I smell smoke in the air

I hear animals and people cry with despair

Blood and sweat drips down my face

I feel fear, pain and sickness I’m a disgrace

I hear screams and sirens coming my way

“I think I’m going to die” I quietly say

I can smell death

With only one breath

I am weak

With no strength to speak

C:\Program Files\Microsoft Office\Media\CntCD1\ClipArt6\j0297805.wmfIS THIS HOW I DIE