

The Flood

Marcus and his family were on their camping holiday. A terrible, fierce storm was coming, and their village was likely to flood. Marcus' home, situated within a small valley near a broad, rushing river, was at great risk. If the river burst its banks, their home would flood. They had left Marcus' kitten, Vera, who was still only a tiny grey ball of fur, at home. Marcus felt his stomach turn over as he imagined Vera's tiny mewling shrieks while the water entered their home. They simply couldn't let that happen.

That morning, after packing the car up as quickly as they could, Marcus and his parents sped down the motorway towards home.

"Don't worry, Marcus," his Dad reassured him. "It's only a couple of hours away. We'll be home before you know it!" But Marcus still felt that knot of worry building inside him. The sky was an ominous grey and hadn't stopped raining for days. It seemed to be getting even heavier, and Marcus could see the fields on either side of the road filling with vast pools of floodwater.

Two hours later, as they finally reached the village, they were confronted by a roadblock. A man in a high-vis jacket was directing drivers another way. Marcus bit back tears. Vera must be terrified. What would happen to her if the house flooded? The more he thought about it, the more he realised that he just couldn't leave Vera. He had to get out of the car.

Marcus ran harder than he had ever run in his life. His feet, soaked through, turned numb as he pounded past the roadblock. It felt as if his heart would burst, but he didn't slow down. By now, the water from the river was swirling in muddy eddies and rising to his knees. Rain lashed down upon his soaking wet shoulders and dripped from the ends of his dark brown hair. As he reached his street, he realised that it was deserted. All of the other families had abandoned their homes and left as the foul-smelling water crept inside. With a sense of foreboding, Marcus pushed open the door.

"Vera? Where are you?" he cried. He could hear no reply, only the rushing water swirling around his living room and soaking its way up their linen curtains. Everything was ruined. Cushions, books, and toys floated on the dark, putrid water. Everywhere he looked was destruction and devastation. Marcus dropped his head and closed his eyes. He was too late.

Suddenly, just as he was about to give up hope, he heard a faint cry. Glancing around, Marcus spotted her. Tucked up high, above the curtain rails, was Vera. She was clinging on with her tiny claws and trying to stay above the water.

Marcus breathed a sigh of relief and smiled. He felt as if the heaviest weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Reaching to the top of the curtain, he enclosed the tiny ball of fluff within his warm hands. Vera began to purr as he nestled her safely within his zipped coat.