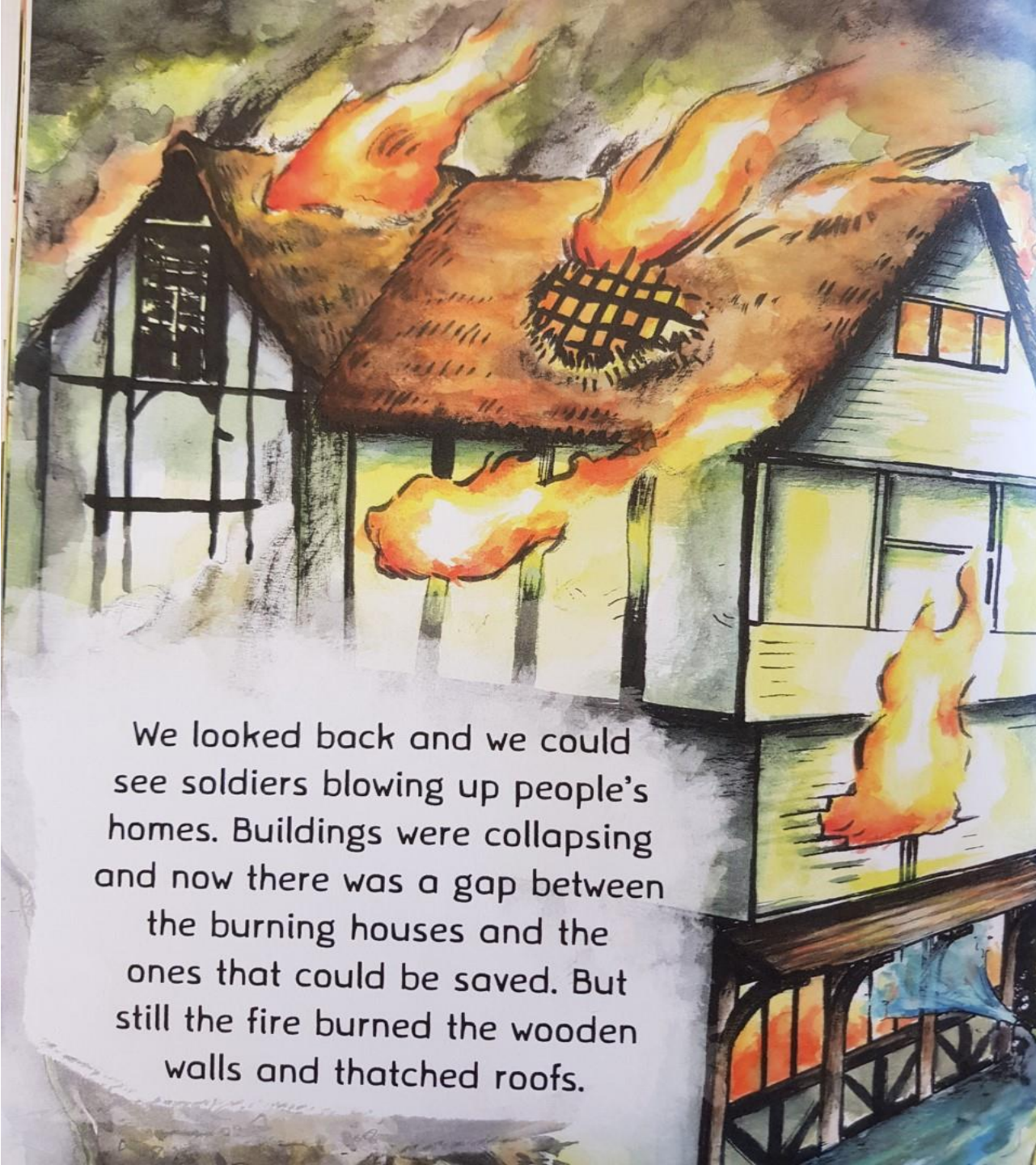


Suddenly there was a  
**massive explosion.**

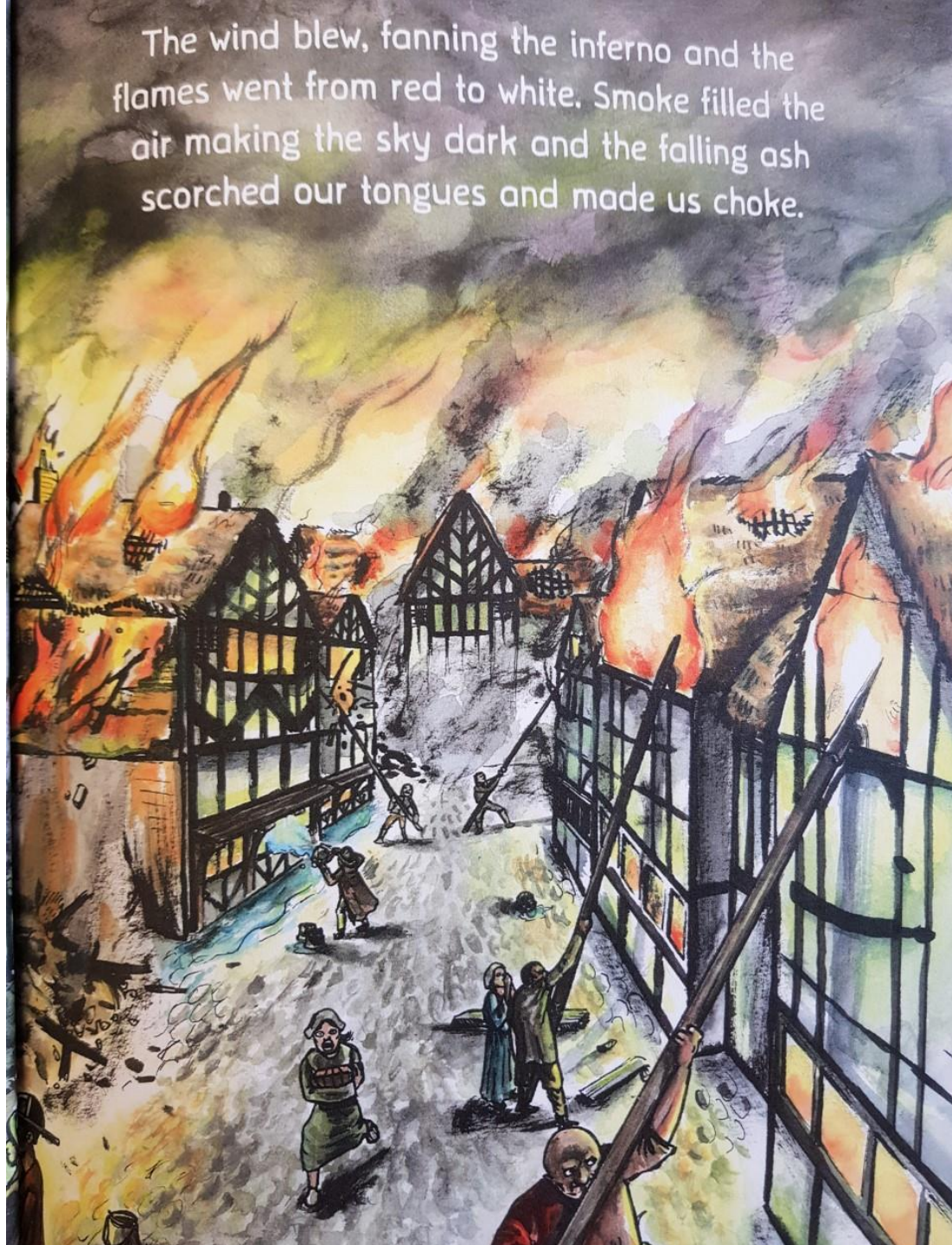




We looked back and we could see soldiers blowing up people's homes. Buildings were collapsing and now there was a gap between the burning houses and the ones that could be saved. But still the fire burned the wooden walls and thatched roofs.

