

Tuesday 7th May 2019

Lo: I can write a caribbean disaster story.

The villagers desperately rushed to collect their belongings most treasured belongings, making their way to the strongest building in the village the community centre. As the livid storm vigorously rampaged through the empty streets gobbling up everything in its path, the ghastly creaks and roars of the wind whispered through the shelter. Tom held his breath as he squeezed his mother's hand hoping that the rest of his family had made it to safety. The village groaned under the power of the mighty hurricane. Even under the dark blue blanket, Tom shivered and winced as rocks, boulders and other objects crashed against the buildings. Beyond the shivering walls of the community centre as the derilish hurricane howled through the air, it threw rooftops far and wide.

By Lukas Lowley