

# Cutha's Chronicles

## Adventures in Anglo-Saxon England

*Eala!* (That means, "Hello!") We're very pleased you've come to visit us again in Engla-land! Let us show you where we live:



This is our *tun*. It is a lot smaller than what you mean by a "town" — just our family and the farm servants live here. It's a long way to the next farm, so we don't often have other kids to play with.

There's a thorny hedge: it keeps wild animals and robbers out, and our farm animals in. But there aren't any gates. We have to pay a *gafol* or tax if we put up proper gates — so we just pull a thorny bush across the entrance at night.

We have a fierce guard dog too, to frighten away wolves and robbers.



Be careful of the *micsen*, the rubbish pit in the yard! You don't want to fall in by mistake! We throw all our rubbish there — and the dung from the farm animals.

It's our toilet too! When the *micsen* is full, we dig out the pit and spread what's in it on the fields to help the crops to grow.



There are little huts around the *tun* for different things: storage, weaving, places where the servants sleep... But mostly we all live in one big hall. Even the farm animals come in with us in wintertime!

There's a fire in the middle of the room. It keeps the house warm in winter, but makes it very hot in summer — though the smoke helps keep flies and mosquitoes away.

Fetching and cutting firewood is one of our daily chores.

We cook here too.

