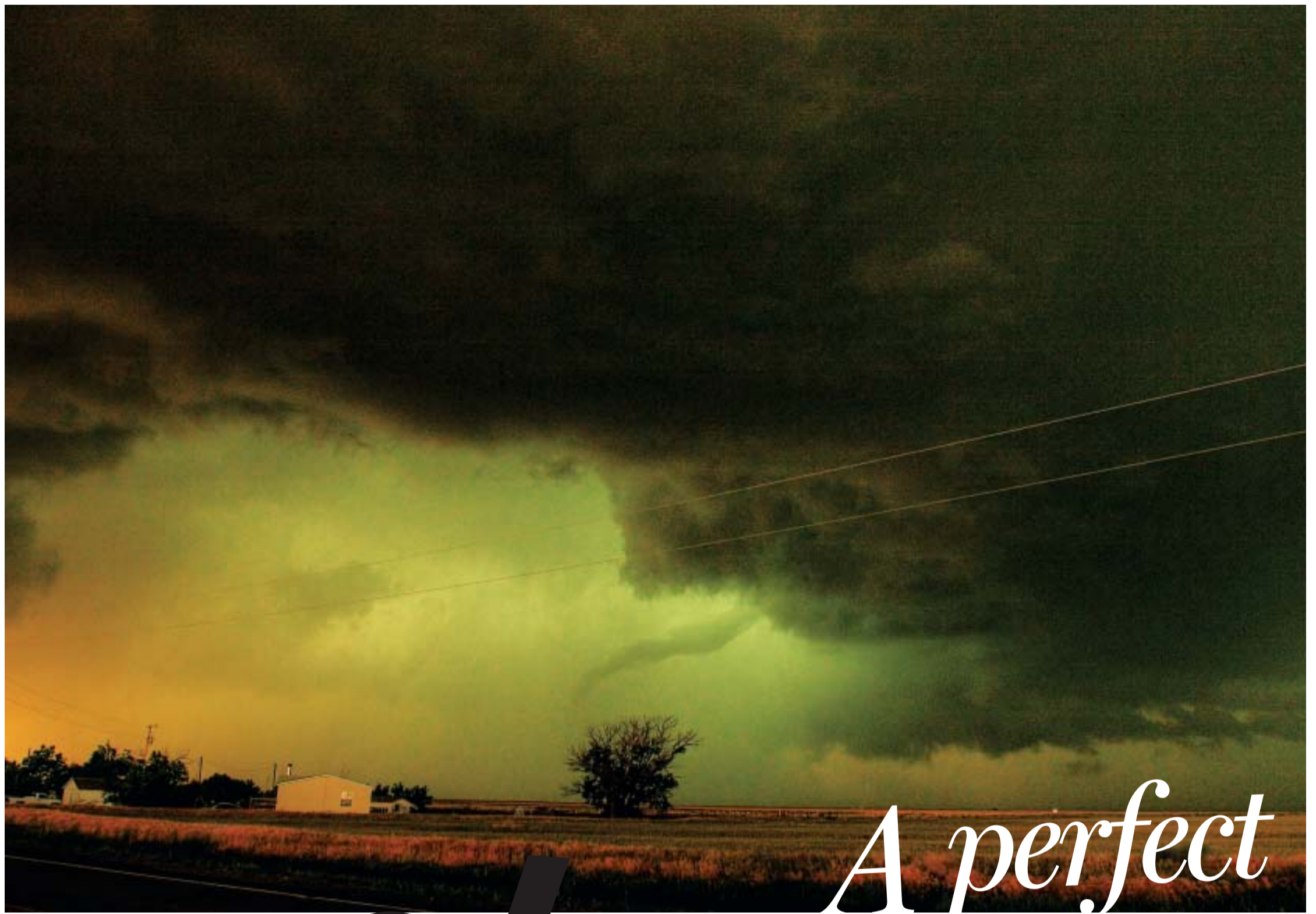




||||| OKLAHOMA |||||

TORNADO CHASERS GO TO EXTREMES FOR UP-CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH WICKED WEATHER ON THE GREAT PLAINS



MARCIA PEREZ FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

Amid an eerie phosphorescence, a funnel from a supercell begins to retract near Guymon, Okla.

# A perfect storm

BY JENNA BLUM /// GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

GUYMON — Oh, what a beautiful evening it is in the Oklahoma Panhandle. The sunset blazes orange, cattle graze on yucca flowers, and prairie grasses wave serenely toward the horizon. • At least, on one side of Highway 412. • On the other, a massive supercell rotates low over the land. Black and purple, with a bright green heart of softball-sized hail, the circular thunderstorm uncannily resembles a spaceship in the movie “Independence Day.” Vans, Doppler radar trucks, and emergency vehicles zoom along its periphery like ants rimming a giant carousel. • On the storm’s underbelly, ragged clouds start twisting into a drill-bit shape. Over the CB radio, on “chaser channel” 146.520 megahertz, meteorologist Bob Conzemius tells four vans of hopeful listeners, “It’s reorganizing.” • Sure enough, the drill bit elongates into a crooked finger pointing toward the ground. All along 412 breath is collectively held. If that snaky green funnel touches down, it will become the most feared and destructive weather phenomenon in the Great Plains: a tornado. **STORM CHASERS, Page M6**

||||| FRANCE |||||

## SIFTING AN INFINITE SEA

### THE PRIZES ARE SHRIMP AND A JOB TURNED TO PASTIME

By Joe Ray  
 GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

CHERRUEIX — It’s a cold, clammy introduction to a centuries-old tradition.

Fishing for “les grises,” the tiny common shrimp that rarely get much bigger than a curled-up inch, in Brittany’s Bay of Mont-Saint-Michel, has gone from a tough way for Bretons to eke out a living to a pastime still passed from generation to generation.

But on this day when Jean Dugue and Georges “Jojo” Coudray share the ways of shrimping with a small group of family and friends, it’s hard to understand

why they bother. It pours. It’s cold. Our hands turn white then orange, red, and finally purple.

“You don’t even feel it,” Dugue had promised on the drive that morning through the poppy-filled fields on the way to this tiny town.

Coudray gets a red, 1950s-era McCormick tractor left over from the Marshall Plan to sputter to life and uses it to haul our group along “roads” in the bay’s giant tidal flat. Fifteen soggy minutes later, we hop from the trailer into two inches of water and sink into three more of mud. The clever ones wear wet suits, waders, or

yellow rubber raincoats with several layers underneath. I have cobbled together an outfit of shorts, swim booties with rusty zippers, a polar fleece jacket, and a cheap windbreaker.

“The bay is magnificent. Being out there gives you a feeling of liberty and independence,” says Dugue, slipping into the pleasant French habit of waxing poetic. “It’s a feeling of the infinite.”

Having seen the bay on nicer days, I have a sense of what he is talking about. The renowned Mont-Saint-Michel watches over it from a majestic distance, but

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JOE RAY FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

Georges Coudray has been catching and cooking these little shrimp in Brittany for decades.

EXPLORE NEW ENGLAND

### FARMING AND ITS FRUITS ON MARTHA’S VINEYARD. M7



NECEE REGIS FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE