**Volcano poetry WAGOLL**

The harmless volcano slept soundly, looming in the distance,

Finally awakening with a grumble, fire king bellowed with all its might,

Spitting scorching hot lava angrily at anyone who dared come near,

Rivers of thick treacle-like lava claimed anything in their path- not so sweet!

Not picky on its victims, it doesn’t care!

Like a blanket over the sky, the ash cloud submerged the city in darkness,

The beast roared its final roar before silence deafened the citizens,

Laid to rest in its dusty grave, the city was hidden but never forgotten.