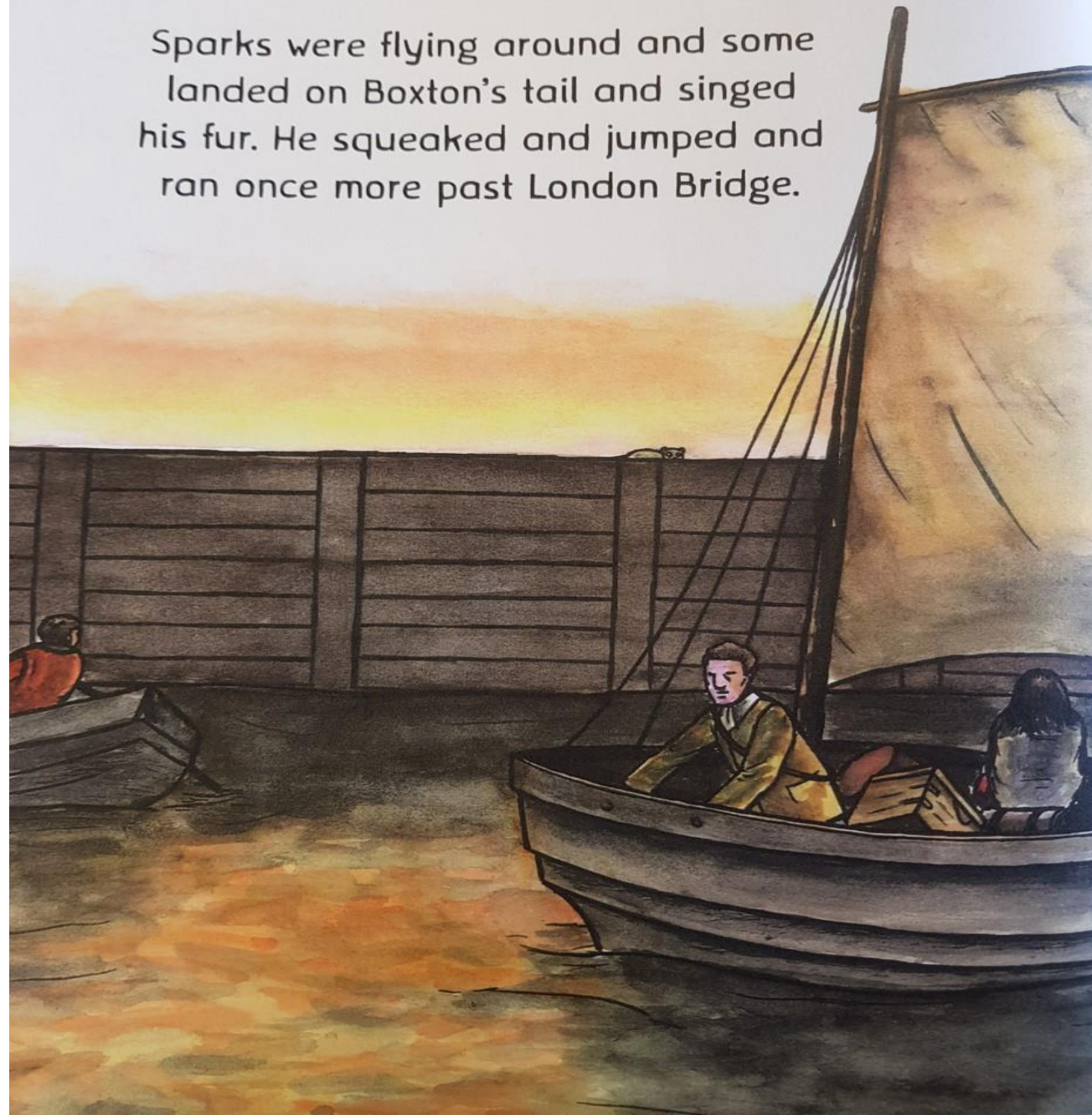


The wind blew, fanning the inferno and the flames went from red to white. Smoke filled the air making the sky dark and the falling ash scorched our tongues and made us choke.





Sparks were flying around and some  
landed on Boxton's tail and singed  
his fur. He squeaked and jumped and  
ran once more past London Bridge.





The bridge was full of people and soldiers, so we turned and headed towards the Tower of London. Boxton's nose was quivering. I could only smell burning wood, but I knew that my friend had sniffed something else.

On he staggered until we came to a garden.



In the middle of a patch of soil knelt a scared,  
chubby man in a long coat and wig. He was  
digging a hole and talking to himself.

"It will be safe there, Samuel." he was muttering.



He put his precious possessions into the hole,  
some bottles and a small, stinky parcel.



Looking around he checked that no one was  
watching before he covered it and hurried away.



