

Storm in a Teacup?

If there were a flood, how quickly would the water come in? Would my humble [home insurance](#) policy cover me? If the water did rise, would my emergency supplies be enough to see me through?

Elsewhere in town they were sandbagging. Possibly we're all a little paranoid? Could we simply be witness to the calm before the storm and a thousand other clichés? The sky outside remained placid, everything seemed rather dull and, dare I say it, ordinary. The apparent 'extreme threat to life and property' was (clearly) yet to descend. In much the same way that we sat and waited for global chaos following millennium New Year celebrations, waiting for a storm brings that same sense of wondering if the worst possible outcome might be that we'll wake up tomorrow to find everything is just the same.

You know how it works. Sods law dictates that if you leave your possessions in situ and the living room intact, there is every chance that water will cascade through the house whilst you sleep. In that scenario, your home insurance will probably be rendered invalid under some clause that states (in proverbially microscopic small print) you did not take reasonable steps to protect property and possessions.

However, if you devote a whole evening moving anything with a plug and fuse upstairs, rolling rugs and placing important documents in plastic bags, chances are that you will wake up tomorrow to find everything just as you left it. There will be no dramatic necessity for a day off work, packed lunches will need to be made, school runs done and it will be just another manic Monday. You will 'wish it were Sunday' and wonder why you wasted the last residue of your precious weekend shifting items upstairs.

This one passed like a storm in a teacup. The next morning brought nothing more exciting than a choice between cornflakes or weetabix. Oh, and the dubious pleasure of reassembling a living room.

Yes, it was a windy night. Yes, a few places were flooded and a couple of roads closed on account of fallen trees. But, did an emergency cabinet meeting to discuss flood contingency plans in the face of the worst storm since 1987 really happen? Or was it simply a national attempt to induce a blitz like sense of community and avoid the sense of egg on the face that comes from infamous lines like "I can assure you madam, there is no hurricane".

With 'climate change' a constant on everyone, from politicians to primary school children, we look set for many more evenings wondering if weather warnings really are severe enough to disrupt domestic stability. However, why, I wonder as I haul boxes of floor level items back downstairs, does the 'boy who cried wolf' story suddenly seem so poignant?

About the Author

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