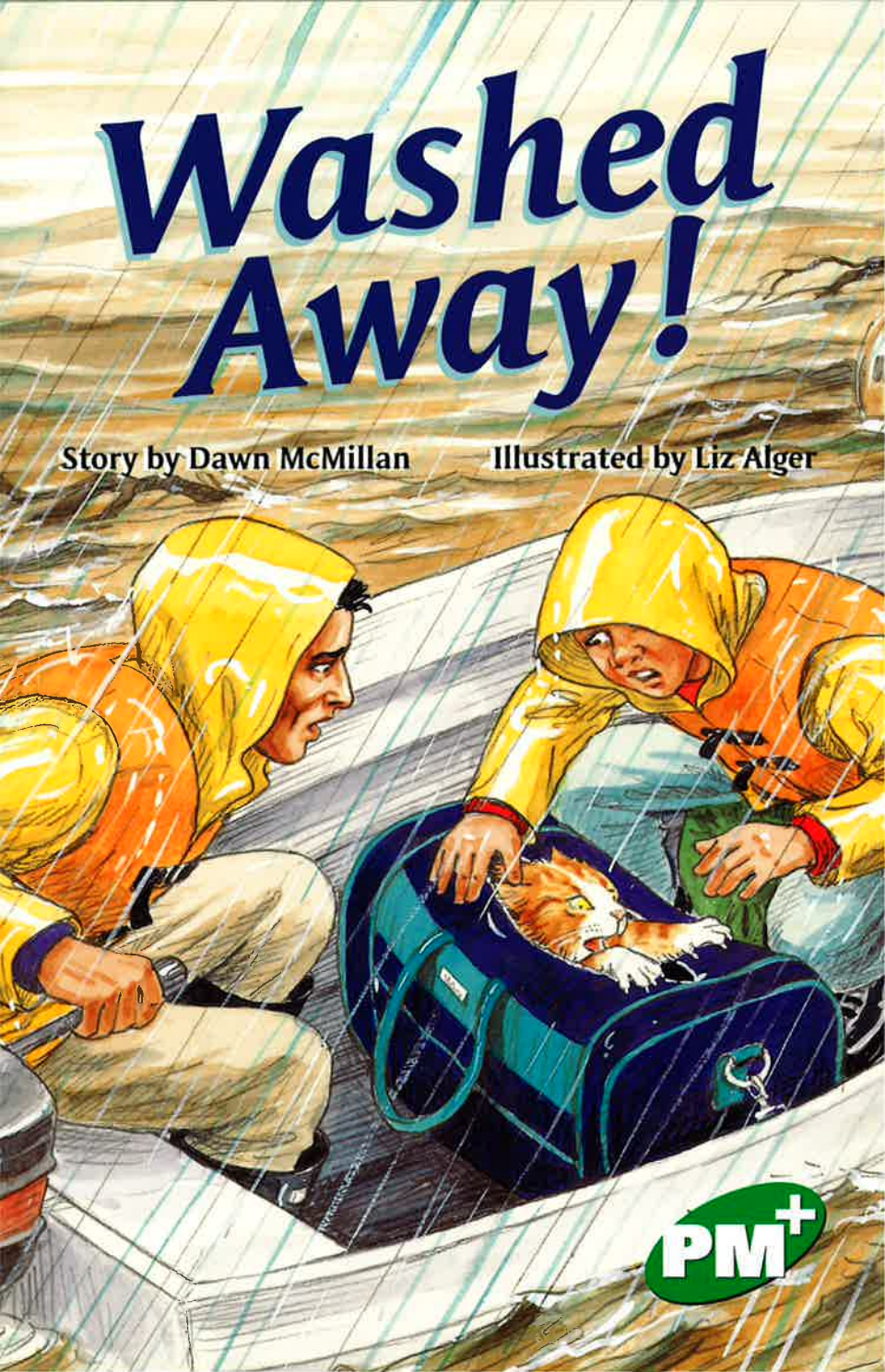

Washed Away!
Story by Dawn McMillan
Illustrated by Liz Alger
PM+

For teachers' inspection ONLY

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Chapter 1

Ready to Go



It looks as if we're going to be flooded out! I'm a bit scared but I'm trying not to show it. Dad has got lots to worry about and I don't want him to worry about me too. I think he does though, because he pats me on the shoulder every time he passes. I know Dad will look after me, and I'm going to look after him!

