***The Storm***

***By Maximin Clement***

It was November 12th, 1637 in Newbury, Massachusetts, when a boy named Leo decided to check on the new chicken coop he and his dad had built the week before. Leo was a brave and humble young man. He got to the coop and smiled because the coop was fine.

But something was horribly wrong, as Leo walked away he heard something crash. The sky was gray and the birds were afraid, he knew something was wrong. Leo stopped walking and started sprinting. He got to his house right before more thunder crashed down.

When he got inside he looked out the small glass pane in the living room. He saw pouring rain turning into snow. He looked toward the door and saw his dad rush to the front door. “I need to get firewood!” said Leo’s father, and he rushed out the door! Leo decided to put a towel under the door to prevent snow from coming in the bottom crack between the door and the floor. “HELP!” cried Patricia, Leo’s older sister. Patricia was 16 years old and very smart. Leo and his mom rushed over to see what was wrong. When they got there, they realized snow was coming in through two cracks in the cabin! Thinking quickly, Leo got a second towel and slid it in the biggest crack. The snow stopped in THAT crack but not in the other one! Leo improvised; he took the nearest object, an oven mitt, and slid it in the crack. Leo was relieved, but soon after that a bolt of lightning set a tree to flames. Leo was worried.

It had been one hour and Leo’s dad had not returned. Leo looked out the small glass pane in the living room to see that the front door had been blocked off by snow!

The sun was setting now and Leo’s heart sank. His dad still had not returned. He checked the small glass pane in his living room to check if the storm had stopped, it had, but Leo’s mood did not rise he missed his dad so much he started to cry.

By nightfall, Leo’s dad had not returned. Leo looked out the glass pane in the living room one last time, to see a shadow walking closer and closer to him! His dad stumbled in the front door. “I was attacked,” he mumbled “by the natives!” he said a little louder. Leo wanted to hear the story but at the time the only thing he cared about was his dad getting home.

Later, in bed, Leo was lying trying to fall asleep when his dad stepped in the door. “You awake?” asked his dad.

“Certainly” answered Leo casually.

 “Want to hear the story?” asked his dad.

 “Of course!” answered Leo happily.

“I was walking to go cut a tree down when a heard some type of call. I ignored it and kept walking. But I should have run home. A short time later ten Native Americans came at me with spears. I ran for my life! I dropped my axe while running home but an arrow hit me in the back of my knee! But I didn’t even look back, I only ran and ran. Finally I saw the cabin and ran even faster! I was so tired I could have drunk a lake! I was almost there when an arrow hit me in the upper back! I was so happy when I staggered into the old cabin.” “Wow!” said Leo. “But dad? Is the coop still standing?” Leo asked.

 “Yes.” his dad replied happily.

 “And dad? Are you all right?” asked Leo hopefully. “Yes Leo.” “I am” replied his dad. And Leo went to sleep knowing everything would be all right…

 **THE END**