






24th August 79 AD




Dear Diary,



The sun was rising, and I heard my mum calling me for breakfast. I was in the middle of my breakfast^{ast} the rocky ground shook. My dad said "Don't worry it won't harm you." But later there was a much bigger one.



I looked out of the window but as soon as I got there it smashed into smithereens. I could hear men shouting, women screaming, children crying. The sky flooded with grey, poisonous ash. People couldn't breathe and fell to the ground.



My mum and dad took me to the sea. We got on a boat and sailed away. All that was left was ash, smoke and vesuvius by Noah

