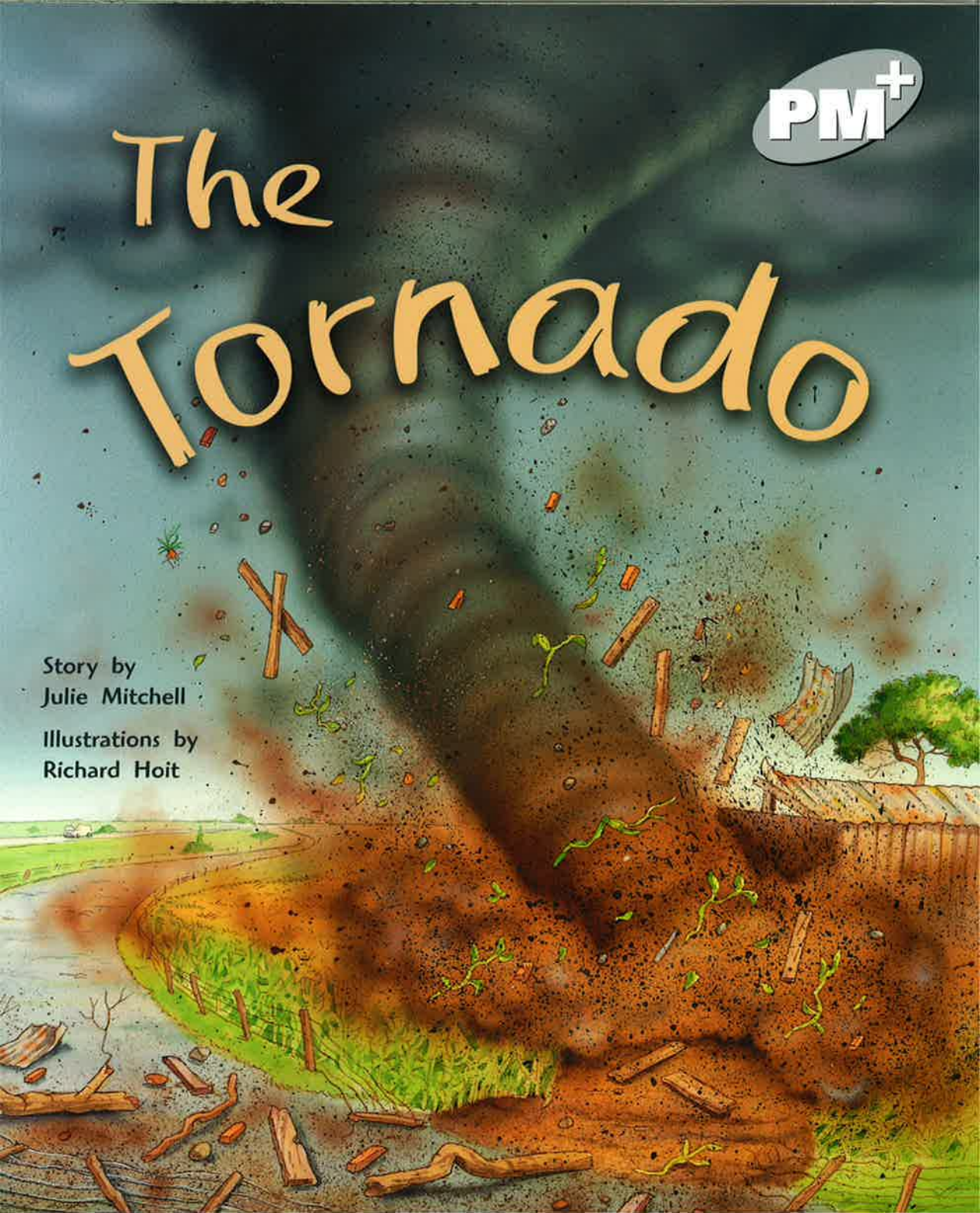
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The Tornado



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"I'll be back soon, Troy," said Dad, as he climbed into his van.

