

True Grit Essay

It went from night to day in less than a second. And then back again. This is the story of a brave decision my father decided to make to benefit others. It was a dark evening. Clouds swirled around the setting sun, masking its presence. My family of four was eating our evening meal when thunder met our ears. Looking out the back window, a breeze started to blow. Not thinking much of it, we continued eating the comforting warm meal.

As we sat chatting at the round dining table, thunder was heard and the wind started picking up speed. The wind whistled and lashed at the trees. Looking into the sky, I saw the first bolt of lightning slash through the clouds. Worried, my mother picked up her phone to check the weather. The wind was blowing debris across the backyard. The weatherman predicted a windy evening.

We were told to head to the basement. My brother and I rushed downstairs with flashlights and our dog. We sat on the couch to check the news on the TV. The wind would reach high speeds. Silently, a light bulb flickered in my mind.

"Dad, the trampoline," I sputtered. "It's not tied down." Almost robotically, our family ran upstairs. My brother and I smooshed our faces to the sliding back door. As we looked outside it seemed to go from night to day in less than a second. And then back again. It was like watching a video of a windy storm in stop motion. Everything seemed to be moving in sudden flickering movements. The nets of the trampoline held balls of air as lightning cut the sky.

In just seconds, the trampoline slid over just an inch. Then a foot. Then a yard. The wind was blowing hard East. All of a sudden, the trampoline lifted off the ground and flew across the backyard. My heart started to pound as the trampoline hit the hill separating our neighbor's yard and ours. Our trampoline took flight and flew right into our neighbor's pear tree. If that tall strong tree wasn't there, the trampoline would have flown right through their living room. My mom and dad huddled behind us, eyes wide like discs. The pear tree's branches swung, seeming to give in to the heavy trampoline upside-down on top of it.

Scared it would hit our neighbor's house, my dad ran outside in the booming thunder. My mom followed after him. My brother and I continued to stand there, watching the lightning twirl in the sky. We stood there, scared that something would go wrong. My dad climbed up the hill and under the trampoline. With all his might, he jumped up and pressed his body against the fabric. The trampoline flipped over off the tree, rolled down the hill and back into our yard with dad sitting inside it. The trampoline didn't hit our neighbor's house, but each trampoline pole was bent in half. In our heads that day, my dad was very brave. He truly had grit.