

## **What people are saying about Rocky Hill, Fireman:**

"I love your books. Ben usually has a very whiney attitude when I ask him to do something. Not lately. Well, not since we bought your books. Now, when I ask him to do something he pauses and says, "Glad to do it." I love it. It's such a joy to hear. Thank you."

- - Kristen Tidwell - Mother of 5

"We have read through your lovely book several times now. It's a very sweet story, yet with lots of great mechanical details that are sweet sounds to curious little boys. The part about the baby being in potential danger always tugs at a parent's emotions ..... When I asked Winn (5 yr old son) what he liked best about the story it was 'when he saved the baby.' Mine too :)"

- - Katherine Shepler - Mother of 4

### **Author's Note:**

I hope you enjoy reading Uncle Rocky, Fireman #1 "Fire!" with your children as much as I enjoyed telling it to my boys.

Uncle Rocky, Fireman is a series of stories I told to my two oldest sons in 1989 and 1990 when they were 4 and 6. My boys quickly memorized the sequence of events initiated by the alarm bell and developed hand and body motions that pantomimed getting dressed for the fire. They enjoyed making the sounds of starting the truck and testing the horn. They looked like traffic cops when they held up their hands to stop traffic so the fire truck could race to the fire. The best part was the ending when they mimicked Uncle Rocky as he said, "Glad to do it!"

### **Author's Acknowledgements:**

This book would not be possible without:

- Ben and Luke, my eager boys, who made telling these stories so much fun.
- Katie, my loving wife, who created the environment where I could tell these stories and who tells me each Rocky Hill rough draft is "Great" even though we know better.
- Dayna, whose illustrations have brought Uncle Rocky to life exactly as Luke had always imagined.

# **Rocky Hill, Fireman - Book #1**

## **Fire!**

Written By - James Burd Brewster

Illustrations By - Dayna Barley-Cohrs

Published by J2B Publishing LLC at Smashwords

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# **Uncle Rocky, Fireman #1 Fire!**

As told to Ben and Luke by their father, James Burd Brewster.



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Written By James Burd Brewster

Illustrations By Dayna Barley-Cohrs

Published by J2B Publishing LLC at Smashwords

Rocky Hill's third week of duty as a fireman began early on Monday. His training and practice were over. He really was a fireman. At the station, he checked in at the radio desk, and walked by the chief's office.

"Morning, Chief," he said.

"Good to see you Rocky," answered the chief in a voice made harsh by smoke inhalation.



Uncle Rocky went to his bunk and put his bag under the bed. Then he made sure his helmet, boots, turnout coat and pants were ready on the equipment rack.

He joined up with Big Joe, the driver, and Bob, the Captain, of the hook-and-ladder truck. Uncle Rocky was the tillerman, the driver at the rear of the truck.

The three had just debriefed the fire crew that was going off-duty and were having coffee in the kitchen upstairs when...



