

The Trip

It was that time again... Our annual surfing trip to Devon. While my parents packed up the suitcases and loaded up the car for the long journey ahead, we chatted excitedly about what an incredible holiday this was going to be!

Not too long into the journey, the beautifully clear, blue sky became dark and ominous. All of a sudden, crashing towards the long line of traffic, was a colossal wave – not the kind you'd want to catch on a board either...

Desperately, people raced wildly out of their cars, running, screaming and panicking yet as I looked to my left, I saw a man, on the side of the road struggling to get up. He didn't have a vehicle. He also looked like he had something in his hand, but my parents didn't seem to care because mum yanked him inside the car. For a split second I felt the tiniest bit of joy as I watched some little fish darting around and jumping out of the clear aqua water outside and all around the car, but all feelings were crushed by a huge wave hurtling our direction from behind. My baby brother was watching the wave and clapping his hands and laughing! I was trying to explain that this is very dangerous, but he's only a baby and he didn't understand.

As we kept on driving at 270 kph all you could see was the iridescent walls of the ocean guiding the way to the unknown. My mum tried to calm me down (as my brother was already happier than ever) but I could tell by the look in her eyes she didn't know if we would ever be safe again.

Ever so suddenly I heard something, something big, something coming towards us. The car started shaking and mum looked like she was about to faint. She shouted "EARTHQUAKE!". People in front were stopping, (obviously forgetting about the tsunami behind them) and the tsunami ate them one by one like pieces of popcorn.

Then we saw it, the saviour, about twenty huge military choppers. Soldiers inside were sprinting out and snatching others to safety. One by one they left with full capacity. There were only three left. Were we going to make it? Were we ever going to see dad again? What would happen if we didn't make it? My mind was flooded with questions. Two left, one left and the last chopper left leaving only us, the waves closed in and we floated out to sea.

The End