They you. Then everything . It the same place, but there a small town there. Everybody happy. The houses nice."

"You see – the West is best," the man.

"Sssshhh! He has the ring, the ring speaks," the people.

"I still in that land, but everything again," Artos. "There a big castle near the small town. The people in the castle tall and rich. They many soldiers. But they our language. They that land Wealas, the land of slaves. The people who in the small town our language. They poor and unhappy. I think they our grandchildren. Then I a voice, 'The easiest way is not always the best,' it ."

The crowd silent.

"Then I north into the land of the Picts. I the same people again. They working day and night. The land poor, the lakes cold, the winds strong and the mountains unfriendly, but those people free and happy. A voice to me "Your way is the hard one."

Artos , but nobody . The people's faces sad but brave.

They thinking about the long and dangerous way to the North; the way to freedom.