

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.

