

A Horse's Generations in Pompeii

J13P-3

History Fair

Senior Division

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Lava. Ash. Rock. That is what most people think about when they observe the word “Pompeii”. Hi, my name is Beata (happy). I am a being with four legs, a mane, and a shiny, black tail. Right now I live with the Fundum (farm) family, which includes two little boys, Injuriousum (naughty) and Frater (brother). Currently, I live in this beautiful city Pompeii in the year 750 B.C. Right now, Pompeii is a mere group of farms, so I was put to work plowing the fields. Frater, the youngest, chased the naughty and mischievous figures which took flight to the air, beating their wings up and down in haste to escape the outstretched arms of the little boy. That was his job: to chase the birds from the fields because we do not have scarecrows. Because the soil is so rich, people from all over wanted to plow and plant in it. So as the little town grew and expanded, it became too large for its boundaries, and some families, including ours, had to farm in the land nearby. The land supplied almost everything needed to build a hut, which was my master's home. They also built a stable for me and another mare. She had a thick black coat with a spotted rump and high spirits.

“What is your name, may I ask?” I questioned her.

“My name is Valebat (adventure) and I want to climb the mountain which lies ahead on the horizon.” She answered dreamily. The mountain of which my newly found friend dreamily talked about is the massive Vesuvius, all great and powerful. It has lain there for over 100 years prior to my masters moving here. Besides horses, my master also has sheep, one of whom is my friend, Amicum, which means friend.

“How are you doing, my friend?” Amicum asked politely.

“I am doing quite well, for a hard-working animal.” I replied.

“It is so queer,” she stated to me, “our masters have all gone, and I do not know where. And the bushes with the most disturbing needle-like objects anyone could ever imagine line the fences and keep me from following them!” she complained with frustration.

“Alas, our masters have wandered into southwestern Pompeii to worship the gods of which they think do any good.” I replied, for it is true. Sheep, such as Amicum, provide milk, meat, and wool. But she is a sheep that provides wool, so that Master and his family can stay warm in the cold season. Life was hard for now, and no one feared the great mountain.

It is 380 B.C. I, Laborantem (working hard), am telling this now, for my ancestors have told me of the past, like my father, Beata. As Pompeii grows and its people, like my masters thrive, it becomes a scenery that is barely recognized as farmland anymore. Roads and tracks make a grid, which my master leads me on when I am carrying a heavy burden for him, for he has now strapped packages to my weary, tired back and is doing it now. As we stroll along, we pass people in northern Pompeii that still raise crops and animals within the town walls. Little did we know that while we were walking, Master's oldest son was playing a foolish trick on us. A shout rang out.

“Father!”

Of course, it was from him, but Master and I did not know it. We thought he was in trouble. In an instant, my master tied me to a pole, then hastily ran in the direction the voice came from. From the corner of my eye, I just barely caught sight of what seemed like a figure dart behind the bushes. I whinnied in panic. At that moment I did not even pay a fraction of attention to the scenery that lay all around me. Then the figure jumped right in front of me! In my haste I pulled so hard at the rope that it untied and set me free, even though all along it was only 14-year-old Primus (brat). After some nice hearty laughter, Primus finally noticed the dangers in

what he was so foolishly letting happen were serious when his angered father darted toward him. Ashamed, he hung his head the entire way back to the hut. Master seemed to understand what he had tried to do. They took me with them, and, when they set foot into their yard, led me to my stall to cool down after this forenoon excitement. I do know that he did receive a well-deserved thrashing, and I will tell you the other scenery I did eye prior to the foolishness. Slaves were cleaning their master's fabric in urine baths. I do not know if that is considered cleaning to me! In addition to farming, there are new kinds of work now. Olive pits make excellent cooking fuel, and they put the poor donkeys to work by turning the olive press.

Hello, my name is Animosa (spirited). In 300 B.C, Pompeii became a more splendid city. The once open fields are beautiful houses, and my masters live in one. The best houses such as ours, have roofs with red tiles instead of thatch which they had on farm houses. As I was taking note of the various new homes, I spotted a blonde stallion who was walking along the rocky road without his master! I made haste to ask him why this was so.

