

*Emilia enters.*

**Emilia:** Moaning **again**, Brenn!

**Ancasta:** He's always moaning.

**Emilia:** Honestly, Brenn, I don't know why you keep complaining. It's lovely living here.

**Brenn:** Not if you're a slave.

**Emilia:** You wouldn't have under-floor heating if you were still living in a Celtic hut, you know. Or cake.

**Ancasta:** Cake! He gets cake! And all they give me is stupid gold.

**Emilia:** And you wouldn't have the animal shows either.

**Brenn:** Huh! The only way **I'll** get to go to an animal show is if they feed me to the lions!

*Martinus approaches.*

**Martinus:** Ninian! Drat, where is that thieving slave?

**Octavia:** Ninian! Come here **at once!**

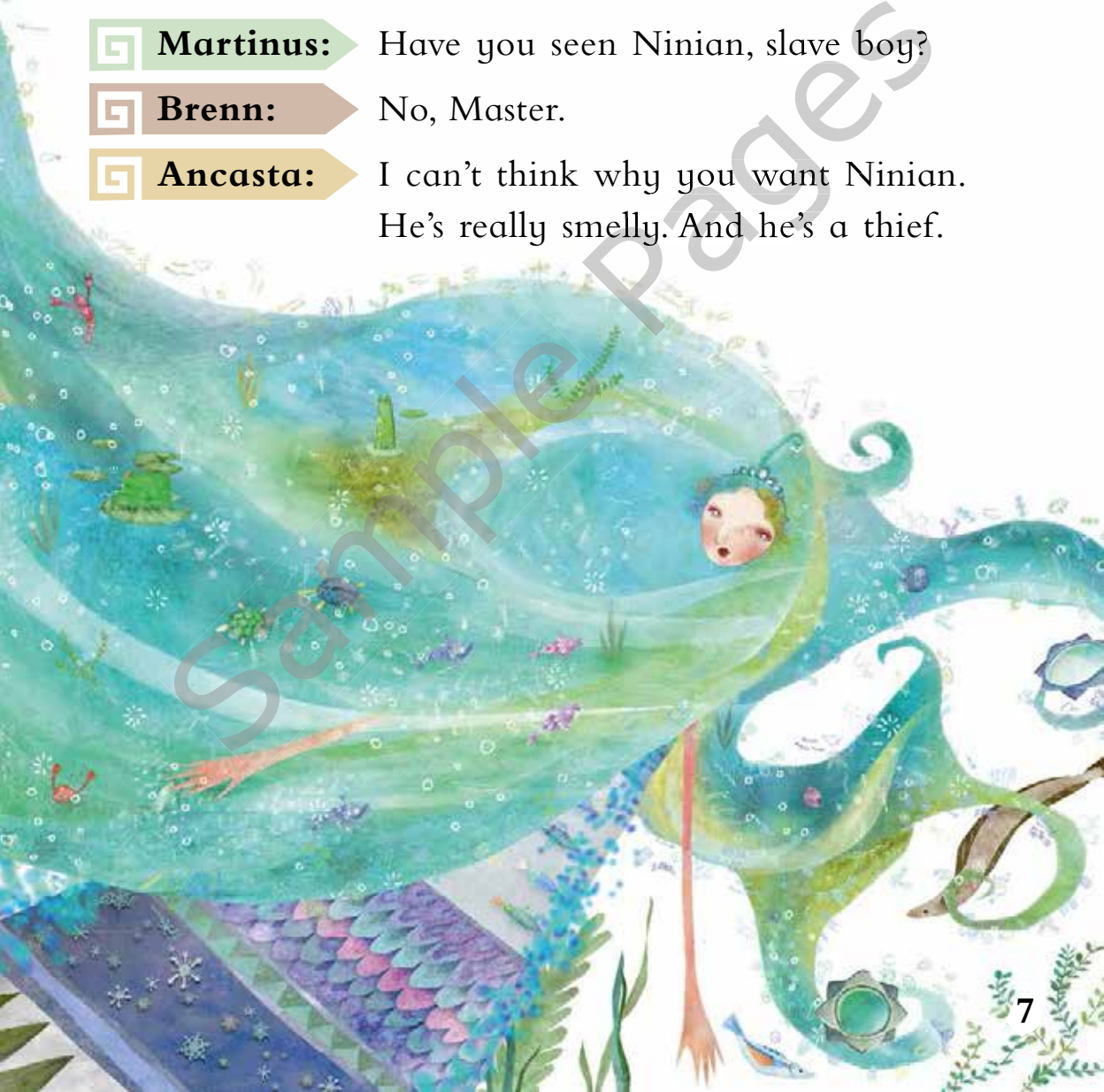
**Emilia:** Mother and Father sound annoyed.  
I wonder what Ninian has done now?

*Martinus and Octavia approach.*

**Martinus:** Have you seen Ninian, slave boy?

**Brenn:** No, Master.

**Ancasta:** I can't think why you want Ninian.  
He's really smelly. And he's a thief.



**Emilia:** We've stopped. What's happened?

**Octavia:** I hope the horses are all right.

*(She shouts.)*

Slave! What's going on?

**Ninian:** Mistress! Help! Quick, let me into the reda!

**Octavia:** Open the door, Emilia.

**Ninian:** Quick! Hide me!

**Martinus:** Ow! Ow! Get out from under my seat, you wretch!

**Emilia:** What's the matter, Ninian?

**Ninian:** Celts, Mistress! Ten of them! On the hill!

*Brenn climbs into the reda.*

**Brenn:** Help, Master!

**Martinus:** Not you as well, Brenn. Get out of the reda, both of you. There's no room to breathe with all of us in it.

**Brenn:** But Master, there are Celts up on the hill!

**Octavia:** Well, I expect they're going to visit the market, Brenn.

