In the silent gray of the smoky night, hundreds of heros come out to fight. They battle for people, they battle for land, with big red trucks and hoses at hand. The flames rise high into the air; the firefighters have much to fear. They risk their lives to save the others - animals, children, fathers and mothers. Helicopters are flying high, dumping water from the sky. The fire lines are rising too, protecting things for me and you. Trees exploding all around, a thunderous, booming, crackling sound. As water hit flame, it started sizzling. That made the smoke so much more dizzying. The moutains are tall. The canyons long but the firefighers are brave and strong. The flame jumpers leap from the planes at night, their minds not filled with fear or fright. Every firefighting technique they know. They did exactly what they have to do. The firefighters helped us, working together. The Wood River Valley will thank them forever!!!

I hope you liked my poem,

Alex