



# Brave Little Liam's Heroic Call

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Dust and glass shimmered in the bright Thursday sunlight on the busy freeway where two cars had collided. Inside a crumpled blue vehicle that had rolled onto its side, a small boy named Liam reached for a phone that had fallen between the seats.



With trembling fingers, Liam pressed the buttons to call for help while the world outside felt loud and confusing. His voice was a tiny, shaky whisper as he said "hi" to the kind police dispatcher on the other end of the line.



## THE ADOPTIVE PARENTS

The dispatcher listened carefully, tracking the signal as Liam struggled to remember his age or where he was located. He looked down at his scraped arm and asked in a quiet voice if the red blood was supposed to be coming out.



High-pitched sirens began to wail in the distance, cutting through the afternoon air as emergency vehicles raced toward the crash site. Liam squeezed his eyes shut and thought about his mother, a brave firefighter who saved people every single day.

# THE FIRE RESCUE



Suddenly, the car door was carefully opened by strong, steady hands wearing heavy rescue gloves. A firefighter knelt down to look Liam in the eye, promising him that he was safe now and that help had finally arrived.



Liam felt the rush of cool air as he was lifted onto a soft stretcher and wheeled toward the waiting ambulance. The paramedics worked quickly to wrap his badly broken leg in a splint while he watched the flashing lights through the window.



The hospital doors swung open with a hush, revealing a world of bright white lights and rushing doctors in blue scrubs. Liam thought of his father, a surgeon who fixed broken hearts and bones, and he felt a little bit braver.



In the quiet exam room, a gentle doctor placed staples in Liam's forehead to help a deep cut heal from the accident. Liam stayed very still, holding onto a soft stuffed bear while the nurses made sure he was comfortable and safe.



The door burst open, and Liam's heart leaped as his mom and dad rushed into the room, still wearing their uniforms. They gathered him into a warm, tearful hug, their faces filled with relief because their little boy was okay.



Days later, Liam sat propped up on his bed at home, his leg in a bright cast that his parents had signed with hearts. He knew he had been very brave during his big emergency, and he felt lucky to be surrounded by his own team of heroes.