

BUSHFIRE

Narrator	A grey misty haze hung above the wide expanse of bushland. All was quiet and still. The sun seethed down – a filmy golden ball hanging in space...
1st Group	Then a sudden crackle, a cracked twig – tiny white and orange flames popping and creeping along the ground as if uncertain of their whereabouts
White/Orange Flames	Cautiously creeping, then leaping about, flickering flames all scramble out
2nd Group	Next a friendly running breeze gently stirring the surrounding foliage, pushing and encouraging the jumping flames on their way
Wind	<i>Softly...</i> Whoop! Whoop! Whoop! Gently blowing, then gathering force, the wind swells with pride and leads the course. <i>Louder...</i> Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!
1st Group	Now sure of themselves, and growing bigger, the flames begin to dance. Long tongues of orange and red lick hungrily at the green leaves and trunks of the stable trees.
Orange/Red Flames	Fun to be free! Frantic flames of fire dance and stretch, ever higher! Higher!
All Flames	Leaping and frolicking, devouring everything in their way, they move with breathless rapidity through the bushland, encircled in white smoke
Grey/White Smoke	Puffing and blowing the smoke forms a wall, spreading and stretching and covering all
Narrator	Leaving a charred black path behind them and grotesque blackened branches of trees – these are the only remains of the devastating bushfire
Groups	Catastrophe! Catastrophe! Charred blackened stumps are all you see!