

POWER CUT DIARY

I awoke this morning at eight forty-five I usually have to be up at seven thirty in order to get to work on time but this morning my electronic alarm clock did not work and I had to rush like mad to get ready after jumping out of bed still half asleep I put on the first clothes that I could find which unfortunately happened to be some smelly socks and an old shirt that was two sizes too small later than ever I had to change them and rush down the stairs for breakfast when I got downstairs I found to my horror that the kettle would not boil the toaster would not toast and that all the milk in the fridge had gone sour its light had gone off so I think that it must be broken I settled for dry bread and water eventually toastless tealess and rather hungry I headed off to work as I drove the car down the road it wasn't long before I was stuck in a long traffic jam It appeared that a set of traffic lights ahead were not working people were sounding their horns rolling down their windows and shouting nasty things to each other and all I could do was turn on the radio the voice on the early morning news programme uttered a phrase that explained everything **POWER CUT**