As the sun rose each morning, Vulcan would creep out of his house and make his way to his secret hiding spot by the harbour where all the trade boats came in. Hiding behind the rocks, he would get himself comfortable and daydream. He imagined becoming a famous tradesman, the kind that everyone would travel from afar simply to catch a glimpse of what he was like. Infact, people would love him so much that he wouldn’t have to do any work! Yes Vulcan thought, people would rush to carry the valuable pots of wine, oil and spices all the way up the hill for him. As his mind wandered, Vulcan relaxed in the sunshine with a smile on his face.

Other days, Vulcan would stand in the street and throw rocks up at the window of Flora’s bedroom. She only lived down the street and the two children had been best friends since they were able to smile at each other.

“Flora, stop practicing your dancing and come and play knuckle bones with me!”

Flora spent most of her time learning to cook and sew with her mum. However, in the afternoons she was allowed free time which she always spent with Vulcan. They often sat on the outskirts of the city, watch the bustling marketplace. Despite the heat, the best friends adored a game of football, particularly when the butchers gave them fresh equipment!