When I was in primary school I only ever got taught about British history
Like we only ever learnt about the Celts or the Tudors,
the Romans but like when they were in Britain, fighting Boudicca
The battle of Hastings, that sort of thing, and that was such a shame because it's just not as interesting as it could have been. I think a lot more people would care about other cultures and histories if they learnt about them when they were younger. Like I did.

See I had the good fortune of having some of the horrible history books as a kid, and I subscribed to the magazine series. I'd go to the newsagents every week to see if there was a new instalment, cos sometimes they'd sell it to someone else. And when they did it was so… Urgh, y'know. But I kept doing it, kept being vigilant because I wanted to find out about cavemen, or aboriginal Australia, or feudal Japan, y'know, just other interesting history.

My favourite issue, hands down, was about the Aztecs. I was always obsessed with the Aztecs, I learnt their counting system, I'd try and draw their artwork. I still am obsessed, if I'm ever in London and have time, and find myself near the British museum I always go in to have a look at the turquoise snakes and masks in the Aztec section. One time I dragged my dad there, which was a miracle in and of itself because he hardly left the house after my brother was born, but I dragged him to the museum and the piece I wanted to show him, this double headed turquoise snake, wasn't there. It was out being restored or cleaned. I burst into tears and my dad shouted at me and took me home.

I bring this up because I remember as a child wanting to die as an Aztec. They had the coolest afterlife beliefs. They believed that when you died you got assigned a job and worked for one of the gods. Now, if you died of natural causes you had a pretty tough time of it. You had a big dangerous journey through the afterlife, first on a boat and then moving further and further through the earth until you arrived at the Land of the Dead. Then they served the Lord of the Dead and lived in darkness for the rest of their, well, not lives but…

But it wasn't like that for everybody, because if you died from drowning, or some diseases, or… what was it? Being hit by lightning! Yeah, if you died one of these ways you got to work for the rain and storm gods and you spent the afterlife surrounded by flowers, or if you died as a warrior you got to be reincarnated in the afterlife as a butterfly or hummingbird and help the nature gods, also a good way to go. The best afterlife, in my opinion, was reserved for women who died in childbirth. They got to help the sun god push the sun across the sky. The Aztecs believed that the sun rose of its own accord each day, but then needed wrestling back below the horizon, which means that these women only had to work from noon til sun down while everyone else in the afterlife worked 24 hours a day, which felt like a nice break, actually being able to have time to relax in paradise, y'know.

And we don't know whose afterlife is correct, do we. Could be any one of them so the Aztec afterlife might be the right one and I like thinking that because then it means that my mum will finally be, y'know…

She definitely deserved paradise.