

Wildfire

Chapter one - Flame

The sparks from a flame could unfurl through the world and perish everything in its path, or it could light up someone's life in a way I could never comprehend.

Fire. What a word, what a flame. Should we be praising it for what it has done for us or should we regret inventing it and stop the gamble of destroying the world?

This thought clings to me throughout the daylight. As I walk home I wonder if people know how hazardous it can be. I've always heard "Be cautious don't burn yourself" but what about the internal fire? The one that ignites inside of you and causes you to harm yourself and the others close you, the one you can't control?

Since I'm walking fairly quickly, and I'm deep in thought I don't catch a young man roughly around my age walking in my direction, he also looks deep in thought staring down at his phone, eyes squinted, nose rumped up.

He darts up at me and scowls, I don't make much of a comeback, I just raise my eyebrows and look down. People have been glaring and disregarding me all day. I'm not sure what I did wrong though. My first thought was they just all have a little bit of fire in them, but why glare at me? What did I do to cause their flames?

I start walking a tad quicker, for some reason I'm keen to go home and figure out what's driving people to act like I'm some kind of sickness.

The faster I walk the more glares and stares I attract, so I start to run. The faster I run the faster the gossip spreads. I almost shattered the key attempting to get into my house. I feel the monsters creeping up my back and devouring me inside out, slamming the door I drop to the floor all my fear, regret, and anger consume me.

I sit there for a lengthy amount of time hearing myself breathe, scream, and wail.

My mom gradually steps into the space and says "Nebby what is wrong?" her pacifying voice directs my body to consider she's trustworthy but memories bleed back in and I sourly hiss back "go away"

"Well that's not an answer" again her controlled, collected, and regulated breathing leads me to believe I can vent my life difficulties to her. But telling her my secrets would only cause more trouble so I scream "I'm sorry I don't have an answer for you my dearest, immaculate, flawless mother" and I rush to my room banging the door closed even without

looking at her I see the distressed expression plastered on her face but I don't care I never did and I never will.

Chapter two - Sparks

My mother assumes I'm going to apologize to her, I'm not. I hear her pass by my room numerous times. She believes I'm going to dash out and pray for her forgiveness, land down on my knees, hold my hands to my soul and look down, too mortified to look her in the eyes and just beg, beg, beg. I don't, I never did. I tried to bypass her for the remainder of the evening. I just had to stay in my room and not make enough racket to capture her attention. Things were going smoothly until I heard a loud obnoxious screech. I wasn't sure if the horrendous noise came from my mom, dad, or sister.

My first response is to bolt to the door, yank it open and support whoever is in need but I stop hesitantly at the doorway, hand on the doorknob and I take a second to address my surroundings. I look down at the doorknob it was heating up not hot enough to scorch me but hot enough I felt the warmth, and instantly the smoke-filled aroma surpassed my senses, I think to myself for a minute, and the realization hits, it's a fire. I step back misstepping over an unexpected towel I tossed on the floor earlier that morning I trip backward as I drop to the ground.

I know if I were to just sit here weakened things will go horribly wrong, so quickly I grab a half-drunk plastic water bottle and I struggle to untwist the top I wasn't coughing as much because the smoke was only coming from the small slit under the door but it was still enough to cause me to panic, as the cap falls off the top of the bottle I start poring the remaining liquid on the towel. I read somewhere a long while ago about what to do when there is a fire in a building I'm trying my best to recall what was written, I know there was a whole section on how a water-soaked towel covering the opening under a door will block the smoke out so I try to that as quickly as possible.

Next, memories of an article I once skimmed reminds me that heat goes up so I decided to not stand and instead crawl on the floor