

## **FIRE.**

By Lucien Esenbel

“FIRE!” shouted a little girl.

“HELP!” pleaded an injured child in the distance.

Hello, I am Spark and I’m not the child in the distance or the little girl who was injured. I’m what they’re running away from. I am the fire. It’s a funny thing fire. It’s not a solid because it moves. It’s not a gas because you can touch it. It can’t be a liquid. Can it?

I was a mere spark, which is also my name. I was given life from the oven in the house of the baker on Pudding Lane. If this sounds familiar, then you’re right. I am the fire of fires.

I am the great fire of LLLLL LONDON!

I have tried and tried all day to stop my glaring body but it just burns wildly! As London goes up in flames, everyone and anyone disappears from the orange glow (or me). By early morning on Monday, a quarter of London was in flames and, with evacuation complete, London became a ghost town. The only noises are the brave firemen. They throw buckets left, right, forward, up and back, however despite their work, I am still large.

Today, is the third day of burning (Wednesday) and I reached my climax yesterday. Now, I am burning down to a fraction of what I was. Quickly, I am going down and the clock is ticking for me, or it would be if I hadn’t burned it already. By now, London has transformed from the city of dreams to a city of ashes.

Long, my life has been, yet now it is over, nearly. I’m frantically shrinking back to the size of a spark and then what? I am looking for a meal or I would if I could. Slowly but surely, the residents are coming back. Angry residents, revengeful residents. Then...I heard the words, “Hey! Look over there!” from a surprised nurse. My heart pounded. Well, it would if fires had organs. A moment later, a tired fireman takes an angry step in my direction, then another and another...

I hear the wind taunting me, “Your time is up, your time is up!”

The fireman was here! He was King Kong. However, he didn’t blow me out or step on me, he lifted me onto the wick of a candle and carried me to a church in Kings Cross.

For many years I have flickered and listened to people’s prayers. I held back my tears because if I cried, I would extinguish myself. There I stayed for many years until one day (the exact date I don’t know) I noticed the clumsiest of the priests, called Ben, was praying. There was a fly which was interrupting his praying. He tried to stop it but he didn’t stop praying. The first time he missed it and then he tried again and he hit me! I rolled out the church and I saw the initials, K.I.N.G.S. C.R.O.S.S. S.T.A.T.I.O.N.

I felt myself growing again. Was this my second life...?