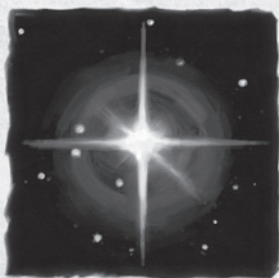


# I SURVIVED

HURRICANE  
KATRINA, 2005



by **Lauren Tarshis**  
illustrated by **Scott Dawson**

**Scholastic Inc.**

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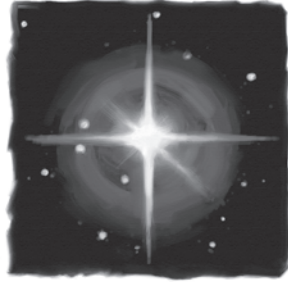
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# CHAPTER 1



MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 2005

7:00 A.M.

THE LOWER NINTH WARD,  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Hurricane Katrina was ripping apart New Orleans, and eleven-year-old Barry Tucker was lost and alone, clinging to an oak tree for dear life. He'd fallen off the roof of his house and been swept away in the floodwater. The raging current

had tossed and twisted him, almost tearing him to pieces. He would have drowned, but somehow Barry had grabbed hold of the tree. With every bit of strength in his body, he'd pulled himself out of the water and wrapped his arms and legs around the trunk.

Now he was holding on, with no idea what to do next.

Wind howled around him. Rain hammered down. And all Barry could see was water. Swirling, foaming, rushing water. The water had washed away his whole neighborhood. Pieces of it floated by. In the dirty gray light, Barry saw jagged hunks of wood, shattered glass, a twisted bicycle, a refrigerator, a stuffed penguin, a mattress covered with a pink blanket. He tried hard not to imagine what else was in that water or what had happened to all his neighbors . . . and his mom and dad and little sister, Cleo.

What if they'd all fallen into the water too? What if . . .

*Wait!* What was that sound? Was someone calling his name?

“Dad!” Barry screamed. “Mom! Cleo!”

No. It was just the wind shrieking. Even the sky was terrified of this storm.

Barry was shaking now. Tears stung his eyes. And then he heard a new sound, a cracking and groaning, above the wind and rain. He stared in shock at what was floating in the water.

A house.

Or what was left of it. One side was torn off. It moved through the flood slowly, turning. Its blown-out windows seemed to stare at Barry. The splintered wood looked like teeth in a wide-open mouth.

And it was coming right at him.