

Effervescent

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Eyes tracked the skid marks that lay across the road for nearly 20 feet before settling on the overturned flatbed truck at the side of the road. Numerous cylinders were strewn along the road, but most were near the flatbed truck, many still attached to each other.

Johnny settled the Squad into position to leave Mike room to park the Engine. The firefighters of Station 51 poured out of the vehicles to assess the situation.

“Anyone hurt?” Johnny asked the officer on scene.

“No, the driver’s OK. He’ over by the cruiser.”

“OK, we’ll go check him out,” the dark-haired paramedic answered.

Captain Stanley jogged up. “What do we have?” he asked the officer.

“Truck is only carrying tanks of nitrous oxide and oxygen, but the gasoline tank got ruptured.”

“Thanks.” Cap got on the HT, “LA, Engine 51, request foam truck to our location.”

“10-4, 51.”

“Chet, Marco, we got a ruptured gas line with nitrous oxide and oxygen over there...”

Johnny and Roy had taken their equipment out and checked the driver. Miraculously, he had come away with only a bruise and some minor lacerations.

Suddenly, a cry went up.

The paramedics, finishing up with their patient, turned to see flames starting to shoot out from the overturned truck.

“John! Roy!” Cap’s voice shouted.

“You sure you’re gonna be OK?” Roy asked the driver.

“Yeah, Im fine,” he assured them. “Go!”

The two raced back to the truck.

“Listen, we gotta move some of these tanks outta here,” Cap indicated. The men of Station 51 grabbed the tanks, many with the valves broken off and hissing escaping gas.

Foam 27 arrived and Cap directed them with the HT.

As Station 51 continued to move the tanks away from the flatbed, the foam truck began to spray the scene, directing foam into every nook and cranny they could get to.

Then someone started to laugh.

Cap looked around and found Stoker and Kelly playing with the foam, laughing.

Soon more laughter joined in.

Johnny was giggling and spraying foam flecks at Mike.

More laughter.

Marco was spinning in the foam, arms outstretched, a grin on his face.

Chet tip-toed over and gave Roy a foam wig. Roy, however, was not pleased. The foam hair coupled with the indignant look on Roy's face was, easily, the most hilarious thing he ever saw and Cap couldn't stop laughing. But Roy soon joined in and chased Chet around and finally slobbered Chet's face with foam.

"Hey, guys, let's all get Cap," Mike suggested to his shift mates and Cap soon found himself foamed by his gleeful crew.

The foam truck crew simply looked at each other in utter disbelief.

Foam flecks sprayed everywhere as the men of Station 51 laughed and giggled and played in the foam, chasing each other, and reveling in the bubbles and the rainbow reflections.

Captain Seeling of 27s grabbed his HT, eyes never leaving the scene before him, "LA, Foam 27. Uh...request a paramedic unit and ambulance at this scene. Station 51 to be stood down until further notice." *Oh boy...*