

Fire Poem Homework

The Year was 1666,
Late on September night.
The baker's shop in Pudding Lane,
Glowed with an orange light.

They tried to put the flames out,
But they just grew higher.
Sure enough they spread,
Soon half of London was on fire.

When the king was told about this,
He really was upset.
He realised that the fire posed,
A very serious threat.

Eventually, the wind died down,
The fire died down too.
London would have to be rebuilt,
There was much work to do.

By Paul Perro (Shortened version)