

Cally MS.

Mar. 1

How My Family Got
to Hopetown

Waves crashed against the side of the ship like malevolent beasts. "We cannot make it to Florida!" my grandmother shouted at my grandfather, who was on the bridge of the vessel. "We going to stop at the nearest settlement!" shouted my grandfather as rain poured down to Earth.

Suddenly a bright light appeared. "Look!" my grandmother cried. "It's just lightning!" my grandfather responded. "No, it's a lighthouse, sail towards it!"

They had discovered a settlement! My grandfather turned the wheel with his large hands. If the sinister maelstrom capsized the craft, killing the mariners, the Manley and Watson families would not of made it to Hope Town.

The ship pushed through the monsoon and into the humble harbor. "We're saved!" cried my grandmother, to no particular person.

The Manley and Watson families have arrived in a harbor full of benevolent people. The people of their families have continued to come to Hope Town for two generations. I am one of those people.