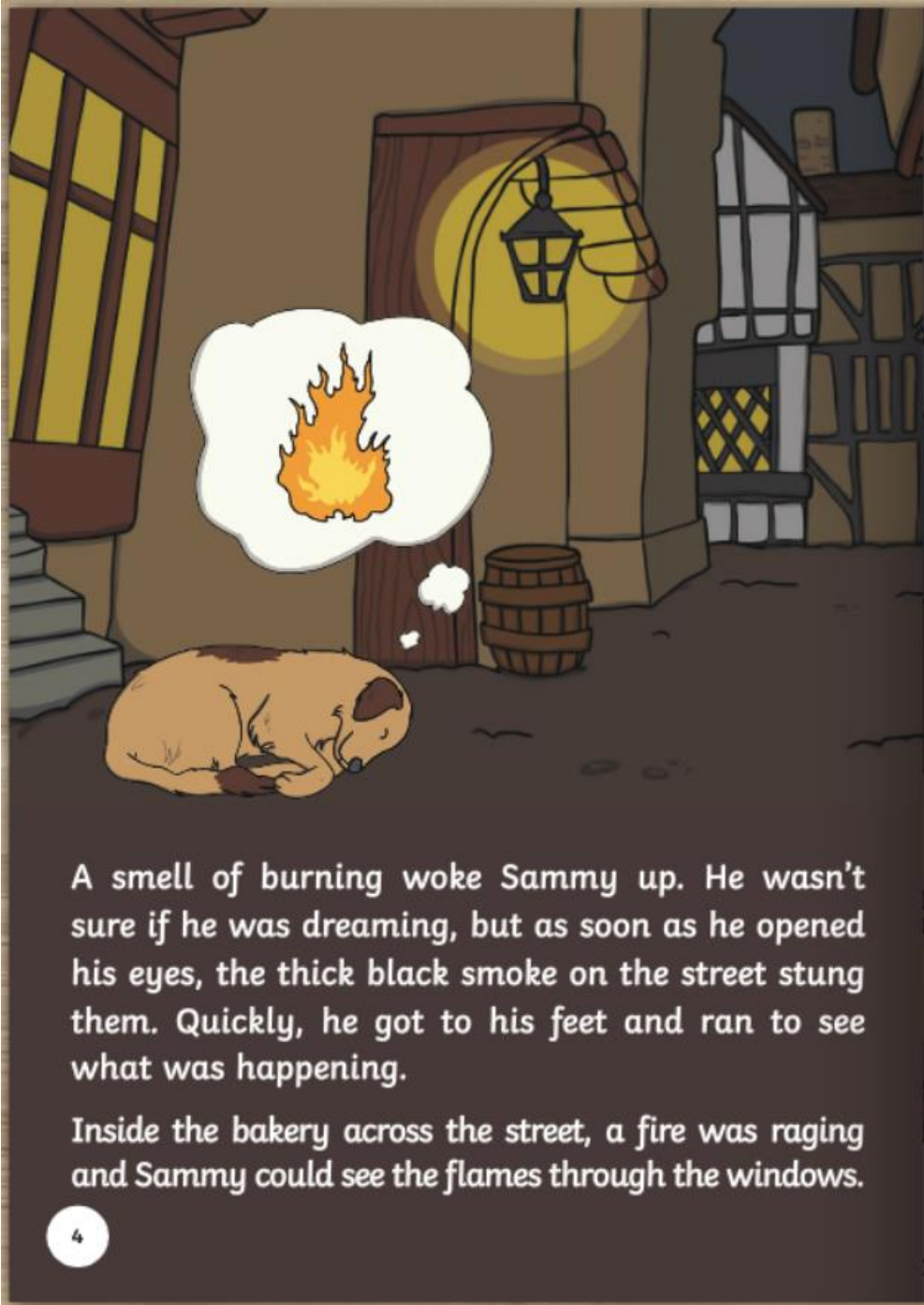


Sammy

The Street Dog





A smell of burning woke Sammy up. He wasn't sure if he was dreaming, but as soon as he opened his eyes, the thick black smoke on the street stung them. Quickly, he got to his feet and ran to see what was happening.

Inside the bakery across the street, a fire was raging and Sammy could see the flames through the windows.

Sammy could hear children inside crying. Just then, the baker appeared, leading his family out onto the street, away from the fire. They stumbled out of the door, coughing because of the thick black smoke.





Chaos awaited the baker outside. Many buildings were now on fire. People were running to escape the flames. Sammy looked for somewhere safe to hide, but he could not find anywhere away from the smoke and trample of terrified feet.

