The Day That Changed My Life

It was a cloudy day in September, I was seven years old. We were packing our clothes to go to my grandmas' because our house was made from wood, and a hurricane was coming very soon. My uncle and cousin were also staying with us because they didn't want to be alone in their house. I choose the room that I was going to stay with my mom. I ate a snack and sited down outside. Then my dad told everyone that the hurricane was going to start soon. I went into the room I was staying in, and laid down in bed, thinking about what will happen. Soon after a few minutes, I fell asleep. When I woke up, it had started, the day that changed my life and devasted Puerto Rico, Hurricane Maria.

After waking up from my nap, it was pitch black. While I heard the wind whistling and the rain pouring, I was looking for my dad because I was afraid. Everyone was in the living room. I asked my cousin for the noise canceling headphones that he was using, he said no, so we started to argue, and my uncle sent me to my grandma’s room until I calmed down. Because it was very late into the night, and everyone was ready to rest, I stayed with my mom in the room.

In the morning when I woke up, the storm was still happening. I got up and went to eat breakfast, and my grandma cooked for me a delicious grilled cheese sandwich. She had to cooked it in a small gas stove, because we didn’t have any power nor water. When I finished eating, we were now in the eye of the storm. The eye is the middle of the storm, it’s the calmest part of the storm. There is no rain, lighting and winds, even a bit of sun can come out. At this time, we went outside of the house, and I saw many trees that had fallen, a lot of dirt and leaves everywhere, and even a dish antenna flew to my grandmas’ house and hit her car.
During this time my dad and uncle wanted to see what damage the storm had caused. They got in the car and went to check out the town’s “plaza”, my uncle’s house and our house. Thankfully our house was still standing. When they came back to grandmas’ house, they told us that they heard a person through a loudspeaker saying that the second part of the storm was going to start, that everyone needed to take shelter. They got scared and started to drive so fast between the debris they thought they were going to crash. The winds and rain started again, and the car started moving like it was going to flip over because of the winds, they started screaming because they thought they were going to die. Thankfully they made it home safe.

The second part of the hurricane had started, now the winds were more powerful than before, but we felt safe in our grandmas’ house. Because we couldn’t go anywhere, my cousin and I decided to make a fort out of blankets in the living room, we even added lights to it. After a few minutes playing, I asked my mom when the hurricane was going to end, she said in a few more hours. I hugged her tight, hoping everything would be fine because I was scared. The hurricane winds were almost two-hundred miles per hour, it was so loud we could hear the winds like a roaring noise outside. Night came again, we went to bed and I was tucked in my blanket hoping tomorrow everything would be fine.

In the morning, when we woke up, the hurricane had stopped. I went running outside, the backyard of my grandmas’ house was destroyed. Lots of trees had fallen. My dad went to see our house, and it was still standing, nothing had been broken. We stayed a few more days at my grandmas’ while my parents cleaned up and make our house ready for us to go back. Then, we packed all our stuff and got in the car and said goodbye.

While I was in the car, I saw people in the streets crying, houses destroyed and fallen trees everywhere. When we got to our house, the first thing I saw was that our huge mango tree
had fallen. I started crying because it was my favorite thing in the house. From that day on, I knew my life would never be the same.

A few weeks had past when our dad said to us that we were going to the United States. I started to jump up and down of happiness when suddenly my mom said, “But we are not coming back”, I hugged her and started to cry. We left everything in Puerto Rico, our family, friends and our belongings. Today, we have a new house, friends and new hopes and dreams in our new home called Tulsa, Oklahoma.