

The Fire

Do you know how they say don't play with fire or you'll get burned? Well, I didn't play with fire, but I did get burned badly. However, some scars heal better than others...

One day about ten months ago, my parents passed away in a huge fire that took place in the city of Nobist. No one really knows how it started, not even me, because I was riding my bike around Cinthro Lake. As I was riding back home, I saw black smoke rising out of my house. My heart suddenly dropped, but I got courage to ask the person nearest to me where were the people who lived in that house. He said he really didn't know but had heard from another person that two adult bodies were discovered, and that the body of the teenager that lived there was probably burned to ashes already because the fire happened so quickly. But what the man didn't know was that the kid that lived in that house was standing right next to him.

After the accident, I knew that life wasn't going to be the same without my parents and since I had no living relatives that I could count on, I decided to settle in a cave right out of the city of Nobist within the Arktolic Woods. That's right. I live in a cave. I was alone in my cave tenderly holding the locket my parents had given me before the accident. I shed tears of pity and sorrow for myself. Why did this happen to me- fourteen-year old Allen Truel? Suddenly, I heard a low, grumbling sound. I was hungry- the usual. I carefully snuck out of my cave, so no one would see me. I created a plan in my head- sneak in, grab, go! I licked my lips at the thought of food. I hadn't eaten for days. I crossed the border from the bright, green grass of the Arktolic Woods to the hard, cement roads of Nobist.

I walked across the quiet roads while making sure no one was watching. Finally, I found what I was looking for. The shop was small with big, red letters that spelled Market. This was

going to be easy. There was no sort of security in the market except for an old man at the counter. I slowly went inside and snuck a bright, red apple into my pocket. I tried to act natural as I speed-walked out of the shop. I put my foot down on the other side of the border. Then, somebody grabbed my shoulder.

My heart stopped. Had I been caught? I turned around very slowly. It was a tall, slim woman with short, dirty-blond hair and a big smile. She was probably somewhere in her thirties. "Can I help you?" I said while trying to sound innocent. "Well, actually you can! I'm Josie... Follow me." I reluctantly agreed. Josie led me to a small log cabin that smelled of burned wood. "Come inside... umm.... I didn't quite catch your name." she said. "I'm Allen.", I mumbled. Josie opened the door, and inside was a brown couch and a brick fireplace. She offered me some tea, and with no regret I said yes. Josie told me that she was a missionary, and she informed me of a God who sent his Son to the world to die on a cross. He would "wash away our sins". I was glued in to this, but about after an hour I decided to go back to my cave. Before I fell asleep in my cave, I realized that I wanted to know more about this God.

We started meeting for about a few months, and we became good friends. She gave me food, and I gave her my attention. Then, I got saved. I had never had this feeling of peace inside of me. I wanted to know God and seek Him. Later that day, I was walking back from Josie's house to my cave. I realized I had left my coat. It was worn out, but it was still useful. I decided to get it back tomorrow. As I was about to lie down, I saw Josie right outside my cave with a shocked expression. She had followed me home. I almost screamed because I was startled. Josie gave me my coat and looked at me with a worried expression. She asked me why was I here. I explained to her about my parents while trying to keep a straight face. I told her I was the son the people who had died in the fire. My eyes were burning. I couldn't hold it in any longer. One tear

after the other shot down my face. She embraced me in a long comforting hug. Josie told me she had to go to the authorities because everybody thought I was dead and if I ever wanted a normal life in Nobist, I would need to take care of all the legal paperwork to ensure I would receive all the help I needed.

She came back a day later with a paper. Josie said, "Would you like me to adopt you? What that really means is that although I would never take the place of your beloved parents, I could help you go back to school and provide you a safe home and food." I started crying of joy. "You would do that for me?" "Of course, I would! You are like a son to me and I would be honored to have you accept this proposal." "That really means a lot to me. I know that my situation is not perfect, but as long as I trust God, the Bible says he will make all my paths straight. So, I accept your offer, Josie." She embraced me in a hug, and that's when I felt I wasn't alone anymore. (988 words)