I SURVIVED
THE CHILDREN’S BLIZZARD, 1888
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THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII, AD 79

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1776

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, 1863

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE, 1871

THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE, 1906

THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC, 1912

THE SHARK ATTACKS OF 1916

THE HINDENBURG DISASTER, 1937

THE BOMBING OF PEARL HARBOR, 1941

THE NAZI INVASION, 1944

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ST. HELENS, 1980

THE ATTACKS OF SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

HURRICANE KATRINA, 2005

THE JAPANESE TSUNAMI, 2011

THE JOPLIN TORNADO, 2011
For David
A deadly blizzard raged across the prairie, and eleven-year-old John Hale was trapped in a frozen nightmare. The wind screamed in his ears as he staggered through the blinding snow. His whole body was numb.

The monster storm had come out of nowhere, a massive black cloud moving faster than a train.
The temperature plunged. The wind howled. And then,

*Rooooaar!*

The sky exploded like a bomb, blasting snow and ice through the air.

Ground-up ice raked John’s eyes like tiny claws. The furious wind pounded him, tore at him, spun him around. He felt like he was locked in a cage with a furious beast trying to rip him to pieces.

And then a screaming gust picked John up and slammed him down. He tried to rise to his feet, but the wind was too strong. Snow was piling on top of him, burying him in an icy grave.

John felt his flesh freezing on his bones. His body’s warmth was seeping out of him, like blood leaking from an open wound.

John had never wanted to move west, to this wide-open prairie. He was a city kid, not a tough pioneer. And now the maniac wind was hissing in his ears, taunting him.
You’re weak!
You’ll never make it!
You’re doomed!

That terrifying, evil wind was the last sound John heard as he was buried alive.