**Pompeii's Amphitheatre**

Looming in the distance; Mount Vesuvius laid dormant, waiting to erupt. In anticipation of the battle about to occur, the Romans cheered, rearing to watch the slave tackle the wild animals. She stood bare, only with a sword and a shield at hand. Scared of the animals, the slave sharpened her sword. Finally, the battle began and everyone started jumping on their stone seats. Meanwhile, the mountain rumbled as smoke appeared at the peak of the mountain. Confusion spread from Roman to Roman. What could be happening, they wondered? This would be game over for them...

**The Amphitheatre**

Looming in the distance, there stood a calm, gentle mountain called Mount Vesuvius. All around the amphitheatre, the crowd echoed as the soldiers prepared for battle. The slave only had a wooden shield that gave him sharp splinters, and a rusty old sword that would be hard to cut through flesh with. As the gate opened, a lion slowly stalked around the perimeter of the amphitheatre. Sitting on the edge of their seats, the crowd beamed from ear to ear and chanted at the lion, "Kill him, kill him!" The slave desperately tried to climb up the wall to escape…

**My First Time At The Amphitheatre**

I felt like leaping out of my seat, there was already a lion dead! Cheering wildly, the audience went wild. Even though one lion was dead, it just meant that the other lion grew angrier and more ferocious. The beast growled. The audience screamed. The soldiers attacked with all their strength. Chanting wildly, everyone started screaming even louder saying, "Kill the lion, kill it!" One Roman soldier was full of rage and charged at the lion and stabbed the lion with his spear. Was this the end?