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# The Secret of Kells

By Fabrice Ziolkowski

I have lived  
through many ages.  
Through the eyes  
of salmon,  
deer  
and wolf.  
I have seen the Northmen  
invading Ireland,  
destroying all  
in search of gold.  
I have seen suffering  
in the darkness.  
Yet, I have seen  
beauty thrive  
in the most  
fragile of places.  
I have seen the book.  
The book that  
turned darkness  
into light.  
Brendan,  
don't let her get away.  
Come on.  
Nice goosy,  
goosy, goosy...  
Hmm.  
Stand back,  
I will get her.  
Which way?  
Brendan,  
that scaffolding  
is not steady!  
Oh!  
Oh!  
Brendan.  
Coming.  
Brendan.  
Brendan.  
Are you hurt?  
I...  
Ooh!  
Keep it quiet, Brendan,  
or the abbot will hear.  
I'm sorry,

but we have  
to do this.  
It will all be  
over in a minute.  
One, two,  
three, four, five.  
Now, that wasn't  
so hard, was it?  
Lucky bird.  
Your feathers will  
become the tools  
from which we create  
immortal pages of sacred text.  
Abbot,  
I explain for you.  
We tried to catch goose  
and she run very fast  
and I fall in the mud.  
Forgive us, Abbot.  
Uh...  
Brendan, where are  
those plans I asked for?  
The plans?  
I left them  
in the scriptorium.  
Bring them  
to the tower.  
Yes, Uncle.  
Tomorrow, you will go back  
to work on the wall.  
Dawn till evening bell.  
Brother Leonardo,  
clean yourself up  
for pity's sake.  
I don't know why  
there are artists in Kells  
when all that man  
wants us to do  
is to build  
this crazy wall.  
Yes, that is all  
the man cares about,  
nothing else,  
and you continue

to defend him, Brendan.  
Uncle just wants to  
protect us  
from the outside.  
When the Northmen  
come to Kells,  
they'll make no distinction  
between young and old. So...  
"Prepare or  
meet your doom!"  
You just don't understand.  
But, Brendan,  
you've never been  
outside these walls.  
I don't have to  
go outside to know  
how dangerous it is.  
Where have you  
all been?  
We went to get these,  
for you.  
You should have  
seen him,  
Brother Sergei.  
He took a flying dive,  
like a beautiful swan.  
It is not funny.  
The Abbot sees us.  
He is not happy  
because we are not  
working on the wall.  
Now enough of that!  
What about the books?  
Does he not find them?  
If there were no books,  
all knowledge would  
be lost for eternity.  
Uh...  
We cannot  
only build walls.  
The people must have books,  
so that they may have hope.  
If we had a true  
master illuminator,

we would do such  
splendid work.  
Let us pray that one  
will be delivered  
to us one day.  
Let us pray!  
Surely you don't  
need a master.  
Your work is  
the finest I've seen.  
Thank you, Brendan.  
But we are mere scribblers  
next to true masters.  
True masters? Such as...  
Such as  
Brother Aidan of Iona.  
Aidan the Wise.  
Aidan is indeed  
the great one.  
Who is the Brother Aidan?  
A sage.  
The wisest one  
of them all.  
The perfect illuminator.  
Well, where is he then?  
He lives on a tiny  
island called Iona.  
There is an abbey  
on the island  
where he works  
on a magnificent book.  
The Book of Iona.  
The book was begun  
200 years ago,  
under the orders  
of none other than  
Saint Columbkille himself.  
The Book of Iona  
outshines all others  
because of the miracle  
of Columbkille's third eye.  
No, not because  
of his third eye,  
because of his three hands

with 12 fingers on each.  
That's not true!  
He had a third eye,  
not a third hand.  
Have you not heard about  
the Eye of Columbkille?  
Of course!  
But that was for  
making the prophecies.  
His third hand was  
for beginning the book.  
Enough!  
Just tell the boy  
about Brother Aidan.  
His writings are  
said to glow from the pages,  
as though they are light.  
Sinners have been blinded  
while glancing upon the pages.  
For to gaze upon the book  
is to gaze upon heaven itself!  
The Book of Iona.  
But where is Iona?  
It is far, far  
away in the sea.  
Like all islands should be.  
A beautiful place  
where the illuminators  
do not have to build walls.  
But the Abbot  
says that islands are  
too easy to attack.  
Brendan,  
are you still here?  
You'd better bring  
the Abbot those plans,  
or you'll be  
in big trouble!  
Uncle!  
Hurry, boy!  
Here they are, Uncle.  
Brendan, how am  
I to trust you with  
responsibility

