

The Three Little Puppies and Benji the Bumbling Dragon

A Fire Prevention Week lesson plan from the
National Fire Protection Association (NFPA).

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In a neighborhood *oh so near to here*, there lived three lively, little puppies. Little puppies who loved to play. Little puppies who loved to laugh. Little puppies who loved to dance...and yip...and yap...and snap.

When the puppies grew too big, their Mama informed them that it was time for them to go off into the world to live on their own. It was time to build their *own* homes. It would be a big, big leap, but the pups knew this needed to happen, so off they raced.

The first little pup, Brutus, built a home that was all on one level— *a single story home*. It was full of cool items: a special room for bouncing; a refrigerator full of bones; a home fire escape plan that had two ways to get out of each room, and an outside meeting place. But NO smoke alarms.

Puppy number two, Maggie, built a home with an upstairs *and* a downstairs— a two-story home. Maggie's happy home had a special place for cleaning up dirty paws. She had money to buy one smoke alarm after she finished decorating. She put it downstairs on the ceiling in the hallway.

The third little puppy, Spot, built an apartment house with three floors. It had bone-scented sheets and a special flinger that would throw sticks for pups to fetch all day long.

Spot put one smoke alarm on the ceiling of each level of his apartment house and inside the bedrooms. Three families lived in the apartment house. If one smoke alarm sounded in Spot's apartment, every smoke alarm in the apartment house would sound.

The three little puppies' homes were so very cool that often visitors would stop by to play.

Benji, the rainglow-colored, bumbling dragon was one such visitor. He was intrigued with Brutus, Maggie, and Spot's new homes. Benji's giant green shoes squeaked as he lumbered along the path to find someone to play with. His saggy-baggy red socks dragged along behind him. His long dragon nose and his glistening scales made him a sight to see.



His happy laugh, attitude, and willingness to share made him a good friend to have. However, he was clumsy—yes even bumbling. He'd trip over his green shoes. And at times, he would giggle so hard that little flames would slip from his mouth. After all, he was a dragon.

Brutus was fast asleep in his new puppy bed when Benji the bumbling dragon arrived to visit, calling out in a dragon-sort-of voice, "It's a very, very nice day. Can you come out and play?"

As Benji called to his friend, smoke and fire escaped from his hot little dragon-mouth. Placing his dragon paws over his giant lips, he tried to stop the flames, but he couldn't. Dragon-flames reached the new home and a fire started in the very house where Brutus was sleeping. It raced up the walls of Brutus' new home!

The young pup was so very tired from building his home that he remained in a deep, deep sleep. He was not waking up!

And there were NO SMOKE ALARMS to warn him of the fire. Just silence. Just smoke. Just snoring puppy Brutus.

But in that same neighborhood *Sparky® the Fire Dog* also lived. He was always on the lookout to keep his neighborhood fire safe. He saw the fire and ran to Brutus' house. He sounded a super Sparky woof that only dogs could know. Brutus woke up and quickly got out of his house. Sparky called the fire department and they put out the fire.



Once the danger was over, Sparky looked at Brutus. Shaking his paw at the pup he howled,

“Smoke alarms make a very loud beep. One you should hear even if you're asleep. It's telling you there is fire about. And when it sounds you need to get out.”

Brutus, who now had no place to sleep, decided to see if Maggie might have a spare puppy-bed where he could sleep. After she welcomed him, they went upstairs to sleep. They slept and they slept. The next day they got up and began to clean the dirty, smoky, broken mess — which had once been Brutus' house. It was a lot of work.

After lunch, they curled up for afternoon naps.

Along came Benji the bumbling dragon. He was sad about what had happened the day before. He thought he'd stop by to tell them how *very* sorry he was. Maybe they'd still want to play.



When he found Maggie's house, he lumbered over and hollered, "It's a very, very nice day. Can you come out and play?"