Suddenly, behind him, there was a large CRAACK, as the bakery collapsed. Sammy just managed to jump out of the way of the falling building, as wood and ash fell around him. As quickly as his legs would carry him, he ran down the street and away from the fire. He ran for what felt like hours.

Eventually, he found himself in a quieter street. Here, the people stood around talking about the fire. No one was running. No one was scared. Sammy slowed down and began to walk.

Sammy's brown fur was black and matted from the soot, his usually wagging tail hung low and his kind eyes were full of fear. He found a corner and lay down sadly. It wasn't long before he fell into an exhausted sleep.



Later that evening, Sammy was awoken by the sound of shouting and people running. Looking around, he saw that the people in this street were now beginning to leave, carrying as many of their belongings as they could. Up the street, he saw the flames had spread and were close again.



Footsteps thundered past Sammy, as men carrying leather buckets filled with water ran towards the fire. He watched as they threw water onto the fire, but this did little to stop the flames from spreading. Nobody knew what to do and how to put out the fires.

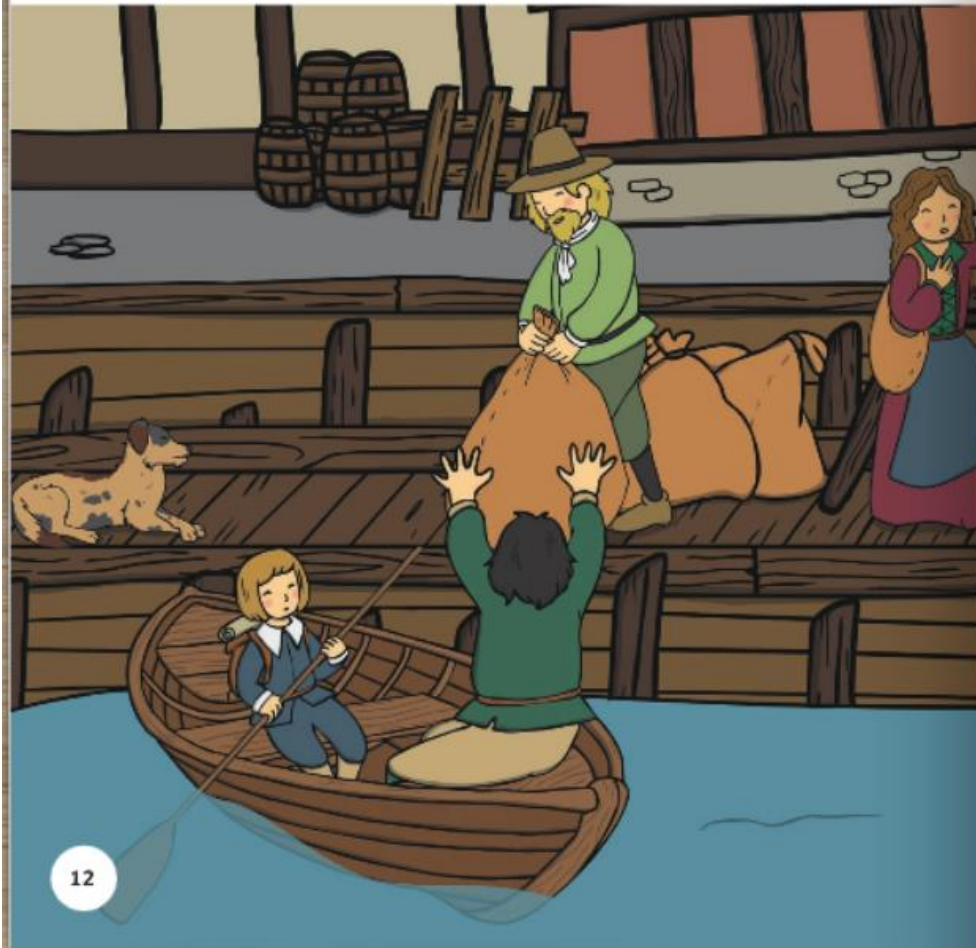


Sammy got up and began to move away. As he went, more people ran past him, this time carrying large hooks. He turned to watch them. As they reached some of the buildings not yet on fire, the people began to use the hooks to pull them down. As Sammy stood there, the wind whipped around him. He watched as the wind caught the flames and carried them to more buildings. The fire continued to spread throughout the night.



Sammy left the street. Scared, he wandered around all night, moving from house to house, desperately trying to find safety. Some kindly people took pity on him and fed him scraps of food, but many shouted at him angrily to get out of the way as they ran past.

By the morning, Sammy had come to the river and he lay down to rest. As he lay there, people began to arrive at the riverbank with their belongings. He heard their shouts, as people begged for help to load their belongings into the boats. A woman was pointing to the Tower of London and Sammy could see that the fire was now spreading in that direction.



