

Rescuing the Rescuer

For the first time for over a week, it was a fine day; and the sun made it feel warm although it was just the beginning of March. Bridgette and Katie decided to walk across the meadows and look at the flooded fields.

"Look at that water over there," Katie called to her older sister. "We could paddle in it."

"Alright," said Bridgette.

The two girls took off shoes and socks and paddled in the overflowing floodwater on the banks of the brook.

"Can you feel the water pulling on your legs?" shouted Bridgette to her sister, who was some distance away.

There was no reply from Katie and Bridgette looked behind to see why she didn't answer. She was just in time to see Katie swept along the bank and into the main stream of the brook.

Quickly Bridgette splashed her way to Katie and began to swim when it was too deep for running. The floodwater was pulling strongly like a tide and Bridgette had great difficulty in swimming to her sister. At last she was near enough to grab Katie and turn her on her back. Katie couldn't swim and she was only seven. The two girls were swept away by the current into the brook and downstream. Try as she could, Bridgette could not make any headway against the strong pull of the current. She felt herself tiring and she began to feel the deadly chill of the cold water. Something brushed against her face and, without thinking, she grabbed hold. It was the branch of a tree which had been uprooted and jammed in the brook. The branch was strong and the two girls held on.

Meanwhile, on the bank, two men raced along and one plunged into the water. It was the girls' father. He entered the water downstream; and so he had to swim up against the strong current. He had a line tied to his waist and this was held by some men