Context: This piece is about the Great Fire of London which ravaged the city in 1666 during the reign of King Charles II. The fire shook the city to its core and brought most of the buildings down to ash. Beginning in the king’s bakery run by Thomas Farynor, much controversy still abounds as to the origins of the fire.

 With the third batch of burnt bread exiting from the outdated ovens, it finally dawned on Thomas Farynor that it was now time for a change. These ovens had been in use in the king’s bakery since the reign of James I and it was only expected that the wear and tear of sixty-three years of use would exhaust them. Hoping to fix the ovens before the beginning of the upcoming Harvest Festival, Farynor swiftly sent out a letter to a nearby tinker.

 Within days the tinker arrived at King Charles II’s bakery and introduced himself to Thomas as merely Junior. Thomas explained the problems he was experiencing with the ovens and Junior seemed more than enthusiastic to begin work on the machines. Farynor further elucidated that with the upcoming Harvest Festival, he was much too preoccupied to wait in the bakery for Junior to finish his job. Proceeding to give Junior a quick tour of the bakery and the ovens, Thomas quickly departed to attend to his other work.

Junior then moved to the ovens quietly humming “*remember remember the fifth of November, the gunpowder treason and plot, I can think of no reason the gunpowder treason should ever be forgot”.* Glancing over his shoulder multiple times, Junior began his feigned attempts at fixing the ovens. Hurriedly reaching into his pocket, Junior extracted the large amounts of gunpowder that he easily smuggled past the oblivious Farynor. Sprinkling a generous amount of gunpowder into each oven, Junior made no efforts to fix the machines. After he put in what he believed to be a sufficient amount, he simply closed the oven doors and moved on. Junior did not bother to wait around for Farynor for more reasons than just considering that the baker’s crammed schedule would prevent him from returning anytime soon. With other business that Junior needed to attend to throughout the day, he slyly left his business card on the counter and moved on.

Returning mere hours later after having collected the appropriate materials for his next recipe, Farynor set to work making various breads. In such a rush to prepare for the festival, Farynor neglected to even check the ovens or Junior’s work before sliding the bread onto the rack. Retreating to the front of the bakery to resume constructing more batter, it was not until the temperature in the building rose considerably that Farynor returned to the ovens.

What he found there was what he believed to be the beginning of the end of the world. The whole back of the bakery was consumed in flames raging from the ovens. Vibrant oranges and reds licked down the thatched roof of the bakery as if it was a child’s size cone of ice cream. The crackling of the fire threatened to deafen Farynor and the temperature was now so high that Farynor was beyond sweating and he began receiving burns from the heat. Hastily looking about, Farynor reached for emergency water buckets from the front of the bakery to put out the flames. His attempts were futile as the red orange monster permeated more and more of the bakery. Acknowledging that his efforts were hopeless, Farynor impetuously scampered from the flames but not without first realizing the slip of paper left on the now burning counter. The singed paper appeared to be a business card that read *Guy Fawkes Junior, Tinker, London, England.*