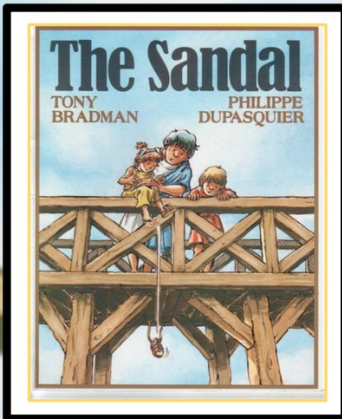
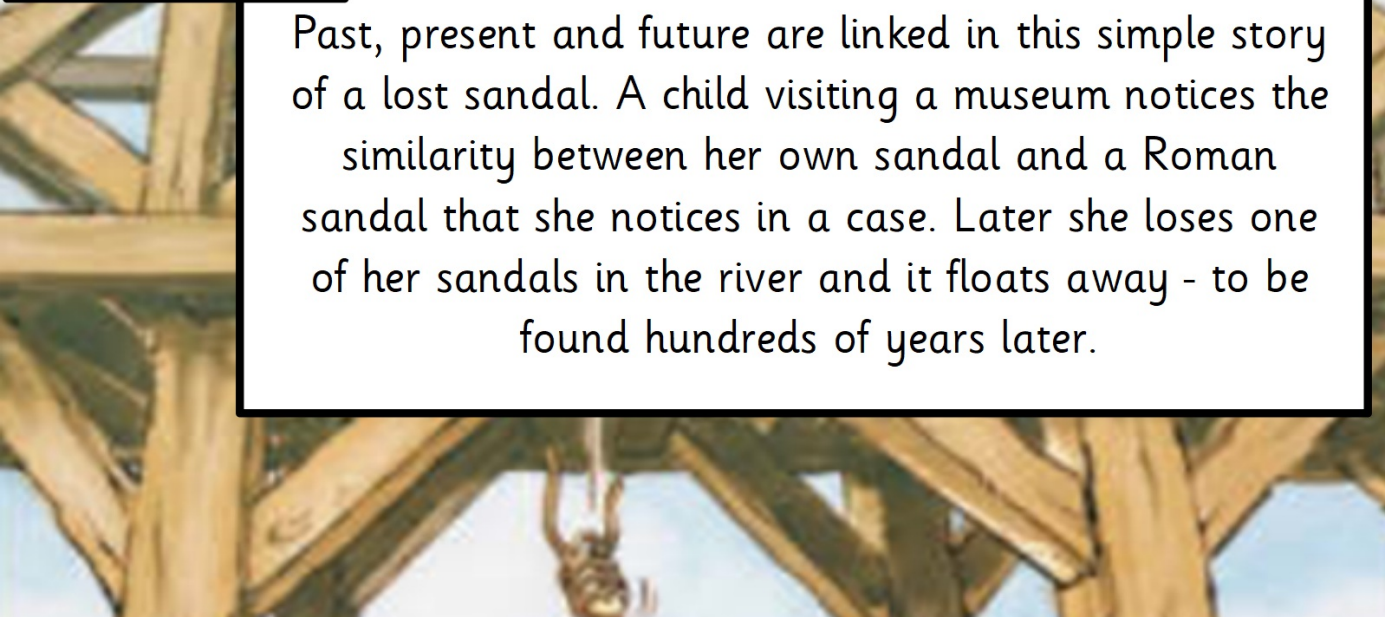
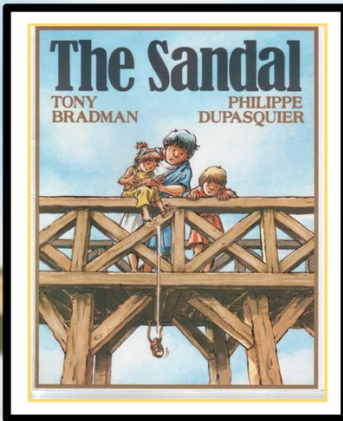


