

# The Fire Station

by Robert Munsch  
illustrations by Michael Martchenko



annick press  
toronto • new york • vancouver

Michael and Sheila were walking down the street. As they passed the fire station Sheila said, “Michael! Let’s go ride a fire truck.”

“Well,” said Michael, “I think maybe I should ask my mother, and I think maybe I should ask my father, and I think maybe...”

“I think we should go in,” said Sheila. Then she grabbed Michael’s hand and pulled him up to the door.



Sheila knocked: BLAM – BLAM – BLAM – BLAM – BLAM. A large fireman came out and asked, “What can I do for you?”

“Well,” said Michael, “maybe you could show us a fire truck and hoses and rubber boots and ladders and all sorts of stuff like that.”

“Certainly,” said the fireman.

“And maybe,” said Sheila, “you will let us drive a fire truck?”

“Certainly not,” said the fireman.



They went in and looked at ladders and hoses and big rubber boots. Then they looked at little fire trucks and big fire trucks and enormous fire trucks. When they were done Michael said, "Let's go."

"Right," said Sheila. "Let's go into the enormous fire truck."

