

-ed vs -ing Adjectives

Present Participial adjectives

Past Participial adjectives

It was a hot, steamy day of May, 1982. I was 14 years old and lived with my parents and my sister in a nice small village in Iowa. My father worked at a huge **consulting** company 10 miles away. My mother was a housewife, so she didn't work outside.

My sister and I were coming home from school when something **surprising** and terrible occurred. We passed the cinema of the town, and turned left when, all of a sudden, it started to rain heavily and we could hear a strong wind blowing. My sister and I were sitting together at the back of the bus and got really **frightened** because we didn't know what was happening. We could only see people running here, there and everywhere.

The storm continued for a while, then it stopped, and nothing could be heard, the sky turned orange. As time passed, things became more and more **amazing**. We had never had such an **exciting** experience before. But the worst was to come... Then we heard it and looked through the windows of the bus. We all realized that the immense spinning column was coming towards us. The driver told all of us to go to the rear and I could see nothing. My schoolmates started to cry and ran to our seats. I got up and told the **excited** screaming children to shut up... All of them were **shocked**.

As we had seen on TV, it was a fierce immense brown wall of dust, objects, and even animals from time to time. Now I can remember it as something oddly **fascinating** to look at the houses disappearing along with the rest of the objects in its path.

Suddenly, when the tornado was about to reach the bus, it turned right. We all stopped screaming and looked at it completely **engrossed**. It kept on devastating the long street of the town. When it was far away, we got off the bus and could see our parents running to pick us up. They had a very **worried** look on their faces. Suddenly we thought of our mum. She was at home, and the tornado was leading there. My father rang her but nobody answered the phone. When we got home, there was no house. My mother was standing in front of the place where it had once been, crying and really **excited**, but she was safe.

To our surprise, our house was the only one completely destroyed in our neighbourhood. Our neighbour across the street came out and with a friendly penetrating voice told us he had never seen such a dreadful thing!

Nowadays, we live in the same place but our house is bigger and far more resistant.