

Untitled by Logan K.

Embers flew through the cold, starry, windy night setting ablaze some of England's finest homes.

Horace was trapped in the two-story mansion he had spent his whole life living in, silently suffocating from the poisonous black smoke. Horace called out, "HELP ME! I CAN'T BREATHE!" only to be drowned out by the shrieks of fleeing locals. Out of one last attempt to escape he grabbed the door knob feeling the flesh being burned off of his hand. The door turned and slowly opened.

Horace was enjoying his winter break in the family mansion with his family and cousins. One night

The family went out to eat but left Horace behind because his grades weren't passing. While at home

Horace let his imagination run free as he remembered when he was little and playing in snow for the first time. After drifting off to sleep he awoke to the smell of burning oak and sycamore.

Horace thought that someone had just lit the warm house fireplace and drifted into a deep sleep. One hour later,

Horace awoke

To the toxic smell of smoke. Horace listened to the cold winter wind that was suddenly pierced with the

neighbors howling in terror. Horace looked outside only to have his breath taken away. A toxic black cloud rose above the neighborhood as the distant twinkles of embers grew closer to the mansion. Suddenly, the house was engulfed in yellow flames. Horace tried to yell for help but his throat was filled with the black poison.

Horace crawled along the wooden floor gasping in pain as splinters and fire licked his skin. He was being burned alive. As his vision began to dim Horace used his last ounce of strength to pry the door open. Cold air sizzled as it touched his singed skin and fresh air filled his lungs. His vision began to come clear as he watched in horror as the

friendly neighborhood he once knew burned to the ground as a victim of the raging fires. All Horace could think of was running. Fear took over him and he sprinted to the nearby forest and didn't turn back. Lost and helpless Horace waited in the woods only to fall asleep. The next day Horace awoke to bright searchlights. The government had found him. Horace was rushed to the hospital due to the sustained burns and lost consciousness.

As Horace regained conscious the next day, the friendly faces of his family brought tears of joy to their faces. Although Horace lost an arm due to the burns he sustained Horace was happy to be alive and reunited with his

family. A year later his neighborhood was rebuilt and acted as homes to the fellow locals including Horace and his family. Horace will never forget the near death experience he witnessed and lost a limb to but he is now very happy and living with a prosthetic arm. Just when things are down you might want to give up and quit but don't because there is always another side of a rainbow.