

The Lucky Ones.....

By Carys — aged 10

Holmfirth 1777,

Mary set the bowl of soup down on the table and stared out of the window. Outside it was pouring with rain. Like buckets of water were being poured down onto the town. Even so Mary and John tucked into their vegetable soup and soon went back to their weaving. Mary had been born in this cottage. They were just having another floor built. It was going to be especially for their weaving. They were VERY excited.

Meanwhile Martha was busily rounding up her animals for the river was full to bursting point. The rain coming down as fast as a water fall. Martha could barely see because of the pouring rain. Finally she got the last animal in the stable. Then Martha went back inside to check on her children. Martha had two children William and Annie. William was only 4 years old and Annie just a baby.

She found William playing with a bucket of water from the well. Then she went to find Annie. But Annie was no where to be found... Martha looked everywhere for her but still no luck. Suddenly, she heard a big crash and looked out of the window. The river had burst! Water was now crashing around and destroying everything in its path. What could she do?

Mary and John were looking out of the window too. They saw the commotion outside but thought that everything would be alright. But in the corner of his eye John saw a little baby drowning far below. He immediately realised that it was Martha's baby from down the road. As soon as he saw this he ran downstairs got his cloak on and sprinted outside.

The baby was hanging onto a tree branch as tight as she could but her small grip wasn't enough. Soon she would have to let go. John could only think of one thing to do. Jump! He jumped into the thrashing waves as dark as the night sky. Just in time the baby let go just as he grabbed her. John was a good swimmer so he managed to swim to the shore. The baby was wet, cold and crying. He ran as quickly as he could with the baby in his arms.

When the flood finally died down Mary and John returned little Annie to her mother Martha. Martha cried with happiness and thanked them for looking after her. Down the lane they heard people calling for their lost ones. They saw sad families and happy ones that had found their lost ones. It was then that they realised.....they were the lucky ones.

In July 1777 the River Holme burst its banks during a severe storm and flooded the valley. Three people died.