

WAGOLL

A man stood tall and strong looking down from high above. His ears were searching for a sound that he didn't want to hear, the sound of a large, vicious army marching towards his fortress. Ferociously, the wind danced its way through his home and into his ears. It whispered to him, "Leave now before it is too late!" THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. The sound of marching became louder and louder. They were at the doors to the fortress. They were ready.

Caratacus was the type of warrior who would not give up. He rallied his men to the top of the fortress and began throwing rocks and stones down on the Roman army. With all their might, they threw the rocks but they were not going to win. There were too many Romans and too few of them. Caratacus was not willing to let his men perish here, he decided they had to flee the fortress and make their way to someone he knew he could trust.

Days had passed by and Caratacus's men had walked day and night to get to where they had to be. As the sun rose in the sky, it gleamed down on a castle high up on a hill. The beams of the sun glistened on the moat surrounding the castle. This was the place they had wanted to get to. As the drawbridge was let down, a woman stood there with her arms welcoming the men into her home.

"Welcome friends," she said with a smile on her face, "I am Queen Cartimandua. I am a true Celt and I welcome you to stay in my castle until you are safe from the evil Romans."

Caratacus, exhausted from his travels, whispered, "Thank you, my Queen. We all owe you so much for keeping us safe."

Queen Cartimandua smiled and gestured that Caratacus and his men should enter the castle. She ordered her guards to show the men to their rooms and to provide hot baths and new clothes for them.

"There will be a feast tonight!" she announced with pride.

Feeling fresh and relaxed, Caratacus made his way down to the grand hall. He had never seen so much glorious food in his life. There was meat, fish, bread and even wine. He piled his plate high, poured himself a glass and joined in with the laughter knowing that he and his men were safe.

A pain seared through Caratacus's head. He was lying on something hard and cold. As he moved his hand, he heard a rattling sound. Slowly, his eyes moved their way down to his hands and he realised that he was in chains. Suddenly his surrounding became clear to him. He was in prison. He had been betrayed. He was now a prisoner of the Romans.

Two months had passed. They had been travelling by boat all this time and Caratacus had not seen daylight for weeks. Everyone around him spoke the foreign tongue; he had never felt more alone. Finally, the boat docked and he was taken to land. His legs felt like jelly as he was dragged through the streets by the guards. They arrived at their destination. Caratacus knew he was going to die here. With force, the Roman guards threw him into the dark dank cell. As Caratacus's eyes adjusted to his new surroundings he saw that he was not alone. A small, thin boy cowered in the corner of the cell, fear on his face.

"Hello," the wretched lad whispered, "My name is Deri."