

The Day POWER took a



VACATION

Story and Illustrations
Stella Grace Burroughs

Fairfield
County Co-op

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION



To the memory of my Uncle Jason
Burroughs, my favorite lineman.
Your light still shines!

It all started on a stormy Friday night when hurricane Helene came to visit. The wind howled, the rain hammered, and the trees twisted and groaned. Then... BOOM! POP! CRACKLE! A bright blue light flashed outside my window. The transformer on the pole behind my house had exploded! It sounded like fireworks and smelled like burnt metal. That was the night the power took a vacation.



When I looked outside the next morning my backyard looked like a disaster zone. All the branches were scattered everywhere. The pole was leaning. Power lines drooped looked like spaghetti noodles. The ground was muddy and messy, and the air smelled like wet smoke. It was definitely not a safe place to play. When I flipped the light switch, nothing happened. No shower, no lights, no wi-fi, yikes! That is when I realized the power had taken a vacation!



Power Patricia had packed a shiny suitcase, put on sunglasses, and said "see you later! I am off to Lightning Lagoon!" In my imagination, Power Patricia was lying on a beach made of shiny copper sand. She was sipping lemonade from a lightning bolt straw with her friends Transformer Tom and Wire Wendy. They were laughing, resting, and soaking up the sunshine. After all, transformers can work for 20 to 30 years before retiring- so they do not get much vacation time!

Wire
Wendy

Power Patricia

Transformer Tom



Back at home, life felt quite different. No lights, no TVs, no warm showers, no internet! We bundled blankets, played board games, and used flashlights to make puppet shows on the wall. Mom said we were having "old-fashioned fun," but honestly, I missed my glowing night light and warm cocoa.



After what felt like forever (really, about 72 hours) we heard the rumble of a big truck outside. The lineman had arrived! They look like storm superheroes in yellow jackets, hard hats, rubber gloves, and heavy boots. They were ready to save the day and bring Patricia back home!



One lineman explained that electricity starts at a power plant, zooms through high-voltage lines, and stops at Transformers to calm down before entering our homes. It travels from pole to pole, like a road trip across the sky. When the storm broke the line, power's trip to the house got interrupted. The linemen were the traffic guys helping power find its way back!



I learned about their special gear:
Hard Hats protect their heads from falling branches.

Rubber gloves with sleeves stop electricity from shocking them.

Harnesses keep them safe high up in the air.

Insulated boots stop electricity from traveling through their bodies.

Climbing spikes on their boots help to grip the pole.

All of this was SO COOL!!!



