

### **200 Word Narrative: Student Sample 3**

Days before the hurricane, the beaches were beautiful, the island had lots of plants and greenery, and everyone was enjoying life. That all changed. Hurricane Irma was a category five hurricane coming straight for our island. The island had gone so long without a major hurricane like this one that others may have forgotten the damage and destruction that it could cause, but I knew that it would be safe to take my family and I to a shelter to wait the storm out. After the hurricane passed, the island was not the same. The power went out, there were houses destroyed, and the trees that were once green and filled with life were now ripped of its color and vegetation. One of those houses that were destroyed was my own. The house that my two daughters lived in was now nothing more than a shell of its former self. Looking at the shreds of our former house I knew that we had to leave the island before the next hurricane would hit the island. It took several days to get a flight, but we were off the island and far away from any hurricane. We were finally safe again.