**Writing**

**Put the following extract into your own words**

Maya children were treated like small adults. A girl's job was to learn from her mother. A boy's job was to learn from his father- how to do the same occupation as his father. If his father was a farmer, he learned how to be a farmer. If his father made weapons, he learned how to make weapons.

The children of commoners did not go to school. The children of Maya nobles were taught either at home or in small groups by a tutor.

It is unknown if Maya children played with toys. If they did have toys, these toys were probably small versions of tools that their parents used for work. Archaeologists have found something that looks like a game, but it is unknown if this was a child's activity or an adult activity.

When children reached the age of 15, the age a child became an adult in the Maya world, there was a coming of age ceremony. The ceremony included a public announcement by the priest that the child had been properly prepared by his or her parents for that child's life's work, and that the child was now ready for marriage. After the announcement, there was a party, a feast actually, given by the proud parents with invited guests. This ceremony was held by families of both commoners and nobles.

Shortly thereafter, a marriage was arranged, and that was that. Maya children did not have much a childhood. Some of their day was spent in prayer. Most of their day was spent working in ways that prepared them for the job they would do for the rest of their life when they became an adult.

**Reading**

**Extract 2**

Harry was at the point of telling Ron and Hermione about Filch and the Kwikspell course when the salamander suddenly whizzed into the air, emitting loud sparks and bangs as it whirled wildly round the room. The sight of Percy bellowing himself hoarse at Fred and George, the spectacular display of tangerine stars showering from the salamander's mouth, and its escape into the fire, with accompanying explosions, drove both Filch and the Kwikspell envelope from Harry's mind. By the time Halloween arrived, Harry was regretting his rash promise to go to the deathday party. The rest of the school was happily anticipating their Halloween feast; the Great Hall had been decorated with the usual live bats, Hagrid's vast pumpkins had been carved into lanterns large enough for three men to sit in, and there were rumours that Dumbledore had booked a troupe of dancing skeletons for the entertainment. "A promise is a promise," Hermione reminded Harry bossily. "You said you'd go to the deathday party." So, at seven o'clock, Harry, Ron, and Hermione walked straight past the doorway to the packed Great Hall, which was glittering invitingly with gold plates and candles, and directed their steps instead toward the dungeons. The passageway leading to Nearly Headless Nick's party had been lined with candles, too, though the effect was far from cheerful: These were long, thin, jet-black tapers, all burning bright blue, casting a dim, ghostly light even over their own living faces. The temperature dropped with every step they took. As Harry shivered and drew his robes tightly around him, he heard what sounded like a thousand fingernails scraping an enormous blackboard. "Is that supposed to be music?" Ron whispered. They turned a corner and saw Nearly Headless Nick standing at a doorway hung with black velvet drapes.