

# Pompeii: Resurrection

Based off of: I Survived: The Destruction of Pompeii by  
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“The destruction of Pompeii was a terrible disaster. Many lives were lost. The lost city remained hidden until 1748, discovered by a surveying engineer. We have done many scans, and have learned a lot about the victims.” The teacher kept going on and on about my city. Let me explain, I am Marcus, I was covered in ash after the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. I woke up in a glass case, my father was nowhere to be found. I saw my friends covered in ash, on display, not moving. I broke out and ran.

I saw four wheeled chariots without horses, huge buildings, & people speaking a language I had never heard before. There were glowing torches without flames on metal poles, and the streets were gray, hard, and covered in yellow lines. I was hit by a chariot and blacked out. I woke up in a white room with tubes in my arms. I do not know how, but I understood what the men in strange togas were saying. They said I was terribly injured. They let me go after a nundinal.

I was enrolled in a public school by my foster parents, June, and Albert. All of the children there looked strange. They did not wear togas, rather they wore “t-shirts”, and “watches”, and “glasses”. I learned English after a month. I believe I am in the 6th grade. I fully recovered from my injuries once I learned what the other kids were saying about me (2 months later).

I do not understand why they made fun of me. Maybe it was because of my toga, or maybe how I spoke, but still, I had no quarrel with them. They talked to each other through these glowing rectangles, which gave them almost as much knowledge as Jupiter! I decided to ask them what these rectangles were called, "It's called a phone stupid! Learn common knowledge!" I felt so hurt, I ran away crying. When I got home from school, I asked my parents why kids were so mean, and what the heck happened since 79 AD.

I took special courses in Social Studies, where I met my best friend, Ji-Hoon, who was an escapee from North Korea. We hung out at recess, and became very close friends. Surprisingly, he believed me when I said I lived during Pompeii! When he came over to my house, he told me how bad it was in North Korea. We had just learned about the Nazis, and Adolf Hitler, so he said, "It's like modern day Nazi Germany there, with Kim Jong-un as Hitler." I asked him how he escaped, to which he responded by saying, "My brother and I disguised ourselves in my father's old guard uniforms. I was the only one who made it out." I was very touched by his story, and I decided to use the courage of him and his brother to stand up for myself against the bullies. I got punched in the face. Hard.

Once I recovered and was able to go back to school, the teacher, Mr. Owens asked me why I could speak Latin fluently. I responded, "I was born in ancient Rome, and witnessed the destruction of Pompeii." He didn't believe me at first, so I reminded him I don't go to his Latin classes, and recited the sacramentum, the Roman Empire's pledge of allegiance. He said he should bring me to a historian. The historian did some fact checking, and concluded that no 6th grader could ever be this educated about ancient Rome. I told them about my personal moments, and how my father, Tata, and I, led a crowd out of Pompeii. I helped scientists research the event, and was awarded many well, awards.

Later that year, I learned how a phone worked, and that the chariots were called cars. The kids stopped bullying me after they learned that I am 1954 years old, and had gladiator training. Turns out I live in a city called Omaha, in the provin- I mean state of Nebraska. I was on display at the Durham Museum. Ji-Hoon taught me how the rest of the world worked. I felt adjusted to my new world, as the oldest person alive!

3 months later for my birthday, I got my very own glowi- I mean phone! guess this means vale, or as the Americans say, goodbye!