

Charlie

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

Dear Diary,

On the News this morning, we were warned of an F3 tornado making its way to our city. Immediately, my family and I started to prepare food. Speedily and rapidly, my sister made the sandwiches. My dad locked down the doors and I was terrified and scared. My dad locked the shutters on the windows and then I made my way down to the cellar. We ate doughnuts, sweets, fruit and noodles. We also had coats, pyjamas, coats and pillows.

At the speed of lightning, we dashed and darted into the basement. Swiftly, my Dad pulled down the really big hatch and bolted it just in the nick of time as we heard the noisy, loud roar above us. Shaking with fear, we all crowded on to the dirty, old bed as the hall upstairs above us was collapsing. Crash! Bang! Boom! Eventually, the storm subsided.

