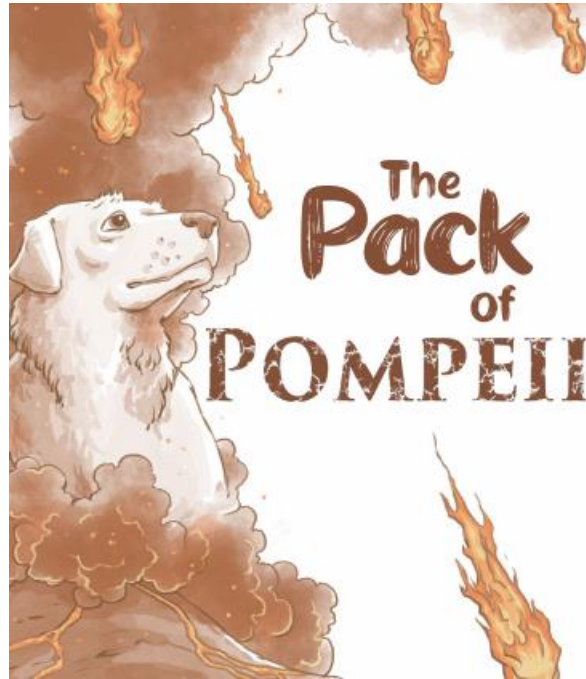


Reading – Wednesday 10th February



Task 1: Read the text on the next page for today's reading, beginning of Chapter 3, page 8 and page 9.

Key words:

- Throng – a large, packed crowd of people or animals.
- Wares – pottery, vases.
- Pungent – a sharp, strong taste or smell.
- Collapsed – fallen down or given way.
- Slain – to kill a person or animal in a violent way.
- Carcass – dead body of an animal.
- Flee – Run away from a place of danger.
- Limbs – an arm or leg of a person or animal, or a bird's wing.
- Chaos – complete disorder and confusion, wildly.
- Submissive – to be obedient, or given in to someone of authority.

Use a dictionary, or the online dictionary, below to find the definition of any words that you want clarifying.

<https://kids.wordsmyth.net/we/>

Three

We pass mostly unnoticed as we head back out of town. I lead the pack through a throng of two-legs jostling along the city's narrow streets, and dodge families with sobbing children. Traders are too busy trying to save their wares to pay us any attention. Some men pull great carts piled high with glassware and pottery, which shatter to the floor as the ground shakes yet again. Some even carry sacks filled with freshly baked bread and pungent meats: my mouth waters.

Smaller homes are crowded with two-legs dressed in plain clothes, the doors slammed shut and shuddering under the weight of their trembling roofs. I think that they hope to hide there until the ground calms itself – not everyone has the means to leave – but I wonder if their homes will be strong enough. Already, more tiles have come loose and some smaller walls have collapsed.

Alba growls when she sees two butchers, perhaps father and son, stumbling as they struggle to carry half a slain sheep across their shoulders. I can see the glint in my second's eyes – she is hoping that the angry earth will shake the carcass free of their grip.

She whimpers her frustration when the men follow a small crowd which rushes through the doorway of a large shelter. It seems that they have chosen to seek safety beneath the roof of the town's largest building, rather than join the panicked herd of two-legs who are heading to the outskirts of town, ready to flee. My gaze follows the hunk of meat out of sight and my stomach growls.

When I glance up at the passing two-legs, I see fear twisting their faces. Their limbs jerk with hurried panic as many rush towards where the sea meets the land. Screams and shouts of family members separated from one another are beginning to fill the air, and I wonder what has become of our shepherd and his little ones. Something, a new feeling, tugs me around and I change direction, to head back into the town.

The Pack of Pompeii

"Follow me."

Alba snarls as she glances towards the chaos of the city. When the earth shifts beneath our paws and a great crack tears through the stoned street, I see her brown eyes shine with something that I rarely see in her: fear.

Claudia drops her head, submissive as always, but then dares to catch my eye. "We should get back to the fields, Livia."



I show them both my teeth and slash my tail. Both dogs shuffle backwards. "The young two-leg is part of the pack. She feeds us. The shepherd protects us. We must keep the pack together." I don't wait for their reply.

Some of the two-legs keep dogs as house pets. Alba says that those dogs are weaker than cats and wouldn't last the night on our hillside. She is right, but I have wondered for a long while what a life alongside the two-legs would be like. I am not as young as I once was and, sometimes, when I grow tired of the goats, of my stony sleeping hollow and of chasing rabbits, I crave a more comfortable life. This I keep to myself, of course – the pack have always scorned the ways of house dogs. I spin and head towards a familiar shortcut, steering them down a back alley.

We're flanked on both sides by rows of abandoned buildings. The two-legs have built these places to rest and sleep, using rocks and stones and wood, but the angry earth has already torn deep lines through the walls. The city seems to be made up of many rows like these, crammed together so tightly – I'm surprised that the two-legs don't lose themselves in the maze. Most seem to prefer their houses to the beautiful trees and grassy fields beyond the city walls.

Task 2: Comprehension Questions Page 8 and 9 –

- 1) In the first paragraph, what makes Livia's mouth water?
- 2) Why is Alba hoping the butcher's will drop the sheep carcass?
- 3) What does it mean when the dog's stomachs growl?
- 4) Why does Claudia want to return to the fields?
- 5) Why does Livia want to stay in the city?

Challenge: If you were one of the dogs, would you choose to return to the fields or stay in the city? Give a reason for your answer.

Take a photo of your work for your teacher on Class Dojo.