

Car Catastrophe

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“It’s seven a.m.!” yelled Mum. “Time for your morning jobs!”
“Do we have to?” moaned eleven-year-old Jacob.
“I was still dreaming,” yawned Jacob’s eight-year-old brother Zachary, as the phone rang.

Mum answered the phone. “Hello? Emergency? A young woman has cut short her holiday from Mexico because of a strange illness? I’ll be there in a jiffy.”

Dad heard the phone ring and Mum’s voice. He came out of the bedroom. “Kids, you have a twice-as-busy day today. Mum needs to go early and so do I. Better beat your record time, 2 minutes 47 seconds. After that run out the door and walk to school.”

Meanwhile Emma had come back from Mexico into the newly-built Tauranga International Airport (TIA), and an ambulance had taken her to the hospital. Mum had got to the ward just in time.

“Alright, so you have an unknown illness, Emma. Is that right?” Mum asked.

“Yes” Emma answered.

“What are the symptoms?”

“A bit of diarrhoea, some sort of flu and sharp sort of dizziness in the brain”

“Got that. I know a pill that can help you”

Mum ran up to the medicines room, and picked up the right pill. She had to be careful with this, as she was allergic to some medicines and she might get very ill.

She was halfway back to Emma’s ward when someone’s leg reached out, tripping her over. The pill flew out of her hands and her mouth was wide open when she hit the ground. She turned over to get up, but she didn’t notice that the pill went right down her throat, and into her digestive system. She walked back to Emma’s ward and realised the pill wasn’t in her hands. She ran back to the medicines room, and got another pill, exactly the same.

The next day was the start of the school holidays. Jacob and Zachary had been waiting for this day all year. They were going to Taupo! Dad was at work so Mum had to drive.

“I want a drink” moaned Zachary.

“I want some food” grumbled Jacob.

“Jacob pushed me” yelled Zachary.

“He’s kicking my leg” shouted Jacob.

“He said I’m stupid” said Zachary.

“SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU!” screamed Mum. “I need peace and quiet”

“I need to go toilet” whined Zachary, quietly.

Mum ignored him.

Half an hour went by. The boys were sleeping. Then Mum slumped over the steering wheel. It must have been the pill she accidentally swallowed the day before. Zachary awakened suddenly. The car was upside-down, screeching to the side of the road then it flipped. He leaned over to the front seat. Mum had her face on the steering wheel, a big airbag on the back of her head.

Where is a cell phone? Zachary wondered. Then he saw it, on Jacobs lap. He picked up the phone. Then, he shook Jacob.

“Jacob! Wake up!” he yelled.

“I need you to see if Mum is unconscious, sleeping or has died. I found a cell phone to call the police” Zachary said.

Jacob stepped over to the front seat, finding himself standing on the roof. He turned off all electrical things, and did what Zachary told him.

“Police service, please. Our car has tipped over,” Zachary said. “Our mum is unconscious and we seem to be 5 kilometres away from Roturua. Our car is green and the number plate is AFR241. Thank you. If you need to call us, ring 0273542”

Half an hour went by. They heard a wailing siren. A police car stopped beside them, with the ambulance.

“They are here!” shouted Zachary.

The police told the boys to get out of the car, then the ambulance took Mum out.

Mum awakened and realised what had happened. The ambulance men checked her over and let her go.

They came back safe. They saw themselves on the news. Zachary had an interview.

Reporter: What was it like to save your Mum?

Zachary: I don't know how to describe it.

Reporter: How does it feel to be on TV?

Zachary: Pretty cool. You know, being famous over the country is wicked, but it really is better to be normal.

Reporter: I think you put two really good answers there.

Zachary: Thanks.