

Spaghetti

By Katya G.

I could hear the alarm. I took out my phone and turned the alarm off. It didn't stop. I realized I was dreaming. I woke up in a cold sweat. The smoke alarm was blaring. Buster was barking. I ran outside my room and saw it. Fire. Everywhere. I screamed to everyone to get up. We didn't have much time until the fire would engulf the entire house. We had to get out.

11 Hours Earlier

It was my last class of the day, science. I was almost asleep as Mr. Hilber talked about cells. I couldn't wait to go home. So many more exciting things awaited me at home. Food. My dog, Buster. My little brother, Jake.

"Ms. Green, are you paying attention?" Mr. Hilber asked me, snapping me out of my daydream.

"Uh, yes," I replied quickly.

"What kind of cell has a nucleus?" He asked me, smirking.

"Uh-," I stuttered. At that moment the bell rang. Yes! The bell saved me from doom. I slung my backpack over my shoulder and sped out of the classroom.

"Hi, Mia!" Jake exclaimed as I opened the door. He gave me a hug.

"Hi!" I replied. "I'm gonna grab a snack from the kitchen. Then I'll help you with your sight words. Okay?"

"Yuppy. I'm gonna ask Mommy if she can make me spaghetti," Jake told me, walking down the hall to our parents' room. I walked into the kitchen and opened the fridge. I took out some strawberries. There was no spaghetti left. Jake was gonna be upset. I washed the strawberries, cut them, and threw them in a bowl with some sugar. I set my snack on the table and went to the living room to let Buster out of his kennel. He wagged his tail excitedly as I pet him and told him how much of a good boy he was. At that moment, Jake came back down the hall.

"Mommy said to eat soup. I don't want soup. Can you make me spaghetti?" Jake pleaded.

"I was getting something out of the fridge and we are out of noodles and spaghetti sauce. It would take ages to make more. You can make some yourself if you want," I joked.

"Okay. I can make it myself," Jake said, not understanding my joke.

"Jake, I was kidding. Now how about we practice your sight words at the table so I can eat my strawberries. Then I'll warm up some soup for you," I told him.

"Okay," he said, gloomily.

"Good job!" I told Jake. We just finished practicing his sight words and he got everything right!

"Thanks," Jake said. He only had half of his soup when he told me didn't want any more.

"I'm full now," Jake told me, handing me his soup.

"You sure?" I asked.

"Yuppy. I'm gonna go watch Bubble Guppies now," he told me as he walked into the living room.

"Okay, I'm gonna put your soup in the fridge and tell me if you get hungry again," I said.

"Okay," he replied as he turned on Bubble Guppies and started singing along to the opening song.

It was a few hours later and I was watching YouTube on my laptop. I heard a knock on my door.

"Come in," I said. Dad walked in. He was in meetings until 9.

"Time for bed," he told me, bringing me in for a hug.

"Okay. How was your day?" I asked him.

"It was busy. How about yours?" He asked me.

"It was long," I answered.

"I'm going to bed. Good night," he told me.

"Good night, Dad."

I was walking downstairs to get water at 10 PM and Jake was in the kitchen.

"Why are you in here? You need to be in bed," I told him.

"I wa-was grabbing water," he stuttered.

"Okay. Go to bed now. Mom and Dad are already asleep," I told him.

"Okay," he told me.

Beeeeeeep! I pulled out my phone to turn off the alarm. Was my phone broken? The alarm wouldn't turn off. And that's when I realized I was dreaming. I woke up, the smoke alarm blaring. I could see light. I walked out of my room and saw a big burst of fire, quickly spreading. Buster was barking.

"FIRE! FIRE! MOM! DAD! THERE'S A FIRE!" I yelled, tears streaming down from my face.

"MIAAAAAAAA!" That was Jake. I had to get him out of his room. I ran into his room and pulled him out of bed.

"Come on," I said, yanking him with me.

"MIA! IS JAKE WITH YOU?" My dad yelled up to me.

"YES!" I yelled.

"OKAY! THERE'S FIRE COMPLETELY BLOCKING THE STAIRS! YOU AND JAKE ARE GONNA HAVE TO CLIMB OUT THE WINDOW!"

"OKAY!" I answered, horrified. Jake and I were coughing from all the smoke.

"YOUR MOM AND I WILL BE OUTSIDE TO CATCH YOU!"

"OKAY!"

I ran into my room, yanking Jake by his hand. I unlocked the window and opened it and pushed out the screen.

"DAD, ARE YOU DOWN THERE?" I yelled out the window.

"I AM! YOUR MOM AND I ARE HOLDING A TARP SO IT WILL CATCH YOU!"

"Jake, you have to jump. Daddy and Mommy will catch you. Okay?" At first he was really hesitant, but I convinced him. I let go of his hand as he jumped out of the window. My parents got him. Next I climbed out of the window.

"I'M JUMPING!" I yelled. I heard sirens. Someone thankfully called the fire department. I jumped and landed in the tarp. I hugged my parents and Jake as tight as I could. My parents had gotten Buster, luckily. We all hugged and cried.

It was 30 minutes after the firefighters put out the fire. One came out holding a pot.

"It seems this was the cause of the fire," he told us. I looked at the pot. I couldn't believe what was in it. Burnt spaghetti.