



Historical Association
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A REAL FIND

By Livia Posner

I am now about to tell you a story. A sad story. An epic story. And here it is ...

Crash, crash, cling, cling and of course ouch. Hi, I'm a sword and I am feeling very dizzy right now. I am right now in the middle of a battle, and it is a very gruesome one! There are men getting killed all around me every time I want to get close to them and say hello!!

I for one am a freshly sharpened sword, gleaming in the sunshine, but I have been spoiled by a sweaty handle and a very bloody tip! I have been fighting for three hours now but it looks like we are winning the battle!

Oh no, I almost forgot! I have not introduced myself yet. I am the sword of the mighty Celt, Boudicca!!!! Head of the Iceni Tribe. Aha! It actually looks like we've won! Finally, I get to go home and hang myself up on the hook on the wall in Boudicca's hut. It will be warm, cosy, and relaxing.

Ah, finally home. I can, now, if you want to tell you what Boudicca's hut looks like: it is warm and cosy (as I said before) and there is a bright fire that burns in a small grate by the wall. The walls are white and made from woven wood, straw and mud and the roof is made of straw and heather from local, let's call them shops, in the Village. There is a comfy bed near the fire with sheets that are made of wool and dyed natural vegetables.

Oh, hello who's this? Some random people just came in. What do they want? They look very much like someone whose guts I remember trying to say hello to! Oh, I remember now, these are Romans!

Oh, oh no, this is not good. These are the people we were fighting when I first started telling you this story. WHAT are they doing!! They're taking all my mistress's things away. Why? What? When and HOW?!!!! I don't think they liked getting beaten, especially by a girl?!

I also don't think my mistress, Buddug (my special name for her), liked having all her things swiped by pesky Romans! I can say "her things" because she is a widow and that means her possessions are hers, not her husband's. Her husband was called Prasutagus and he was king of the Iceni Tribe. I was once his, but when he died, I became Boudicca's and - let's be honest - that's when I started getting used much, much more.

My ears!!!!!! It is so noisy I can barely hear my own voice (if I had any ears and maybe even a voice). Buddug is screaming and that means there is something wrong because she barely ever screams. Her house is totally bare! No furniture, no bed, no Buddug!! Where is she? She forgot me! Oh wait, here she is, and she is looking very angry. As far as I can tell she looks in the mood for a battle! That is not good. Well, not good for the Romans anyway. As soon as she picks me up, she won't put me down until she has won the battle. If we can round up people who want to fight the Romans to save their land this will be an easy victory.

There are some rumours that the battle is going to be at Watling Street. Buddug is always grumpy now since the Romans came and is determined to start another battle, but other people do not want to fight the Romans so soon again. People are now feeling scared of her - except me (of course).

Good news! Buddug has convinced more and more people to join her battle. Last I heard, around 230-300 thousand people are going to join her. And now the battle is beginning... Crash! Crash! Cling! Cling! (And ouch again!) I am surrounded by carts, other swords, axes, bows and arrows. There are about 11 thousand Romans out there - so we outnumber them. That seems to please Buddug and that is good. But the thing is, these carts are all around us, we can't get free - we're in trouble now! Help! I'm falling from her hand - aaargh!

As the Romans advance, we stand our ground (or rather Buddug stands her ground, not me of course). I am being splattered with mud, blood, and grime and WHAT? I'm getting buried underneath it all! Help, please someone help me! I need to help Buddug!

HHHEEELLLLLLPPP!!!!

1940 years later....

"Dad! DAD! Can we go out and play with the metal detector? Please?! I really want to!"
"Alright, alright! We'll go. Get your boots on and rain jacket! I'll be down in a minute."

Thud,thud,thud,whirr, whirr, whirr, bbbeeeppp!

"Dad, I found something, bring the spade!"
"Coming, son, I'm coming!"

Uhg, yuck! Oh, hello again! It has been almost two millennia since I fell from Buddug's hand, and it has been a gruesome time down here. And now, look! I am being found again by a ... oh, a boy. Why him? Why not Buddug? Don't humans live for as long as us swords? Oh well at least I'm out of the ground and I need a good polish!?

"WOW, Dad, look what I found! A sword! An actual sword! This is amazing! I wonder what stories this sword could tell...."

The End