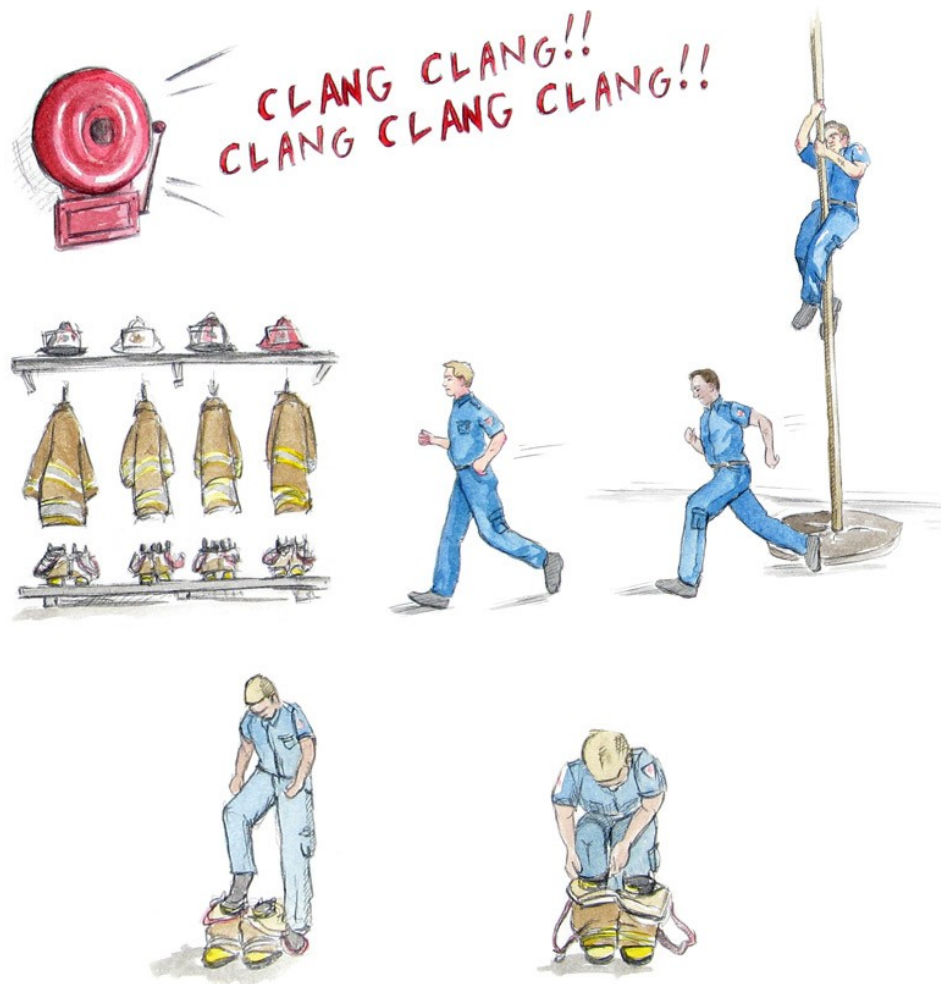
The alarm rang!

CLANG! CLANG! ..... CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

CLANG! CLANG! ..... CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Uncle Rocky, Bob, and Big Joe ran to the pole and slide down through the floor to the dressing racks waiting there.

Uncle Rocky put his feet through his turnout pants and into his boots, pulling them on one at a time, first the right boot, then the left.



He pulled up his turnout pants and put the suspenders over his shoulders, first the right strap, then the left.

His turnout coat came next. Uncle Rocky put his arms into the sleeves, first the right arm, then the left.

He fastened the snaps up the front: *snap, snap, ... snap, snap, snap*. He grabbed his helmet, put it on his head, and pulled down the face shield.



Fully clothed and ready for any fire, Uncle Rocky scrambled to his position at the rear steering wheel.





Big Joe started the truck. Vrooom! Vrooom! Vrooom!

Bob flipped on the lights. Voo! Voo! Voo!

He flicked on the siren. Whirrr! Whirrr!

Big Joe tested the air horn. Ennnt! Ennnt!



The chief told Bob the alarm came in from Ingleside Road.

The traffic light outside the station turned red, traffic stopped, and the big doors swung open.



The hook and ladder truck pulled out of the station and raced to the fire. They roared up Belair Road, across Northern Parkway, up Harford Road, and made a left onto Ingleside. Uncle Rocky steered perfectly.

Before they had even arrived, Uncle Rocky could smell the smoke and knew they would soon be facing a serious fire, a dangerous fire. People needed his help and he was ready!



Big Joe pulled the truck to a stop in front of a two-story house. Smoke and flames were pouring out of the second story windows. A young lady rushed up to them, crying:

“My baby! My baby! She’s still inside. Please save my baby!”

Uncle Rocky, Bob, and Big Joe sprang to action.

“No ladder,” shouted Bob. “We’ll fight this inside. Big Joe, take a hose through the front door. Rocky, you go for the baby.”



Big Joe put on his oxygen tank, grabbed a hose, and ran toward the house. Bob hooked up the main hose to the fire hydrant. Uncle Rocky started the pumps.



Big Joe went in the front door and bounded up the stairs. At the top, he saw the smoke and felt the flames. He braced himself to fight the fire.

He pulled back the lever on the fire hose nozzle and water streamed out: *foossch!*

He pointed the stream at the ceiling first. The water doused the flames and fell to the floor like a shower, putting out more flames on the way down. Big Joe swept the water along the walls from the ceiling to the floor. The hallway fire was soon under control.



Uncle Rocky put on his oxygen tank and faced the frantic young mother. His heart was pounding with the urgency of the situation.

“I’ll get your baby, Ma’am. Where is she?”

“She’s on the second floor in the back bedroom. She was taking a nap in her crib. Please save her,” she pleaded.

