

There was a small town by the name of Castrangville. It was an old-fashioned, family-oriented lifestyle. Adults go to work, children play outside, and families will spend time together at the end of the day. Parks, shops, schools, and businesses would be closed before supper. The environment was spotless and fresh for dogs to get their daily exercise and meet up with their doggy friends. Everything was perfect, except for a major problem.

It all started during a vile winter storm with 15+ feet of snow. The town's electric grid operator lost control of the power supply, leaving hundreds without access to electricity. No heater could be used as comfort for warmth due to the strong gusting wind with plummeted temperature below zero. Families huddled inside their homes and bundled up with layers of shirts, pants, socks, coats, and other accessories that used to keep themselves warm. No matter how thick the material was, the cold temperature still creeps through clothing.

Meanwhile, the city's council called for an emergency meeting at the city hall. "How about let's wait until the storm settles down a bit and then we can do something?" a gentleman suggested.

Another man grunted. "No, it'll take forever until the storm stops. Frankly, I haven't seen anything like this! I mean, Castrangville does get their fair share of bad weather from time to time, but this is something else. At this rate, we might as well stay inside until our bodies decay!" he shouted.

"Now, now. Let's use our common sense," a voice said. A man named Harold Cogswell stood up. "There's a simple solution, but we must figure out how to restore the power. We must turn the power on! The citizens of Castrangville are counting on us to do something!"

"You're right," the first man replied. "But it's too dangerous! Who's willing to head out to restore the power?" The men murmured and looked at one another, exchanging looks.

Before any of them could argue, the phone on the table began to ring. Cogswells picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Hello? Oh, it's a miracle! A power surge turned back on the power. Everything's working again!" a guy on the end of the phone shouted.

"It is?" Cogswell questioned. He pushed past the crowd of men and looked outside. Sparks of light from hundreds of homes started to light up. It was a miracle, an electricity miracle! All of Castrangville celebrated in their homes. They danced, cheered, and played. News broadcasts were informing others about the sudden power outage and how they got their electricity restored. All was well, thanks to the electricity.

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