

When the Gentle Mountain erupted

From his window, young Tranio gazed down at the scene below him. The bustling streets filled with busy tradespeople every day, hopeful to make their living. As the sun burned high in the sky, children played in the dusty streets overlooking the sparkling bay of Naples. Basking in the Italian sun, a lizard relaxed on a wall by the fountain. Tranio watched as a stampede of children ran towards the fountain causing the lizard to wake and scuttle away.

All of a sudden, there was a faint rumble in the distance. The crowd at the forum are unmoved and continue their conversations, sing their songs, recite poetry. A few moments later, another rumble shakes the cobbled stone causing the nearby fish stall to collapse sending fish all over the street. Tranio gasped in shock. Those that had ignored the first warning were panicking now. Mothers frantically grabbed their children by the hand and dragged them away from the forum.

Tranio looked up towards Vesuvius looming over the town. As he looked up, the Gentle Mountain erupted sending bright orange lava gushing down the mountain side. A column of smoke as tall as the mountain itself rose into the August sky. In the town, the villagers screamed in fear.