



Our street after Hurricane Maria.

## “The Storm is Taking It All”

The winds of Hurricane Maria were barreling down our street in the mountain town of Cayey, Puerto Rico. The windows in my parents’ bedroom began to shake. My mother left the room quickly, but my father froze. “I can’t move,” he said. “The storm is taking it all.” My two siblings and I entered. We told him he needed to get out. “I can’t,” he said with a blank stare. We hugged him hard while the windows rattled, threatening to break loose. “Te tenemos, papi,” we said. (“We got you, Dad.”) He looked up at us and started walking. — *Melissa Alvarado Sierra*