

Unreal Rain

William Loader

It was still raining. There was water on the lawn and now it was creeping up the front steps. When I came back from cleaning my teeth, it was already beginning to come down the hallway. I sat on my bed and watched. The water came into my room, up and up. It rose faster and faster. Soon it was right up to my bed and then, I thought, soon it will be over my head.

Time to act. Open the window. And out whooshed the water into the dark night and it whooshed me out with it, pillow and all. I held tight as I was swept to I don't know where. Somewhere in the dark. I'm so glad I stuffed all that popcorn into my pillow to hide it from mum because it was just enough to keep me afloat.

It seemed like ages I was hurtled along. My eyes got used to the dark and I could see trees which seemed to be underneath me, and the tops of castles, and there was a bright pink whale and an elephant swimming for its life. Soon I saw lights and a big arch jutting out of the water, just enough for me to sneak under to see what was on the other side.

What did I see? On one side of a golden street was a house made of cornflakes reaching high into the sky. On the other side was a toast village, two huge pieces of toast, capped off with a chocolate roof. Then there was a swimming pool, filled with coffee. Mum would like that, I thought, and on the other side was a big brass door. 'Come inside,' said a deep voice. Sounded like my dad. Was I afraid? I didn't know what to expect. Inside was a giant toothbrush. 'Hop on board,' said the voice. I jumped onto the handle and held on tight.

The air was warm. We bounced over a big pink cushion covered in tiny lumps 'They're not lumps,' said the voice. 'They're signal towers,' said the voice. 'They tell us if it's hot or cold or sweet or sour. Mind those branches on the side,' he added. 'This part's due for a clean.' I could see what he meant. There along the side were all kinds of bits and pieces. In some corners it was clearly smelly, but we moved on, sliding off the handle. I nearly hit my head on something hanging from the roof. 'Don't mind that!' said the voice. 'That's the control tower.'

This was quite a journey. Soon we were plummeting down a steep slope. Crash, bang! I held on tight and then plop. We landed in what felt like a bowl of soup, a swimming pool filled with all sorts. The pool filter was on and before we knew it, we were sucked into the outlet. 'Relax,' said the voice. 'This goes on for a while. We'll go round and round.'

And so we did, until finally we entered a big wide tunnel with a big round door at the end which seemed to be firmly shut but from time to time suddenly opened. We were lucky. It opened and whoosh we were out! Just as well because some of the other stuff must have been waiting a long time and smelt like - well, smelt really awful.

More twisty tunnels followed and by this time I was getting exhausted and fell asleep, still holding tight to my pillow. It must have been ages, but when I woke up I was lying on warm sand or that's what it felt like and the sun was shining on me nice and warm.

'Good Morning, mate! Had a good sleep!' It was that voice. No it wasn't. It was my dad. 'Dad,' I said, 'Is the house OK?' 'Yes, of course it is,' he said. 'Why do you ask?' 'The water,' I said. 'The water!' 'It's OK!' He replied. 'You forgot to turn the tap off in the bathroom last night. I turned it off,' he said. 'Next time don't forget!' 'I won't!' I said, 'and I won't forget my dream.' Dad asked me about my dream and I told him this story.