Vlad and the Great Fire of London

My name is Vlad and I am a flea. I made my home on a rat called Boxton and he is my best friend.

One night we found a bed on the floor of the baker’s shop on Pudding Lane. A light flickered in the corner and smoke started to curl around the roof. I bit Boxton on the head to wake him up.

The flames burned in the wood pile that the baker used for his oven. The fire grew up the wall and crept across the floor towards us. We had to move quickly. We found a gap in the wall and we ran outside. We were free.

People ran and screamed all around us. We ran faster and faster and faster to escape the fire. Boxton scampered on until he reached a peaceful garden where at last we were safe.