Dear Diary,

Today, I had the craziest, scariest day of my life!

It all started reasonably normally. I got up and, as usual, it was my job to walk to the market and collect some bread and olives for breakfast. On the way there, the ground started to shake violently. All of a sudden, I had to throw myself to the side to avoid falling roof tiles. No one seemed worry though. They all started giggling and singing. My hand was still shaking but I ignored it and carried on to the market.

Next, I made it to the market. Everyone was going about their day as usual and chatting noisily. Behind a large building made of white marble, thick, black smoke poured from the top of the Gentle Mountain. I gulped deeply. What was happening?

Moments later, I was walking home and everything went black. Enormous clouds of smoke had blotted out the sun. Then a vicious orange glow appeared to the East. A huge boom sounded around the city like the echo of an immense drum. My legs felt like jelly as I began to stumble home.

A few streets later, I was struck with horror. In front of me, a glowing liquid splodge oozed across the street. It was incredibly slow but nothing stopped it from moving closer. When it got close to a wooden cart, the whole thing burst into uncontrollable flames. Warm tears poured from my eyes, leaving clean trails in my otherwise filthy face. I couldn't make it home so I sprinted for the docks. Perhaps the water would be safe.

A few minutes later, I was out on the water. Luckily, I had found a small fishing boat that had been beached for the day. My friend Cecilia had the same idea as I so we had pushed the boat into the water together and floated away. I hid beneath the oiled sheet that would usually cover the boat and peered out at my beloved Pompeii. The city that I had grown up in was aflame but at least I was safe.