

# At My Place In The Flood

On Saturday the 26<sup>th</sup> of January, my family went to bed thinking the water wouldn't come any higher. Mum, Dad, Reece and I woke up, went to the back verandah and looked at the water. It had risen about 2 metres. Then Dad and Reece hooked the big boat on Dad's car. Dad put the boat in the floodwater. Reece and I jumped on board the boat while it was still on the trailer. Mum and Dad boarded the boat when the boat was off the trailer.

Then we went and found the horses. They were in water up to their chests. Dad got out with a life jacket on and caught Rowdy, which is Reece's horse. In about five minutes Dad had caught his horse Zandy so there was only one left. His name is Comet he is not broken in, so Dad couldn't catch Comet in any way; we couldn't even lasso him.

So we started to swim Rowdy and Zandy with Mum holding Zandy and Reece holding Rowdy. Comet was trying his hardest to keep up. I was crying, hugging Dad and yelling out to Comet all at the same time. I said, "Come on Comey you can do it boy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Zandy was on the topside and Rowdy was on the bottom side so Zandy kept on getting washed under the boat from the current. Zandy slipped his bridle, in other words he pulled his bridle off. Then Mum went and helped Reece. Rowdy turned on his side and hit his head on the boat twice. We put Reece and Rowdy on an island. Mum, Dad and I went round on Tableland Road and waited for about 15-20 minutes and Comet came floating past alive; we had 5 seconds to do something. The worst thing was watching him float away. But we didn't see Zandy. About 2 hours later Zandy was found in Joan Hill's place.

By Karrie Hills