

## **Text B: The day it happened**

The day it happened was my birthday, the 25<sup>th</sup> of August.

My family had organised a surprise trip for me to the hydro-slides in Hamilton. What they didn't know was that I was scared of hydro-slides. Terrified in fact.

I had seen a scary tale once on the TV news. There had been a blockage once in one of the hydro-slide tunnels, and in the pile up of people, someone had been badly injured. I faintly remembered a picture of somebody bandaged up like an Egyptian mummy and being rushed off to hospital.

I already knew the things my family would be likely to say.

'Won't it be fun?' Dad would ask.

My mum would say in an excited voice: 'Oh let's do that. We haven't been since Rebecca was a baby. I love sliding.'

'Sounds good,' my brothers would say, trying not to let the excitement sound in their voices.

All I could say was 'Corey-cor!' I tried to sound pleased, but I felt nervous. I didn't want to be a wet blanket!

Mum packed the togs and towels on top of the picnic basket and I realised that there would be no chance of my leaving mine behind. In the car I tried to keep my mind off the hydro-slide by counting the horses I saw. Like pages in a book, my mind kept turning forward in terror.

We seemed to arrive very quickly.... Soon I found myself being pushed up the steps by my excited family. I heard a scream from the tunnel.

'I hope that person's not hurt,' said my brother, trying to scare me.

'I'm not scared,' I said, trying to put on a brave act, but I was really scared.

My heart raced as I slowly climbed the stairs. When I reached the top, something came over me. I heard my brother call.

'Come on Becca. Don't be a baby!'

Suddenly I was speeding down the stairs, all the way to the bottom!....

(Dad) was emerging from the bottom of the pool like a sea monster.... I felt his big strong hand take mine... We scrambled all the way to the top again.

We took our place in the first queue and waited with our ankles deep in the water. My dad explained that we could ride on the mat together, and somehow it didn't seem so bad with my dad standing by my side.

The screaming from the tunnels actually sounded exciting now! I was being urged forward to take our turn. We fitted snugly on the mat, me at the head and dad at the tail. I gripped the mat tightly with both hands....

We were off, moving slowly at first, and then gathering speed, rushing downwards. The first corner came rushing up and I panicked. We would crash? No, silly. We rose up the side and slid back down again into another straight. Then another turn – and another.

Each time we rose up I squealed with exhilaration. I had made it! Behind me dad was chuckling. The day this happened was my greatest birthday ever.