

Dear Diary,

My name is Antonius and I am a Roman child living in the centre of Rome! I live with my Mother, Father and little sister Arabella. She is only 8 months old and still cries a lot. We also have two dedicated slaves who help to cook and clean our stunning, terracotta stone villa. Today began like every day, I woke up at 7 o'clock in my creaky, wooden bed, the warm sun streaming through the open windows. I felt exhausted: I hadn't slept for most of the night due to Arabella's crying. Rubbing my eyes, I went into our *culina* for breakfast and had some soft bread and salty olives with a glass of Italy's finest wine, prepared by our slave. After that, I walked along the cobbled roads, through the bustling market, which smelt of fish and wine, to my school. The school is only one room in our tutors villa. There are just six of us who go to learn reading, writing, mathematics, Greek literature and public speaking. Father says it is to prepare us for when we join the Roman Army, just like him! Girls aren't allowed to go to school and must stay at home so Arabella will stay at our villa when she is my age. We write using wax tablets, by engraving the wax with a special metal pen. My favourite subject is mathematics because I enjoy etching the roman numerals into the wax tablet. We had a break for lunch and siesta, then worked again until late afternoon. As soon as I finished school I left for the Roman baths, bubbling with excitement. I love visiting the Roman baths as ours has a restaurant, games room, snack bar and even a library! Bath houses are luxurious with mirrors covering the walls, glass ceilings and the pools are lined with rich marble and complicated mosaics cover the floor! There are different pools, I like the hot one called the *caldarium*, where slaves would rub their masters all over with perfumed oil and then scrape it off with a knife called a *strigil*. After relaxing in the steaming water I like to jump into the big cold bath called the *frigidarium* and swim. Then, as the sun began to set, I know that is my cue to go home. Our slaves cooked a magnificent feast in the evening, consisting of Roman delicacies such as jelly fish, ostrich, stuffed dormice and strawberry sorbet! It was delicious and very filling and we ate it in the *triclinium*. We have the leftover food to our much loved dogs, Hercules and Oranius. I have just finished playing a game of knucklebones with father (I won of course!) and kissed Mother and Arabella goodnight. I need to have a good nights sleep before I repeat it all over again!

Antonius