

Wednesday 15th February
Terror strikes Pompeii

I can extend my knowledge of volcanoes by ordering the events of what happened in Pompeii.

I can develop my understanding of what happened in Pompeii by writing a recount from the evidence gathered.

Using the evidence I've compiled over the past few weeks, I can construct an accurate and detailed account of what happened in Pompeii.

One ordinary, relaxing day, twenty fourth of August to be exact, me and my beloved, sweet family were sitting, we were talking and going on about hilarious moments that happened today, like usual. Out of the blue, the ground started violently vibrating, and one of my memorable picture frames struck down, and fell off the sitting room wall.

I didn't know what was going to unearth, however, I knew it was going to be unpleasant. I had a feeling in my terrified heart, that something bad was bound to happen, but I was very confused. I heard the sound of citizens falling and bellowing, which made me more nervous. My young little brother - who was only five - cried loudly, and trust me, it was ear-splitting. Eventually, the horrid quaking stopped, and everyone thought it was over, except for me.

They were wrong. I was right. After a while, a towering mountain, that my dearest father use to grow his crops on, started making a deadly ash cloud

in the once smiling, shiny sky, and from that sight, I knew it was disastrous. I remember a few days before my mother passed away (she had pneumonia) she told me about an eruption that happened about 2000 years ago.

Before I could see my father, he ran out-side, towards the Vesuvius mountain, and I saw him inhale the smoke. Dead. I saw my first parent tragically pass away. I froze.

At approximately 1pm I saw a column of pumice, lava, ash and molten rock. I fled as quick as I could, carrying the only family member I recognized, my brother. We quickly ran to Pompeii, and at 2am, 32km high, the second pyroclastic column showered, and everywhere I looked, there were dead bodies:

I was suprised I was alive. I was still in tears and couldn't stop thinking about my special, now dead father. Even though I was in tears, I couldn't forget about my brother. Dead. He was dead. How could God do this?

At approximately 2:00 am, the mysterious, piping hot mountain, spat out blistering lava again and the population of Pompeii decreased massively. How was I alive?

I didn't know. Just as citizens were sure
that the eruptions were over, BOOM!
There, was marooned lava behind me
and.....

