

# Escape from an inferno...

*Ashes were falling from the sky. The smoke was getting thicker and it smelt really bad. I could see a big orange and red fire and it was getting closer to me.*

*It was noisy and it made me feel very hot. My arms had some bits of fire hit them and I felt like I was burning.*

*I thought that I was done for and I couldn't make it. But out of nowhere a firetruck was driving towards me.*

*The sound of the sirens was good, because I knew they were getting closer. I ran when I could see the lights and they picked me up. We turned around and drove straight out of there to get away from the fire.*

*The fire was still just behind us and I could feel it getting closer. We sped up and drove out of there. We were lucky not to hit any trees but we slowly started to move away from it.*

*Finally I knew we were going to get away from the fire and we would live!*

# Escape from an inferno...

*Ashes were falling from the sky, and it looked like black, cloudy rain. On any other day, at any other time, you would almost think it looked pretty, like shadowy snow flakes floating through the air in the middle of winter. However reality again quickly overcame the senses; the smell of putrid, rapidly thickening smoke and the loud, blood-curdling sounds of trees crackling and falling increased the feeling of impending horror. In the distance, but ever-closing in, was a raging, devastating orange and red wall of flame.*

*As it neared, it roared and showed its all-mighty strength. A furious heat overtook my body and as I ran, tiny flying embers bit into my bare skin and seared my arms like a steak hitting a red-hot grill.*

*As I panicked and looked all around me, desperate for an escape route, I felt trapped, surrounded, hopeless. I needed a miracle. Just when I thought all chance of survival was lost and I had given up, that miracle found its way to me. The black cloud that had just darkened the sky above me and instantly turned day into night was now pierced ahead by blazing lights.*

*Within seconds, the sound of sirens began to hit my ears; a sound that in normal circumstances you would at the least describe as annoying, but in the current situation I found myself, it sounded angelic. I ran towards the sound and the lights, and seconds later, I was hurriedly scooped up by an heroic firefighter. I was inside the truck and they swung it around, lifting the truck up on to two wheels, and despite the feeling that we would tumble over and roll to our certain demise, the determined wheels held their traction.*

*The rolling wall of heat and flame reached out its claws and attempted to grab the firetruck. It wanted us and was coming after us! It reminded me of a persistent child forever reaching out for that last piece of candy, and it wasn't giving up. The fire lunged forward, it had developed a taste and needed to feed to stay alive.*

*Fortunately for us, the firefighters had regained complete control of the truck and they floored it. We sped through the bush, dodging trees and doing our best to stay upright. It felt like hours, but was only about a minute later, that the tension slightly eased off. We were out-running the inferno! Looking back through the windows, the distance between us and the wall of flame was increasing, and although the threat of the fire was still apparent, we knew that for the time being we would live to fight another day...*