A Month of Hell – January 2025

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

The world had endured its share of chaos, but nothing could have prepared humanity for the sheer devastation that unfolded in that one infernal month.

In the quiet town of Cedar Springs, Kansas, the Miller family huddled together in their modest living room, their TV perpetually tuned to the TV so dad could watch his football. For John and Mary Miller, and their two children, twelve-year-old Emily and nine-year-old Ethan, January 2025 would be a month they would never forget. Their experiences and emotions mirrored the fears, confusion, and resilience felt by millions of families across the nation. But as the month would reveal, they discovered the depths of their strength, not only as a family but as part of a community braving the storm together.

Day 1: The Rumble Beneath the Sea

It began with a distant roar, but for the Millers, it started with a shrill alert on their phones. “Tsunami strikes Pacific Coast,” read the breaking news banner. Mary gasped, clutching her coffee mug as the TV screen showed towering waves swallowing entire towns in Chile. The footage shifted to Hawaii, where beaches disappeared under surging waters.

Reading sample — continued

Emily sat cross-legged on the couch, her wide eyes glued to the screen. “Will it come here, Dad?” she asked, her voice quivering.

John knelt beside her, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “We’re safe here, sweetheart. But a lot of people aren’t.”

Mary’s hand trembled as she muted the TV during a particularly harrowing clip of California’s coastline being battered. “What can we do?” she whispered, mostly to herself.

Later that evening, the Millers brought a casserole to their neighbor, Mrs. Carmichael, who had family in California. They sat with her while she anxiously awaited updates. The act of kindness, though small, reminded them that connection mattered now more than ever.

Day 4: The Vice President’s Decline

The atmosphere in the Miller household had not lightened by the time news broke about Vice President Gloria Matthews.

Mary shook her head as the frail figure of Matthews appeared on the screen, delivering her message with a resolute but weak voice. “This poor woman,” Mary said, dabbing at her eyes. “How much more can thiat woman take? First the loss of the election, and now this.”