

## From Crisis to Crisis

Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> July 2075

Aren't I good? I'm managing to write my diary two days in a row! I guess I have more time now that exams have finished.

Nothing much has happened today, or this week for that matter. I went clothes shopping with Dad, we honestly never know what utility clothing to wear; because one day we need waterproof boots, the next we have to wear fire retardant shoes. Sometimes I wish things were like in Grandma's old photos, where people could obviously wear whatever they wanted. I went with the fire-retardant option for my boiler suit and shoes because it's honestly been ages since our car has had to do a boat conversion anyway. *Sometimes I think things are starting to settle down.*

We went to see Grandma on our way back, she lives in an impressive stilt house, although I do worry about her getting too old to climb the steps. She thinks that this settled period won't last, she thinks we're due a heatwave. And when she'd finished wittering about the weather, I got the usual 'lona, are you eating properly, you're looking a bit on the thin side.' I wish things were like how things were in Grandma's day. She talks about Sunday roasts and cooked breakfasts, whereas we have to make do with our meals in tablet form. Boring.

I've hung up my new boiler suits now, they're all neatly arranged with their boring colours; navy, black, grey, brown. I hope tomorrow is a more interesting day; uh oh, I spoke too soon, Dad has just poked his head around the door to tell me he had the news hologram appear in the kitchen to let him know the River Wharfe is on the rise again. Hopefully our flood defences will hold. If only the idiot authorities had

listened years ago when it became common knowledge that planting trees near riverbanks is the best flood defence there is.

### **Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> July 2075**

This is the first chance I've had in a week to write my diary. I've really been trying to help out with the awful flooding situation. Lots of other people don't want to know and are just staying at home. Children at the local nursery have been really suffering. One little boy, who was only four, drowned today, I'm glad I wasn't there to see that.

It's the loss of the animals that really gets to me, I saw a dead sheep floating past me today; it worries me now that there's a huge threat of disease to humans, with dead animals floating in our waterways. There wasn't much wildlife left around the Wharfe, now there's even less. I used to walk Benji, our golden retriever, around the river and now it's deathly silent.

It makes me feel hopeless that all this is happening, I mean, *what difference can one person actually make?* I guess if *everybody* did their bit, it would help, even just the small things like turning taps and lights off, recycling, and being less wasteful.

To be honest the floods have brought back memories I would rather not have; I'll never forget the day the police hologram appeared to tell us what had happened to Mum. She'd been in the old car which hadn't converted into a boat in time and she'd drowned, having been locked inside. I still have nightmares about what she must have gone through during her final moments, as her car, then her lungs, filled with water.

### **Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> July 2075**

I can't believe it, I just saw the news hologram, a '*state of emergency*' has been declared! That generally means that nobody has a clue what they are doing or what is going to happen. Grandma was right the other day; she said the fact we'd gone so long without fire or flood was too good to be true. She remembers life in 2020, when people were campaigning about climate change. She blames big companies like Shell and BP for selling fossil fuels; she also blames ordinary people from that day, leaving cars running, excessive use of plastic and collecting air miles and so on. She ranted and ranted but I know she's right. People knew that future generations were going to be affected by their selfish behaviour at the time, but didn't care enough to change.

### **Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> July 2075**

It's been roughly a month since my exams finished but I haven't done anything other than fish animals out of the river, dead and alive. The river is now submerging half of Wharfedale. Me and Dad have been out rescuing people. The fact that this is mainland England and not coastal is scary.

Wharfedale looks like one big lake, before long we're going to be one of those drowned towns, like up in Stonehaven in Scotland. Katie has had to go with her whole family to a rescue centre; she lived in a bungalow and had lost everything. Our house is now about a metre high with water, pieces of furniture are floating around, in the dirty flood water, we have to wade through it to get upstairs. This is all so depressing, I just want everything to be 'vaguely normal' again like it was in 2020 just as grandma said. Why didn't people do something then?

### **Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> July 2075**

It's a good job I'm writing a diary or I wouldn't know what day of the week it is. All the days seem to merge into one another whilst we're living like this.

I really miss taking the dog for a walk - obviously we have to live upstairs now and everywhere we would normally take him is underwater. Dad is talking about moving to a house on stilts because the water is still rising, the moat is full and we have had enough. He wishes we had dug the moat deeper before it had gotten to this point. We could go and stay with Grandma, but Dad doesn't want to. There might come a point where we haven't got a choice.

I really don't want to have to move either; memories of Mum still fill this house. I've lived here all my life; when I close my eyes, I can still hear her voice and see her face. But then that turns into me imagining her face as she was trapped inside her car, I still have nightmares about it.

### **Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup> July 2075**

Losing Mum was the worst day of my life but today was the second worst.

Benji, my beautiful dog, got trapped in one of our flooded downstairs rooms, he must have got too tired to swim anymore, it happened overnight whilst we were asleep. I'd been so tired I hadn't checked to see where he was before I went to sleep. I feel so guilty I can't put it into words. It's all my fault. He was the best friend I ever had; I remember taking him for walks where ironically one of his favourite things to do was swim after the sticks we threw for him. Now the thing he most loved has killed him.

I will never get the image of his lifeless body floating around the lounge out of my mind. Seeing him drifting around amongst our ruined furniture made me physically sick; I threw up from the initial shock.

Dad has said he will bury him when the floods go down. He will have rotted away upstairs since we can't access the soil to bury him. I've told Dad I'm going to Grandma's anyway, with or without him.

### **Monday 29<sup>th</sup> July 2075**

I'm now at Grandma's, Dad couldn't stay at our house much longer after Benji had died, his dead body had started to smell. Dad said the house was full of ghosts for him, and how long can you live somewhere where you can't even cook a meal? At least it's dry here and I'm starting to feel at least a *bit* normal. Who knows what's going to happen to us in the future though?

### **Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup> July 2075**

The temperature has shot up to eighty-six degrees and it hasn't rained in four days so the water has started evaporating and the air is now full of steam. The chaotic debris that has been left behind from the flood has ruined the once beautiful open Yorkshire fields with raw sewage and litter and left it looking like a mud bath.

I just looked out of Grandma's dining room window and my heart nearly stopped when I saw thick, black plumes of smoke billowing from the moor. Great. Last week a flood, this week a wildfire. How many more animals are going to suffer and die?

The news hologram has just appeared saying the emergency services are on their way, but the fire is already out of control! I can see the flames from here.

I can't take it anymore. I'm sick of moving from crisis to crisis, *how much longer can humans live like this?*