



## UNCERTAINTY IN STORMY TIMES

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I write this as the rain relentlessly pours outside my window. Beyond the room where my workplace is located, the TV blares in the background, with my mother and my brood of children home and watching the news earnestly. My lunch break not a couple of hours ago, taken in only a few minutes because of the deadlines I have had to pursue, was spent eating and taking occasional peeks at the TV set. The news and footages all showed devastating damage done by the continuously pouring rain that has inundated lives, homes, property. I mumble over and over again: when will the seemingly ceaseless rains end? It's been three weeks of rain, rain, and more rain. Frankly speaking, I have never hated rain as much as I hate it now.

Rainy days have always been gloomy, depressing times for me. Everything turns dark and becomes drenched in cold and oftentimes clammy wetness. Trying to get anything done outside the house is pointless. Even laundry drying is a big question. You might have the most powerful dryer in the world, but nothing beats good, old-fashioned, sun-dried clothes. Yes, the rains have always brought a certain degree of uncertainty that never seems to go away as each moment passes.

The situation has even been more uncertain while the wheels of progress continue moving.

Roads have been built much higher than residential elevations, making it a toss-up between rain getting into your house or catching the most recent mutation of a skin disease when the floodwaters fail to recede immediately. Going to work and school also become uncertain because the paths you regularly traverse could just as easily be waist-deep or ankle-deep in water and swarming with various detritus and unmentionables. And for those who are able to get to where they need to be, there is uncertainty on whether they will be able to get back home, still dry and safe.

I fret that many of my countrymen are already in evacuation centers and makeshift shelters, trying to make sense of what has happened, what is happening and what will happen. Innumerable people have left their homes because safety is not guaranteed any longer. Food, water, peace of mind, health and safety are also not guaranteed in the temporary shelters; evacuees subsist on the generosity of more fortunate ones who can spare what they have for the needs of others.

I so hate storms, signal or no signal, tropical depressions or cyclones. They have always presented uncertain images of people who might have run out of bright perspectives temporarily---or even permanently. The only certain thing that storms bring is misery, and that has a host of uncertain attachments to it.

### QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. What does the writer hate the most about stormy days?
2. Why is uncertainty worrisome and eventually annoying?
3. How does your country deal with storms?
4. How do you deal with personal uncertainties in life?
5. What makes you feel uncertain? Elaborate on your answer.