The Flood Disaster

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Dedication:
Dedicated to my friend, Kai.
Chapter 1: The Rain

Once upon a time, in the eastern parts of Oregon, a small town bustled with action. People drove throughout the town, with some people stopping at a shop or two. The town had been located near a great waterfall, and many tourists came to the waterfall to take a picture. It was late April, and the rainy season would start soon.

Within the action, a teenager by the name of Robert had decided to take a walk down to the grocery store with his friend. Robert was medium-sized, not too tall but not too short. His hair had a jet-black color to it, and he looked relatively fit because he ate a lot of protein and worked out. However, most of his friends called him Rob or Robby. The rainy season would soon approach, and there were rumors that it would be the worst one yet. This meant that a lot of people were collecting food and rations so that they could avoid the rain.

“Come on, let’s grab some steak and pork,” Robby told his friend, Ted. “It’ll fill us up for most of the season.”

“Nah, we need carrots and other vegetables. Meat only gives you protein. Veggies have actual benefits, man,” replied Ted.

Ted happened to be a short kid, but he was also the healthiest. He had blonde hair, and lived with a vegetarian family. His friends always tried to make him try some meat, but he refused. He was a good kid, and did well in school because of it. Nobody bullied him though, because his friends would always defend him, no matter what.

“Okay, I guess you’re right. But I’m still grabbing meat for protein. I can’t live without meat!” Robby responded.

With that, the two teenagers walked inside. They raced throughout the store, collecting rations for the season. Rob also spent a lot of money on other things, such as a fan and some blankets. The rainy season was also very windy and cold, and if this season was going to be very rainy, it would also be very cold.

After 30 minutes, Robby and Ted emerged from the grocery store, their hands filled with grocery bags. Their faces were contorted as they mildly struggled to carry the large load back to Robby’s house.
An idea popped into Robby’s head. “Hey, Ted, you want to invite the guys over to my house? We can create a base in my room. I’ve got enough food for each of us!”

“Sure. It sounds like a good idea to me,” answered Ted. “But how would we all fit? After all, you don’t have the biggest room in the world.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll find a way.”

They split up, and raced through the neighborhood, knocking violently on each of their friends’ front doors. After collecting each of them, they all went into Robby’s house, which was a large two-story tan house with white pillars and pipes. Once they were inside, they rushed upstairs into Robby’s room.

The room was filled with posters hanging on the wall, each for a different band or book. Of course, the room wasn’t the cleanest either. Clothes were piled up in different corners, and ripped paper plates were hidden underneath Rob’s bed. Each wall was painted a bright turquoise, but the paint was chipping off. The far side of the room had a large window and a doorway, which led to the balcony. By the balcony door was Rob’s closet, which was prepared for a very large sleepover. Air mattresses were piled up in the back, with pillows beside them. Even a dark grey mini fridge was located inside. On this specific day, all of the objects inside would be used.

All of Robby’s friends strolled into the room, each grabbing pillows and air mattresses. Robby plugged in the fan, and they all sat down. Getting comfortable on each of their beds, they began to talk to each other.

“Hey guys. It’s been a while, hasn’t it?” Robby spoke.

“Yeah, I guess so. Hey, you got any Doritos?” asked Karl, another friend of Robby. He was the tallest and most athletic teenager of the group. Even though he wasn’t the smartest, he could escape anything if he put his mind to it.

“I sure do. Check the mini fridge, I keep everything in it.”

“All right, thanks, man.”

For a while, they all talked and played around with each other until it was time for bed. Nighttime had fallen upon the little town, and the stars shined brightly in the sky. The white moonlight passed through the window, and everyone in the room fell asleep.

At midnight, rain came down from the heavens, descending on its target: the town. It started as small droplets, occasionally falling on the roof, and it slowly began to speed up. The sound of rain beating against the wooden roof of the bedroom woke up all of the boys in the room.

Sleepily, Ted spoke, “Well, the rainy season has started, huh?”

“I guess so, and it’s really noisy,” responded Karl, who had slept the least. He never slept that much in the first place.

All of a sudden, a clap of thunder echoed throughout the night, making everyone leap out of their skin. A bright flash went throughout the room. Then, a sound that was similar to flowing water could be heard outside.

“W-what was t-that?” stuttered Robby.

“The real question is, what’s that sound?” asked Tommy. He had been the quietest of the group, but also the most attentive.

“Eh, I don’t know. Let’s go back to sleep, it’s probably nothing special,” Robby said, ending their conversation.
With that, they all laid in bed and tried to snooze, but it was a great struggle. The rain was not stopping, and it seemed as if the weather did not want them to sleep that night. However, one by one, they all nodded off to sleep. Their minds were focused on sleeping, and nobody noticed the water beginning to fill up the two-story house.

