We went to the beach for our summer vacation. I splashed in the clear, blue sea. Mom and Dad sat on the shore. It was sunny, but not for long. A man ran toward us. He worked at a nearby hotel.
"Señor! Señorita!" he called. "A big storm is coming. You must leave the beach now!" He told us that a hurricane was approaching. Everyone had to go to a shelter.

"But the water is so nice," I said sadly.
"Hurricanes are dangerous. We must leave," Dad said.
Mom smiled to make me feel better. Just then, I felt a breeze. Suddenly, the wind grew stronger and sand flew all around the beach.
"Let's go!" Dad said.

Mom and I packed all of our bags. Dad nailed wood over the windows of the beach house. This would protect the house from wind and rain.
"Our vacation is ruined," I cried.
"Maybe the storm won't last for long," Mom said. "But we can't take chances. We have to go where it is safe."
"We'll be OK," said Dad. "Think of this as an adventure."
I tried to cheer up. I might have an exciting story to tell my friends. But soon my adventure did not seem to be so fun. The hurricane came closer. Lightning flashed! I saw a bolt of lightning over the water. Thunder clapped! Rain fell like sheets of glass from the sky. It was hard to see out of the car windows.

LIVEWORKSHEETS