

File Name: N6P Black Mountains of Dust

Narrative

Grade 6

On-Demand Writing- Uniform Prompt Black Mountains of Dust

I was sitting at a park bench when I saw the endless black heading towards me. "Mom look!" I screamed. My mom turned around and faced me. A look of pure horror was painted across her face.

"Margaret come on we need to go now!"

She shouted. We ran across roads and dried up cropt fields. We did not dare look back.

Suddenly I wasn't running away from the black cloud. Instead I was face down in the dirt. Oh no I had tripped over my shoelace! I slowly looked up where was my mom?

The cloud loomed closer and closer. I choked feeling the gritty dust in my throat. I

tried to crawl forward but needles shot through my legs. Oh great in a time like this

my legs fall asleep! A whiff of dust blew toward me, burning my eyes and making

everything blurry.

"Mom!" I screamed. "Mom!"

I tried to yell again but was choked by more dust. "Mom" I whined. Where was she? I started coughing from all of the dust in my lungs and throat.

"Margaret! Darling come on!" My mom motioned me to get up but I shook my head.

My Mom flung me into her arms and ran, soaring farther away from the storm. After

what seemed forever, my mom stopped running. Screams and yells echoed off walls. I

covered my ears.

A person right in front of us said:

"Get inside quickly!"

My mom answered "okay" and then I was carried into a building, that looked like the town hall.

My mom set me down in a corner, in the town hall and sat next to me. "Mom?" I croaked.

"Yes Sweetie?" She said in a sweet voice, almost like honey.

"Is this going to happen ever again, this storm?" I asked my voice still thick with dust.

She did not answer and I knew that she knew this wouldn't be the last time the black mountains of dust attacked the plain states.