

FIRE

By Lola Garrison, age 11.

This story is based on true events.

2nd September 2020.

4:47 am...

Beep, beep, beep, And then a scream, "Gas, Gas" and my step dad comes running in with my mum and baby sister. Panicked I got out of bed my breath's weak as I was gasping for air, I was being told "Don't breathe the gas in!". As I held my breaths for as long as possible, my windows got opened and we all got crowded over the two windows . As I sighed a long meaningful sigh, shaking, and breathed as much as possible making sure my head was out of the window . Seconds later my step dad was shouting for my other sister, who lay in her bed unaware of the troubles going on around her . He finally got a response and he rushed through the corridor breathing in buckets of gas and opened her window, they took a breath and made their way back to my room . It was now at the point we were shouting for help as the gas was getting worse and our sight was extremely low I wondered since our sight was low....was it gas, or was it something even more deadly I could not have even have the nerve to imagine? Until finally people were crowding around our house. Many of them on call with 999. Then we heard something so unexpected it changed our whole point of view of being in our house. "get out of there now, it's a fire!" we panicked my brain fumbled with feelings, scared, worry, pain . I could only think about a blazing fire blasting through my door like a bull coming to swallow me up, I needed to get out of there... NOW as I recommended we just jumped out the window down the sloping roof, my mum scarcely said no, we will wait for help... As I begged her with tears filling my eyes, but seconds after the tiles in front of us on the roof were letting out thick ghastly smoke, it was gliding through the tiles as if it was a ghost ascending through the dark. Scared fire was about to blaze out and take my only chance of escaping away, shaking harder than I had ever before, I climbed slowly down the roof and jumped down carefully landing on my stomach with pain filling my body . Then came my sister and she was nervous, I was reassuring her, it's OK, don't worry, and she jumped after a minute or two, my mum still scared waited instead of

jumping asking us why we jumped and didn't wait for help. Seconds later my neighbour then showed up with a ladder and that's when I panicked, "MY BABY SISTER" I yelled anxious on how she would be able to safely get down. there was no time to plan her escape, my parents had to think fast, NOW suddenly my step dad went down, on his own, I began crying thinking they were leaving her! how could they I thought, my mum came to the edge of the roof then, with my baby sister in her arms, I sighed while still shaking with fear, she bent down with my sister in her arms and my step dad walked a few steps up the ladder to catch her! Then my mum came down with them, we were safe.... I was in relief yet cried hard from shock, freezing, in only a shirt and under wear, until I realised, my locket..... Dad gave me.... The day before he died....I gasped, my tears heavily running out of my eyes, dripping onto the cold cobblestone floor I got on my hands and knees and sobbed, the pain, my locket, fire, it was all too much for a 10 year old girl! I was still young , I don't deserve this. What did I actually do to have this much pain be brought into my life, this could actually change my whole life . I was crying for hours until I said the first words I had said since I thought I was about to lose half of my family.....

"why me..."