

# Tsunami disaster essay sample



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Well i'm afraid to say I have. I've been in that position where I couldn't wait to get rid of all the stress and tension from work and just relax on the beach in the warm air listening to the seagulls and the palm trees swaying from side to side.

It was my first day and I was just there lying down as I imagined the seagulls singing the palm trees swaying from side to side, the noise of the sea crawling on to the sand, and the warm calm air. I was relaxed; I had no energy to play around. Although my younger brother was full of energy he was there trying to get hooked up playing beach ball with a girl in a pink swim suit, and trust me it was short. I left him to it anyway I knew he wasn't going to get anywhere with her. She was from the states as he said.

Spending Christmas holidays on a beach, I was glad to be alive. Well until the non sorrow and powerful tsunami hit us.

I was woken up by the roaring and rumbling noise of the sea and the tourist screaming. I looked up and all I could see was an enormous wave coming hurtling towards me. My brother and the girl he was with ran towards me and grabbed me. I ran for my life I could feel the fear crippling in my stomach and then into my legs making me trying to run faster. I was running for shelter following the others but it was too late my whole body was lifted up by the rage and force of the wave. At this time I was having flash backs of my family. I knew how to swim but couldn't, I was being carried away by the water.

A child of probably an age of 6 was tossed towards me I gripped him with all my might and held him tight to my chest as a sharp end of a plank of wood

had stabbed me right in my left leg it pained. I was trying to swim in a junk yard I couldn't see no clear bit of water just planks of wood and broken house remains. I was becoming aware of my plight, I was afraid of dieing. I could hear cries from parent's children who had been separated.

I had seen my chance I was being carried towards a palm tree I reached out for it and grabbed it with every ounce of strength I had left. Holding the child against the tree I sheltered him. He was still in tears and frightened. I pulled us both out of the water and to safety. I was desperate to see my younger brother as I was worried, and in tears. The child had grabbed my right leg still in crying so I picked him up. He started to shout " Mummy, mummy" and pointed towards a tall building where there was a crowd of people I looked carefully and seen my younger brother. I was relieved to see him and to get to know he wasn't in any more danger and he was ok.

The water had subsided leaving devastation and suffering behind. I and the young child had climbed down to my younger brother and the Childs mother. She had thanked me and said " I could never repay you" I walked through the village partly disabled I noticed people traumatised, children crying, for the reason being they had lost members of family. It would never be the same for them again. I had this emotive moment. I felt heartbroken and helpless. I felt as if my heart was bleeding and tears started to drip again. I took the next plane back to the UK and saw it on TV a week later. It didn't look as bad as it actually was, trust me.