

It is another graceful day in Pompeii. The sun bounces peacefully off the sheet of water. Everyone chats happily about our beautiful and humble protector- Vesuvius.

Suddenly, big black clouds cover the sky as I struggle to breathe. It felt like I was being tortured. I saw Pompeii, destroyed. I said to myself, "Our mighty protector, why!?" It seemed he was not our protector anymore. Vesuvius had erupted fast, destroying thousands of homes.

I watch in horror as everything starts to quiver. The columns tumbled down one by one, destroying everything. The ground cracked, trapping people unconscious. I panic in fear. All the beauty in Pompeii had disappeared. I felt Pompeii lost its humanity that day. Everyone did.

I started to walk back, staring at the disaster. I fell into the boat, the water jiggled. My best friends and my family were all there. I smiled, relieved they were safe! We drifted through the sea seeing Vesuvius erupting in the distance.

By Grace