when you continue  
to disappoint me?  
One day, you will take  
control of this abbey.  
Yet it takes you  
several hours to  
fulfill a simple task.  
I'm sorry.  
The monks were  
talking of Iona.  
I dreamt it was destroyed.  
It was so real, Uncle!  
It is real, Brendan.  
One day that horror  
will come to us.  
That is exactly why  
we must prepare ourselves.  
This section of the wall  
is supported by three pillars.  
Here, here and here.  
Uncle, someone has arrived!  
He has a white cat!  
Another victim of  
the Northmen, no doubt.  
Now, let's see.  
Oh, no,  
no not that far.  
But we've the legs  
walked off ourselves  
all the same.  
But, please, from where?  
A very long way?  
Oh, yes, 'twas  
long enough all right.  
Ah, but when you have  
this little one  
to keep up with,  
well, it doesn't  
take half the time.  
Isn't that right,  
Pangur Ban?  
Will you  
be staying long?  
Welcome

to Kells, Brother.

Hmm?

Abbot Cellach.

Peace be with you!

Brothers, welcome to Kells  
one of the great illuminators  
of our times.

Must be a stone mason.

Brother Aidan of Iona.

Now, one question  
at a time.

As Columbkille used to say,  
"Questions do not  
burn your tongue  
"if you wait to ask them."

Welcome to Kells,  
Brother Aidan!

It is this way.

Come on, everyone.

Hello, welcome to Kells.

Hey, wait!

We were only  
just talking of you  
and of the book.

I think  
we are tempting fate,  
this is true.

Oh! Fine size of  
a place, isn't it?

Mmm.

Good clean air,  
fine light coming  
from those windows.

Brother!

Very good indeed. Yes.

Is that where  
you keep the book?

Hmm?

Uh, is that  
where you keep the...

And who might you be?

A very short

Brother I see.

The person who is short



of stature is never  
as short of questions.  
And of what interest  
is the book to you?  
Uh, well, the Brothers  
were talking  
and they said  
that Saint Columbkille  
himself began it.  
Brothers,  
now that you've  
greeted Brother Aidan,  
I must take him to  
see the important work  
we're doing to fortify Kells.  
You all have work to do.  
The plans are  
in my work room.  
Ah, but you see,  
I was thinking  
I could stay here...  
Right this way, Brother.  
Lad!  
Hmm?  
Find some food for, uh...  
You see,  
I am determined to  
complete the fortifications  
within two years.  
So, you're Pangur Ban.  
Well, I'm...  
Hey, wait.  
I'm supposed to feed you.  
Wait!  
Pangur Ban!  
Pangur Ban!  
You should  
not have come here.  
The Northmen will  
have followed you...  
Was I to stay  
and be killed?  
I escaped the Vikings  
and left them far behind,

Brother Cellach.  
Sorry, I mean,  
Abbot Cellach.  
The book is saved  
and I mean to complete it.  
Yes.  
Well, we have  
more pressing things  
to complete here.  
You mean your wall?  
Not my wall, Aidan.  
A wall to save civilization.  
A wall to save your book!  
Pagans, Crom worshippers.  
It is with the strength  
of our walls  
that they will come  
to trust the strength  
of our faith.  
You were always good  
at the old drawing,  
Cellach.  
Yes.  
Well, if you'll excuse me,  
I have a lot to attend to.  
No wall can stop  
the Northmen, Abbot.  
When they come,  
all we can do is run  
and hope that  
we are fast enough.  
Come on, Pangur.  
Pangur!  
I don't mean  
the book any harm.  
All I've ever seen  
is inside the walls of Kells.  
If I could just see  
one page...  
Please.  
Oh. Mmm.  
Well!  
If it isn't  
the little Brother

with the big questions.  
I didn't mean to...  
I understand.  
You got bored eavesdropping  
on the Abbot's  
private conversation  
and decided to rummage  
through my things.  
Oh, no,  
that's not it!  
Calm down, lad, calm down.  
I won't tell on you.  
Maybe I...  
The Brothers said  
that the sinners are blinded  
if they glance at the book.  
So maybe I shouldn't.  
Is that what you really  
believe will happen?  
There's nothing  
in this life but mist,  
is there, lad?  
It's your decision,  
no one else's.  
The cover is not  
the real treasure.  
Open it!  
The work of angels.  
"The work of the angels."  
Hear that, Pangur?  
I didn't know  
they made angels  
as funny looking as me.  
Maybe the boy  
has gone blind.  
I thought the very same  
when I first saw it.  
But it is only the work  
of mere mortals, I'm afraid,  
like me or you.  
The book is a beacon  
in these dark days  
of the Northmen.  
Do you want to see

