

## The Great Fire

James muttered to himself as he got ready for bed. He had been hard at work on the river all day and yawned and stretched out his arms. He climbed slowly up his creaking wooden stairs.

A strange smell wafted past him when he reached the top floor. James looked out of his window and couldn't believe what he could see. Smoke was billowing from all around him! A fire was raging!

James raced out of his front door as quick as a flash. He frantically sprinted towards the firefighters as violent flames licked the buildings and a veil of dark smoke swallowed up the sky. Fire ferociously danced and the intense heat was like a burning oven. London was illuminated. The powerful flames leapt from building to building and everybody ran from their homes trying to find safety.

James was still helping the firefighters when the sun began to rise but the flames thankfully now only lightly flickered. The firefighters were grateful because of his help.

James turned back to face his house. Sadly it was just a pile of smouldering cinders. He knew that London would never be the same again but he was thankful that the fire was over.

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