

Pompeii, A.D. 79

Faiaz Z.

A long time ago, in a city in Italy called Pompeii there lived a boy named Marcos. He lived with his dad Pablos. "Where are we going again papa?" asked Marcos putting on his tunic. "For the hundredth time, we're going to the amphitheater to watch the gladiators!" "Oh," whispered Marcos. As they strolled down the path, they saw gladiators! Shiny armor, round shields, and sharp spears! Their heads up high with the gleaming Mt. Vesuvius in the distance. The ground began to shake as they walked down. "That was the third tremor this week!" said the trembling gladiator. A guard told the gladiators that the fight was postponed due to the damage made the amphitheater. "Looks like no gladiators today!" exclaimed Pablos.

Two hours have passed. "I'm bored, bored, bored!" protested Marcos. "Let's grab some pizza!" Pablos said. They went to the pizza shop. "One medium size please," Pablos told the chef. Suddenly, another tremor bigger than the recent ones! "What's that rotten egg smell!" said Marcos. "Sulphur," Pablos said in a worried tone. Then the sky drew dark. Flaming rock flew into the air from Vesuvius, blowing its top off. Lava and ash spewed into the sky thousands of feet above the ground. Marcos sprinted for his life and so did Pablos. A huge wave of lava came down, burning everything in its path. "Get to the gates!" shouted Pablos. Soon ash fell. It felt like hot snow.

Two thousand years after, a boy named Viktor found a sword in the ground, from which the gladiators fought with two thousand years ago and he was standing on Pompeii. The very same place where Vesuvius erupted in A.D. 79.