

The Flood

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For Young Author Fair

The beautiful long river that flows by my house is more than just a river. Children love to swim in it, surrounded by the smooth, shimmering water. Fish jump out of the river and dive back in it again. It flows right between my house and my friend Ellie's house, twisting and turning like a snake. Everyone loves it.

The river is called Dark River, because when the sun begins to set, the water slowly turns into a color darker than a moonless night sky.

My dog, Lucky simply can't stop swimming in it. He only comes back at nightfall. It's winter now, and it's raining every day. But that doesn't stop him from going there at six o'clock every morning. When I come home from school, there he is barking and splashing.

One day I woke up early because of the heavy rain pounding on my window. I got out of bed, put on my sneakers, and peered out the window.

I almost screamed when I saw the river. The rain was falling from the sky, as big as gumdrops, and landing right in the river. It was quickly rising up. Water sloshed out and onto the bank.

But what terrified me most was this - if the water kept on coming out, there could be a flood. We had had floods before, but they were very small. I could tell this one was going to be big. I yelled for help as water splashed all over the front porch.

My dad came rushing into the room. "The rain!" he gasped. "The river! There's going to be a flood."

We dashed downstairs and shut all the windows. But there was one that I must have forgotten to close. Suddenly, a huge wave of water came in through the open window and drenched the couch in water. Then another wave came in. The village all around me was getting flooded. Oh, no!

Quick as a bullet, I raced out of the house, my eyes darting around wildly. I spotted Lucky hiding under the front porch. I seized him around the middle. He did not struggle or bark. He did not seem to mind as I thrust him into the house and yelled, "Go upstairs! Now!" He dashed upstairs, whimpering.

I glanced around frantically. Dad was hauling bucket after bucket of sand and dirt onto the riverbank. The wind roared and moaned. The water sprayed my father with cold drops of water, but he kept on pouring as if he didn't notice them.

A man nearby got into his truck and started pushing dirt onto the riverbank. I thought I was safe. But I had thought wrong.

Just then, a wave splashed up onto the porch and into the house where I was standing. I stumbled forward and tripped. Then another wave. And another. Before I knew it, the whole village around me was 5 feet deep in water. I was carried toward the river as I floated in the water. I kicked and yelled, screamed and gasped. I was slowly sinking. No matter what I did I could not keep afloat.

Right when all hope seemed lost, Lucky came paddling up to me. I stopped kicking. My dog grabbed me by the sleeve of my shirt and pulled me to shore. I was safe! Then I turned around. Dad plopped one last bucket of sand onto the bank, and after that no more water came out. Furniture floating around was collected and brought back to its owners. The rain stopped. The water rushed back into the river and it was almost full like it had been before the flood.

Dad came over to me and grinned. "Thanks, Lucky," he whispered. "You saved my daughter's life." He rubbed my pet on the back. Then he walked away. Lucky barked and bounded over to the river. He started to swim. I laughed. The flood was over. The rain had stopped. Everything was okay.

That had been one of the biggest adventures of my life!