



Playing with Fire

Chapter 6

“Okay, settle down and listen up,” hollered Scoutmaster.

We had gathered for Scout Night outside the church and had been running through the bushes and on the grass.

“Gather ‘round,” he said as we saw him unroll a towel on to the grass. It was covered in many different items. A knife, a few pieces of steel, and some square shaped rocks.

“This weekend we are going to learn how to make a fire without matches,” he said as he handed us each a flat stone. “This is called a flint.”

It was a small piece of stone about the size of a pack of gum. Smooth, dark, and kind of heavy for its size.

Just then we heard Scoutmaster make a scraping noise with his knife and a bunch of sparks flew off his flint.