

The Noisy Fire Truck

Ferran was two years old and loved two things: rolling toy cars down the hallway and shouting “BRUUUM!” as loudly as he could. But of all the cars, one stood out above the rest: the fire truck.

One Saturday morning, while playing in the park, Ferran heard a siren: “WEE-OOO, WEE-OOO!”

“Fire! Fire!” he said excitedly. He meant firefighters, but that was how the word came out.

A real fire truck appeared around the corner, bright red, huge and shiny. It stopped because the firefighters had come to inspect a broken tree branch.

Ferran approached in tiny steps, his eyes as wide as two round cookies. A firefighter saw him and said:

“Hello, brave boy! Would you like to climb into the truck?”

Ferran nodded so fast his cap almost fell off. The firefighter picked him up and sat him in the cab.

“This is where we turn on the siren,” the firefighter explained.

“SIREN!” Ferran exclaimed, overjoyed.

The firefighter let him press a special button, and the truck went:

“WEE-OOO!”

Ferran laughed so hard he nearly doubled over.

Then they helped him hold the hose, without any water, of course.

“This is how we put out fires,” the firefighter said.

“Fire? No! Pffft!” Ferran said, blowing, convinced he could put it out all by himself.

When it was time to leave, the firefighter gave him a small cardboard helmet and said:

“You’re a real firefighter, Ferran!”

Ferran walked proudly around the park, wearing his crooked helmet and carrying an imaginary hose.

“BRUUUM! WEE-OOO! I’m a firefighter!” he shouted as he ran.

From that day on, every time he saw a red truck, Ferran looked at his father and said:

“Can I climb in? Me, firefighter!”

Dad laughed, knowing that Ferran would always keep a red truck parked in a special corner of his little heart.