

The Flood

Wednesday night we had a dry thunderstorm. Well it started dry. Great flashes, lighting up the entire sky from west to east. All of us were staring out the window in amazement.

Then the rain started and my family went to bed. At about 11-o clock, the lights started to flicker and then we lost all power. The lights came back on, but all the power sockets were dead. Thinking that most odd, I tinkered with the fuse box in vain. The sockets had tripped out and wouldn't trip back.

Next day, we found the reason. The cellar had flooded to about two feet, and water had reached the freezer electrics.

Amazingly, the freezer restated without damage, but my drill, saws, tool boxes, decorating equipment, and all were in a sorry state. So next evening, I carried everything out on the grass to dry.

When I was putting it all back, I realised what junk we accumulate in our lives. So then it was carry one item back to the cellar, put the next for the skip.

As I reassembled my toolboxes, I wondered just why I kept all these items, for example an octagonal spanner, rusted beyond recognition in the bottom of my toolbox for the last thirty years. So I had a further purge.

Then I cleaned out the cellar drain. In an act of faith I shoved my arm up to my shoulder along the pipe, and discovered a little flapper valve, silted up. It was the simplest of devices to prevent a major catastrophe, if only we'd remember to look after them.

Next day I cut the grass, but must have left something out because I damaged a blade. It's a rather unusual design to release - I don't suppose anyone could lend me an octagonal spanner?

Robert Goodhand