Troy knew that his father's work was important. Without spotters, the Weather Service wouldn't be able to warn people when a tornado was coming. But it was dangerous work. A large tornado could destroy houses and toss cars into the air.

"Mum," said Troy, as Dad's van pulled out of the driveway, "what if Dad finds a really big tornado? He could get hurt, couldn't he?"

"There's no need for us to worry," said Mum. "Dad's very careful. He always keeps a safe distance away from the tornado." Then she smiled. "I think I can hear little Danny waking up. Let's go inside and get him."

Dad drove south-west on Highway 62. Ahead of him, clouds drifted together in the sky. From time to time, he pulled over and took a good look at those clouds.

At eleven o'clock, he called the Weather Service. "There are towers of cloud to the east of Rowville," he said. "It looks as if a storm is building up."



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Just before noon, he called again. "There is a heavy storm east of Rowville — lightning, thunder, and strong winds," he said. "A funnel of cloud is forming. It's lowering... lowering... touchdown! There is a tornado on the ground, moving south-east. And it's a monster!"



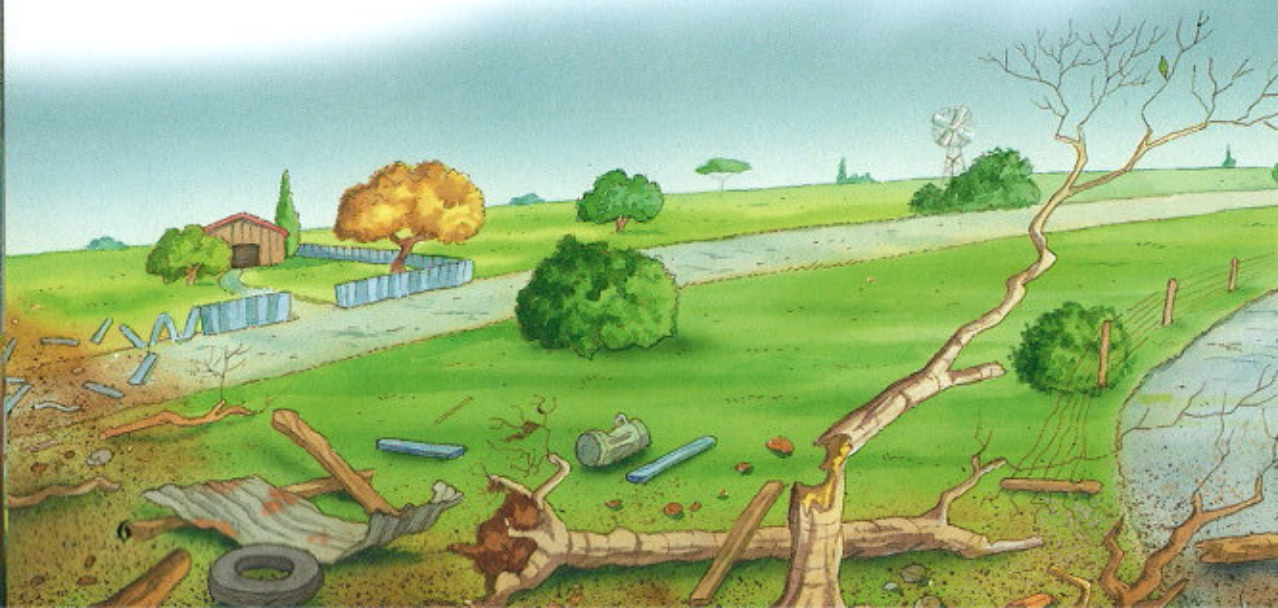
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Keeping well away from danger, Dad began to follow the tornado. He watched it rip through a barn, sending the boards flying. He watched it suck water from a pond, and snap trees in half. But most of all, he watched the path that it was taking. He kept reporting back to the Weather Service.

All of a sudden, the tornado changed direction. It cut across a cornfield, and headed north.

Dad knew that if it kept going in that direction it would go right through the town of Middleton!




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