

Ryan S.

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

Dear Diary,

One morning, on the horizon, when I lived in Tornado Alley in 2013, my Mom looked out of the window and saw the tornado. I packed, sandwiches, chocolate, cakes and drinks. Immediately, dad tied the car firmly and securely to a tree. My Mom brought down my little brother into the cellar and ironically my sister brought down a game called Twister! She also brought spare batteries for the radio, blankets and sleeping bags. I was scared and frightened about what was going to happen.

At the speed of lightning, Dad bolted down the trap door. I felt safer now. We turned up the radio as the tornado got worse. Crash! Bang! Crash! Bang! Sirens screeched. Beee! Outside cars were flying, trees were falling down and roofs flew across the sky. We played Twister for a bit but we got bored as we were there for hours. The power was running out so we changed the batteries.

Eventually, it went quiet and calm. The radio said that the F3 tornado had ended so I rode my bike to school. It had been destroyed! I was sad (not really!) That is a disadvantage of living in Tornado Alley.