Day 2



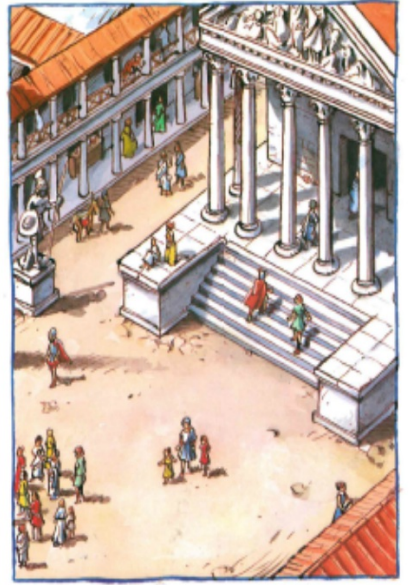
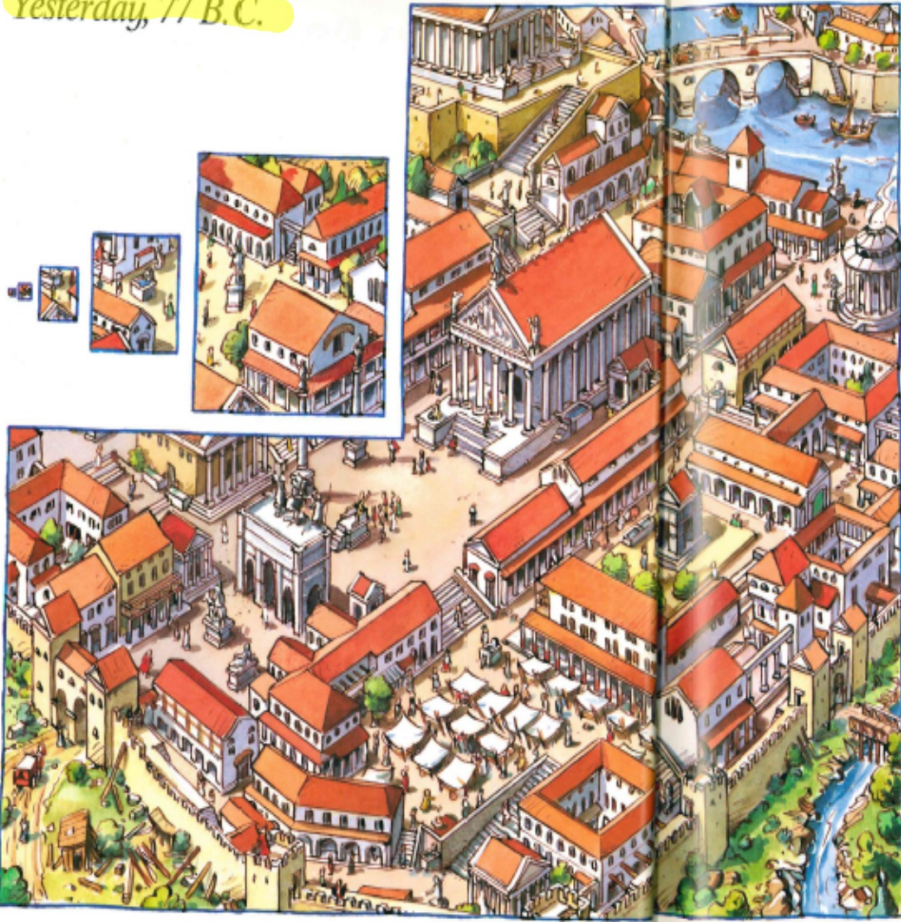
Past, present and future are linked in this simple story of a lost sandal. A child visiting a museum notices the similarity between her own sandal and a Roman sandal that she notices in a case. Later she loses one of her sandals in the river and it floats away - to be found hundreds of years later.





