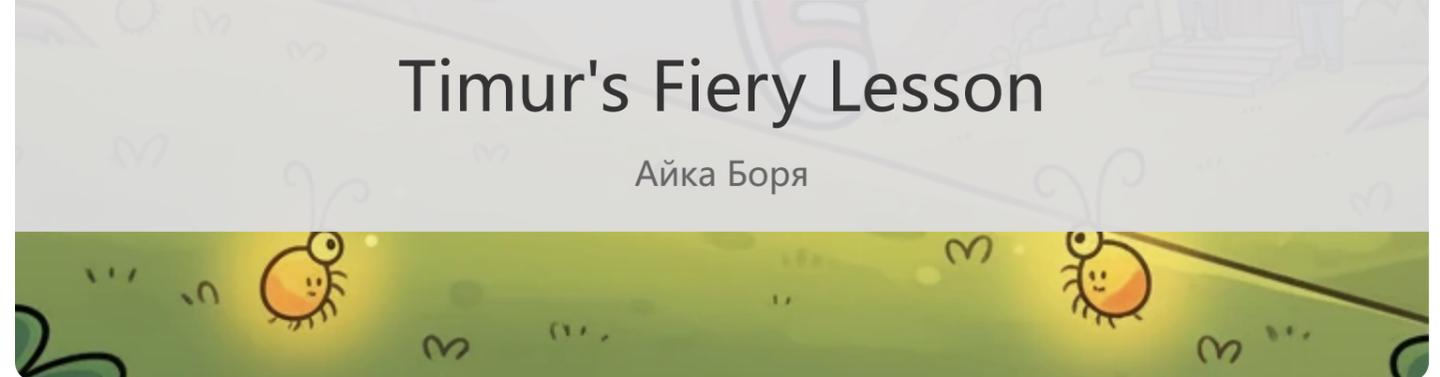




Timur's Fiery Lesson

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In a cozy little house at the edge of a village lived a curious boy named Timur. He had a bright smile and a head full of questions, always eager to discover new things about the world around him. His home was filled with colorful toys and drawings, reflecting his playful spirit.



One evening, Timur's parents prepared to visit friends, reminding him to be extra careful. "Timur, don't touch anything without permission, especially in the kitchen," his mom advised with a gentle warning. He nodded, promising to be a good boy while they were away.



As the front door clicked shut, Timur felt a sudden urge for adventure. His eyes twinkled mischievously as he spotted a small box resting on the kitchen table. It was a box of matches, simple and intriguing, shining brightly in the lamplight.



With a skip in his step, Timur tiptoed to the table and carefully picked up the matchbox. He shook it gently, hearing the tiny sticks rattle inside. "I wonder what would happen if I lit just one match?" he whispered, his curiosity bubbling over.



Timur slid open the box and pulled out a single matchstick. He carefully struck it against the side, and *whoosh!* A tiny, bright orange flame danced to life, illuminating his wide, amazed eyes. "Wow! How beautiful!" he exclaimed, mesmerized by the glowing light.



But the beautiful little flame quickly grew bigger and hotter, flickering wildly. Timur's joyful expression turned to fear as the heat singed his fingertips. Startled, he dropped the burning match, watching in horror as it tumbled onto the soft rug below.



The tiny flame touched the colorful carpet, and a puff of grey smoke instantly billowed up. A small, dark scorch mark began to spread, and the room started to fill with a strange, acrid smell. "Oh no! What should I do?!" Timur cried, his heart pounding like a drum.



Just then, a memory flashed in his mind – his father's stern but loving voice. "If anything ever catches fire, immediately call for help and use water to put it out!" Timur remembered, his eyes widening with newfound determination.



Without a moment's hesitation, Timur dashed into the kitchen, grabbed a bright blue bucket, and filled it with water from the tap. He rushed back to the living room and bravely poured the water onto the smoking carpet. *Hiss!* The flame vanished, leaving behind a wet, smoky patch.



Later, when his parents returned, they found a sad, teary-eyed Timur beside a damp spot on the carpet, the air still faintly smelling of smoke. He bravely confessed everything, and his father, after a sigh, explained that matches are not toys, and fire, though useful, can be very dangerous. His mom hugged him tight, relieved he was safe and had learned a vital lesson about fire safety.