My school’s on fire.

Have you ever experienced a fire first hand? Well I have. On Friday fifth of November my school Featherstone Primary caught fire! I, Sumaya Gaideh, was there to witness it all. Here is the tale of how it happened.


“Ahh show me,” I demanded as I glared out of our wide-open window. A small cloud of smoke surrounded an angry fire. My sister and I stared at each other in wonder.


“It really is,” I chimed in.

“Don’t lie my,” mother snapped. I quickly picked up our home telephone and punched in 999. My mother silently slid through the door.

“Drop it,” she hissed.

“But maa,” I pleaded. She stared at me with wide-eyed and I placed the phone down without another sound.

My mother reluctantly made her way to our small bedroom. My older sister and I share a miniature bedroom; surely this is illegal.

“Oh my god,” my mother stammered. By now the furious fire was oozing out of every corner of the building. Consequently a loud needy banging echoed in our hollow hallway. “Open, open,” a voice shouted.

My father swung the door wide open.

“Ahmed, Ahmed talk to them. Tell them the school is burning,” the next door neighbour Ms Mohamed shuddered in Somali as she thrust a silver phone in his hands.

My sister snatched the phone out of his hands and began answering endless questions to the calm officer. All I could hear was that 30 people had already called!!!

I glared out of the front window to find the whole road evacuating their houses.

“Mama the whole road is outside,” I trembled.

“We’ll go outside as soon the fire spreads to the grass ok,” my mother reassured me.

“Oh,” I consoled.

By now roughly 12 fire brigade engines were at the scene and the fire was back to its original state, small but still feisty. After a good 15 minutes the fire was out.

After a long day I went to sleep thinking about all my belongings burnt by the blaze. Just then a jolt of excitement shot up my back. NO SAT’S PRACTICE YES!!!

By Sumaya, 6M