

Deepening Understanding

YR 4 Fiction

A House on an Island by Vicky Birch



Ken was awoken by the monotonous sound of rain pelting down upon his old, rickety roof and wind howling all around. On what Ken considered to be his own personal paradise, this type of weather was certainly unusual as wind was rare and showers were almost unheard of. Reluctantly, he dragged himself up from his slumber to go and assess the situation.

Around 15 years ago, Ken had made a somewhat flippant decision to leave his hometown in search of quieter residence. He could never bear the sounds of the city. It just wasn't for him. As a result, he tried moving to the countryside. Calm and serene...or so he thought. But even there, he couldn't bear the sound of children laughing as they played or neighbours making polite conversation as they passed him in the street. So, once again, he upped and left, seeking somewhere even more remote. That was when he discovered his now blissful abode. A land all to himself. An isolated island with only one house. It was all his. It was perfect for Ken and from the moment he arrived, he knew he was unlikely to ever leave.



Unfortunately, today, he did not feel as besotted with his home as he usually did. The storm that had been brewing overnight was worsening by the minute. "How bothersome," Ken muttered to himself whilst grouchily returning to his bed. A few minutes of tossing and turning went by yet, despite his best efforts, Ken was not able to ignore such a formidable gale. With a groan and a grunt, he once again hauled himself out of bed, knowing this was going to be a dreadfully unpleasant day.

Morning passed and the storm showed no sign of stopping. The wind grew wilder and the rain smashed down, each drop more powerful than the last. This was no ordinary storm. The water that surrounded his tiny, paradise island had risen significantly. The grass was sodden and everything around him was flooding. He had to get off the island.

With a sudden burst of urgency, Ken flew down the stairs and headed outside straight for his kayak which was stowed away in a shack by the waterside. As he unveiled it from the groundsheet covering it, he noticed something awful. Along the side, there was a crack. It was minute and barely visible but a crack all the same. The colour drained from his face...it would never stay afloat.

"Bother, bother, bother!" cried Ken, kicking the kayak in a fit of rage. He was losing hope, despairing at the circumstance he found himself in. Solitary living had never seemed so unappealing, but all of a sudden, a blaze of light startled him. Ken groaned and shielded his eyes but, as he began to reopen them, he noticed it wasn't a blinding light at all. It was a ray of hope. A neighbour from another island, travelling on a boat that was coming to rescue him. A faint and muffled voice could be heard from the dinghy. "We've come to take you to the mainland with us!"

Now, Ken had never been one to make conversation with strangers, especially not if it involved being stuck on a boat with them. However, at that precise moment, Ken was grateful. Perhaps, other people aren't so bad after all, he thought.

