

"A Letter Home"

My Dearest Mother & Father,

I can't believe that it has been two years since I first arrived here at school. During this time I have learnt much from my learned teachers. My *paedagogos* (a slave who watches over me for my parents) has watched over me everyday & has certainly ensured my progress in all areas. He even punishes me if I am lazy or if I misbehave! Let me tell you all about my school.

School starts each morning at the first light of dawn & continues until dusk. We work hard at our lessons everyday – we never even have weekends or school holidays! I have been learning to read & write on a wooden board that is covered in wax. I have to use a sharp rod called a *stylus* to scratch the wax. I can't wait until I'm old enough to write on real paper called *papyrus* with special ink!

I have now started to learn passages from Homer – I almost know "*The Iliad*" by heart! Our class has also started lessons in Mathematics, but, I'm finding this very hard. My favourite part of the day is the music lesson. I am learning to play a kind of flute called an *aulos*. Some children in my class play the *lyre* & *salpinx*. It sounds wonderful when we all play together!

Well dear parents, it is time for me to return to my studies. My *paedagogos* insists that I continue with some Mathematics.

I remain, your loving & faithful son,
Naxos