

We will pack up for  
them later. she said  
jokingly essay  
examples

[Environment](#), [Water](#)



I why I tip toed or why I was holding my breath as I went to look through the window. I did not want to see what the hurricane had done to my parish, St Bernard, New Orleans. I called out to my wife.

“ Honey the worse is over, but the neighbors had a party in our yard without telling us.” My wife stood beside me and we hugged each other saying a prayer of thanks giving.

We cried holding each other; the window we were looking through was the only window whose shutter I had opened. The rest of the shutters were still down on the other windows. Our house was one of the rare stone houses built in the thirties, built to last. I have never seen or heard two trains collide but that was what it sounded like, we turned back to the window and a wall of water, the speed of a bullet aimed towards us. I grabbed my wife’s hand, her whole face was a mask of fear, I could not move her, she was paralyzed with fright; my adrenalin went into automatic mode, I picked up my wife and we were half way up the stairs when the water crashed through the widow. We got to the attic on the wings of angels. Neither of us can recall our rise to the attic; and I do not know who closed the door. Even in distress and shock I thought of Noah’s story, the door shut by an angel.

My wife and I met in our first year at Louisiana State University. We were both English majors and wanted to become criminal lawyers. Another thing we discovered we study better in company; and she and I became study partners exclusively. I cannot account for our behavior during those three years, she was just a guy to me and I was only a girl to her. We were not the partying types; consequently, we completed our studies in three years. At the end of our first year, we gained a four point average and we were

allowed to carry sixteen credits after that year; and our four year course took three years. After graduation I invited her for lunch at an expensive restaurant in the French Quarters; we earned it. After the waiter brought our food, Crawfish Étouffée, we were talking how nice it is to relax and as I was about to put a piece of fish in my mouth my hand stopped in midair. I put my fork down and took a good look at my study partner. Her golden blond hair was held back loosely at the nape of her neck, her eyebrows were neatly done and her blue eyes shone out of long, thick lashes, her small nose looked as if it were built for her oval face with pointed chin, she looked at me and smile with white even teeth and there was a twinkle in her eyes that dazzled my eyes. I saw my study partner for the first and I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. I reached over and took her hand and said, “ I am going to marry you.”

She laughed and said, “ I know.” We spent the rest of the day touring the historical districts and that when we decided that we want an old plantation home.

One of the reasons we choose not to evacuate is the durability of our house and it did weather the storm but it could not stop the flood of the levees. The first changes we made to the house, taking into consideration where we live, we closed off the attic from the rest of the house with an iron door, put in a small bathroom and a kitchenette. As we listened to everything we worked for thrown against the walls we held each other as terror wrapped around us and glued our mouth shut. After an eternity and our limbs begin to cramp we let go of each other. Every year we would repack our attic with non-perishable food in preparation for an emergency like this, but as far as I

could stretch my imagination I could not conceive this emergency. We stored our things well and even in the dark we could find our battery lamps whose batteries we changed every hurricane season. We also had a small gas stove if we needed to cook. We went through the motions of going to bed but we were afraid to sleep. It was a dreadful silence the tombs could not be quieter, we were afraid to even breathe. We heard sounds and I felt my wife's body go rigid and when the sounds continued I was sure I was delirious. Someone made a blood curling scream.

It was the sound of one of our rescue team who had pried the front door open, water and debris from the first floor of our house grabbed him and pinned him down. After being tossed upside down our cars were still in the yard; and the rescue workers thought that was a sign that we were still in the house. I dashed to the one window in the room in time to see a rescue trying to get to his feet and two others were running a losing race with the water that was sprinting from the house. The man who was down gave up and swam to safety while the others sat in the street soaking wet and exhausted. One thing we did not include in our preparation was a loud speaker. I tried to shout to the three men but I only had time to wine up the shutter and they could not hear me from the close hurricane window.

Dejectedly I watched as fire truck drove away. My wife wept silently, we could not climb down from the attic window and we were not ready to see the rest of the house.

We began to feel faint from the stagnant air and heat. I opened the window, it was then that I realized we had not eaten since we had breakfast the day before. There was no electricity but our little refrigerator was still cool it was

not opened since we lost power, whenever that was, we did not know whether or not we lost power when turned our lamps on, we did not turn the lights on because we were afraid of electrocuting ourselves. Swiss cheese and deli turkey were the best sight we have ever seen in our whole life, we had a feast fit for a king. We tried to go down stairs but we could not navigate the mud, we return to the attic and glued red flags all over the window. Another day passed before we were rescued. All our earthly possession was what we had stored in the attic. As we were taken away we knew we would live in our house again..