The disaster of Pompeii

High up on the hills of Rome, gazing over the glistening bay of Naples, stood the strong, working city of Pompeii. One particular resident, young Vulcan, stared longingly out of his window. Listening carefully, he could hear the melody of song birds nesting in the lush, green trees less than a metre away from him. He enjoyed the peace they brought to the hustle and bustle of the marketplace below him. Crash! A huge basket of food was knocked over by a group of children running around like a bull in a china shop! Vulcan’s attention was brought back to the chaos of the marketplace, and to the busy tradesmen haggling amongst themselves in the streets blow.

He began to daydream about his life and how one day he wanted to be part of the deals and trades which went on each day in the market. His mind wandering, he could see the city’s greatest protector looming in the distance. Mount Vesuvius was its name, however the local people knew it only by the name ‘Gentle mountain.’ Certainly there was nowhere else on Earth as safe as Pompeii! Nowhere as beautiful either!