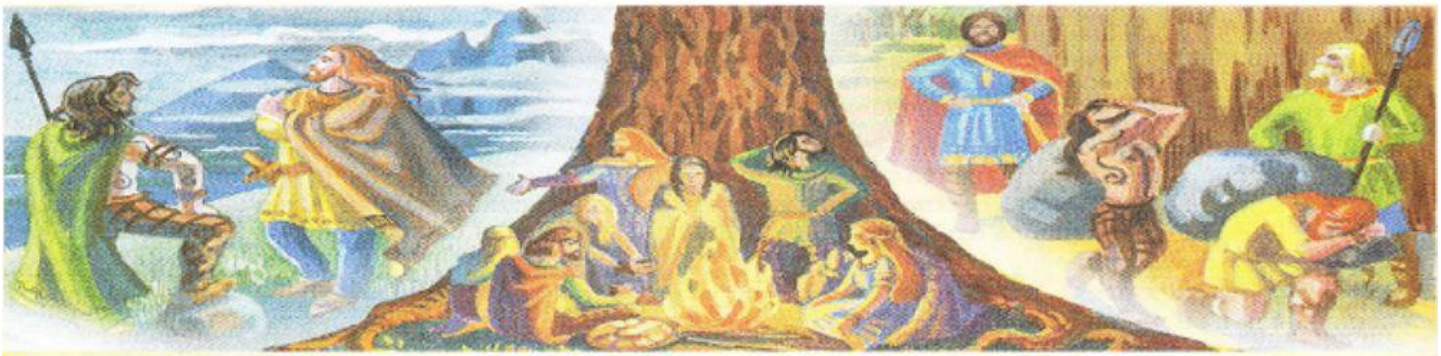

"Yesterday," Artos said, "I was playing with the ring. I put it on my finger and I fell asleep. I had a dream. I must tell you about it."

Everybody was listening now.

"Suddenly I was flying. Up, up, over the mountains. Over rivers. Over forests. I was in the West. I saw people. They were cold and wet. I looked into their faces.

We can go to the West where our brothers and sisters Celts live. It is a beautiful green land with lakes and mountains. We can find safety there – for a while *(на какое-то время)*. There we will be with friendly Celtic tribes — for a while.

"Cedric is old and mad," he said. "I have two daughters. They will want to live a civilised life, marry a civilised husband, have civilised children. They don't want to live with horrible Picts and Scots. We don't even know their language. The West for me!" Somebody laughed.

Yes, we will lose our farms, our animals and our houses. But we are together and we have the tribe's gold. It will help us in the new land. Today we'll have to choose. Where do we go?

Suddenly Artos ran forward and snatched *(выхватил)* the ring from the man

"Artos, please. We have no time for your nonsense," shouted Cedric.

But nothing could stop the boy. "I have the ring," he said "I can speak!"

People smiled. "Let him speak! He has the ring!"

The alternative *(другой выход)* is the North, the cold, dangerous land of Picts and Scots. The Angles and the Saxons will not follow us there — ever *(там англы и саксы никогда не будут нас преследовать)*. Many Celtic tribes are already there. We will not be alone."

Cedric sat down. A man of about forty stood up. He came up to Cedric and took the ring. His face was angry.

But if we go to the West, the pagan Germanic tribes will follow us – in ten years or in fifty years or even in a hundred years. Where do we go then? Into the sea?