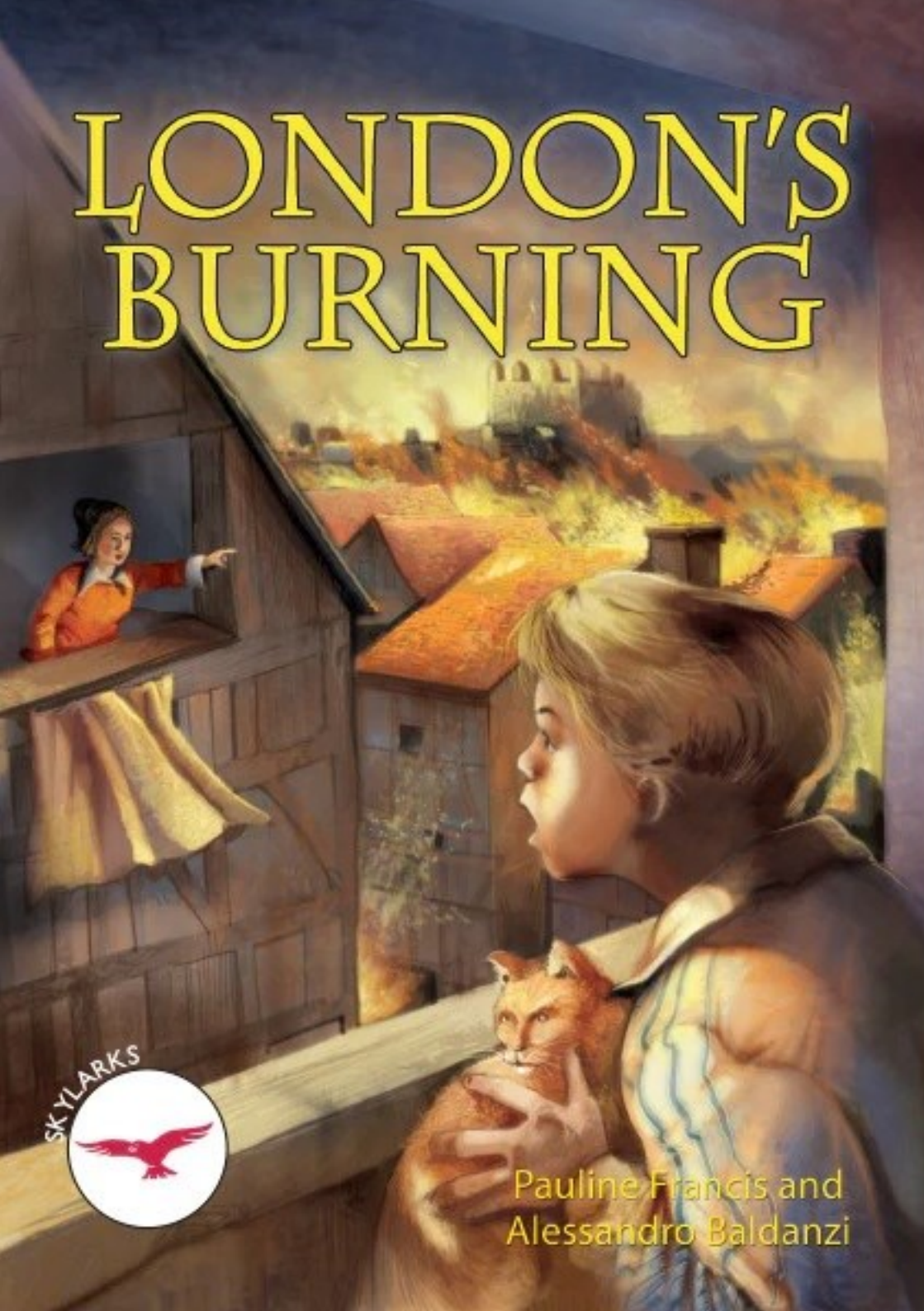
LONDON'S BURNING



SKYLARKS

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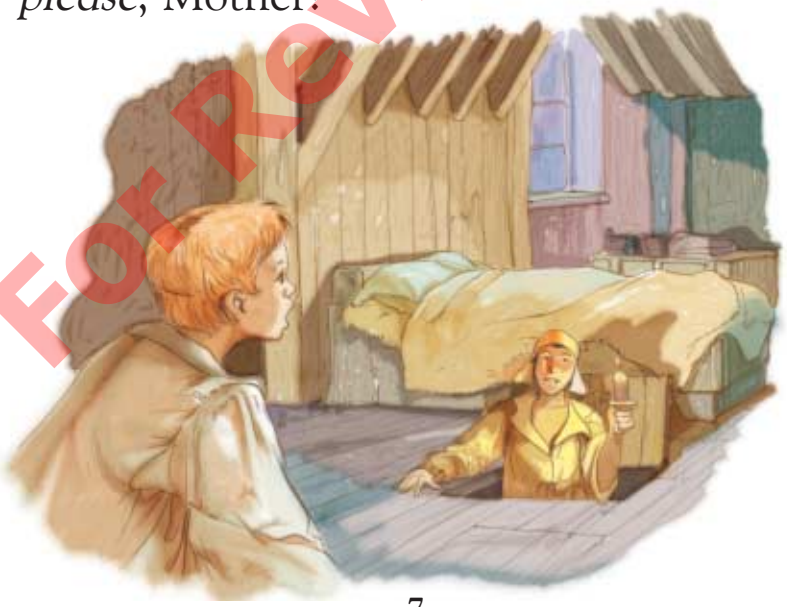
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Chapter One

A very long time ago – in 1666 – a boy called John had just gone to bed.

He slept in a little attic in the roof of a tall wooden house.

"I can't go to sleep," said John. "It's too dark up here! Can I have a candle, *please*, Mother?"



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"No!" said his mother. "Candles can start fires. But I'll let Kitty sleep with you."

Kitty was John's ginger cat. She ran up the ladder and jumped onto John's bed. John's house was in Crooked Lane, not far from the River Thames in London. And his friend Elizabeth lived in the house opposite. The street was so narrow that the attic window of Elizabeth's house almost touched John's.

John opened his little window. "Elizabeth!" he called out. "I've got Kitty with me tonight."

Elizabeth leaned out of her window. She stretched across the narrow street to John's window and stroked Kitty.

"I can see London Bridge from here!" boasted John.

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"I can see St Paul's Cathedral from here!" boasted Elizabeth.

"I'm having a candle in my room tonight!" said John.

"You're too young!" laughed Elizabeth.

"No I'm not!" said John. "You wait and see."

Later, when his mother and father had fallen asleep by the fire, John crept downstairs. He took their candle and tiptoed back up the ladder to his bedroom. Then he put it on his windowsill.

Elizabeth came to her window again. They made shadow puppets with their fingers against the wall and talked and laughed together until they were sleepy.

"Goodnight, John," said Elizabeth,

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closing her window.

"Goodnight, Elizabeth," said John, getting into bed.

John left his window open because he wanted to watch his candle in the breeze. And at last, the flickering candlelight sent him to sleep.



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Chapter Two

Not far away, in Pudding Lane, lived a baker. His bread was so delicious that he had been asked especially to make it for the king. The baker was going to



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bed early. He had to get up at four o'clock in the morning to start baking the bread.

"Put out the fire before you go to sleep," he told the baker boy. "Make sure you pour on plenty of water. And don't forget, there's straw all over the floor here."



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