Chapter 2: The Sound of Water
In the morning, they were all awakened by the feeling of water on their faces. At first, they didn’t think anything of it. Even though the water was cold, none of them wanted to get up.

“Good morning,” Robby drowsily spoke, but it sounded as if he was trying to talk underwater.

“G’morning to you too, Robby,” gurgled Ted.

Soon enough, Robby realized why it felt like they were all underwater. It was because they were underwater. The sound of running water filled the room, and multiple objects, like wooden chairs, floated around.

Realizing this, Robby jolted upwards into a sitting position, splashing water throughout the large room. “Quickly, guys, we need to evacuate! The room will fill up with running water and drown us if we don’t get out!”

Frantically, they all stood up, each of them drenched in the cool water. The water had been so strong that it had not only gone through the crack of the wooden door, but it had broken through the walls of the room.

“How do we escape?” Adam asked worriedly. Once again, he was another friend. However, he rarely spoke, mainly because he was shy.

“The only way to escape is to go on the roof. I’ve got a ladder on the balcony.” Robby concluded.

“Well, if we want to survive, we’ve got to get to the balcony!” exclaimed Ted, who proceeded to attempt to dash across the room. Instead, he ended up swimming to the balcony door, which was struggling to hold in the water. He pulled open the door, which sent the water out onto the tiled floor of the balcony.

The water spilled over the edge of the balcony, which had a railing made of quartz pillars. The great speed of the water forced it to chip away at the quartz pillars, which wouldn’t be able to hold back the cold fluid much longer. Even worse, Tommy was nowhere to be seen. When they had all woken up, Tommy’s sleeping bag was empty. Robby assumed that he had left early, before the flood had gone too high.

As the foursome put their feet on the balcony, they saw it. The flood, which was already very high up. Rain descended upon the roofs and pounded anything that was in its path. Soon enough, the rain would stop, leaving the flood at a stationary state. However, it would not happen right now.

“There, the ladder! Quickly, climb up!” yelled Robby. The flood was very noisy, and it moved at a very fast speed.

The ladder was very rusty and old. It had rarely been used or cleaned, but it led up to the roof where a hatch could be used to access the attic, which was cleaned monthly. Sometimes, Robby would be sent to go up into the dusty attic to find something. Now, the attic would be very useful for the group.

With their hearts beating in their chests, they climbed up the old ladder into the attic. Their hands were empty; there was no point in bringing their soaked belongings with them. They’d have to find a way to survive without them.

Robby didn’t know what to do, so he asked the others, “Anyone got any ideas?”

As he said that, his neighbor next door yelled out to him. “Hey, there’s a hotel made into a shelter down in between here and Greensville. You should head over there!”
Well, how are we supposed to get there? It must be really far away, thought Robby. Surely it won't be easy, if not impossible.

“All right, we'll need to find a way to get to that shelter,” Robby sighed.

“I know! We should try surfing! It always works, and it's fun. Trust me on this one,” Karl replied, his eyes glittering with excitement.

“Well, I guess we're surfing. I don't have any better ideas,” answered Robby. “But how are we supposed to make them?”

“I've got an idea,” Ted responded.
Chapter 3: Surf’s Up
Ted had assisted them with building a surfboard. However, it also involved them having to pull out roofing from the dirty roof. They all struggled and tugged at the roof, their faces beaded with sweat. After half an hour, they all lay down in the attic exhaustedly.

“How heavy is your roof?” Adam asked tiredly.

“I’m not sure, but apparently it’s very heavy,” Robby replied, then sighed. “Please tell me we have enough roofing, Ted…”

“Sadly, it’s only enough for 3,” Ted answered with despair. “We’ll have to get a bit more roofing.”

With that, they all stood up, their arms hanging by their sides, and walked out into the rain. The flood rose slowly, as it beat against the walls of the house. They all began tugging, once again, at the bricks and roofing. Grunts escaped from their mouths as they pulled out the roof. After 10 minutes, Ted concluded that it was enough to build a fourth surfboard.

“Time to assemble the surfboards,” grunted Robby. “Can we just wait and rest? My arms are aching like crazy, and my back feels like it’ll break any second.”

“Same here,” said both Adam and Karl.

“All right, all right, I guess we can rest,” sighed Ted.

They all stepped into the attic, and out of the rain. Grabbing old blankets in the piles, they all spread out their blankets and lay down. After all their hard work, they all fell asleep soundly.

