



But as they ran, the sky began to darken and a thick cloud drifted slowly overhead.

Livia turned to Tranio. "Why are the seagulls flying towards the woods? They're going the wrong way."

A small bird hanging in a cage chirped frantically, trapped behind its bars, as the air began to fill with ash.

Livia coughed. "Tranio ... perhaps we should go back." Tranio grabbed her hand. "We can't go back. The dust is too thick. Quick – the harbour! Run! Just run!"

Boats were bobbing on the choppy water as men began to untie the moorings and ropes. No one noticed two small children climb up the narrow plank of a small Greek cargo ship and hide beneath a pile of coloured rugs. Dusty and tired in their hiding-place, they soon fell asleep.



Change this into a 1st person diary entry.

So you will be Livia telling the story.

I saw...

I felt...

We ran...

The sky went dark above us...

I we us my