There will be a few questions to think about as we read through the story today. Pause the video or stop on the page to answer them. You can write your thoughts/predictions down for me to look at. Remember some of your answers will be predictions they do not have to be correct.

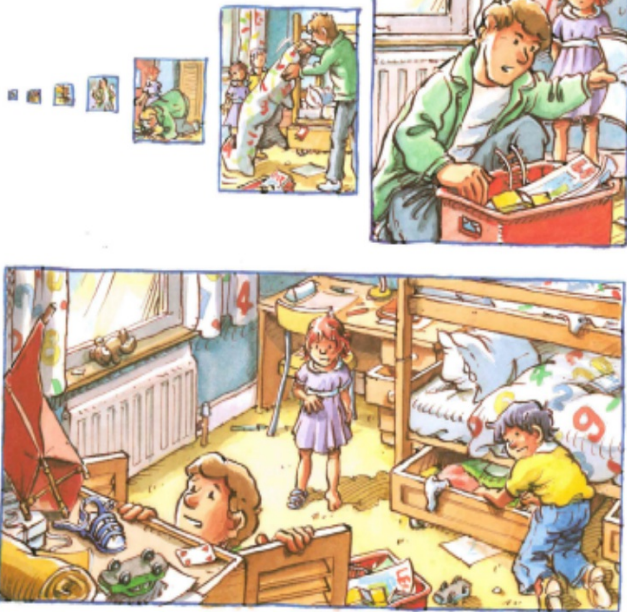
Yesterday, 77 B.C.







Today



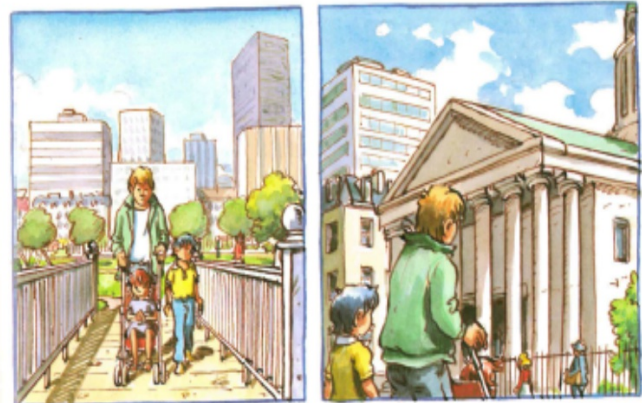
"Where is that sandal?"

Dad looked cross. My little sister is always losing things, especially her shoes. And she always loses them at just the wrong moment, like when Dad is getting us ready to go out.

Dad found the sandal at last.

"Come on, you two. We'll never get there at this rate."





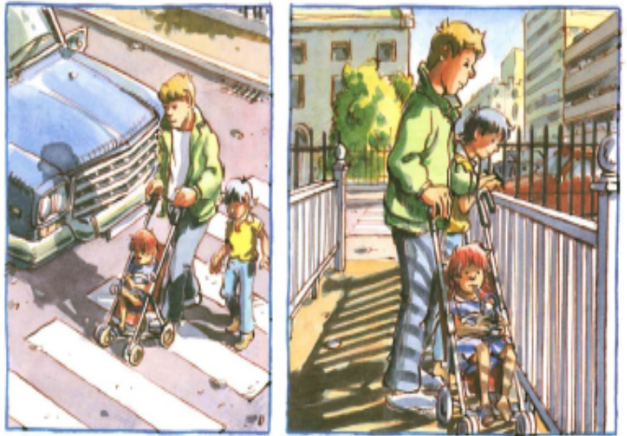
Where could they be going?

We went to the park first. It was great.
My little sister enjoyed herself so much she didn't want to leave.
But she soon came when Dad and I walked to the gate.
"Where are we going now, Dad?" I asked.
"To one of my favourite places," he said.



Who is 'I'?