After a few hours, Robby sat up. The rain had stopped, but the flood was almost going to enter the attic.

Robby yelled, “Everyone, wake up! We need to start surfing, otherwise the flood will drown us!”

With that, they all arose from their sleep. “Man, it’s cold without a blanket to cover me,” shivered Karl. “Once we get to that ‘shelter,’ I think I’ll actually like it.”

“Don’t worry, once we surf, we’ll make it there,” Ted told him. “Are there any waves of some sort?”

“Yep, there’s some waves. The water’s spilling over the roof,” replied Robby.

Then, they all strolled onto the front of the roof, and assembled their surfboards. It didn’t take as long as they thought it would, so they were ready to start. The waves splashed against
their feet, then retreated back into the flood. Luckily, some of the waves were going towards their destination.

All of them laid out their makeshift surfboards, and prepared to ride the waves. Robby counted down from 5, and then they all got into the water and started to surf. “Wow, this is fun! The waves are swift enough to push us at high speed!” Karl yelled excitedly.

They were all having a great time, riding the waves and doing tricks, until a piece of wood flew at them. “Watch out!” yelled Ted. In sync, they all ducked and dodged the plank. It flew above their heads and landed on another roof harmlessly. Robby looked back to see who threw the plank, and saw the group.

It was a group of teenagers, with bandanas and ripped, soaked clothing. It seemed that they had faced the flood, and did not want any survivors. One of them had bulging muscles, and was carrying a pile of wooden planks in his hands. He raised his arm back, aiming at them, and threw a plank at them once again. This time, it splashed in front of them, causing the surfboards to become uneasy and almost tip over.

“Whoa!” exclaimed Adam.

The only way to escape was to get far away from the group, but the group of violent teenagers got into a makeshift boat, and sailed after them. It seemed they had everything in the world that they could use to sabotage Robby and his friends. There was barely anything they could do now; not even escaping was an answer at this point. The only thing to do was surrender or find a place to retreat to, and hope that the group won’t follow them.

Fearfully, Robby yelled, “We need to find somewhere to stay! Start scouting out for somewhere that may serve as a good base!”

Wooden planks kept splashing into the water behind them, then sank harmlessly. Karl, Adam, and Ted proceeded to scout out for something that could be used as a base. Many houses had flooded and decayed, so it was very difficult. After a while, Ted frantically yelled to them, “Look, I found one! Over there!” He pointed to a dark orange house, which was very large and had three stories. One of the floors was not submerged, and would be very useful for a bit.

Happily, Robby told the others, “All right, let’s go inside!” They all surfed towards the window of the house, and broke into it through the window. An alarm squealed, but then sputtered and went silent. Nothing could power it anymore.

The room they had entered was a boy’s bedroom, but it was quite large. It was much more organized than Robby’s old room, and boxes of food and pizza were laid out on the bed. It looked like the person who had inhabited this place was still alive, but had ran away and left the supplies. Adam eyed the pizza, with drool dribbling out of his mouth.

“Let’s eat!” they all yelled in unison.
Opening the pizza boxes, they found fresh pepperoni pizzas, which would help them. They hadn’t eaten in a while, mainly because there was nothing delicious to eat except the Doritos in Robby’s mini fridge, which was surely submerged by now. It had no use to them anymore. Each one of them grabbed a slice of pizza, and wolfed it down before moving on to the next slice. There also happened to be paper plates laid out in a neat pile on the boy’s bed. Each one of them put their slices on a paper plate, then ate them. Robby saved the other half of the pizza he ate for later. Finding a backpack, he put the pizza box inside, along with a few bottles of Coca-Cola and water that he found in other rooms throughout the quite large house.

After they filled themselves up with pizza and Coca-Cola, they lay down on the bed and on the floor, and contemplated what to do. Since all of them knew about the other group, they needed to find a way to get to the checkpoint. All of a sudden, Karl exclaimed, “I have an idea! Why don’t we just try to have the other group help us, instead of having them be opponents?”

“Sounds risky, but also a good idea. Anyone disagree?” Robby replied, then looked around at the rest of the group.

“I guess that’s what we’re doing. Let’s start preparing!”

Each of them went out and explored any parts of the house that they could access, and gathered necessary supplies for the trip. They piled up food, drinks, an old dusty toolbox that seemed to have been left untouched for years, and backpacks in the large bedroom. Then, each of them used the tools in the toolbox (which were in surprisingly good shape) to build a platform and a few rafts that they could use to move the platform.

