

From: [NSW Government](#)
To: [Flood Inquiry](#)
Subject: Floods Inquiry
Date: Thursday, 19 May 2022 5:05:47 PM

Your details

Title

First name

Last name

Email

Postcode

Submission details

I am making this submission as

A resident in a flood-affected area

Submission type

I am making a personal submission

Consent to make submission public

I would like this submission to remain anonymous

Share your experience or tell your story

Your story

We went to bed on Sunday night with a minor flood warning, nothing we haven't dealt with before, we didn't flood the main residence in 2017. We woke to an alert at 5.30 with a moderate flood warning, thought okay, we might have some moving things and cleaning up to do. Moved our vehicles and all the shed tools, rolled up floor mats and moved things higher where

possible. By 6.30 am I was worried. Soon after water came up through the laundry drains as the storm water wasn't coping, even this is not terribly rare and we have learned to cope as more building and making land higher around new builds add to this "becoming more ordinary" situation happens. Then it all just got worse, cars driving through pushed waves into the lower house area along with water levels rising in drains, toilets burping. Once the water entered, we still thought "oh well, it might come in ankle deep, we will mop out and clean up and still have a dry bed to sleep in". No, absolutely no. It rose gradually all day (checking the BOM didn't help, it said rain easing, not so). I watched one lounge at the water line to see if it was going up or down, only to realise the lounge was floating and not a good marker. After perhaps 1.5ft it dropped an inch giving me false hope that things were turning around, only for the water to rise 6 more inches. In the end we had to abandon the cat on the floating mattress with a kitty litter, grab what clothes we could for overnight and leave as it was 4.30pm, getting dark, no power or phone or internet (phone and internet were then out day 5 days or so). The trauma is real, to come home the next day to all the furniture and items everywhere, mud everywhere, windows fogged up and weeks of exhaustion, aching muscles, infected cuts, inability to talk to family. After the adrenaline wears off after hosing out, dumping our life on the footpath, it's a mental decline, depression, sadness, isolation with family far away not understanding the enormity of it all. Cudos to our community and friends that fed us, helped move things, clean things, rip up carpet! Then a few weeks later we get the same warnings. The PTSD is real.

Terms of Reference (optional)

The Inquiry welcomes submissions that address the particular matters identified in its [Terms of Reference](#)

Supporting documents or images