



AN INTERVIEW WITH A MEMBER OF THE ANCIENT CELT TRIBE

Dylan, Amelia, Edie

*The disk-like craft began to shake uncontrollably, quaking as it smashed through the atmosphere and began hurtling towards the terrain below. Amelia and Dylan, fastened securely into their seats, exchanged a look and swiveled to look disapprovingly at their pilot. “Edie, you **promised** this wouldn’t happen again,” Dylan said, as Amelia nodded in agreement. The ship shuddered again as Edie replied “Listen guys, I’m sorry, I didn’t think it would, but anyway-” she paused to glance over the lit-up control panel in front of her- “I’m pretty sure we’re gonna crash, so we should probably get ready for that, or whatever.” Amelia sighed. “Holy moly,” she said, and the vessel smashed into the trees below.*

A RANDOM GUY IN WEIRD CLOTHING, looking at the decimated ship and unfamiliar people stumbling around before him in confusion: Are you guys alright? What happened here?

EDIE: Yeah, we’re all good, I think our ship crashed...uh, who are you? Where are we?

AMELIA, DYLAN: All good??!

A RANDOM GUY IN WEIRD CLOTHING: My name’s Arthur, and we’re in Celtic territory.

Suddenly, the three galactic travelers realized that this was exactly the sort of person they should interview for their brand-new magazine, AncientDudesWeMeetOnOurTravels Weekly. They knew they had to jump on this opportunity to talk to him.

EDIE, now INTERVIEWER #3: Oh! You’re one of those Celtic, Barbarian tribe people believed to be from Ireland! Like, the tribe was around from about 500 BCE to 12 BCE, right? And y’all homies invented stuff too? That’s so legit!

DYLAN, now INTERVIEWER #1: Hey, would you mind if we interviewed you for a project we’re working on?

ARTHUR, running his fingers through his bleached, lime-scented hair: Yeah, that’s us. I’d be happy to answer some questions. What do you guys want to know?





AMELIA, now INTERVIEWER #2, INTERVIEWER #3, INTERVIEWER #1, and ARTHUR take a seat on the ground.

INTERVIEWER #2: What's up with your outfit? And your hair? I love it. *winks suggestively*

ARTHUR: Wow, thanks! This is a traditional wool outfit for hunting, which we usually do with bows and swords. These days though, we don't get a lot of time to hunt, which kinda bums me out a lil bit. I whiten my hair by rubbing it with lime juice, which strengthens my spiritual connection with Eponia, the horse goddess.

INTERVIEWER #1: That's such a mood. Why don't you hunt anymore?

ARTHUR: We've been raiding and conquering more and more territories, expanding our reign across Europe- it's kind of amazing actually.

INTERVIEWER #2: So you've been yeeting on a lot of places, why chose to mainly stay in Ireland?

ARTHUR: Well, that's the best place to grow potatoes mmmmmm...

INTERVIEWER #3: I love me some good potatoes... what kind of other things do your people eat?

ARTHUR: We eat with our fingers, off of bread or wood plates, and at low tables. We cook pork and beef, often in big cauldrons or on a spit. We also enjoy fish, bread, honey, butter, cheese, venison, boar and wild fowl. My personal fave is honey with salmon though.

ALL INTERVIEWERS: Okay, savage.

ARTHUR: Definitely.

INTERVIEWER #1: What else do Celtic people do, y'know, other than eat and dab on the haters? Didn't you say you invented stuff?

ARTHUR: We actually do invent things- we've made a functional plow, and also soap!





INTERVIEWER #2: Since you're so good at inventing things... do you think you could whip up a new ship for us?

ARTHUR: Oh, absolutely!

INTERVIEWER #3: Thank you so much.

Arthur and the others begin surveying the wreckage and trying to figure out how to make something that will fly again. Through a lot of determination and hard work, they all begin to piece the ship together. As quickly as it had started, it looked like their surprise landing and subsequent interview was coming to an end.

INTERVIEWER #2, gazing at the new ship in amazement: This is great!

INTERVIEWER # 3: We're gonna miss you, Arthur. Thank you so much for this information- it was a pleasure interviewing you.

INTERVIEWER #1: I love you, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Bye, guys.