the most beautiful page?  
The one that will turn  
darkness into light?  
It is to be  
the Chi-Rho page.  
But it hasn't  
been made yet.  
No, but it will become  
the most glorious page  
of the entire book.  
Tell me, Brendan,  
would you like  
to help me?  
Oh, yes, please!  
I help the Brothers  
find quills all the time.  
Calm down, calm down,  
little Brother.  
Now, to start with, you can  
help me gather some of these,  
from an old oak tree.  
What is it?  
It's a humble  
little berry,  
but it makes  
the deepest emerald green  
ink you will ever see.  
If you help me  
get a dozen or so  
from the forest,  
I'll show you  
how to make it.  
So, come on!  
What's keeping you?  
I can't go.  
I'm not allowed  
outside the walls.  
It's too dangerous.  
It is dangerous.  
On Iona,  
I lost my brothers  
to attackers  
from the outside.  
Now, I have only the book

to remember them by.  
But if my brothers  
were here now,  
they would tell you  
that you will learn  
more in the woods  
from trees and rocks  
than in any other place.  
You will see miracles.  
And that is something  
the Abbot knew  
a long time ago.  
I've never seen  
anything like it, Pangur.  
I really want to  
help Brother Aidan.  
I think I could get  
those ink berries  
all by myself.  
I could go into the forest.  
Wouldn't Brother Aidan  
be surprised?  
Oh. But the Abbot...  
I'd be back before  
he'd even miss me.  
But what if I get lost  
in the dark?  
No!  
I should never  
go out there!  
Oh.  
If I keep thinking  
of the book,  
I won't be afraid  
of the dark.  
And I'm sure I won't  
have to go that far.  
Right, so, Pangur Ban,  
tomorrow I'll go  
into the forest!  
Pangur!  
Oh!  
Of course, it might help  
if I knew what

an oak tree looked like.  
Maybe we'd better go home.  
Was it this way?  
Do you remember?  
Don't panic, Pangur.  
We just have to find  
the way back before dark.  
Pangur!  
Oh, no, it's hard enough.  
Is this your cat?  
Well?  
I've heard about  
creatures like you.  
You're a fairy!  
What are you doing  
in my forest?  
You've come to spoil it,  
haven't you?  
You were probably  
sent here by your family  
to get food, weren't you?  
Well, you can go right back  
where you came from.  
If you don't, I'll make  
the wolves get you!  
No!  
Uh... I didn't mean to.  
Look, I'm sorry,  
all right?  
I'm not here to get  
food for my family.  
I'm here to get  
things to make ink.  
I don't have a family,  
and we have food in Kells.  
So I wouldn't come here  
for it anyway.  
I was just a bit lost.  
You have no family?  
Uh, no.  
No mother?  
I'm alone, too.  
Oh!  
If this is your forest,

you must know  
everything about it.  
Of course.  
No. Wait!  
Hello?  
Shh, not so loud!  
Go away!  
No, wait, please!  
Do you know where  
I can find these?  
Yes.  
But you can't eat those.  
I don't want to eat them.  
They're for ink.  
What is ink?  
It's for the book.  
For making pictures.  
Liquid color,  
you put it on pages.  
Well, like leaves,  
it's hard to explain,  
I suppose  
you'd have to see it.  
I don't know  
what you're talking about,  
and I don't want to know.  
But, Brother Aidan...  
I will help you find  
the things you want,  
on one condition.  
You and your pet  
must promise to never come  
into my forest again.  
Uh...  
All right, then.  
We promise.  
Come on then,  
I'll ask the forest  
where they are.  
Ask the... What?  
Hey, wait!  
My name's Brendan.  
What's yours?  
It's a miracle,

just like Aidan said.  
Aidan is my friend.  
I'm helping him make  
the most incredible book  
in the whole world.  
He says it will turn  
darkness into light.  
Wait until you see it!  
Wait until you see  
the rest of my forest.  
You're fast.  
Yes, I'm the fastest.  
So, where are  
the berries then?  
You have climbed  
a tree before,  
haven't you?  
Uh...  
Yes, of course.  
It's easy.  
Come on so!  
Oh.  
Hmm?  
Saved your life,  
second time today.  
I thought you knew  
how to climb trees.  
I do. Smaller ones.  
Yeah, like bushes.  
Don't look down. Come on!  
Shh!  
Look!  
One beetle  
recognizes another.  
Whoa!  
Come on.  
Open your eyes  
and I'll tell  
you my name.  
Aisling.  
And this is my forest.  
Hmm? Oh.  
I asked them  
not to sting you.



