

Sophia

**Aim: To write a diary account of 2013 Tornado in Moore,
Orlando**

Dear Diary,

I live here in Tornado Alley so I'm used to this. This morning, my mom and I were making some sandwiches when my dad and my sister rushed into the kitchen screaming, "There's a tornado! Get into the cellar!" We started to panic and as we packed crisps, sandwiches, fizzy pop, water bottles and pot noodles in a basket. (We knew what to do because it was the drill). My sister and I gathered all the electronics (except the tv) and the board games for entertainment.

Dad tied the car to a tree using a random rope from the cellar while mom fastened the windows. As quick as a flash, we darted and dashed down the cellar stairs and brought down one last thing-a radio to listen to if the tornado was over. Just I time, dad crashed the hatch down when the tornado tumbled through the street as a deafening Bang! destroyed our street,

Eventually, the tornado blew through but the street was unrecognisable because it was covered with rubble. Dad untied the car while my sister , mum and I uncovered some of our precious artefacts- mum's wedding ring, my birth certificate etc, This is only one of the dangers of living in Tornado Alley, Oklahoma!