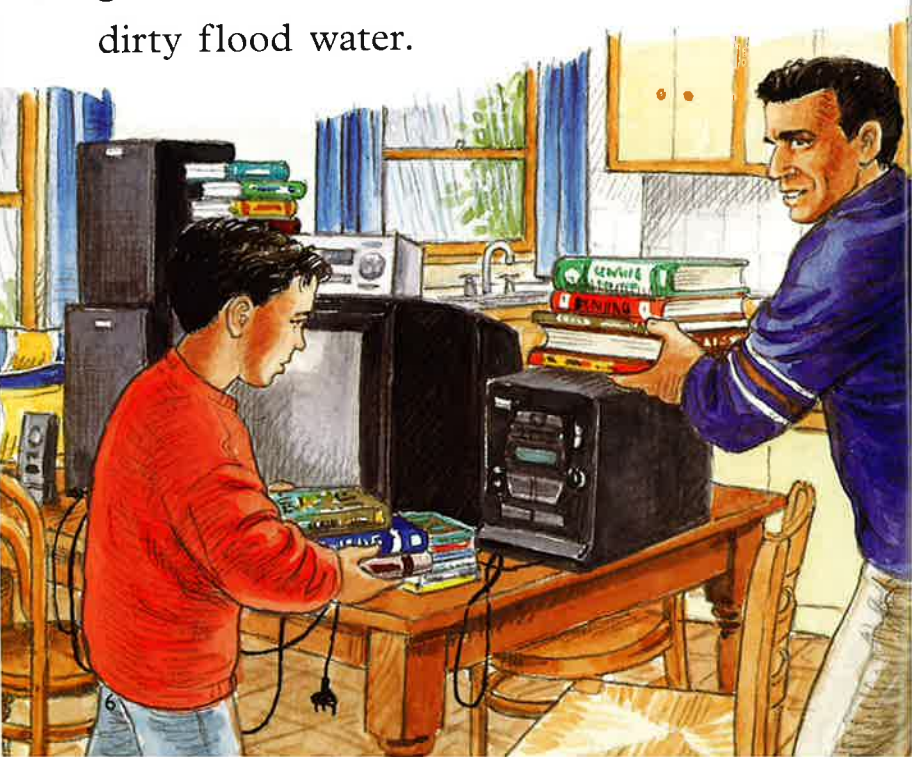
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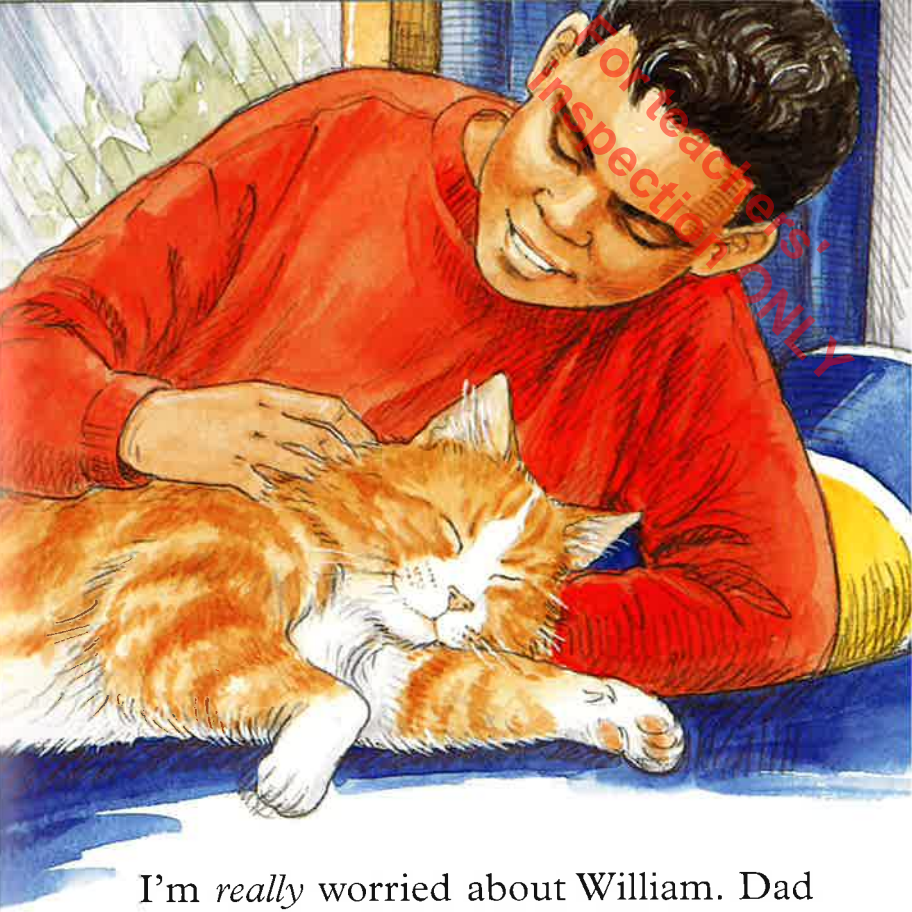
We've got everything ready. We can only take a few things, and some warm clothes and a spare jacket. I'm taking my photo of Mum, my toothbrush, my sleeping bag and my spare trainers. Dad says we'll need some dry footwear for when we get to the rescue centre. We'll have to walk in the water to launch our dinghy. The dinghy looks really strange sitting in the middle of our lawn. It's tied to the verandah post so if the flood water comes up quickly, it won't float away.



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I'm worried about leaving our house. My room's upstairs so that's not so bad, but downstairs we've had to put lots of things up high. Our photos and our important papers are up in the roof! The television and our books are on the table. So is the CD player. I helped Dad roll up our rugs and they are on the window seat. It was fun at the time, like an adventure, but now it doesn't feel so good. I don't want our house ruined by dirty flood water.




For teacher's inspection ONLY

I'm *really* worried about William. Dad and I both love William. When we watch television at night he sits between us and we scratch his ears. He likes that. I've put heaps of cat biscuits and a container of fresh water on the bench for him. I don't want to leave him, but I know he's better off here than being kept in a box for ages. He's here beside me, fast asleep...



For teachers' inspection ONLY

Dad's back from putting the car up on the high part of our yard. I can hear the emergency sirens wailing, over and over, and the water is at the end of our street. I have to go and help Dad. We really *are* going to evacuate! I'm taking my diary so I'll write some more later. Goodbye, house! Goodbye, William!