

# Surviving the holidays

Claudia Neill-Ballantine

Saturday: 7:30 am

This is the story of how I managed to go without power for five days. It started when I was at my dad's place in Biloela, sleeping in as always. My mum woke me up at 7:30 in the morning! She told me to wake up and get in the car with my grandma. My little sister, Lilly, was in there. My brothers, Darcy and Mason, wanted to stay home and were trying to hack my iPod password. I got dressed in a long, pink, sparkly shirt with knee long tights. I had straightened my hair with the In Styler and ran to the car. It started to rain. I was worried my hair would get wet.

I got in the car to find my hair had gone from perfectly straight, to find curls in my hair again. I got my bags in and I turned the radio on. My cousin Jacinta and Leo were with Lilly. We travelled to Calliope and dropped off my cousins to their mum. We then got fish and chips and the lady there put it in a take away container. The rain was belting down. We checked up on what was happening in Baffle Creek using Facebook. When we finally got home I decided to watch television. My phone's battery had gone flat. In the middle of a show I was watching, the power had gone out. Luckily my grandad had a barbeque that ran on gas. For the next week we sat in the car to listen to the radio. It was hard without power. Since my phone was flat I couldn't check up on my family back in Biloela. Luckily my grandmother could charge her phone in the car.

I was disappointed that I missed the Music Awards on Foxtel. I was really curious to see which musician got what award. A few days later the floods cleared up a little bit and we could go to the shops. I got an ice cream and so did my little sister.

“If the power comes on,” I said to grandma, “I will never whinge about anyone hogging the television ever again.” I promised. I knew that it would be difficult but I am kind of used to watching ‘Regular Show’ with Darcy and Mason and I got to say, I kind of like it. My mum thinks it’s a little weird but I secretly curl up in front of the couch watching it eating a snack in my pyjamas when no one is around.

The day after that, I woke up at 10:00 in the morning. When I got up I went to the living room I got a huge surprise; the TV was on! It wasn’t actually the TV I was worried about. It was kind of creepy sitting around in the dark until bedtime. I was stoked but I still missed my mum and dad, who were still in Biloela. A week before school started we made it to Gladstone. I got my hair trimmed and then Grandad dropped me off at my dad’s place. When I got there I realized the flood was a pretty scary experience, not only for me but for everyone. We saw the news and it showed the affect floods had on other towns and I felt silly exaggerating over power. I was glad that the floods didn’t do as much damage as Bundaberg or anywhere else. It was an experience I will never forget.