

One Tear

The dry, hot summer day has hit again, droughts and more were coming. As I was feeding the dogs I smelt a weird but familiar smell. I look behind me to see smoky hills in the distance, my heart dropped. My mum called all of us to pack our bags and gather important stuff. I looked out the window knowing I have to say bye to this place. The horse and the cattle were in a safer place.

We jumped into the car and grabbed the dogs and drove to a mountain behind our house. We weren't safe yet, I looked down at the houses below us. As the fire moved quickly, one flame hit the ground, then another, one flame slowly blew on our house. A tear ran down my mum's face.

We all stood in disbelief as the fire built up, it made a dome around our house. My dad hugged my mum as one tear turned into many, the strong and furious fire wasn't ending, we had to leave quickly.

Weeks later we stayed at my grandparents, we thought it would be safe to go home. A long and slow drive down rocky mountain's and bumpy streets but we made it back, but it was gone, Burt wood and cracked floorboards. I fell on to my knees holding my tears back, a rub on the shoulder comforted me as they say, it'll be ok. But I knew it was going to take a big effort for what we built before.

By Ida