

Drawing still in progress

Do you know that too?

I'm a little scared because something completely new is beginning. But I'm also looking forward to it, especially because I'm curious about the unknown.

Sad to leave the village?

Not so right. Somehow I never really belonged here. The people in the village say I have always been "different". Of course only when my mother is not there.

Oh yes, my mother ... I will miss her very much. But it is she who sends me on this journey. Not because she doesn't like me, but because the time has come. Time to learn a lot more, what I need to find my own way in life.

That doesn't work in our small village, she says. That's why she sends me to the wise women on the island of Samsø. That is far away, in the middle of the Kattegat.

But before I get on the boat, I want to tell you about my life. I am Romilda, 12 years old and a Thuringian.



From today's perspective, we simply call Romilda "a Germanic". But the name "Germanic" goes back to the Romans. The so-called did not use this word. They named themselves after their tribe. The settlement areas of the "Thuringians" were in the Thuringian Forest, in the Harz, on the Werra and Elbe. Little is known to us from the early days of the "Thuringians". Their rise began when they freed themselves from the yoke of the Huns in AD 454. Around 500 AD, the Thuringian king Bisinus ruled a large empire from the middle Elbe south to the Main.