Hardhat

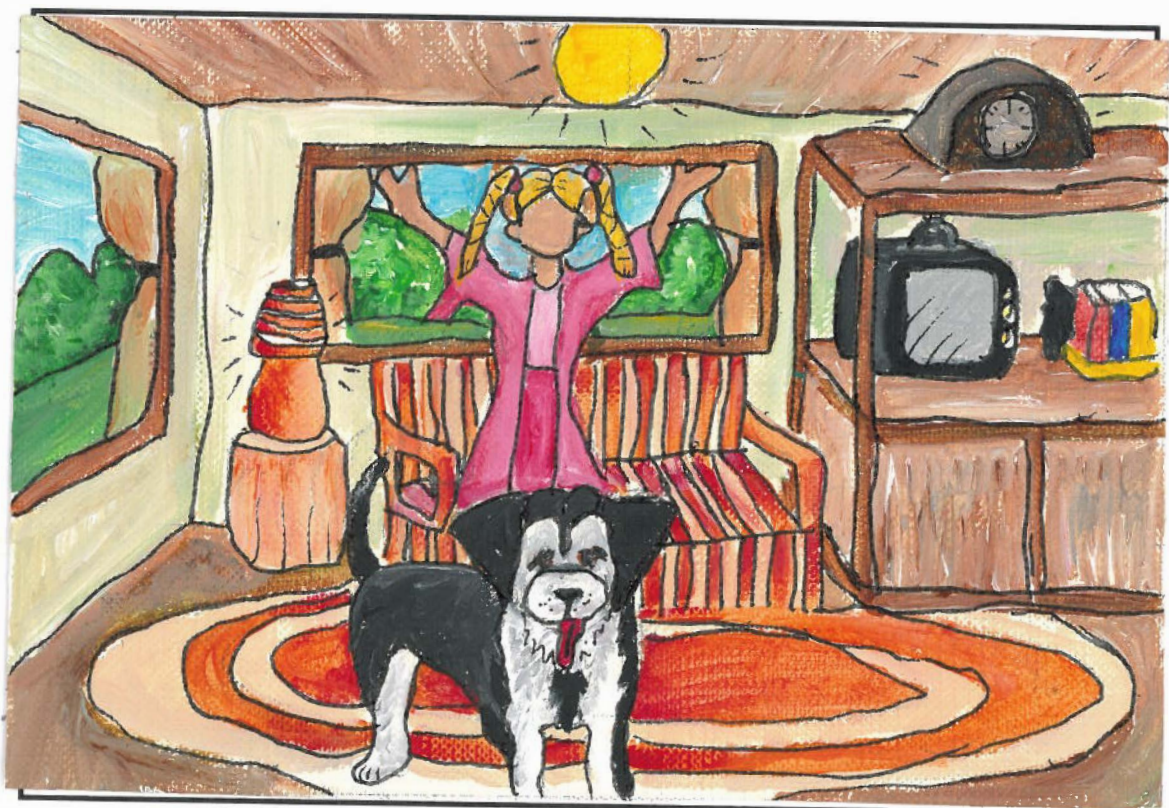
Climbing Spikes

Harnesses

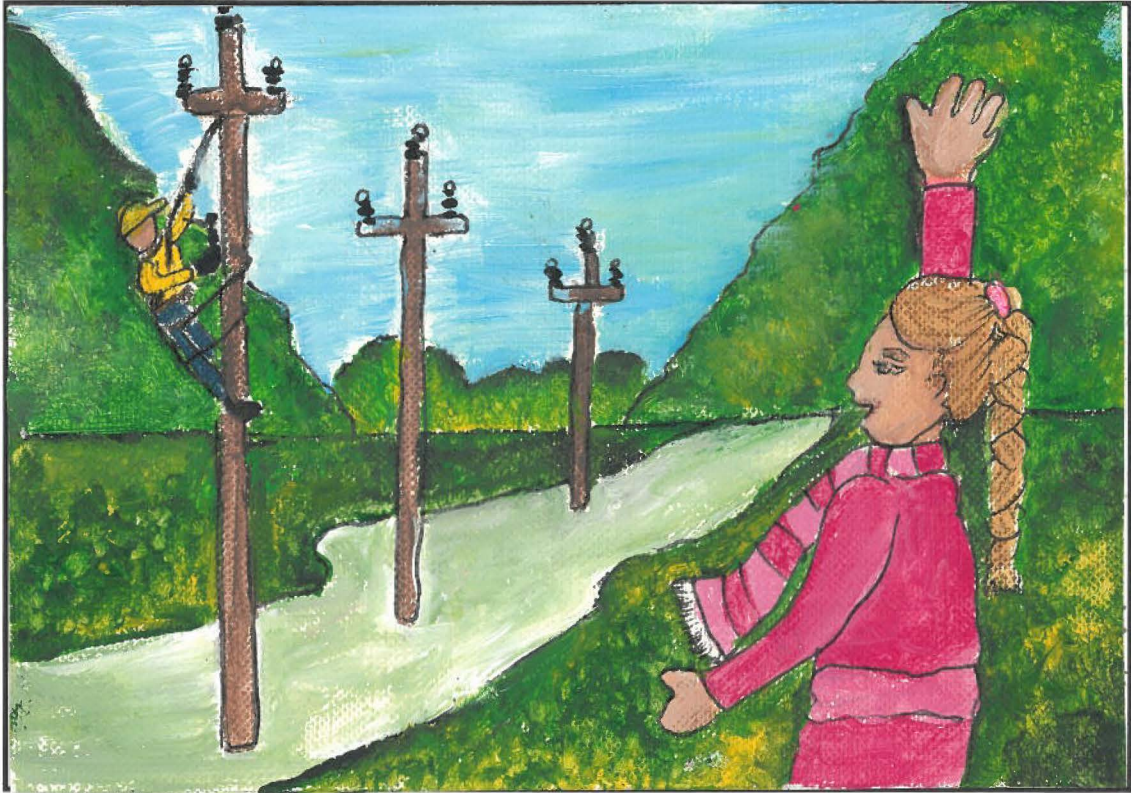
Insulated Boots

rubber gloves
with sheaves

That night the lights blinked once... twice, and then -ZAP! The room was glowing again! The heaters hummed, the fridge buzzed, and the Wi-Fi whispered, "welcome back!" We all cheered, "Power Patricia is home from vacation!" Even the dog, Chipper, wagged his tail like he understood.



Now I know electricity is not just something that happens when you flip a switch. It is a team effort from power plants and transformers to wires and linemen. They all work together to keep our homes bright and warm. So now every time I see a lineman truck, I wave and shout, "Thank you for bringing Power Patricia back from vacation!"



In my imagination, Power Patricia
sent me a postcard.

I smiled and whispered, "I missed
you, too!"

Dear Stella Grace,

I had fun at
Lightning Lagoon, but I
missed lighting your home,
Thanks to the linemen, I'm
back from vacation and
ready to glow again!

Your friend,
Power
Patricia



POST CARD

To:

Stella Grace

100 Energy Lane

Winnsboro, SC

29180

I also learned that a transformer is not just a metal box. It is a hard-working helper that changes strong electricity from the power line to gentle electricity that is safe for our homes. But when wind, rain, or tree branches hit the lines, the transformer can short- circuit and burst into a bright arc blast. (That's the loud explosion I heard!) It was not scary magic... It was science!



My name is Stella Grace Burroughs. I am a fourth grader at Fairfield Magnet School for Math and Science in Winnsboro, SC. My art teacher is Kimi Daly, who encouraged me to enter and guided me through the process. I enjoy dancing, gymnastics, and art.



I researched energy and 'what a Lineman does' on the Children's Book Challenge website. My Fairfield Co-op contacts were Stephanie Martin and Josh Crotzer. To learn more about the electric co-op and energy, I spoke with both in December and they answered all my questions.

