

Fire Prevention/ Fire Safety



Hi, my name is Fire! Many people fear me and think I'm bad, but I'm just trying to live. It is not my fault all my owners do not know how to control me. My owner would always use a lighter to light my home ,the wick, I come out to hopefully grow a little. But before I can, I would always get blown out. Anyways, enough about me. I'm going to tell you a few stories about when I grew and scared my owners.

I remember the first time I grew. I was currently living in a warm vanilla sugar candle. It happened about five years ago. My owner ,Bree, cooked roasted onions and decided to light my house to make her house smell good. I finally got to come out and show off my fiery look. Several hours later, I could tell Bree was exhausted. You want to know how I knew? She forgot to blow me out. It was finally my first chance to grow. With my luck, the air conditioner turned on and a piece of paper blew into my home. The air then blew the paper out and it landed on the floor; I finally grew! The flaming piece of paper caught the carpet on fire. The carpet caught the furniture, then the living room caught on and I grew to the size my daddy always wanted me to. It took about two hours for my owner to finally realize her house was on fire. She woke to the smell of smoke, not to the sound of a smoke alarm. Not having a smoke alarm is not safe! She ran into the hallway staring at the fire. Does she not know that she should use the back of her hand to feel her door to make sure it is safe to leave? Apparently not. Then, the next thing she did brought tears to my eyes. She grabbed a bowl from the kitchen and started to fill it with water. She then poured the water on me. She should've called 911 and left the house immediately. I was finally put out an

hour later and my soul floated away. That is how I moved to my pumpkin spice candle.

This next story is a little better, but my owners kept making mistakes. It was obvious no one knew what to do. So, I was just hanging out in my candle. Then my owner ,who was an 8 year old girl named Jen, lit me in her room. She then went to bed enjoying my sweet scent. This was my chance I thought. And I took advantage of this chance. That night I grew. I started by burning all the papers on her desk. Then, I moved into her closet. She had a lot of nice clothes in there. Sad I had to ruin it all. After about 20 minutes the smoke alarm went off. Jen finally woke up to the smell of my smoke. She bolted out of the room to wake up her parents and her baby brother. She did not think before acting. Her dad ran to the basement to get a fire extinguisher, and her mother ran to the living room to grab her laptop and then her son! I was freaking out just watching everyone go their separate ways and not get out of the house. What is more important, your son and yourself or your laptop? Thankfully they all decided to leave the house after Jen's dad could not put out the fire. But, no one remembered to call 911. The neighbor next door called instead because they smelled smoke.

My last story was the definition of controlling fires like me. So, after the last time I grew I moved to a sandy beaches candle. My owner was a young adult ,named Grace, that lived in Florida. And yes, you probably guessed it, I grew. I became the size of her bathroom. Thankfully, she woke up to the sound of her smoke alarm. That was the first sign she knew what she was doing. Grace then used the back of her

hand to feel her door to make sure it was safe. Since it was, she immediately called 911 and reported a house fire. She made sure to give her address and phone number. Then, Grace left her house and ran outside to her mailbox, which was her safe zone. Always have a place outside that everyone should meet at. The firemen then came and put me out within 45 minutes. That was the last time I grew.

Where do I live now you might ask? Well, I live wherever the smoke takes me. But always remember to keep a smoke alarm in your house, think before you act, call 911 when you realize there is a fire you cannot control, and always leave the house with the most important item. What is that you might ask? Yourself.

So, if you ever encounter me or any other fire that grows out of control follow the steps Grace did. Do not follow the steps Bree and Jen did. Fires can happen to anyone. I can show up to anyone at anytime and grow. Never trust fire.