

Ericka Jane

(The Development of a Hurricane)

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Words in blue are vocabulary words for a teacher's unit lesson plan

Ericka Jane was a **hurricane**.

She was born in the deep, blue sea.
On August the second,
She began to develop,
Into what she would soon come to be.

Beneath a warm, summer sun,
In the **Atlantic Ocean** –
Near the **Equator's** parallel lane;
Off the **African Coast**,
Warm water was host,
For the birth of Ericka Jane.

Science surmises

That warm water rises,
Into the sky and the air.
If conditions are right,
A **disturbance** just might,
Mix in this warm **atmosphere**.

Well, this is what happened
On August the second;
The **peak month** for the birth of a storm.
She began as a cloud,
Mother Ocean, endowed...
A cloud full of water – so warm.

Nine sisters, one brother,
Were born to her mother,
In the course of the week's sticky weather.
They were lonely apart,
So a journey would start...
Bringing them closer together.

Each cloud came to meet,
In the warm, **marine** heat;
They huddled up, side by side.
From land, their appearance,
Made quite a big difference;

Their bonding was called a **Squall Line**.

Joining hands, they did band,
 And developed a plan.
A game they would play in the sky.
Forming a ring,
They would rotate and sing;
Round and round they would fly.

Although they were spinning,
 Laughing and grinning –
They weren't really twisting that fast.
The water below,
Had nowhere to go...
But up...to the clouds with a blast!

The spiral **rotation**
 Of the siblings relation,
Moved counter to hands on a clock.
More water collecting,
The clouds now **convecting**,
Growing faster and spinning like tops.

Spinning away,
 With each passing day,
Their wind speeds continued to grow.
Still young and weak,
Not yet at their peak...
But ready to leave their old home.

At this stage of the game,
 They were given a name;
A **Tropical Depression** – they're called.
They moved toward the West,
In search of a quest,
Hanging in for the long haul.

Several days later,
 Still near the Equator,
Outer bands of the winds did form.
At this point of the game,
They obtained a new name;

Now, they're a **Tropical Storm**.

Like you and me,
Part of family,
We're all entitled a name.
Storm names will be,
From A down to Z;
Alphabetically, titled and claimed.

The first of the season,
(Within good reason)
Is a name that begins with an "A".
If he is a male,
Then the second storm gale,
Gets a girl's name, like "Beverly Dale".

Meteorologist track

These storms in the act,
As they move in an unforeseen path.
The earth's marked with **lines**,
With numbers assigned,
To locate the storm; using Math!

Now given a name...
Miss Ericka Jane;
She continued on as before.
Growing stronger – the longer
She stayed above water;
Her winds reached seventy-four!

At this brand new speed,
She'd reached maturity.
Now, she's really alive!
A **Category One**
Hurricane...from
Speeds up to ninety-five!

The **Hurricane Hunters**
Began to wonder,
What Ericka planned to do next.

Plotting her points,
On a grid, using joints –
They predicted her plight, using text.

They flew in the Eye,
Where the air's calm and dry;
Extending out to the Eye Wall.
From here, they inferred,
What her next actions were,
Would she threaten the U.S. at all?

They could now see,
There was intensity.
Her wind strength was greater – it's true!
Extending miles from the center,
Her wind speed considered...
She became a Category Two!

Category Two sticks
At speed ninety-six...
Up to One Hundred and Ten.
The faster she romps,
The air pressure drops...
Millibars, she's measured in.

The weather reports
Got all out of sorts
When Miss Ericka developed to Three.
Miles per hour – she threatened,
At One Hundred Eleven,
On up to One Hundred Thirty.

Advisories out,
People started to shout,
"She can't have made it to Four!"
Air pressure trims,
1-3-1 Winds!!!
"Leave now – Get away from the shore!"

Days later – the news,
Left people confused,
"Take caution – Now she's really alive!
She's 200 miles out,

And winds are about...
One Hundred and Fifty-five!!!”

The weather broadcasts
Now stated the facts;
South Carolina’s coast was **endangered**.
With Ericka’s condition,
Her eye in position;
Landfall on Charleston was wagered.

The grid on the map,
Showed her points overlap;
An inevitable hit on this city...
Seventy-nine degrees West,
Thirty-two - North...Oh Yes!
Moving east at One Hundred Sixty!

Now a **Category Five**
Is rare to survive,
When it finally arrives at the beach;
But they’ve hit us before
And I hope there’s no more!
Pray that they stay out of reach!

A **Warning** was posted
And it had been hosted
By **The National Hurricane Center...**
“**Evacuation Routes!**”
“Everyone out!”
Signs warned, “Please, Do Not Enter”.

Now Ericka was mad,
And this was real bad,
She’d pushed her way onto shore.
She was shoving the sea
Onto land – you can see...
The **Storm Surge** took houses and more.

Any **barrier island**,
From Bull to Saint Simon:
Was now under water; no doubt.
The damage created,
Environment cremated;

South Carolina's coast was wiped out.

The damage created
 By Old Mother Nature,
Ericka, now on dry sand.
Her winds kept their blows,
Producing **tornados**...
Her journey continued **mainland**.

Now without water,
 To feed and support her,
She gradually quit with her game.
She could no longer grow,
Her winds finally slowed...
"Farewell" to Miss Ericka Jane!

But out in the ocean,
 There was a new motion;
Rising up from the sea.
Fernando was forming
And giving His warning...
"I'm next, so watch out for me!!!"

If you're out on the ocean,
 Just fishin' or loafin'
Look close, and you might just see,
One of Ericka's friends,
Stirring up some bad winds...
REEL IN! You're in bad company!