"Because," he answered, "my master is a Greek trader attracted by your beautiful harbor. And, because we are not Pompeian, we do not know the land as well as you do. So, we became lost, as well as separated from each other." I did realize that I knew the dangers more than he did, and I could see that my master did, too. So my master tried to find the rightful owner to this outlaw. But he soon learned that this Greek trader had already gone, so he took the horse, with permission, and I am very glad of it. My master named him Reduxitque because it means brought back. Ships bring precious luxuries from lands all around Pompeii and other places. On the foreign ships' return voyage, the captain, such as Reduxitque's master, load up with produce and other goods marked "made in Pompeii". One day, Master was bringing luxury fabrics to sell in town. They were imported from Egypt, Africa, Phoenicia, Syria, and to the East of the

Mediterranean lands. The blacksmith's workshop is owned by Creans, a friend of Master's. Creans means create. He makes and sells weapons and tools. They talked for awhile, about the morning, yesterday's excitement, and about the new horse my master took, who was Reduxitque. On the morrow, he told Creans, we would be passing by his shop on the way to the potter's workshop, which is owned by Figulus (potter), another one of my master's friends. Pompeii is smaller than most towns right now, so my master knows quite a few people there and recognizes them. Jars from the potter's workshop are filled with wine or oil and, when empty, thrown away. The potter also shaped his jars into the "Pompeii Pattern". The next day, Master leads me with baskets of foreign fabrics to sell in town again. As he stated yesterday, we pass by Figulus' shop. We visited and admired the splendid pottery Figulus had done. People, such as my master, weave wool into fabric, like the wool from Oves (sheep), my friend sheep, and they weave baskets, for baskets are the main containers for dry goods. Farms, factories, and houses are closely packed together, and ours is so close to another house that we can actually see it. Sheep graze where grain used to grow, and there is an outdoor fire for casting (molding) metal. Well, I had better scurry to finish the work on the farm, for as I was informing you, my master and I were heading back to it.

It is 79 A.D, about 1:00 P.M. Hello, my name is Equus (horse). Master and I are walking down the road, selling goods as his ancestors had done. All of a sudden, I hear a woman screaming. I copy my master in turning my head to see what was the matter. I stared in horror. I am looking at the same mountain my great, great, great grandfather, Beata, had looked at before. But all great and powerful Vesuvius is even greater than before. But he is angry. He spits fire and pumice out in his anger.

“The gods must be angry at us for whatever we have done!” my master yelled out. Well, it does not look like it to me. I am pretty sure the massive Vesuvius is angry, not the gods. But everyone was shouting, so nobody heard him. I whinnied, rearing, spilling all Master possessed. I whirled around, expecting Master to thrash me for my misdoings. But there was no master, only people screaming and running for their lives. I whirled this way and that. The sky was so dark I could barely see. I started galloping, having no idea where I was going. All of a sudden, a rush of pumice slid downhill, and I galloped so fast I was almost to a cliff, and I stopped so short in haste to escape the landslide that I almost fell off. Looking this way and that, I had nowhere to run. Then abruptly all went silent, all went black.



Annotated Bibliography

Platt, Richard. *Through Time Pompeii*. New York: Kingfisher, 2007.

Richard Platt did great on describing the time periods of Pompeii. Normally, you cannot get information of the lifestyle of it, just the eruption. So there are very few books on what it was really like. I thought it would be different to do the History Fair on this because I am assuming that everybody else, if they are doing it on Pompeii, would do it on the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. All of the characters are fictional. I learned about the real lifestyle of the ancient city.

Dybala, Dorota. "Stack of jars found in Pompeii." *Pompeii*. Dorota Dybala, August 9, 2011. September 28, 2013. www.dybalaphoto.com/pompeii/

Dybala, Dorota. "Inside of a roman house." *Pompeii*. Dorota Dybala, August 9, 2011. September 28, 2013. www.dybalaphoto.com/pompeii/