

# All My Fault

By AxelAlloy

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*A mini-story involving Fireman Sam and an old friend of his.*

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# 1 - All My Fault Indeed...

"All My Fault." It was a bright and sunny day in Pontypandy and Fireman Sam was busy cleaning Jupiter. "Tum tee tum", he chirped as he wiped off all the dirt. Suddenly, he heard a voice, it sounded very familiar. He turned around and saw a girl stood in front of him. Staring at her, he soon recognised her. He had not seen her in years and years and started to well up inside...but he didn't show it. "Great fires of London", he whispered, "I haven't seen you since you were a little girl..." The girl smiled and swept back some of her hair that was trailing in front of her eyes. "Well now... You HAVE grown up haven't you." The girl approached him and gazed into his eyes. He hadn't changed at all. He still had that warm, loving stare she remembered as a 3 year old. Her childhood hero was still the same and she thanked everything for it. Sam's grin widened as she reached a hand out to his face. "You are the one who made me what I am today", she said finally speaking. Sam grabbed hold of her hand that was perched at the side of his face and tightened his grip as he heard her voice. "And what is that?" "I'm a bloomin' fan girl", she exclaimed through laughter. The pair laughed so hard they nearly fell over. After calming down, Sam took her in his arms and stroked her soft hair. "I missed you", Rachel. When she heard those words, she held on tighter and pressed her head harder onto his chest. "Me too, Sam." After a while, she raised her head to look at him again and walked backwards. Sam released his grip on her and tilted his head. "Are you going?", he asked as he swallowed the lump in his throat and looked at her with an expression of dread. "Yes, I have to", she replied nodding. They said their goodbyes and she walked off, vanishing into the horizon. Sam picked his cleaning cloth back up and absent-mindedly started rubbing Jupiter's cold exterior. He laughed thought about what she had said, recalling old memories. "Ha ha, yes... My fault indeed... **The End!** - Back to Original Novels. - Back to the Novel Library. - Back to Home. © 2004 Axel Alloy