

VIDYA BHAWAN

BALIKA VIDYAPITH, LAKHISARAI

Class :9

27/12/2020

Subject : English.

By R. N. Singh

Moments Chapter--8

A House is Not A Home

cont.....

My mother kept stoking the fire to keep the house nice and warm. Suddenly I smelled something strange, and then I noticed it.. smoke pouring in through the seams of the ceiling. The smoke began to fill the room so quickly that we could barely see. Grouping our way to the front door, we all ran out into the front yard. By the time we made our way outside, the whole roof was engulfed in flames and it was spreading quickly. I ran to the neighbours to call the fire department, while I watched my mother run back into the house.

My mother then ran out of the house carrying a small metal box full of important documents. She dropped the case on the lawn and, in a crazed state, ran back into the house. I knew what she was after. My father had died when I was young, and I was certain that she was not going to let his pictures and letters go up

flames. They were the only things that she had to remember him by. Still I screamed at her, "Mom! No!"

I was about to run after her when I felt a large hand hold me back. It was a fireman. I hadn't even noticed that the street had already filled with fire trucks. I was trying to free myself from his grasp. yelling, "You don't understand, my mother's in there!"

He held on to me while other firefighters ran into the house. He knew that I wasn't acting very coherently and that if he were to let go, I'd run. He was right. "It's all right. they'll get her," he said.

Create any 10 questions and write their answers