

Narrative

Burnt up in Flames!

~~As the key turned in the lock, I pushed~~
I will remember that day for the rest of ~~the~~ my life. As the
Key turned in the lock, I pushed my side against it and it barged
open. I strolled in and saw my dog charging towards me.
The glossy, white kitchen welcomed me in after sliding my bag
of my shoulders. The house felt lonely, so quiet, so echoey, it
was strange to me. No one was home.

The light on the oven clicked on as I put my food inside.
I kicked my shoes off, sat on the couch and turned on
the TV. The sound bounced off my ears as it turned on.
Suddenly, I heard my phone ring. My mum, who had gone
to run some errands, said she would be home in a
few minutes. She trusted to keep me home alone, wrong decision!

3
Suddenly, I felt the air touch my face, it felt warm, too warm. I ran into kitchen
and saw the bright orange flames run towards me. Panicked, shocked, terrified I stood
frozen not knowing what to do. Then, I ~~was~~ dashed into the living room and
picked up my phone. The ringing sound echoed in my ear as I called
the fire brigades. I picked up my dog and ~~was~~ darted out of the house
trying to save us both. The flames were rising bigger and the orange glow
lit up the kitchen from the inside and out.

Worried, the thoughts of my parents reactions rushed through my head. I was going
to be in deep trouble. Then the sirens ran down the street as the fire
fighters arrived, my heart skipped a beat.