

Transcript for **A Day in the Life of a 10-year-old in Roman Britain**

Dad: To think a Roman villa stood here, eighteen hundred years ago. Just imagine ...

Eric: This is where I live. It's a big, posh Roman villa, because my dad's got a big, posh Roman job. He's a tax collector, and it must be a really popular job, because people are always waving at him.

And this is my pet, Quackus Maximus. All my friends have pets. Some have dogs, cats, geese and even monkeys. But everyone knows a duck's a man's best friend. Salad for breakfast, Quackus?

This villa's brand new. It's got all the latest gear. We've got baths, hot water, glass, central heating and mosaics. We've also got a school room where I study with my own personal tutor, unfortunately. I don't really like being the only one in the class.

Tutor: Homework?

Eric: Sorry, sir. The duck ate it!

I've got to be on my best behaviour today because dad's big boss is coming to dinner. Him! Virius Lupus. He's the governor. Just look at all this amazing food we're having in his honour: dormice stuffed with pine kernels, boiled pigs' udders, snails fattened on milk, peacocks' brains and flamingos' tongues ... roast hare with birds' wings stuck on, so it looks like a flying horse ... Lucky we also have a flushing toilet. Excuse me ...

Dad says I've got to wear my toga for dinner tonight. This could take a while!

Dad: Eric! The governor's arriving!

Eric: Veni, vidi, vici ... ready!

Dad: Come on in. Thank you ...

Eric: Oh no!

Dad: Eric? Where is that son of mine?

Eric: Oof ... good job the Romans had central heating!