

Flood



A white, picket fence towered over an illuminated path which wended down to an emerald green riverbank. Sat next to it was a crystal clear river which wended down to a lake. Stood next to the fence was an oak tree which grew out jet-black branches that were coated in lime green leaves, which stood on top of each one like a knight. Perched upon the fence was a velvet red post-box, which glistened in the early morning light. Surrounding the veranda was a bouquet of pink and lilac flowers, which shined magnificently in the blinding light.

After dinner, the family sat in the living room. Mum was sitting in her blood red armchair which stood behind the wooden staircase. She had bleach-blond hair, she was wearing a white t-shirt, some denim jeans and was reading her favourite book (the wind-in-the-willows). Meanwhile, her children were playing on the carpet. Billy who was the older of the sibling roared "ave it", as he just won a home run. His sister was rehearsing for her school play "welcome to our jungle..." she sang



"You sound like a drowning cat" Billy shouted.



As the family gathered around the tv, it flickered on to 'the dukes of hazard' for a breaking news announcement. The weatherman, who was called tommy cyclone, bellowed,

'its gonna be a dramatic start to the week with a tropical cyclone coming from the west.'

Upon the horizon stood an army of billowing black clouds, making the ground beneath it an eternal darkness. Lighting up the sky, were bolts of lightning which stabbed the ground like daggers. The wind roared with vexation removing everything in sight.

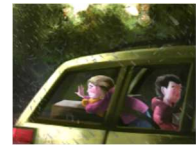


After watching the news, mum began comforting her children, who were paralyzed to the spot in fear, 'Don't worry we'll be okay,' mum said scurrying her children up the stairs trying to convince them. Billy and Ella obeyed and went straight to bed. When they got to bed, they pressed their ears on the floor listening to their parent's conversation as an ominous storm brewed outside. They heard talk of them leaving home.



Minutes after sunrise, a truck arrived delivering a load of sandbags, a man hopped out of the truck sorting out the bags into an uncluttered pile. Meanwhile, the river trembled in despair as the torrential downpour hammered upon the surface of the river, like malicious shards of glass making the river burst over the emerald green riverbank.

After packing their bags, the family fled on to the road. With tears glistening in her eyes, she pressed her hand on the window asking herself if she will ever come back.



Hours after the family had left, the river had finally subdued. From, the torrential downpour and burst its banks as it rose closer to the house by the second.

Later that evening, the river finally overcame the wall and flooded, tearing anything that stood in its way.

Several hours later, the river grew into a lake and soon became a sea. The rain had pierced open holes in the roof making it unrecognisable.

Seven weeks later, the family hit the road heading back home. Ella stared outside the window with a mortified look in her eyes.



'Mum what happened?' Billy asked.

'A flood happened', mum replied in, a worried tone. '



Hours later, the family returned to the house, Ella could barely look. It looked like it hadn't been used for 100 years. The house had alga growing over it like a swarming predator. The only thing that stood the same was the white door.

By Sebastian