“Take my hand!” He yelled with his arm outstretched, his voice lost to the crashing of waves on the brickwork.   
  
The water rose, frothy and white and so cold that it numbed him from its mere proximity. While he had managed to scramble up to relative and temporary safety, Hailey shivered in the water. Her hair was plastered to her face much like she was plastered to the wall, desperately trying to stay upright in the raging currents.

She reached for him, a panicked flailing of limbs as the water swelled and rose to her chest. “I can’t-“

Evan’s hand grazed hers.

“Come on, you’ve got this!”

“I’m trying!” She wailed as she swiped for his hand again and again.

A torrent of water hit her face and she wavered. Evan gasped as Hailey pitched forward, nearly losing her balance.

“Keep trying!” Evan called out to her as her fingers slid past his yet again.

*“I am!”* She yelled at him, her eyes wide with fear.

A screeching sound whipped their heads toward the street. The building shook, maybe everything shook. In the dim twilight of day came a massive looming shadow, gliding through the rising floodwaters like a ship upon the sea.

Evan’s mouth dropped.

It was no ship.

It was a *house*.

And it was coming right for them.

“Oh, fuck.” Evan muttered as he bent further. “We gotta go!”

*“You think?”* Hailey squawked, tentatively jumping for his outstretched arm.

Another miss.

“Hales, we’re not getting killed by a goddamn house. For fuck’s sake, jump!”

He grabbed at her, wishing that she’d played basketball back in high school instead of tennis.

A nervous laugh tumbled from her lips as she froze on the spot. “Here lies Hailey Stubbenfield, murdered by a house in the ass-end of-“

Water crashed into her face. She sputtered on a mouthful of it.

“Hurry up!” Evan snapped at her, looking into her eyes before looking back at the incoming house. It seemed to speed along effortlessly. It was a two-story home, as if that would kill them any less painfully than the more common single level ranch. It ironically was the type of house they’d been in the market for… before all *this* happened.

A metal trashcan smashed into the wall beside her. It shrieked like a demon in some low-budget horror movie as it scraped across the bricks before plunging into the dark depths and disappearing.

The house was closer still, close enough that Evan could make out the goofy holiday décor in the front bay windows. It made quick work of a nearby chain link fence, cruising through it as if it were nothing more than a spider’s web. Powerlines crackled and popped in the distance.

She jumped and grabbed for his arm. He felt her skin against his for the briefest of moments before she fell back into the water with a splash. She disappeared under the waves.

“Hales!” He cried out, searching for her with wide eyes as desperation made his voice crack.

He stared into the dark waters, helpless, terrified.

“No, no, no. *Hailey!”* He yelled, frantic, fearful.

A gasp as she surfaced, a yard’s distance from where she’d disappeared.

“Oh, thank god. Babe, please.” Evan begged her. He shuffled across the balcony to reach for her yet again.

Hailey sobbed suddenly, her words tumbling from her mouth like a last confessional. “Evan, I love you. I don’t want to die! I’m sorry I didn’t-“

“Stop it! Don’t you-“

A terrified scream tore from her lips as the waters pulled her off her feet.

Evan reached for her. He felt her hand and grasped it with his own, a jolt of adrenaline and nearly hysterical joy surging through him.

He had her, his hand around hers like a vice.

He almost laughed. All he had to do was pull her up onto the balcony. “I’ve got you! I’ve got-“

He looked up. The two-story home filled his vision. The loud creaking of wood was a cacophony. It was bitter irony that the sheer volume drowned out their last words, their last moments together.

The house was yellow with white shutters. There were poinsettia plants in the living room by the windowsill. They were poisonous. Their cats had gotten into those once. Evan and Hailey were terrified that they’d lose them.

Their eyes met and he smiled, tearful, boyish, and heartbroken.   
He couldn’t lose *her*.

But what else could he do?

Evan let her hand slip from his.  
The current pulled Hailey underwater.   
He dove off the balcony and into the churning waters.