

Number the paragraphs so that the events of the story are in the correct order

The Day the River Rose

- A. In the months that followed, life was incredibly difficult. We had to live in tents and share what little food was saved. However, as the river lowered back down, it left behind a thick layer of rich, black soil. That day taught me that even the most terrifying disasters can bring a new beginning.
- B. Suddenly, while I was helping my father mend our fishing nets, a terrifying roar echoed from the south. I looked up and saw a wall of dark water rushing toward our village. "Run to the high ground!" my father screamed, grabbing my hand.
- C. I will never forget that burning hot afternoon many years ago when I was a young girl living in a small village along the banks of the Nile. It was the season of Akhet, the flooding, and my family was waiting anxiously for the waters to nourish our thirsty fields.
- D. Later, after the water had finally settled into a calm, vast lake, we looked out over the drowned landscape. My mother held me close and whispered, "The river gives, and the river takes, but we are still here."
- E. I climbed up the rocky path, my heart pounding in my chest. From the safety of a high ledge, I watched in horror as the mighty Nile burst its banks with more force than we had ever seen. The water swallowed our small mud-brick house and I felt a deep sense of despair.