

The Voice of Change

Helen

I am sure we have all experienced changes in our lives. I would like to tell you about my voice of change.

One morning, I was abruptly woken from my slumbers. At first, I was not sure what was happening. Then, I became aware of the noise of my firealarm. The noise was ear splitting a high pitched noise.

I jumped up and went to check which alarm had been set off. There are four in the house: one at the top of the stairs, one in the hall, one in the kitchen and one in the living room. I went downstairs and found that the living room alarm had been set off. The red light was flashing.

I grabbed my ladders thinking to myself I was taking my life in my own hands. I am not very steady on my feet and climbing ladders is not easy. But I had to stop the alarm. The noise was deafening. I climbed up very cautiously to the alarm and pressed the button down and held it. Thankfully the noise stopped. I climbed down with care and went back upstairs. Then, about ten minutes later, it went off again. I trudged back down the stairs. There was no smoke or anything to set it off. I climbed back up the ladders and stopped it again.

I was thinking of my neighbors now. Was the noise annoying them? The alarm went off again. There must be a faint. I would have to report this. I was not very comfortable having to do this. I am not very good at talking to people in authority. My late parents and sisters used to do this. I had to build my confidence. I lifted up my phone. Then put it down again. I

had to overcome my nerves. There was no other choice. I had to do this. I had to find my voice. This was a big change for me. I picked up my phone again and arranged for the alarm to be fixed as it was still going off.

Finally, the engineer arrived and fixed it. A great relief for my ears and legs not having to climb ladders.