

FLOOD

Late Thursday afternoon, on the twenty-fourth of January at five o'clock, Mum and I decided to muster the cattle off The Island, because it goes under water. We had only put the cattle on The Island two weeks ago. We had not mustered the cattle off The Island yet.

We had trouble with some of the cattle. About twenty head of cattle went in the gully. Mocha the bull led them out of the gully and we pushed them across the bridge. Then we went back over for more and pushed another group. Two rogue cows broke loose from the group. So mum and I went back to get them when mum's bike ran out of fuel.

It was dark, it was cold and it was raining and mum said we would never find it again if we went home for fuel. So mum took off her jeans and used them for rope. Mum tied her jeans around the two four wheeler motorbikes and towed me home. I got covered in mud and wet sand. The worst bit was when Mum's jeans tore in half and we were half way up a muddy hill. Mum had to push the back of the motorbike and I had to pull the front of the bike and we pulled it up the hill. Mum said I had to steer with one hand and hold on to the back of the four wheeler motor bike and when we got home it was eight o'clock.

In the morning we went to check how high it had risen - at least forty metres high - so we were lucky that we mustered the cattle when we did or otherwise they would be dead. Mum said I did a good job.