

Tuesday 2nd March

Lesson objective: To write a historical setting description

Today you are going to write a good paragraph or page to describe Pompeii after the Eruption of Vesuvius.

You could watch the videos below to see what people think it might have been like. Video cameras were not invented until the late Victorian era 1888 CE so all these videos are made up and based on what we think may have happened.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dY_3ggKgOBc&feature=emb_logo

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N-upaByYclM&feature=emb_logo

On the next two pages are some examples of other children's writing to 'magpie' ideas from and to see what I am expecting you to write.

LO: To write a post-eruption setting description.

The suffocating smell of smoke spreads across the destroyed city of Pompeii.

A faint rumble goes through you as ~~you're looking~~ Vesuvius takes its last breath. Children, that once played in the streets, lay on a death bed of ash.

Vesuvius spits out its last remains of lava that slowly descends towards the ground ~~like rain~~ ^{as if it were} as if it was rain on a hot day. Ash floods the city around you like treasure waiting to be ~~discovered~~ discovered.

Above you the tranquil, pastel sky gets coated in thick smoke. The remains of buildings gaze sadly upon their betrayer that they worshiped and trusted. Beneath the ground a vague sound of choking turns silent. The sound of silence is ~~deafening~~ ^{deafening} deafening to your ears, so silent you ~~can~~ ^{could} hear a ladybug creeping up a leaf. The pillars that were once terracotta are now in pieces and stained with black ash.

Underfoot the path, which was once paved neatly, now is crumbled under layers of ash. Vainly you can see the devilish demon himself smiling happily at the destruction he has caused. The rooves, which were once terracotta, are now peeces on the floor stained black with ash. Happy children, that once played in the street, are now silent lying in a death bed of ash. The Town stands still isolated from everyone and everything. The glorious town of Pompeii is not only covered in a blanket of ash but shadowed by despair and sadness. The smell of fresh bread, once alluring to hungry passers by, will never be smelt again. Vesuvius, who once protected Pompeii, will never be trusted again. Sadness strikes your heart like a wrecking ball smashing through a wall. The suffocating stench of ash filled your nostrils and burns your insides. Colossal pillars, that once stood proud sit lonely and desperate for a human company. Donkeys, that once serviced the town, now sleep heavily under the ash.