

## Escape from Pompeii - Class Text

### Picture 1

On a hillside overlooking the sparkling bay of Naples, the Roman city of Pompeii glimmered in the sunlight. From his window, young Tranio listened to the noise humming from bars, taverns and shops around him, and to the busy tradesmen haggling in the streets below. Beyond the massive city walls he could see Pompeii's greatest protector looming in the distance. They called it Vesuvius, the Gentle Mountain. Could anyone feel safer than here, Tranio wondered? Was anything more beautiful?

### Picture 2

Some mornings, Tranio would sneak to the harbour at the mouth of the River Sarnus and hide behind sacks of grain. There he'd watch pots of wine, oil and spices being carried to and from the ships, or fishermen unloading their catches.

### Picture 3

Other days, Tranio would shout up to Livia, the baker's daughter, who lived across the street.

"Liv, stop curling your hair and come and play jacks! I've got a bag of bones from mother's kitchen!"

Livia spent most of her time learning to weave and cook, but during hot afternoons she and Tranio would squat by the fountain playing knucklebones, or chase dogs down the street.

### Picture 4

One hot August day, Tranio was enjoying watching the sword fights and the strutting downs in one of Pompeii's two theatres, but eventually his mind began to wonder. Suddenly something happened... The stone steps creaked, the flaps began to rattle and the buildings quivered. Everyone fell silent as props fell to the stage and scenery split.