



The Flood



"We have to go now!" Adelaide shouted at the top of her lungs. I had never heard her make such a shrill sound before. I thought it was one of my nightmares, and I was determined to sleep it at bay. I had, after all, become vast in the art of putting my emotions and imaginations to rest, especially those that kept me up at night.

Nevertheless, her sounds became more aggressive, and they soon morphed into something physical. Her frantic pushes and pulls effectively faded all slumber from my eyes. I groaned as my feet groggily hit the floor, and then I felt it. Like a master of stealth, it crept up the lower third of my legs slowly but surely. I knew what that meant. The water we were so afraid of had come to visit.

"The water has filled up the ground floor apartments. I need you to grab Elizabeth and wrap her around you. We need to get to high ground." Adelaide's voice came, firm and fearless and bringing me back to our room. Adelaide was always like that. She was the strongest of us three. I had always admired how she was able to shoulder becoming a mother overnight, in the middle of tragedy.

My emotions began to get the better of me as I saw her try to gather the essential things in our makeshift studio apartment. There was nothing to pack except the legal documents identifying us as human and Adelaide's humans.

"What are you looking for, A?" I asked, swallowing my lack of courage. I was not going to cry. I could not cry.

"The fire gun and a few things," she replied with a smile on her face. She always had some grin, although her eyes always conveyed conflicting emotions.

I continued to stare at her as she had two bags strapped around her shoulders. Our apartment wasn't much, but it was ours, and I would miss this place.

I looked down at my feet. The water was rising, yet the sound of thunderstorms had ceased, and then realisation struck. The dam had finally burst and we were going to be collateral damage yet again.

