

I am a girl who lives in a Caravan

Fire!!

I am a girl that lives in a caravan with 36 rabbits. I used to live in a huge house with 4 golf courses, 2 swimming pools that I was not allowed in, my mum was afraid I might drown, and a cinema (well a big room with a huge tv and about a trillion comfy chairs).

Most people might think I am bonkers wanting to live somewhere else. But I mean, use your head. If you are not allowed to swim in the pools, play on the golf courses or watch tv for more than 15 minutes a week and if you must wear a tight pink dress everywhere you go, you will probably agree that living there is absolutely no use at all.

Klutzy's parents own this huge campsite. So, his parents let me have one of the oldest, tiniest caravans. Klutzy is my best friend, well, most of the time.

I walked out of the caravan towards Klutzy who was collecting wood.

"What are you going to do with all that wood?" I asked.

"I'm making a fire," he answered.

"Cool, then we can make pancakes," I said.

"It probably won't work," said Carrot appearing very suddenly.



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“Why not?” asked Klutzy. Carrot said we could try but we would probably set the whole entire camp site on fire which I certainly do not think is true.

“Klutzy, you get the fire started then I will get the pancake mix,” I said.

Klutzy went and started to collect more wood. Carrot raised his eyebrows, probably still thinking it was a stupid idea. Once we had everything we set to work. We didn't have a frying pan, so we used a plate and attached a stick to it. We put some pancakes mix in it (it looked a bit yellow) and we put it on the fire, but it started burning. The fire spread towards the nearest tree. I shouted for help while Klutzy was shouting '*fire!*' the whole time.

I eventually gave up and told Klutzy to get help. He left immediately clearly wanting to leave the scene. I took the handmade frying pan towards the pond, took a scoop of water and threw it on the fire. I did it a few times, but it didn't seem to work. Finally, Klutzy came back accompanied by Carrot who had one of the red fire things with him.

“I told you it was a stupid idea,” said Carrot.

“Thanks Carrot, but not very helpful at this precise moment.” Carrot raised his eyebrows and sprayed the red fire thing all over the fire. I thought it wouldn't stop but it did. We cheered.

Well, everyone but Carrot.