Debbie had just finished work at the supermarket. She was pleased, it was payday and she had her week’s wages in her hand. 

I can’t wait to get home, have a nice cup of tea and a relax in the garden. I hope Roger has made Ali-Hassan his tea, she thought.

This is the Clayton family. Debbie, Ali-Hassan and Roger, Debbie’s nephew.
Debbie couldn’t believe her eyes when she got home.
“Why aren’t you wearing any trousers, Roger?” said Debbie.
“Er, I washed them. I want to wear them tonight,” replied Roger.
“Oh, and I wondered if I could borrow £20 for tonight, Auntie Debbie?”

“Roger!” said Debbie crossly, “do you think I’m made of money!”
“I don’t go to work every day to earn money so you can waste it all!”
“I also have to pay quite a lot of my money to the government each month, as well as keeping you.”
“What do you mean?” asked Roger.
“Well just look at my payslip, it’s all on there,” said Debbie, feeling annoyed.
The money was divided up into separate amounts called different things.
Some was for ‘tax’, some was for ‘national insurance’, some was for something called a ‘pension’.
The final amount of money Debbie took home was quite a bit less than she earned, once all the other bits were taken away.

“Oh Debbie,” said Roger, “I didn’t realise.”
“What is tax for? Why do they take it off you?”
“Tax is money that goes to the government, to help pay for things in our community that we all use.”
“Oh I see, what kind of things?”
See if you can find some of the things that Debbie’s wages pay for in Pride Place.