As the day went on, Sammy continued to wander the streets of London, searching for somewhere away from the fire.

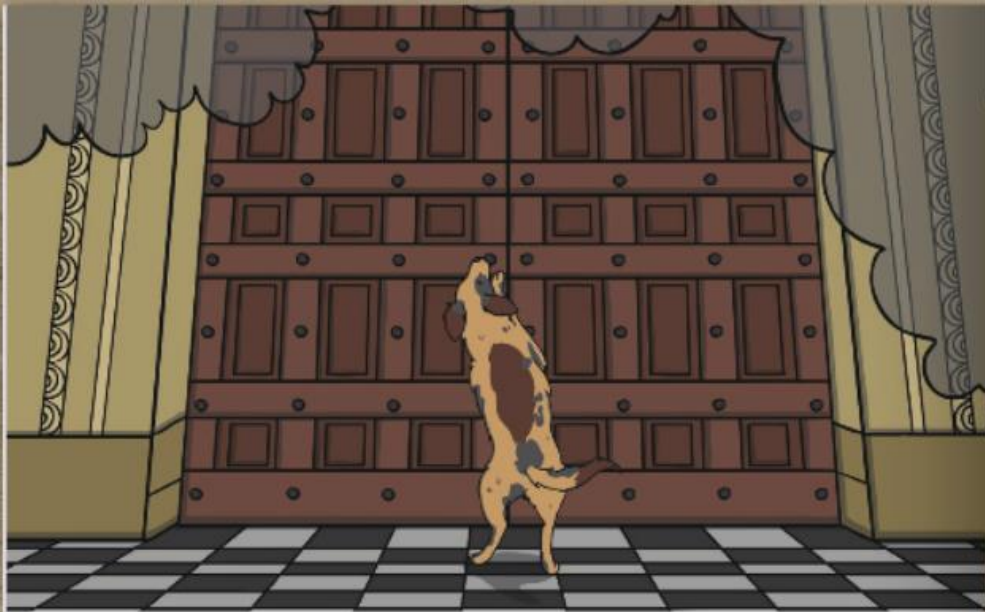
There was burnt wood everywhere. Thick black smoke rose from what was left of the houses. At the end of the street, Sammy could see the flames dancing and he could hear the crackling as the fire spread to more and more buildings.



Slowly, he wandered around the city, not really paying attention to where he was going. He walked past whole streets which had been destroyed by the fire. But he did not stop. Eventually, he came to a very large building. He had never been this far away from home and he had never seen this building before. It was so big and grand. Curious, Sammy decided to look inside.

He stepped inside to see a grand, church-like building towering over him. There were many benches, pictures on the walls and a large altar at the very end of the room. Sammy walked further inside to investigate.

Finally, he felt safe. The smell of smoke was distant and this place seemed like a safe place to rest his head for the night. Sammy fell asleep as the evening drew in and it wasn't until the next morning that he awoke.



It was the loud bang that woke Sammy. The wind had blown hard and the doors of St Paul's Cathedral had slammed shut. Sammy was trapped! He ran back to the doors and pawed at them, but it was no good. He was locked in! Sammy looked around for another exit, but he could not see one.

Then, Sammy noticed the smell of smoke. He turned to see flames beginning to lick the walls of the cathedral. Sammy ran back to the doors and began to scratch at them, his howls getting louder. No one came. He looked back and saw that the roof was now alight. More frightened than ever, Sammy began to bark loudly, scratching at the doors wildly.



Suddenly, he heard a scraping noise coming from the door. The handle turned and the door flew open. Stood at the door was a tall man with short brown hair and torn, sooty clothes. He gave Sammy a friendly smile and let him out of the smoke-filled building.

Sammy ran away from St Paul's Cathedral. He turned back to see that the flames had reached the edge of the roof. He continued to travel the streets of London that day, waiting for the fires to end.

The next day, when he awoke, he found that the wind had died down. All day, people were carrying water to the fire in the leather buckets and helping to pull down houses which were in the path of the fire, to stop the flames spreading. By the end of the day, they were tired, but the fire was now nearly out.

When he awoke in the morning, the sun was shining and the fire was gone. With little left to do,



Sammy headed back into the city. So much of it was destroyed. He made his way through the piles of ashes, trying to find his home on Pudding Lane. Gone were the busy streets, the sounds of the city a distant memory.

Eventually, Sammy spotted what was left of his street. Barking loudly, he went back to where the bakery had stood. All that remained was a heap of still-smouldering cinders.

Sammy knew his home would never be the same again, but he was relieved that finally the fire was over and he could rest in safety once again.