

The raging fire was burning in my house, destroying everything in it. Also, with my ancestor's precious manuscript in it. Suddenly, I lost my mind and ran into the burning house. It was a one-second decision, and I don't know why I would make this decision. Thick smoke blew towards my face, but I did not regret for my decision. I was choked and fell down. I knew that if I kept lying down, I will undoubtedly die. I tried to get up but failed. I was in a great despair. Maybe I would just die there. This was the thought in my mind at that time.

This all happened in a sudden: A strong arm pulled me up and pushed me out of the burning house. When I discerned who was in front of me, I saw a brave fireman. He even took off his oxygen mask and gave it to me. Suddenly, my eyes were full of tears. The fireman risked his life to save me.....

Just when I thought we were leaving safely, part of the ceiling fell down and smashed on the fireman's back. I was crying when I asked is he ok, although it is useless. The fireman listlessly said he was ok and called me to escape quickly. I was sobbing while I run as fast as I can, later finding out the fireman was dead because of saving me.....

He is a real hero, although without any superpowers.