Vlad and the Great Fire of London

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

One cold September night we found a warm bed on the floor of the baker’s shop on Pudding Lane. A light flickered gently in the corner and smoke started to curl around the ceiling. I knew this wasn’t right so I bit Boxton on the head to wake him up.

The flames were burning brightly in the huge wood pile that the baker used for his oven. The fire was blazing up the wall and was creeping across the floor towards us. We had to move quickly. We found a gap in the wall and we raced outside. We were free but people were running and screaming all around us. We ran faster and faster and faster to escape the dangerous, burning fire. Sparks were flying all around us but Boxton scampered on over the cobbles until he reached a peaceful garden where at last we were safe.