

Audio transcript

Meet an Iron Age warrior

Greetings! My name is Corio of the Catuvellauni tribe. Our chief is the great King Caradog. Fear his name! He rules a mighty kingdom in the heart of our lands and he has vowed to destroy anyone who dares to harm his people.

All my life, I've fought for King Caradog. When I was a boy, I learned to fight with spears, swords and sling shots.

By the time I was twelve years old, I could hurl a spear and wield a sword as well as any man.

Often I learned the hard way - earning my scars in battle!

Our enemies tremble when they see us running into battle.

We paint our bodies blue with woad and rub thick clay in our hair to make it stand on end. Then we shout and wave our arms, and we make a great noise sounding our battle trumpets. Only the bravest tribes dare face us.

When the fighting is over we gather for a feast. We eat and drink to our heart's content and celebrate with cups of mead.

We love to hear our bards playing on their harps and reciting stories of great battles and heroes.

For years, we have kept our rivals at bay. But now there is a new enemy to face. We've heard that the Roman army has landed on our shores and it's marching north to meet us.

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So now we're preparing for the fight of our lives. But don't think for a moment that we'll be defeated.

We'll charge into battle on chariots and horses and grind the Roman army into the dust. I swear by all the spirits of the woods, rocks and streams, the land of the Catuvellauni will never be ruled by Rome!

