

Interviews conducted by the Huntsville Times

Interviewee: Bobbi Mercer:

I was living at Hunters Ridge on November 15, 1989. I remember the morning sky; It was green – very eerie-looking. I was home alone, and in the afternoon I went out on the balcony, facing north. I turned to the left, about 100 yards away (over the dump) and I saw the blackest cloud I had ever seen in my life. About 30 seconds later, the wind began to blow and suck up the leaves on the ground to the roof level. I had never seen that before.

Then the line of trees to my right began to blow in the same direction and bend northward, as if bowing, at a fast pace, as if a vacuum cleaner was sucking them up (including the sound). Then a piece of debris hit my right cheek, and I decided I better get inside.

I went to the front door and opened it up. To my amazement, I saw the actual air being sucked vertically toward the direction of that black cloud, at about 150 miles an hour. Then I heard the infamous “train”. I immediately closed the door and realized I was witnessing a tornado being born