

A terrible experience in my childhood essay sample

[Literature](#), [Russian Literature](#)



Every spring, when the weather is cold, I remember when I was a little girl (almost seven years old). I lived with my mother and my grandma in the country, because they were teachers there. Of course, this place is in Argentina, my country.

We stayed at the Marical Santa Cruz School from Monday mornings to Friday afternoons. There were a lot of children that went to school there. On the weekends, we lived in a little town named Galvez, in Santa Fe province. My father lived and worked in another place, Rosario (the second most important city in Argentina). We were together as a family only on the weekends and when we were on vacations.

One day, in the afternoon, when the weather was very cold, the sky began to turn dark. At this moment, an old man arrived at the school and said: "Please, take care of the children and yourselves. I heard on the radio that hard winds and rain, with the possibility of becoming a twister, are coming!"

I believe that I never felt as I did at this moment. I thought that it could be the final day of our lives. All the children, my mother, my grandma and I were under the tables and desks. What fear we had in this moment!

However, a few minutes later (almost ten), the sun was shining again, and the sky went back to blue.

From this experience, I learned not to exaggerate something so little. It was a small storm, and I thought I was going to die. I think now that similar things happen in many areas of life. The sun always stays, but the clouds go.