

# Podcast Storyboard

Podcast Title	We are FINE!!!!
Producer (Your Name)	Lynda Felder
Artists (Photos)	Lynda Felder/various
Composers (Music)	Royalty-free Jingles from GarageBand
Speakers	Lynda Felder

<b>Introduction</b> — <i>Your Name, Podcast Title, Date</i>	<b>Images</b>	<b>Music/Jingles</b>
In the fall of 2003, a wildfire ravaged over 3000 homes in San Diego County. One of those homes was mine.	Our house, before the fire.	Dramatic orchestral jingle.
<b>Teaser</b> — <i>What this episode is about</i>		
After our home burned down by wildfire, I tried to convince everyone, and myself, that I was just FINE!	Wildfire in San Diego	
<b>Main Story</b> — <i>Questions or main idea for your interview or story. Use back of form to provide more details.</i>		
<p>On a Sunday morning, October 26<sup>th</sup>, 2003, my husband heard the police outside our house, shouting through bull horns. EVACUATE. Everyone must EVACUATE,</p> <p>We collected our pets and a few other personal items and drove away, not knowing that that was the last time we would see our home.</p> <p>Four days later, after continually reassuring my family by phone that we were just fine, I discovered that I was not fine.</p>	Our burned up house	
<b>Closing</b> — <i>Thank the person you're interviewing, say goodbye to the audience</i>		
As we drove away from the gas station, my husband and I exchanged a look that said more than words could ever express.		Soft, happy piano music

# Podcast Storyboard

**Script**—*Write the script for your story, in detail.*

Four days after the fire my husband and I were exhausted, but perky. When everyone asked us how we were, I insisted we were just FINE. It was only stuff that burned. (Except maybe for the 30 years of my hand-written journals, the photos ...my father's letters ...) No, we got out safe with our pets, and we were just FINE.

But out of gas, and so we stopped at a station in Poway. There were two men sitting on the stoop of the convenience store, talking to each other with that hunkered-down and out look of the homeless. My husband got out to pump the gas, and I sat for a long time, zoning out, grateful for a small moment to just sit and stare at nothing. I could hear the gas chugging into the tank, and then I heard one of the guys from the stoop approach. I looked in the side-view mirror as he began to speak.

“Hey man, that’s a really nice car that you have,” he said. I looked at my husband’s face, in the mirror, and saw a sly smile. It was predictable what would follow. The homeless guy would launch into a long drawn out story about his misfortunes. Then he would ask for a little something to help him out. I knew exactly what my husband planned to say. He had a ready-made punch line. “Hey man, we are homeless too! I’m not kidding. Our house just burned down.”

I twisted around in my seat to watch through the car window. Then aghast, I noticed that the homeless guy was holding a lit cigarette. I remembered a story I had seen on TV, where a lovely young girl got burned badly, 2/3 of her body, because the fumes from the gas pump ignited. She had simply gone back to her car to get her checkbook, and when she slid across the seat, a small spark of static electricity lit the gas hose into a flaming torch.

In an instant I envisioned all that I had left in the world—our car, and my husband—eaten up by the very same fire gods who had destroyed our home and everything in it. I panicked big time. I jumped out of the car and threw my arms over my head like a raving lunatic. I screamed at the homeless guy: “CIGARETTE! YOUR CIGARETTE!”

The poor guy looked at me, dazed and confused.

He said, “huh?” And then for one awful moment he thought he understood what I wanted. He reached into his shirt pocket to pull out his pack of cigarettes. He wanted to offer me a smoke. While he was doing so he stepped toward me and nearer to my husband and the gas hose with that lit cigarette that would soon turn everything I had left in the world into a flaming torch.

“NO!” I was delirious. I was screeching. “NO. GET AWAY! You’re going to blow up the car!”

Even more confused, he shook his head slowly and said, “Oh no ... No, I wouldn’t do that.”

“Get away from the car with that cigarette!” I shouted.

I’m sure I looked like I would attack him. And I would have, if he didn’t move away from the gas pump.

“No,” he said again. “I wouldn’t do that....” Then he looked frightened. Then he started walking backwards, his eyes on mine with his every step.

My husband calmly finished filling up the tank. We both got into the car and drove off.

Yeah ... we were FINE! We were just FINE.