Uncle Rocky patted her arm and sprinted for the door of the house. He took the steps two at a time. Upstairs the smoke was still very thick. He brushed past Big Joe who was going into the front bedroom.



Uncle Rocky dropped to the floor where the smoke was thinner and looked for the back bedroom. With relief, he noticed the flames had stayed in the front of the house. He realized the baby was not in danger from the flames. But, in this thick smoke, the baby could die from the lack of oxygen.

“Got to get to her quickly,” he thought.





Big Joe put the nozzle on 'spray,' moved to the bedroom door, and stuck the nozzle through the doorway. The wide spray instantly reduced the intensity of the fire in the room.

Big Joe advanced inside and repeated the same method he used in the hallway. He attacked the fire on the ceiling and let the falling shower of water and debris help fight the rest of the fire..



Uncle Rocky crawled into the first bedroom on his left and noticed a twin bed.

Wrong room!

Quickly he backed out of the room and crawled down the hall to the next room. He noticed baby toys on the floor.

*This must be it!*

Crawling through the room, he felt the legs of a crib, reached into it, and touched a baby. The baby did not move.



Uncle Rocky picked the baby up, covered her with his arms and held her close to his chest and turnout coat.



He raced through the hallway and down the stairs to fresh air. Uncle Rocky was worried. The baby still had not moved.

Outside the young mother ran to Uncle Rocky, but Bob kept her back until Uncle Rocky could examine the baby.

Uncle Rocky opened his arms, looked at the baby, and gave a big sigh of relief.



He smiled, walked over the mother, and gently placed the baby in her arms. She smiled and started to cry. Her daughter was sound asleep.

The mother looked up at Uncle Rocky with tears in her eyes and said, "Thank you. Thank you for saving my baby. Thank God you came in time."



Uncle Rocky felt good. He also thanked God. This is why he had become a firefighter.

He looked into the mother's eyes and said,

"Glad to do it!"

Tomorrow Night: Uncle Rocky, Fireman #2 Something's Missing.



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I hope you enjoyed reading Uncle Rocky, Fireman #1 - Fire! Uncle Rocky, Fireman is a series of stories I told to my two oldest sons in 1989 and 1990 when they were 6 and 4. My boys quickly memorized the sequence of events initiated by the alarm bell and develop hand and body motions that pantomime getting dressed for the fire. They enjoyed making the sounds of starting the truck and testing the horn. They looked like traffic cops when they held up their hands to stop traffic so the fire truck could race to the fire. The best part was the ending when they mimicked Uncle Rocky as he said, "Glad to do it!"

**Children and Parents can contact Uncle Rocky, join the Glad To Do It! Club, print out coloring pages, or engage the author at: [www.GladToDoIt.net](http://www.GladToDoIt.net).**

**Other stories by James Burd Brewster**

Uncle Rocky, Fireman #1 - Fire

Uncle Rocky, Fireman #2 - Something's Missing

Uncle Rocky, Fireman #3 - Sparky's Rescue

Uncle Rocky, Fireman #4 - Sparky Protects

### **About the author**



James Burd Brewster was raised in Albany, NY, learned to sail on Lake Champlain, navigated a Polar Icebreaker in the US Coast Guard, and married Katie Spivey from Wilmington, NC. They lived in Baltimore, MD when Ben and Luke heard the Rocky Hill, Fireman stories. The family grew to five (Ben, Luke, Rachel, Andrew, Sam) and settled in Pomfret, MD outside of

Washington, DC. Ben and Luke are no longer 6 and 4. Ben is a Marine, married, and father of four. Luke is an Apple employee in Chicago, IL. Ben now tells Uncle Rocky stories to his sons, Levi, Micah, and Judah.

Children can contact Uncle Rocky and James Burd Brewster through [www.gladtodoit.net](http://www.gladtodoit.net)

### **About the Illustrator**



Dayna Barley-Cohrs lives in a secluded straw bale home in the small village of Vankoughnet, Ontario, Canada. Trained at the Ontario College of Art and Design in Fine Arts, with a focus on figurative and portrait work, she works as a freelance illustrator and fine artist. She is the mother of two young children, whom she loves to draw pictures for and finds useful as art critics. Dayna and her artist husband also homestead as much as they can, when not working in the studio she can be found growing food, raising chickens and bees, and canning the harvest. In her spare time, she sleeps. Dayna was found and commissioned for these illustrations through Elance.com.