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Read the passage carefully then answer each question.

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## THE HURRICANE

On Monday morning of the 5th September, the barometers began to fall and the winds increased with every puff harder and harder. The vessels in the harbour were all put to their moorings and the dinghies hauled across the sea-road to high ground, the men and boys all helping one another. The houses did not have glass windows. The shutters were let down or closed and a wooden batten put across. There was a door left unbattened on two sides of the house just in case we had the center or eye of the hurricane, which would mean a calm spell and then the wind would come from the opposite direction!

Before the height of the winds, we watched the coconuts blow from the palm trees and then to our surprise some of the trees blew down on the ground. Our dining room and kitchen, which were separate buildings, blew to pieces. By that time our house was shaking badly. Most of the shingles on the roof blew off, and Papa seemed to breathe a sigh of relief when the house slid off the ground-pins on to the ground, thus making the building firmer. The house trembled or shook less. We were all wet, but Papa managed to keep one sack of flour dry.

We had not eaten since early Monday morning, so we were all very hungry! Papa brought a wooden box inside. He got soil to put in it so as to be able to have a fire without burning the box. The wood for the fire was taken from under the house. Uncle John went to work making dough-boys or dumplings. They were very tasty. He made batch after batch until all had a share. Afterwards everyone agreed that they were the best dough-boys they had ever eaten. That experience is a bright spot in my memories of the hurricane.

> Adapted from Man-O-War, My Island Home (by: Hazîel L. Albury)

> > **BLIVEWORKSHEETS**

