

A house on fire

5 Best Essays on” A House on Fire”

On the evening of last Saturday, we were having a tea party in our house. All of a sudden, the happy atmosphere of the party was disturbed by a loud noise. The guests at the party started running out of the house in great confusion. I came outside and found that one of our neighbors had caught fire. The flames were rising high up towards the sky. Everybody feared that a big fire would spread in the whole colony. We got anxious to bring the fire under control. The wind fanned the flames. People want to put out the fire with buckets full of water and bags of sand.

The lady of the house was weeping bitterly. Her cries were heart-rending. Her only son was sleeping on the upper story. The fire had not yet reached there. But clouds of smoke were summing out of the window of that room. Going to that story to save the boy meant sure death. I wanted to rush to the help of the injured boy but I had an injured leg. A young boy offered to risk his life. The people put a ladder against the wall. The boy ran up like an arrow. He brought down the child out of the flames. Both the boy and the child were choked with smoke.

The fire began to die down. It took two hours to bring it down. The building was reduced to ashes. It was a terrible sight. Our neighbor was in great distress. None could say how the fire broke out. Some said that the fire was started by some mischievous people in the colony. Others said that it was due to the carelessness of the servant of the house who left a burning cigarette near some clothes. In any case, the owner of the house suffered a heavy loss. But God is thankful there was no loss of life. Everyone praised the young boy for his bravery.

A House on Fire

It was midnight when the hands of the clock join palms. There was deep silence everywhere. I was enjoying a sound sleep in my room with my younger brother. All of a sudden, I was awakened by the noise of footsteps outside. It appeared as if the people were running in the street. I got up and peeped down from the window. I came to know that the house of my friend Roshan was ablaze. I at once hurried to the spot.

The house was completely enveloped in flames. A strong wind formed the fire. The flames leaped to the sky giving out the clouds of smoke. The owner of the house was beating his breast, crying "I am undone!, I have lost all!" the articles were lying scattered in the street. There were endless hurry and excitement. Many were busy in bringing buckets of water while others poured it on the fire. I, too, joined them, we tried our best to put out the fire, but all our efforts were in vain.

Soon the whole building with everything in it was burnt to ashes.

The fire brigade was rung up. In no time it was there. A crew of active men in brass helmets got to work and the fire was brought under control in half an hour. God be thanked, the neighboring houses were saved.

It is said that it was all due to the carelessness of the servant who was a heavy smoker. While smoking his pipe, he dozed off to sleep. The burning ashes from the pipe fell down and set fire to the bed. Soon the fire spread in the whole building.

The loss was estimated at more than five lakhs. Everyone had sympathy for the affected family. They were shifted to a nearby house and an emergency meeting of all the elders of the colony was called. It was decided that the house will be repaired as a joint venture by people.

God save everybody from such a calamity but we have to be very vigilant to keep away from such an event and when we face one face it boldly as life is another name of a struggle.

Essay No. 03

A House on fire

I have often heard that smoking is injurious to health. It was, however, last Sunday that I realized that it could destroy a whole house and endanger the life of the dwellers.

Last Sunday, as I got up a bit late in the morning, I heard a loud noise outside in the street. At first, I dismissed it taking it for a noisy brawl between two quarrelsome neighbors who had recently shifted in our street from some other town.

The noise, however, was so loud that I could not help going out. To my great surprise, I found the people running towards the eastern side of the street. They had buckets of water and sand in their hands.

As I looked towards the east, I saw tall, forky flames of fire and clouds of smoke. Without wasting a moment, I rushed towards the side of the flames.

I was greatly shocked to learn that the famous tailor, Mr. Rahmat Ali's house was on fire. It was learned that Ali being a chain smoker, could not resist smoking even while stitching costly clothes. As a speck of burning cigarette fell on the silk and polyester clothes, they caught fire. The fire spread to the other occupant of the house, Mr. Pritam Kumar who happened to be a cloth merchant and had dumped bundles of cotton, silk, and polyester cloth in his rooms. He like Ali was also a tenant in the house.

Needless to say that the fire engulfed the whole house and within a short period of time, not only the costly cloth and stitched clothes but also all the furniture and wood articles such as doors, windows, ventilators, etc. were reduced to ashes. Meanwhile, the landlord also arrived. He beat his breast in vain. All the people's efforts to control fire were also futile. I rang up the fire brigade. It came within a few minutes and controlled the fire after a hard struggle of about two hours.

Essay No. 04

A House on Fire

In the evening of last Sunday, I found that the house of our neighborhood caught fire. The flames were rising to the sky.

Suddenly I heard shouts of "Fire, Fire!" I woke up at once and looked out in the street. I saw a house on fire.

I ran downstairs and reached the place. Many people had collected there. They were running with buckets full of water and bags full of sand. What a terrible scene I saw that day!

But it did prove of much help. A strong wind was blowing. Some cries were heard from inside the house. The house belonged to a doctor.

Soon some fire-engines reached the spot. Two firemen entered the burning house. They helped the doctor's family to come out. Fortunately, no one was killed.

The fire was brought under control. The building was reduced to ashes. The shopkeeper had suffered a great loss. It was a very fearful sight.

Essay No. 05

A House on Fire

It was a winter night I was sleeping in the bedroom of my house. "A loud noise woke me up. I hurriedly put on some warm clothes and came down into the street. There were many people running helter-skelter.

One of the persons stopped and told me that a big fire had broken out and that he was rushing to give a helping hand. I also joined him. We soon reached the house that had caught the fire.

It was a big fire. The whole house was engulfed in smoke. Flames were rising to the sky. Many people were throwing water on the fire. There was a strong wind. It fanned the fire and made spread to new areas of the house.

I rushed back and telephoned the fire-brigade. The residents of the house were in a bad way. Women and children were crying. They were also shivering in cold. Their cries touched every heart. Some of the people escorted them to a sheltered place.

One child was caught in the fire. Everyone feared for his life. Meanwhile, the flames were rising higher and higher

Luckily the fire-brigade arrived in good time. The fire-fighters surrounded the house from all sides. They quickly placed the ladders and brought out all they could save from the fire. The child was also saved. Another big ladder was placed against the burning wall. A firefighter dressed in fire-proof clothing rapidly climbed up the ladder and went on the roof of the burning house. There with the help of an axe he broke the water tank of the house Three gallons of water rushed out from the broken water tank. It doused the fire from above. The fire-men meanwhile doused the fire from below by spraying water from their water-hoses.

The whole operation lasted about half an hour. The fire was brought under control. Soon it was put out. Fortunately, there was no loss of life. The loss to the property was estimated to be about fifty thousand rupees.

We came to know the cause of the fire three days later. It seemed that the residents of the house had left an angeethi burning to ward off the cold. A spark of fire from it had ignited a curtain and before anyone could react the whole house was on fire.