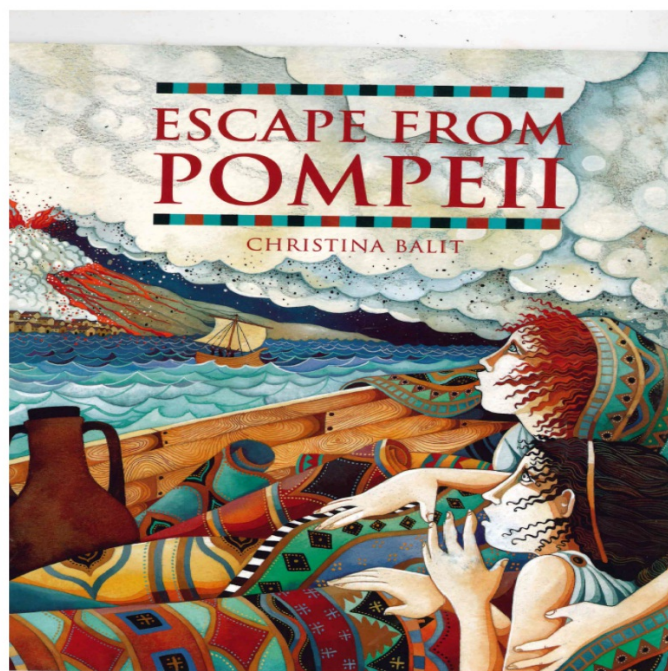


Day 2

Re-read the story so far.
Look at yesterday's lesson.



But as they slept, the anxious captain untied his boat. He sensed that the winds had changed direction, and that the air was uncomfortably hot. The sea began to churn and pull back from the shore.

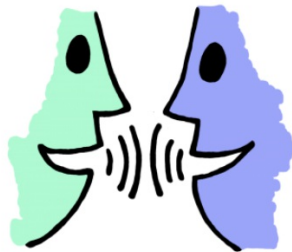
When Tranio and Livia woke and looked out, they were horrified. Pompeii was getting further and further away. The sky was now thick with pumice and black with ash.

"Tranio, I can't breathe... in the back of my throat..." As she spoke, Livia started to choke. The children could hear dogs barking and people's muffled screams as they ran gasping for air with rags covering their mouths or pillows over their heads, some falling to the grumbling, trembling ground.



What do you think might happen next in the story?

What clues do we have that make you think that?



You can just talk about your ideas for these questions.



Learning target:

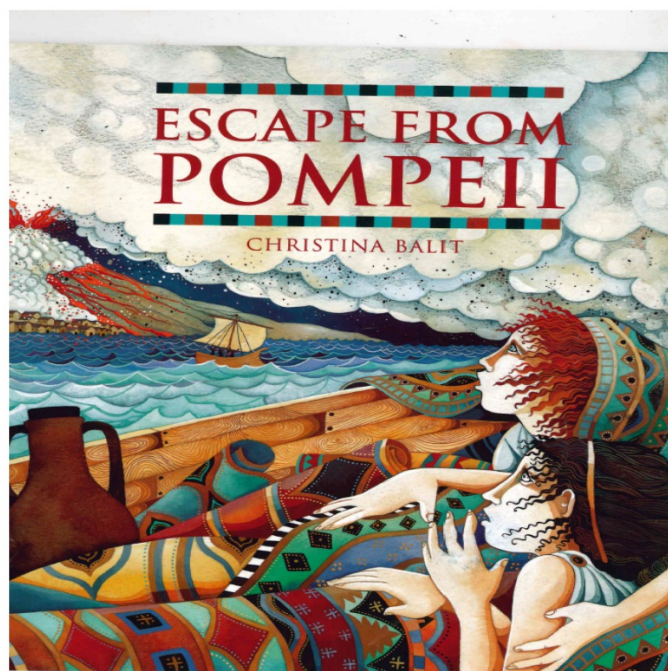
Identify settings and **predict events** that are likely to happen in them.

TASK: Tell me what you think is going to happen in the story next. Read the last page we looked at again to help with your ideas.

I predict that_____.

I think this because in the story_____.

Now let's find out what happened and read the rest of the story. Were you right?





And then, in one terrible endless moment, they heard mighty Mount Vesuvius roar. Its top exploded in a scream and flames ripped upwards to the sky. A massive cloud of silver ash rose to the heavens, twisting and bubbling in every direction until everything was in total darkness.

Lightning flashed and thunder roared. Streams of molten liquid flowed in fast rivers down the mountain slopes and covered a nearby town. The walls, streets and gardens of their beloved Pompeii disappeared beneath a blanket of ash and stones. Before their very eyes, everything and everyone they had ever loved was destroyed.

Tranio and Livia held each other desperately as the steaming lava reached the sea itself. The water began to swell against the sides of the boat as it moved slowly out to safety.

They had left just in time. Soon the sea sank back from the shore and even the fishes were stranded there.

Many years passed ... and the mountain grew cool and still. At first its slopes were burnt and barren, but in time plants began to grow as the volcanic soil brought forth its riches once more. Most people had forgotten the buried city.

An old man and woman stood in the shade of an orange tree and laid a flower there. Long ago, they had been rescued by the kind captain of a Greek cargo ship and he had raised them as his own. They were Tranio and Livia, saying farewell to those buried under the ash beneath their feet.

"We won't forget you," they whispered.

Would anyone ever find their beloved Pompeii, they wondered? Would anyone ever see its splendid streets? Perhaps. Perhaps not.

Tranio and Livia walked back to their small house beside the orange grove. For the rest of their days they would carry a deep sorrow within their hearts.

