**Burning my House Down**

**By: Kira S.**

When I and my brother took off our cuddly jackets, I started hearing something loud! It was a loud, piercing, beeping noise that sounded as if a fire truck was in our house! The smoke detector was going off! Dad came storming in with a pillow and started making air flowing to the detector to make it stop. My dad started yelling at my brother and rumbled the house with his voice. I ran as quickly as a lightning bolt shooting down than up. I hid because, my dad`s screams go through me like a brisk, cool wind.

 I was the one who did not start the fire, it was my brother who accidently put his coat in the candle. We learned our lesson by not putting anything in the candle or fire that looks like, as tie die as yellow as the sun on the top of the flames and as orange as the bloody moon at the crack of dawn on the foundation. We all remained unharmed and that is all that matters.