It was a museum. As soon as we went in, I decided I liked it too. I liked the interesting things in glass cases. I liked the statues and the pictures, and all the little models and maps. My little sister liked the stairs . . . and the open spaces . . . and the things she could climb on. "Don't do that!" said Dad. "I think it's time we went home."



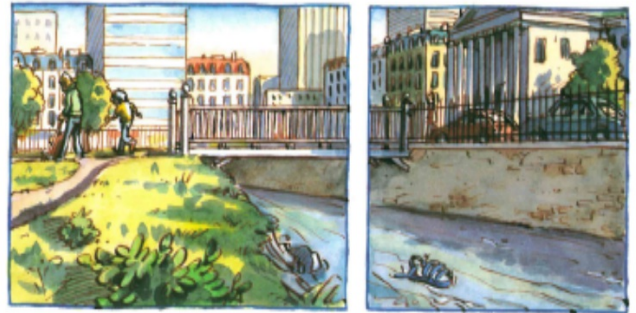
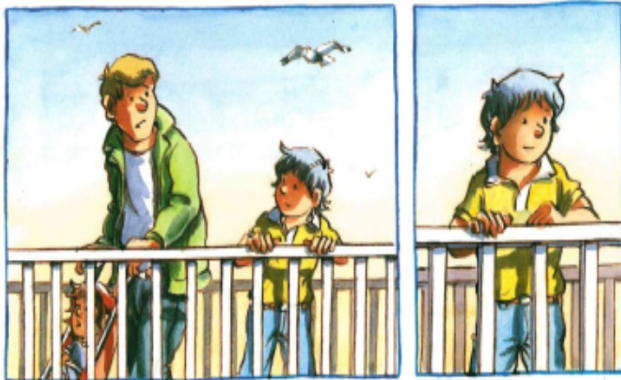
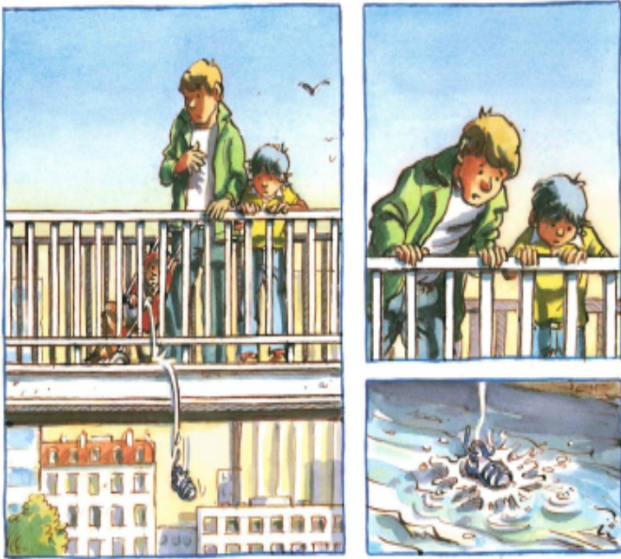
On our way out, my little sister stopped suddenly. "Sandal!" she said. There in a case was a sandal, exactly like one of my little sister's. But it was old... very, very old. It was a Roman sandal.

"It's just your size," said Dad.

Dad and my little sister walked on. I looked at the sandal, and thought of that other little girl, all those years ago... I wonder if she had a brother, too?

"Come on, slowcoach!" called Dad.

We left the museum and crossed the road. We stopped on the bridge to look at the swirling water below.



Who might find the sandal?

"Sandal!" said my little sister. We looked down . . . and saw one of her sandals fall into the river.

There was a tiny splash, and it was swept away. I saw it bobbing on the water for a while . . . and then it was gone.

Dad was cross, but my little sister was too tired to be told off. In fact . . . she had fallen asleep.

"Ah well," said Dad, "maybe someone will find the sandal one day."

Maybe someone will, I thought. Maybe someone will . . .

Tomorrow, 2250 A.D.

