Vulcan ran as fast as he could to Flora’s house.

“Flora!” he called anxiously. “Flo, where are you?”

Flora leapt down the stairs, and, with hearts pounding, the children sprinted through the dusty streets.

But, as they ran, the sky began to darken and a thick cloud drifted overhead. Flora began to choke on the dust.

“Maybe we should go back?” Flora asked her friend. She had tears in her eyes. Vulcan could see how scared she was. He grabbed her tightly by the hand.
“We must carry on. The danger is too much and it is only going to get worse!”

Bobbing on the water, the children could see many fishing boats. Other men were rapidly grabbing at the ropes, attempting to untie them and sail away to safety. They were so busy that no one noticed two small children climb up onto a small fishing boat and hide underneath a net and coats that had been left behind.

Flora grabbed Vulcan, she was shaking like a leaf. They curled up into a ball and were rocked to sleep by the waves on the sea.