

Once upon a time there was a little spark and it said to itself I think I will grow up in-to a huge rouring terrible very dangerous white and red and yellow and orege great great big FIRE. So it climbed up and got wider and taller and it was spreading very quickly running into the country side moor land village and town and city. Soon it was on its way across a bridge to Italy and it will soon have stretched all over Europe and all the time it is crackling sizzling twisting and creeping up buildings spreading jumping and bounceing licking up trees and diveing. Fire looks a bit like soldiers marching along and trampling muddy boots so that's how all the ashes cinders and blackness develope.