



The Three Tunnels

Late one dark night at Danebury everyone was huddled round the fire in the roundhouse telling stories. Someone said

Do you remember that moonlit night 3 years ago?

We saw the shadows of our enemies approaching. The guards on the ramparts sounded the alarm on the great horn and we managed to drive them away with our slingshots. But they didn't go far. They were after our pot of gold.

A Pot of GOLD!!

For many years we had traded with other tribes and what they wanted was our wheat. Sometimes they gave us iron and gold in exchange and we kept it in a special pot, buried underneath the floor in the chief's hut. But one man wanted to steal the gold, so he ran away and went to tell our enemies, so that they could steal it. That was why they had come.

Their warriors stood outside our gate and called out,

GIVE US YOUR GOLD!

If you don't give us your gold, we'll burn your gates and destroy your hill fort!

But a few days later, we were woken by scraping sounds underneath the roundhouse. The enemy were tunnelling in!

What can we do? We asked the wise woman.

Put a **RAVEN** in an empty grain pit. When they tunnel into it, it will fly in their faces scare them away!

Make a RAVEN. Act it out.

After that, the enemy had had enough. They never returned, and we kept our gold safe. But our chief decided that our gold must be hidden in a much safer place. It was well hidden, so well hidden that now no-one knows where it is, not even us.

Do you know where it is? No No No No No.

Now the roundhouses have gone, the grain pits are filled in, the wooden walls and gates have disappeared. But if you go to Danebury today, you might still see signs of the descendants of the badgers and the ravens that saved the gold, but don't worry: the great snake slithered away many years ago, and never came back!

This story was produced by year 3 of Wherwell Primary School and storyteller Tim Laycock.