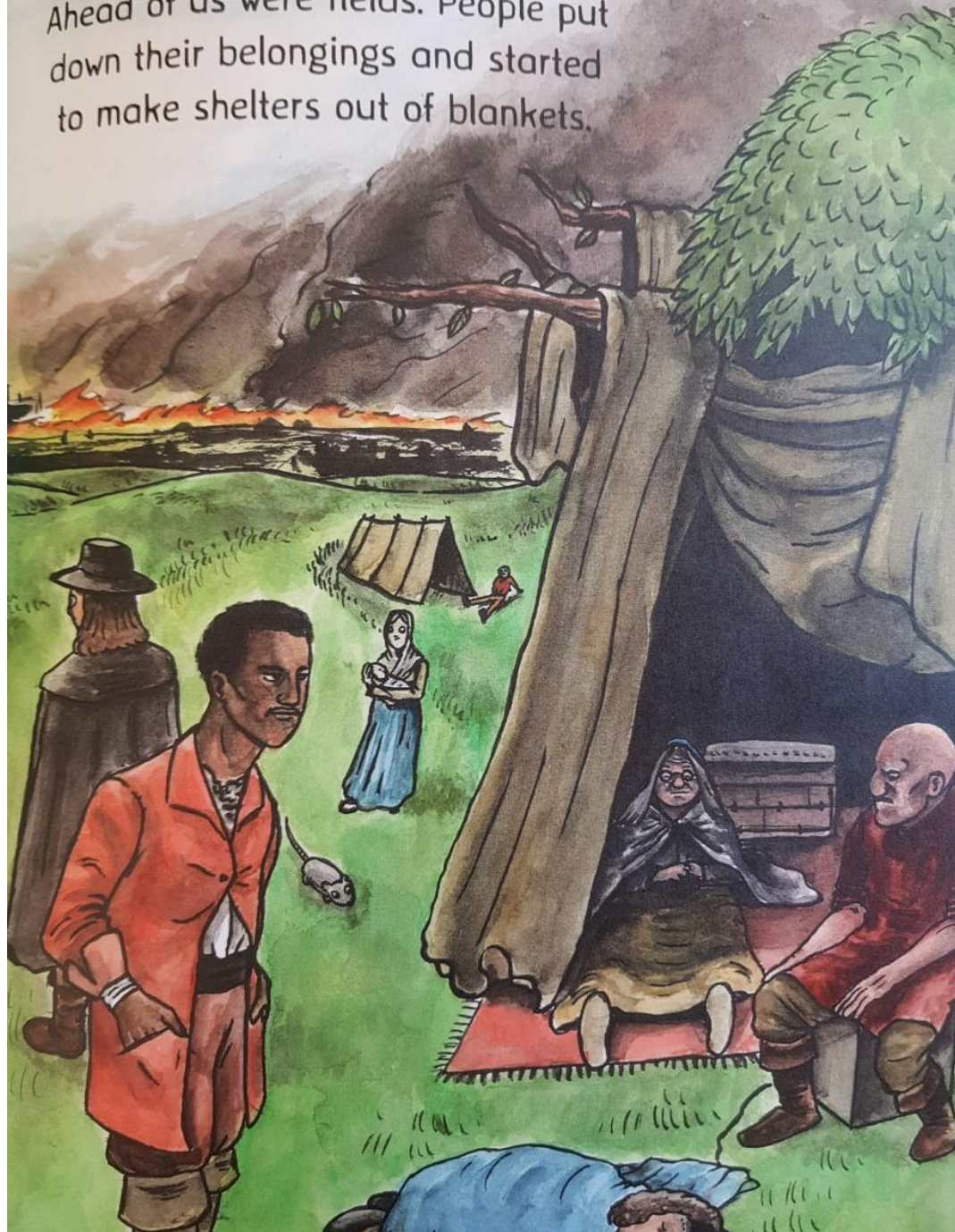
Boxton crept closer to where the bundle had been on the ground. There, where it had leaked, lay crumbs of cheese! Boxton bent down and gobbled each piece before sighing and lying down to rest.



Slowly we turned to follow the crowds trudging along the road.



Ahead of us were fields. People put  
down their belongings and started  
to make shelters out of blankets.



It looked like we would be camping here for some time as in the distance the fire continued to rage.

Come on, Boxtan,  
let's find a nice, snug tent.  
I need a bite to eat.





## FACT FILE

The Great Fire of London burned for 3 days from 2nd September 1666.

It started around 1 o'clock in the morning, in the bakery of Thomas Farriner on Pudding Lane.

There was no Fire Brigade so people had to work together carrying water and pulling down buildings to stop the fire. After the fire, private fire brigades were started, but it was another 167 years (not until 1833) that there was one organised fire service across London.

Samuel Pepys lived in Seething Lane near the Tower of London. He wrote in his diary that he buried his wine and his parmesan cheese to save it from the fire. The fire was put out before it reached his house.

Nobody knows exactly how many people died in the fire. Officially there were six deaths (including the baker's maid) but many poor people probably did not get recorded.

Thousands of London refugees left with whatever they could carry. They set up camps in the fields around London.

This is how big Vlad really is



For Sue who gave us a love of books  
and suggested we make this book together.

With thanks to everyone who supported us in this venture,  
especially Sean, Danny and Freddie.  
Any errors are the responsibility of the author.

**VLAD AND THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON**

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Illustrated by Sam Cunningham

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