

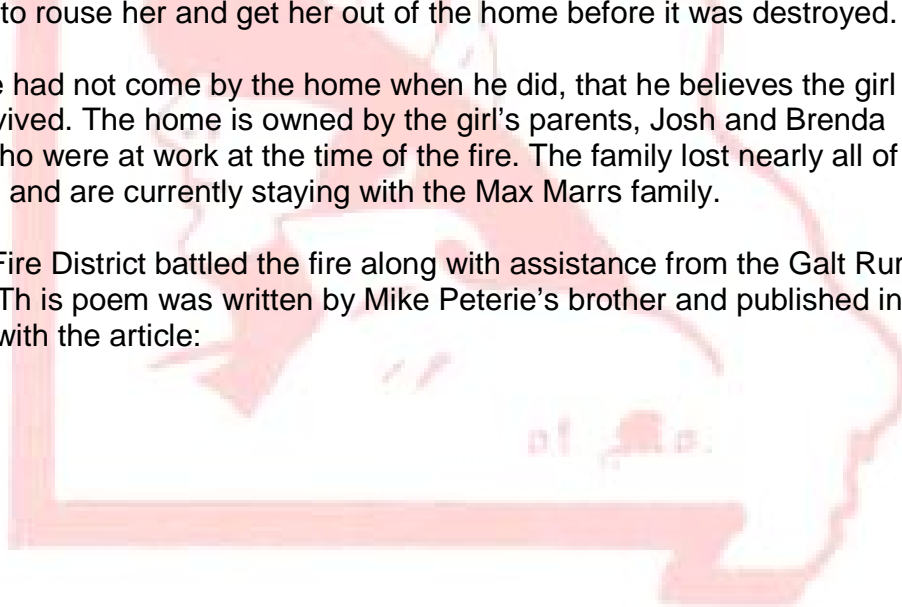
LAREDO MAN SAVES GIRL

A Laredo man is credited with saving the life of a girl who was asleep in a Laredo residence that was found burning early Friday, February 22nd.

Macy Carpenter was asleep in the upstairs of the home when Laredo volunteer fireman Mike Peterie located her and got her out of the residence as the structure was burning. According to fire department spokesperson Bill Meeker, Peterie had been passing by the residence on his way home from work when he noticed smoke coming from the structure. Not seeing tracks in the snow and believing there was someone in the home, Peterie went into the home two times before finding the girl on his third entrance into the building. Meeker said that Peterie was able to wake a neighbor, who went into the home with Peterie the third time, which was when he heard a groan coming from the upstairs. He was able to rouse her and get her out of the home before it was destroyed. Meeker said

that if Peterie had not come by the home when he did, that he believes the girl might not have survived. The home is owned by the girl's parents, Josh and Brenda Carpenter, who were at work at the time of the fire. The family lost nearly all of their possessions, and are currently staying with the Max Marrs family.

The Laredo Fire District battled the fire along with assistance from the Galt Rural Fire District. This poem was written by Mike Peterie's brother and published in the paper along with the article:



THE DEVIL'S IN TOWN

On a cold February night, all calm and still The Devil is in a home in Laredo, He's waiting to kill. From miles away, a man sees His fiery breath, Tonight a hero will be born, there will be no death.

The man of whom I speak wants no fame or glory, So the best I can tell it, here's the story. There were no tracks leading out in the fresh white snow, A young girl lay in the burning house, in he must go.

He could find no one, when he went in. He had to go back twice for air, and the devil laughed at him. He must have looked that fiery Devil in the eye Because, my friend, on his third try

He was upstairs in the young girl's room, full of smoke and bad air The fire roared down below; the Devil laughed, he didn't care. The man found the girl lying on the bed, He had beaten the Devil to her, she wasn't dead.

Take my hand child; I'll lead you out of here For the devil's at the door and the Angel of Death is near Don't look in his eyes, ignore his hot breath on your face Follow me, now, out of the Devil's embrace.

If I were there, I know I would admire This man who saved this girl from the house on fire. I'm so proud of this man, like no other, This man I speak of – is my brother.

Kerry Peterie