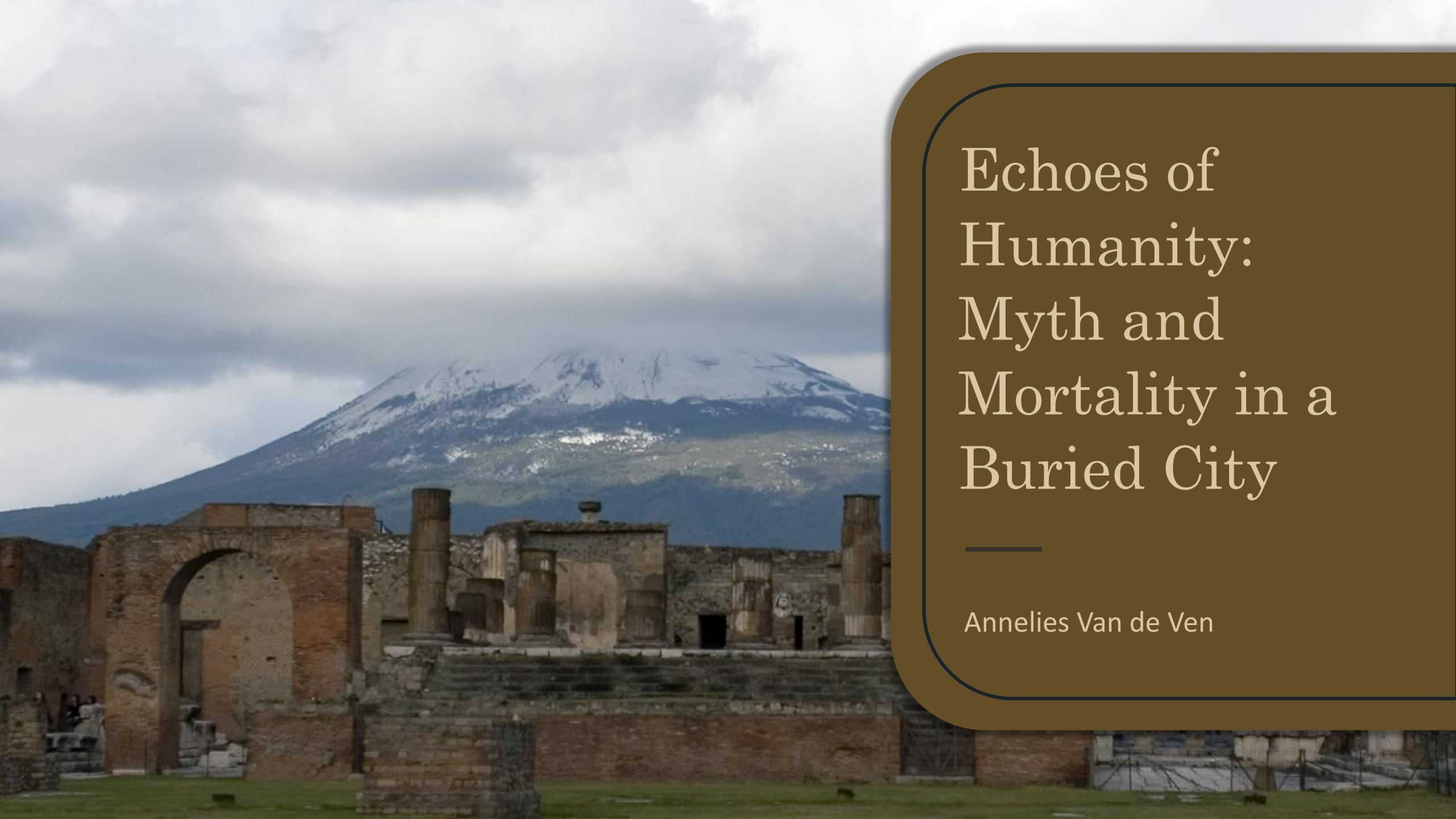




Echoes of Humanity: Myth and Mortality in a Buried City

Annelies Van de Ven







N P O P I I D I V S N E C E L S I N V S

A E D E M I S I D I S T E R R A E M O T V A C O N L A P S A M

A F U N D A M E N T O P S R E S T I T V I T H U N C P E C V R I C I N E S O B L I B E R A L I T A T E M

C V M E S S E T A N N O R V M S E X S O R T I N I P O C P A T I S A D L E G E R V N T









You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognise each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world.

- Pliny the Younger







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Zoom: 136% Angle: 359
Im: 5/20 Series: 202
Uncompressed
Position: HFDR



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