

THE GIFT HARVEY GAVE ME

This is based on a true story that took place after the events of Hurricane Harvey
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Rain. Its has been raining for a long time. The tears the clouds cried for us landed on the roofs of our homes, going *pitter-patter* when making contact. Many neighborhoods seemed to be flooded and many people were left homeless. Hurricane Harvey was the worst hurricane in Houston history, and it was the very first hurricane I have ever experienced. The feeling of fear was always around, we hoped and prayed that our homes wouldn't get flooded. When the sun finally appeared in the sky , it seemed that the birds singing in the distance were singing "*hallelujah!*" . My family was lucky to have not gotten our apartments flooded by Harvey.

There's a lake by Cinco Ranch Blvd. called the Cinco Ranch South Lake lake. My family loves to visit and walk at the lake, so once we heard that that the hurricane was gone- my family decided to go walk at the lake. I didn't feel like coming along but then again a 10 year old shouldn't be home alone so I ended up going too. Harvey went on for a long time so we brought dog food and oatmeal to feed the ducks. The lake was a mess- trash was everywhere and rocks and plants were scattered on the road. Dead animals were found (only small rats) and the lake barely had people going around the lake. All the ducks would move or shuffle away from the people that walked near them-all except for one. I noticed how a duck was laying down and not moving, the duck was black with a white chest and under-belly, it had black feet and a little bit of dark green on its wings."His leg looks injured" I stated once the duck stood up, his right foot was twisted to the opposite direction it should be in and one of his wings seemed to be injured too. I carefully headed towards the duck, I reached in the ziploc bag I was using to keep the food in and I grabbed a small handful. The duck stared at me as I hovered my hand over to the ground, it containing all small handful of food. The duck then lowered its head and ate the food. "He won't be able to survive with that leg," My mom told me, " But we have to do something. . ." I said. "Everytime we come to this lake, we will bring food for duck." My mom told me, I nodded. I looked at the duck again. The duck was staring at me, it was then I decided what I would name him. " I think I'll name him Oreo."

The next day came with not rain but with sunshine. Today was the second day I would visit Oreo. I had a ziploc bag full of food ready for Oreo and for other ducks I would run into. When me and my family got to the lake, Oreo was by laying near the same spot he was by yesterday. When Oreo saw me he stood up and started limping towards me. I walked towards Oreo and stopped in front of him. I grabbed a handful of oatmeal and then lowered myself to near his level of height. I hovered my hand in front of Oreo and he ate from my hand. Everyday that came after that evening I would visit him, Oreo would be waiting for me near the same spot every day and out of large groups of people Oreo would be able to identify me easily.

I will always be thankful for the friendship I made with Oreo, he was the only good thing that came out of Hurricane Harvey's whirlwind of destruction. I am overjoyed at the fact that I was able to help Oreo walk and fly again. Oreo has inspired me to help other animals in need. I will forever be glad to have met Oreo and to have a strong bond with him, and I soon hope Oreo has his own family of ducks. Oreo is a sweet and kind duck, and I am proud to have been the one to have helped him survive.