

The thunder and
lightening crashed
over my head and
made me very afraid



They said it would never rain again. I was surrounded by people but I had never felt so lonely.

As I sat gazing from my window, I began to notice lots of happy families passing by on the road, all in their parents' cars. As I sit alone, thinking about my past, I began to feel so miserable and depressed.

I suppose you are wondering who I am and what tragedy could have brought me to this place. Well, I will explain to you the long story.

The thunder and lightening crashed over my head and made me very afraid. I was not the only one. My teacher kept looking upwards with a concerned expression. That's was when the head teacher burst into the room and ordered everyone to follow her. This was not normal. It could only mean that everybody was in serious danger. I instantly thought of my parents at home on their farm, had anyone warned them that a typhoon was coming soon?

The noise outside was deafening. From our position on the roof, we could see everything. I watched in horror as a mud wall collapsed onto the road, trapping families in their cars. I saw frantic parents digging at the mud, trying to save their children who were still trapped. I wanted to go and save my parents too but I could not move.

Two hours later, the road was a river. Trees and mud crashed through the village, destroying houses and families.

Gradually, the storm came to an end. We were eventually allowed off the roof and I felt so glad, now I could go back and find out what had happened to my

parents. I was so scared that they had been in danger, I just needed to know if they were safe.

When I arrived home, I saw my house. It was completely destroyed. I ran towards it, screaming, calling for my mum and dad. Suddenly, I saw a flash of gold. It could only be one thing, my mother's ring. It was still attached to her still, lifeless, bloodless hand. I was numb. Standing there, I felt unusually calm but that feeling didn't last very long. Seconds passed and I began thinking about what would happen to me now. Where will I go? I have no otherfamily, no one to take me in. I felt so isolated.

That's how I ended in a foster home. All I can do is to sit and hope that someday, someone will come to get me. Perhaps today will be that day.

I awoke feeling light in my heart and really hopeful that today would be that day. I heard that the newspaper reporter was going to come and write an article about the foster home where I was living.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. I opened it and there stood the reporter. She was a young beautiful lady with shiny, black long hair and a graceful smile. I was very surprised - I had never seen such a beautiful lady. She began to interview me because I had been at the foster home for the longest out of all the other children. She was very impressed with my unique poems; she even made a promise that she would make sure they were published very soon. She took my photograph so she could attach it to the poem.

A grumpy old man was working in the hospital grounds. He reaches down to a scrap of newspaper which has blown across the garden and landed at his feet. He almost throws the article away when he suddenly decides to take a second look. He began to look more closely at the photograph and that's when he has a flicker of an image from his past.

Suddenly his memory returns. It is difficult to cope with the emotions he feels after all these months.

Dropping his tools, he strides down the road getting further away from the hospital. What has he remembered? Something is driving him he appears to be looking for something.

The sky is grey and over-cast. I think about my future. Will I always be alone and abandoned. What's the point in living all alone with no family to love me? Everyday I wished that I had died with my mum and dad and this is why I made the decision to take an overdose. There was no point in living any more. No-one would even know that I had gone.

I felt myself drifting into unconsciousness when unexpectedly there was a shadow in the doorway. At first I had great difficulty focusing my eyes on the figure in front of me. Slowly as my eyes began to see the details I was able to distinguish a man's frame. Meanwhile, I realised that it was my father. As my sight begins to dim, I see him run across the room towards me. He had tears in his eyes and trickling down his cheeks. He laid his head against mine and told me he loved me so much but as I took my last breath I felt so much regret. I could have had a happy life again with my family to love me and to be loved but now that will never happen.

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