

The Great Eruption Strikes

Many years ago, in the beautiful city of Herculaneum, lived a young boy who was called Dion. Towering over this peaceful city, stood Mount Vesuvius, which citizens called 'Our great protector'. Surrounding this gentle giant, lay the Bay of Naples, which glimmered in the sunlight. Dion, often thought to himself 'What a beautiful city to live in.' The peacefulness of his home town was unbelievable, all that was heard was the chirping of birds and the haggling of tradesmen. However, from time to time, there was rumbling from the city's great protector but nobody ever took it seriously.

Later that day, Dion went to play with his best friend Masius, so that was where he headed. Masius lived by the harbour as his dad was a fisherman. Dion and Masius usually hid behind a wall and watched all the wine; oil and mouth-watering fish come in. Suddenly, the ground began to shake "Rumble down tumble down here we go again," Masius's dad said but Dion and Masius didn't think it was anything. Everyone froze, "Carry on," the fisherman announced.

"Come on," Masius said.

Suddenly, the mountain (Vesuvius) gave a mighty roar. Clouds of thick ash plumed out. The sky became dark in ash, rock, pumice and smoke.

Rock spurted through the sky like thousands of missiles. Citizens screamed in terror as their once great protector became a beast. Mighty roars boomed out as red, hot fiery streams of lava melted the city. Before their very eyes, everything and everyone they loved was destroyed

Luckily, a boat just arrived at the harbour and although they weren't supposed to get on it they did. Now the whole town was covered in rock, pumice and ash. People were buried alive



Twenty years later, Dion and Masius went to Herculaneum and stood on the ruins of the town .They just cried, “I didn’t know it was this bad,” said Dion. They laid a flower on the ground.