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A Flood of Change

Everyone knew that a large storm was heading to New Orleans, but how often had everyone been through this routine? Even in my short life I had been through it multiple times. So everyone thought there would just be a lot of rain some minor flooding and some wind damage. And for a while everyone was right. Then the levees failed catastrophically and suddenly what should have been a week away from home became two months away.

We hadn't even planed on being away for a storm. The storm hit on Labor Day weekend, and we just happened to be in Destin that weekend, which was the original destination of the storm; so all we had brought with us were three days of clothes and our dog, but we did get to miss all of the evacuation traffic.

So we were hanging out in Destin, watched the storm make landfall, and then pass the city, and everything seemed ok; then by a miracle of failed engineering the levees failed and then by a not so uncommon act of political idiocy, the cities pumps got destroyed; and everyone quickly realized that no one would be going back for quite some time.

So we were at the beach, and that seemed like a reasonable place to spend a few months so we stayed. We had been in my grandmother's condo and we decided to stay there. And we found a school that had just opened three weeks earlier; now I truly feel sorry for this school, you see Destin is the place where New Orleans people go, so this school, which wasn't even properly set up yet got something like 200 new students. But any way something like 7 of those people were some of my friends and me, which was nice. The school was a joke; none of us tried the slightest bit but got straight A's. So eventually I dropped out, my mom decided that it was a waste of time. We eventually went to New Jersey for a while and hung out with my uncle.

The difficult thing was being in a new environment. It taught us how to adapt, forced us to meet new people on their home turf, How to get used to new living conditions, I had never spent a long period of time in a place with seven people, and two dogs that had two bedrooms and a loft. Overall I just became able to walk into a new place and be able to just take it in stride, something that came in handy when we eventually moved to Georgia.

One of the greatest changes to me though, was that I suddenly built up an interest in politics. After Katrina I began to follow what politicians were doing and how their actions affected me. It's made me much more aware of the world around me, and has shown me that it is up to everyone, including me, to try to make a difference in this world.

In the end, my journey to Destin and then to the general aftermath of Katrina, has changed me, and made me stronger. I am capable of meeting new people and surviving in less comfortable than normal surroundings, and I now have a different view of the world, and care more about the activities of our government.