



FLOOD

By Autumn

A white, picket fence ran alongside the rocky track which led towards the riverbank. Perched on top of the fence was a red post-box waiting to welcome anybody who came. A narrow, gravel path led to a magnificent, wooden house with a shady veranda. Surrounding the porch, were bouquets of blooming flowers sharing their joy. Behind the house, sat an old oak tree swaying in the wind. Two excitable children could be heard laughing and playing with their dog outside. In the distance, a winding river flowed gently, twisting and turning between trees. Bright green fields stretched out as far as the eye could see. The sky was blue like an ocean and the sun was beaming down with all of its might.

Later that night, after dinner, the family settled down in the living room. Snug and warm, mum was sat in her favourite armchair reading her book (Black Beauty) as usual. Wearing her P-Js, she curled up her legs and glanced down at her two children who were playing on the rug.

Billy was sitting crossed legged playing Major League Baseball on his PS4.

"Yes! A home run!" he shouted jumping up and down waving his controller in the air.

Meanwhile, Ella was rubbing Buster's belly and listening to her favourite song - Shot Gun - and quietly singing along.

"Ssh! I am trying to focus!" demanded Billy, the oldest of the siblings.

"Yeah, says the one who's jumping up and down screaming HOME RUN!" hissed Ella.

As Billy was about to score a home-run a severe weather warning occurred. Dad, rushed down stairs and joined the family on the sofa. The weather man, who was called Michal Blizzard stated: "Well, isn't it a dramatic start to the week? Extreme thunderstorms are developing and approaching fast, accompanied by torrential downpours and swirling winds. Fast flood warnings are also in place!"

Dad glanced over at mum, a panicked look was spread across his face...

Meanwhile, in the distance, ominous clouds rolled across the sky. With all of its might, rain lashed down as lightning stabbed the ground causing unmistakable roars. Flashes of light lit up the sky. The house shook with fear, it gazed across the fields to see the storm closing in.

After the news, mum took the children up to bed.

"We will be okay, try not to worry, we have got it all under control," said mum trying to convince herself as well.

Minutes later, Billy and Ella were still tossing and turning. Clutching her teddy bear, Ella turned to face the window. She stared out to see angry clouds suffocating the innocent house. Ella, trembling, tiptoed over to Billy's bed. Tapping him on the shoulder she asked,

"C-can you come w-with me down to mum and dad? I'm scared."

"Sure." he replied, a tear rolling down his cheek.

They silently crossed the landing until they reached the top of the stairs where they stopped to hear mum and dad talking.

"I think it's best for us and the kids to leave the house," said mum sobbing sorrowfully.

"Good idea darling. We will explain to the kids tomorrow. For now, we will try to protect the house the best that we can..."

Early the next morning, a truck arrived and delivered a large load of sand bags. A group of men hopped out of the truck and started piling the bags up in a neat formation around the house. Dad gazed out of the window at the people outside. He rushed to the front door, flung on his raincoat and ran outside. After talking to the men, he started to help stack the bags in a ring around the in order to make a barrier. It was a race against time! Meanwhile, inside, mum was dashing around packing up boxes with food, water and vital medical equipment. Secretly peeping out from the window, Ella was watching all of the kayos outside whilst also trying to piece together what was happening in her mind. Tired and exhausted, dad still pushed on even though the rain was lashing down like shards of glass, smashing into thousands of little pieces as it hit the ground.

At the rising of dawn, the family said their last goodbyes to their home and went to sit in the car. With tears in her eyes, Ella turned around and pressed her hand against the damp window watching as the house got smaller as they drove further away. Would she ever see her house again? Ella slumped back into her seat and took hold of Billy's hand.

Later that evening, the water rose higher, angrily trying to make its way over the wall. The house trembled as the water peeped over and started to creep towards it. The torrential rain soon became more powerful and wanted to rule the land.

Eventually, the house gave in. The sandbags fell to the ground and the door of the house collapsed. Water raced in sweeping all of the family photos where ever it went. The furniture was up turned and the windows shattered into millions of tiny pieces at the flood's rage.

The pond around the house became a sea and the sea became an ocean. Weeks later, the rain finally slowed leaving the house alone. The ominous clouds started to clear revealing a faint blue.

Weeks pass. The family drove back down the track, mud splattering on to the car. It had felt like years since the family had last seen their home. Ella was really happy that she was going to see her house again. It had been months since they had seen their fresh, green grass swaying in the wind and had seen their blossoming flowers of all colours. However, as the family pulled up in front of their house, it was nothing like that. They were devastated.

The family slowly made their way out of the car. They stood there, horrified at what lay before them. Ella clung on to dad. What had happened to their home?