Once again, smoke and fire escaped from his hot little dragon mouth. Paw again to his mouth, he tried to stop the flames, but he couldn't.

The fire raced up the walls of Maggie's new home, where she and Brutus napped! Brutus and Maggie were so very tired.

Remember...puppy Maggie had a smoke alarm on the first floor but — NO SMOKE ALARM on the second floor! Brutus and Maggie kept sleeping. They didn't hear the smoke alarm warning them of the fire so they could get out—because it was downstairs — too far away *even* for puppy ears to hear.

Luckily, *Sparky the Fire Dog* was outside grilling his dinner. He was always on the lookout to keep his neighborhood fire safe. He saw the fire and ran to the house. He sounded a Super Sparky woof that only dogs could know. The puppies woke up and quickly got out of the house. Sparky called the fire department and they put the fire out.

Shaking his paw at the two pups, Sparky howled, "**Smoke alarms make a very loud beep. One you should hear even if you're asleep. It's telling you there is fire about. And when it sounds you need to get out** "

"Oh, Sparky, we've learned our lesson. I am so thankful we were able to have you help us out. Otherwise we would not have made it out in time. We will listen. From now on we will check our smoke alarms each month and make certain to have one on each level of our home!" barked Brutus.



Together, the two puppies crept, with tails between their legs, to the home of their brother Spot.

Benji the bumbling dragon slunk sadly away, tripping over his saggy baggy socks and shoelaces as he lopped along.



Spot welcomed his brother and sister to his home. He hugged them and said he was happy they were safe. "Yes! You may live with me," said Spot. The three pups raced around and around in the front yard chasing their tails and snapping at insects until they were absolutely exhausted!

"Let's take a nap," yapped Spot. The three little pups bound up the stairs to sleep. On their way down the hall, Maggie suggested, "Let's test the smoke alarms to be certain they all work!"

With a fancy puppy leap, Brutus touched the test button. “Beep, beep, beep,” the smoke alarm blared. All the smoke alarms in the house started beeping “They work! Hurray,” called the three puppies. And they snuggled up in their puppy-beds for a good afternoon nap. They slept, and slept, and slept, and slept.

Meanwhile, *you know who* decided to pay a visit. Benji the bumbling dragon, still sad from the mess he’d made at Brutus and Maggie’s homes, decided to try one more time to play with the pups.

He lumbered over and hollered, “*It’s a very, very nice day. Can you come out and play?*” And *again*, as he spoke, smoke and fire escaped from his hot little dragon mouth. He tried to stop it, but he couldn’t.

Again, fire raced up the walls of the third puppy’s home!

Upstairs, in the second floor apartment, Brutus, Maggie, and Spot slept.

“BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!” blared the smoke alarms on each level and bedroom of Spot’s house. The three puppies’ ears flipped up. Their eyes popped out. What was that?

“The smoke alarms are going off! Get Out! Get Out!” yowled Spot. The three little puppies zipped down the stairs, crawling low under the black smoke. Out to the tree in the front yard, lickety-split they raced. Outside the other puppy families living in the house, Benji the bumbling dragon and Sparky the Fire Dog, who was always on the lookout to keep his neighborhood fire safe, met them.

“ARFSOME!! You all got out quickly when the smoke alarm sounded. And you went straight to the meeting place!” barked Sparky.

From behind his black and white spotted tail, Sparky pulled a large bottle of bubbling soda. “Benji, you bumbling dragon, I think you need this to help put out those dragon flames. If you drink this, the flames will go away and when you talk, sneeze, or blow—out will come bubbles!” he smiled. Everyone clapped and watched Benji gulp the soda. Benji sneezed a dragon-sized sneeze and from his dragon-sized mouth out poured oodles and oodles of bubbles!

Sparky smiled and reminded Benji the BUBBLING dragon, **“Smoke alarms make a very loud beep. One you should hear even if you’re asleep. It’s telling you there is fire about. And when it sounds you need to get out.”**



The End