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## Playing fire with fire

by Bryony Parsons

Everyone knows that if you play fire with fire, you're just going to get burned.

### Method.

Cream the butter with the sugar. Rose has always loved to bake. You can say that baking runs in the family. It would always bring back precious memories of her great grandmother who was called Sarah Mullen. Sarah would often tell Rose stories.

Rose always remembered one story that her gran used to tell. It was about world war two, and her best friend named Ryan Carter.

This is how the story goes.

It was a cold, winters morning. It was the week before Christmas. Eastbourne town centre was filled with shoppers. Everyone was trying their best to keep up with the Christmas cheer. Despite being in the middle of the war, Ryan and Sarah were doing Christmas shopping. "I am surprised to see the town this busy," Sarah said, scanning her surroundings. "I suppose everyone is trying to stock up," Ryan guessed, shrugging his shoulders. They headed into the Arndale Centre.

As soon as they emerged into the centre, the dreaded sound sounded. The warning siren. An air-raid was about to happen. Everyone scattered. People dropped their shopping bags, and rushed out. Panicked and determined to get home. In the mist of the panic, Ryan had disappeared. Sarah was on her own. "Ryan?" She called out his name, pushing past crowds of people. There was no sign. It was almost like he had vanished into thin air. A loud roar sounded.

The world around Sarah suddenly went dark. Screams could be heard from other people, as the building shook and crumbled.

For what seemed like hours, her eyes finally opened. The light had reappeared, but it was all a blur. Soldiers were helping people find their loved ones. Medical teams were searching for survivors. Groaning, Sarah rolled onto her side and slowly sat up. She placed a hand upon her throbbing head. She was helped to her feet by a paramedic. "Ma'am, are you hurt?" He asked her.

Was she hurt? She looked down at her figure. She had a few grazes and cuts, but no serious damage. She was one of the lucky ones. "I'm fine," she stammered, dusting herself off. She was covered in a thick, black dust. As dark as coffee. She coughed violently and with the help of the paramedic, she made her way over the debris and dead bodies. She stepped outside into the heavy snowfall. She was given a blanket by another paramedic and wrapped it around her shoulders. Her eyes warily scanned the crowd.

There was still no sign of Ryan. Fear erupted inside of her like a volcano.

"My friend is missing," she told the paramedic who had given her the blanket. "What's their name, dear?" The paramedic asked, comfortingly placing a hand onto Sarah's arm. "His name is Ryan Carter. He disappeared before the siren sounded," she remembered.

The Paramedic looked concerned, "I'll inform the soldiers and the officers. Go over to that tent and tell them about your friend. That is the missing people's tent." The paramedic informed her, before hurrying off to help other survivors.