

Pompeii

In the city of Southern Italy of A.D 79 Pompeii was a joyful town, hidden in the dark shadows of Mount Vesuvius. Every inhabitant of Pompeii, life's changed on 24th August 79AD as the Volcano erupted and covered the city of Pompeii in volcanic debris.

8am

Ordinary summer, ordinary daily routines, an ordinary day, a day like any other. Sunlight shone through the clouds proudly upon the terracotta tiles of Pompeii. Morning songs of birds glided elegantly through the air. Unknown to those upon the cobbled streets, peace was suddenly disturbed by the sound of rubble and moans. Panic struck the town, soothing melodies had been replaced with nervous squawking and the ground began to shake.

1pm

Powerful earthquake overtook the silent city, as the painful screams filled the air of Pompeii. Animals sent desperate warnings sensing what was about to happen while watching other people's home get destroyed. Clouds of ash formed high above the volcano and across the sky like black ink, blocking the sunlight, allowing Pompeii had turned into night. Thick toxic fumes suffocated Pompeii. Fires began to rage over buildings once full of memories, as the beleaguered city choked in smoke,

Suffocated by ash, people of Pompeii fled for sanctuary in old, wooden boatsheds, as endless screams echoed through the once loved town. Hope vanished in the thick black ink.

5pm

Fire wiped Pompeii leaving no spot untouched, every last bit of daylight was gone behind the black ink of Pompeii. Thunderous rumbles overtook the voices of the city. The fun, joyful city had turned into hell on earth.

8pm

Last glimpse of sunlight shone through the clouds, the smouldering cloud of dense ash seemed to retreat silently back to the calmer beast. Strands of hope could be seen in the glimpse of sun rays as the sun shone hesitantly over ghostly calm.

Corpses lay scattered,

Ruins remained,

The worst was over, Tragic replaced calm.

1am

Terrified emotional screams turned into pure silence beginning to search for loved ones; The ones that didn't escape the devastating attack of Vesuvius.

Far in the distance, orange burning glow could be seen, the shade of orange representing the fire that took people and life of Pompeii.

Sun had been replaced with the raging fire, serving as a

backdrop for what was still to come.

Vesuvius reminded Pompeii with his roar that they were still under threat and that he was determined to finish what he had started.

Moans and groans became an overwhelming lions roar, sending enormous columns of gas and ash racing down Vesuvius side, creating an silhouette.

He was back again.

Pompeii was gully gone, the worst was over. The once joyfull sun was trying its best to still stay, but the suns started to weaken.

Thick, dark ash surged through Pompeii leaving no place untouched but still the beast rumbled and grumbled.

Would it ever end?

Proof of all he caused, Vesuvius allowed one more wave of ash, leaving no trace of light.

His job was done now.

Mission completed... mission accomplished.