Prepared to sail out and meet the other group again, Robby and Karl set the platform on the water, and each of them climbed on. They began to move the platform with all of them on it, and they made it at least 20 meters down towards where they started until disaster struck. Ted had been very tired, and set down his backpack on the platform. The extra weight caused the platform to sink, and they were all submerged in the water.

To Robby, the platform tilted, and he fell as the water came to meet him. The water made a huge splash, and Robby was underwater. Underneath the surface of the water was a large amount of cars, various shopping carts and bags, and worst of all, people. A lot of dead people. The sight made Robby sick to the stomach, and he looked away and began to swim to the surface.

Once he broke through the surface of the water, he looked around. He saw Karl and Adam, but Ted wasn’t in sight. However, his glasses were above the surface of the water.

Panicked, Robby exclaimed, “Where’s Ted?!”
“I don’t know,” replied Karl, whose face was turning pale. “He’s probably underwater.”
“I’m going down to save him!” yelled Robby. He dove straight down into the water, and looked around for Ted. After a bit of looking, he found Ted, who was thrashing around in the water, attempting to swim up to the surface. Obviously, he hadn’t taken swimming lessons. Robby swam down to rescue him, and reached out a hand towards Ted. Ted took his hand, and Robby struggled to make it back to the surface. However, after a bit of work, Robby rose out of the water with Ted, and the group swam to a roof.
Gasping for breath and spitting out water, Ted sat on the roof. He was shaking with fear, and his teeth were chattering from the cold flood.
“C-can we p-please not go swimming in the w-water again?” Ted shivered. “I’ve never taken any swimming lessons before, and right now isn’t the time or place.”
“Sounds good to me. But now we have to come up with a different plan.” Robby told him, who was also a bit shaky. It wasn’t everyday that his friends almost drowned. “I think I’ll go inside this place to see what’s inside. You guys take care of Ted, all right?”
“All righty.” Karl sighed.
Even though Robby wasn’t very fond of quiet places, he went inside anyways. The house was quiet, and very messy. He hadn’t seen anyone or anything so messy at all. Robby strolled throughout the house, curious to see what he could find. He entered one of the rooms to find a gallery room. Inside it were boat paddles, and even an inflated raft was left on the floor across from him. It looked a bit torn up, but maybe it would work for Robby and his group.

Robby flipped the raft onto the wall, then pulled it through the doorway to the opened window that he had came through, and then forced it through the window. Afterwards, Robby went and also grabbed the paddles, and pushed them through, then went through the window himself.
“Nice raft, dude.” Karl commented. “Where’d you find it?”
Robby answered, “In the gallery room. It was the only useful thing I could find. We’ll probably be able to use it to get to the safe checkpoint. Is everyone ready yet?”
“Oh, Ted weakly replied. “Can we wait a day?”
“All right,” Robby responded, a bit disappointed. “Let’s rest for today.”
He laid out his blanket on the floor of the room he had entered before, then laid down. It was slightly wet, but Robby didn’t mind. Once he put his head down, he fell asleep almost immediately. The day had been very exhausting, and he was quite tired.
Chapter 4: Arrival
A few hours later, Robby woke up again to the sound of dripping water. The flood had risen again, but only enough to start dripping over the windowsill into the room at a slow pace. He stood up, and yelled, “WAKE UP!” Everyone rose from their spots on the floor, and stretched. “We need to get ready, and head to the safe checkpoint today!”

Tired, Adam replied, “Okay…”

They all stood up and ate their breakfast, which mainly consisted of any leftover food they had found, then started packing everything up. The amount of water in the room was increasing, so Robby worked quickly. He prepared the raft, with the help of Adam, then placed their luggage inside. They were finally ready to sail to the checkpoint.

Everyone got into the raft after a few minutes, and Robby started sailing towards Greensville. The waves were tough, and it took a few hours, but they arrived at the checkpoint safely. They talked to a few security guards, then were let into the building.

Inside was a lobby, with quartz flooring and a few sofas. A doorway, labeled “Apartments,” led to a hallway filled with nice, clean rooms. Robby and his friends took a room, which was furnished with luxurious beds, couches, and a few TVs. It also had a kitchen in the corner, and a few bathrooms.

“Finally, I can rest,” Robby sighed, and laid down on one of the beds and fell asleep. It had escaped the flood, and the flood could no longer access him. He was safe, at least for now.

**THE END**
All About the Author

Alex Bakker lives in Springfield, Oregon. He has a brother and a sister, along with a pet rabbit named Buttons. He reads many chapter books which inspired him to write *The Flood Disaster*. Later in life, Alex plans to be a video game developer or work at tech support. In his free time, Alex prefers to play video games, but you can also find him reading books. You can find him in the library with his nose in a book most of the time.