

I drearily opened my eyes. It was hot and stuffy in my bedroom, especially under my thick blankets. I rolled over to the little night stand where I kept my pink lamp, the matching alarm clock, and the book I was reading. The clock read: 3:09AM. I rolled back over thinking, *UUUUUGGGGG..... I hate waking up early and not being able to fall back asleep.* Then I caught a whiff of something strange, out of the ordinary. I wasn't sure what it was, so I dragged my feet out of bed and decided to find out, since I wouldn't be able to fall back asleep.

I quietly opened my door and crept down the creaky old planks of the hall. The smell seemed to be coming from the bathroom. As I came closer the air became denser and harder to breath. I opened the door to see orange, bright light licking up the room with each crackle. Fear rattled my bones as I took a terrified step back.

"Fire!!!" I screamed, "FIRE!!!! MOM!!! DAD!!! FIIIIIRRRRRE!!!!"

I can't loose my house.

I ran as fast as I could as the fire chased me out of the house....

1 month later...

I sat in the huge willow tree in Grandma's garden reading a book and watching the pastel, green vines sway in the wind. I still hadn't gotten used to living at Grandma's since the fire. I spent most of my time out in the tranquil garden. It was so beautiful with all of the bright colors, but so big I could almost never find my way out. Each flower inside the walls was taken care of like a baby just like me. Grandma had done her best to take care of me after the house I loved so much burned down and my parents were hospitalized, but it was annoying and I tried to get away from her. I turned my page and continued reading.

A few minutes later, I heard quiet footsteps. *O great*, I thought sarcastically, *here comes Grandma.*

"Lilly," Grandma said, matching the peaceful atmosphere of the garden, "Would you mind coming down? I want to talk to you for a moment."

I put my bookmark in my book, found my footing, and started climbing down. Once I was down Grandma gestured for me to walk with her. We strolled in silence until we reached a bench and sat down.

"I know you must be going through a hard time with your parents hospitalized," She said caringly, "I am too...Anyway, I found this yesterday and thought it might cheer you up."

Grandma passed me an old notebook and I flipped to the bookmarked page. I read in Mom's handwriting:

"I'm sad to leave this home, no, shelter, but...a home isn't the walls and floors its the people and memories you cling to."

I stopped reading as tears begun to well in my eyes and flung myself into my Grandma's arms. "I love you," I whispered to her.