Here's what  
you're looking for.  
But they're  
not really berries.  
Ugh! They look like  
boar droppings.  
They're kind of stinky, too.  
If you're finished,  
it's time to go back down.  
Back down. Hmm.  
A bit left.  
No, wait!  
Don't lean on that...  
...branch.  
I'm sorry it took  
so long to come down.  
Oh. Except for  
the last part.  
We'd better go now.  
I know a secret way  
to get you home.  
Come on!  
Uh...  
Look!  
Brendan?  
Brendan?  
What are you doing?  
Come away!  
This is a place  
of suffering.  
Suffering?  
What do you mean?  
Just come away!  
It's too dangerous.  
Surely it can't be more  
dangerous than climbing  
an oak tree.  
It is the cave  
of the Dark One.  
Crom Cruach?  
But Crom Cruach's  
only a story for children.  
The Abbot of Kells says  
that you shouldn't be

afraid of imaginary things.  
It's not imagined.  
It's waiting  
in the darkness.  
Waiting for someone  
to awaken it.  
Aisling, you're only  
scaring yourself.  
The Abbot says that  
that's all pagan nonsense.  
There's no such thing  
as Crom Cruach.  
Crom Cruach.  
Don't speak its name!  
You're really frightened?  
Aisling!  
Are you hurt?  
What was that?  
I told you.  
Crom!  
Brendan?  
Hmm?  
You can visit the forest  
again, if you like.  
And Pangur can come, too.  
Ooh!  
But, uh, on Iona  
we always arranged them...  
This is not Iona.  
The scriptorium will  
be arranged according  
to my instructions.  
But it's not a good...  
It will be as I say.  
Brother Aidan!  
I found them! I...  
Well, Brendan.  
It's about time  
we saw you today.  
Where have you been? Hmm?  
I'm listening.  
Where were you?  
I... I went into the forest.  
Just for a little while,

not very long.  
Just to...  
It was for Brother Aidan...  
Brendan.  
Have I not warned you  
enough about what lies  
outside these walls?  
Yes, but...  
Yet you disobey me.  
I know,  
but for the book...  
Brendan.  
You are never to  
leave the abbey again  
without my permission.  
Uncle, if you  
see the book...  
Do you understand?  
Yes, Uncle.  
Good.  
Now, come along,  
there are matters to be  
tended to in the workroom.  
Look!  
Huh? What?  
I found them.  
You did? So you did!  
I did have a little help.  
From a friend in the forest.  
Ah.  
Well, there's nothing  
you can't do when you have  
friends to help you, huh?  
Now, let's see.  
Yes. Yes, I believe  
these will do very nicely.  
From tiny berries  
do great images  
come to life.  
Come along!  
Hmm. Hmm!  
A good one...  
Lot of smoke.  
That's a good sign.

It is?

Yes.

Ah, beautiful.

From a stinky berry.

Making ink is all very well,

but it is useless

without one of these.

I'm not...

I'm not allowed to...

There's no one

but us here now.

Just you

and your imagination.

Afraid?

Me? No.

I'm not afraid

of imaginary things.

Keep going.

Finish what you start.

Gold!

Not bad, huh?

I'd say he could

do it right enough.

Do what?

I must confess, my boy,

I haven't been

completely honest

with you.

I cannot do

the Chi-Rho page.

My eyes have become too old

and my hands unsteady.

- But you said...

- Brendan.

You should be the one

to do that page!

Me? No! I can never.

I won't... There must

be somebody else.

You have to do it.

I would ruin it.

- Brendan.

- No, no, no.

Of course you can do it.

You found those berries,  
you've certainly developed  
a steady hand.

Brendan!

Even before I came, you'd  
already learned much from  
the other Brothers' work.  
You've only to  
unleash your imagination!

Brendan!

I have to go.

Where have you  
been so early?

Come along, there's  
much work to be done.

I don't know, Pangur.

Something I cannot see  
stops him.

If he is ever to light up  
the Chi-Rho page,  
he'll have to turn around  
and stare whatever it is  
in the face!

Brendan!

We're moving the scaffolding  
to the west wall.

Hurry along now!

Well, I think

you're ready to learn  
Columbkille's secret.

Mmm.

The mesmerizing detail.

Of course,

you'll need another eye.

Now, once I find

the crystal...

Brother...

...it'll open up

a whole new world.

A tiny wonder.

Columbkille instructed

that the crystal

should never be used

unless the work

is worthy of it.  
It has not been  
used since Iona.  
What's a crystal?  
This is not a crystal,  
it's the crystal!  
The Eye of Columbkille.  
Columbkille created over  
300 books in his lifetime.  
By his own hand.  
On his deathbed,  
he prayed that  
his apprentice  
got a vision as clear  
and wonderful as his own.  
Then, as he drew  
his last breath,  
it dropped from his hand.  
The Eye of Columbkille.  
Columbkille would  
want it to go to you.  
Where is it?  
Sorry, Pangur.  
Have you seen it?  
Where could it have...  
It's lost.  
It's all lost!  
Where did you  
last have it?  
I don't understand.  
If I could show  
the crystal to you,  
all would become clear.  
But...  
I...  
I can still continue  
my training, can't I?  
Have you ever studied  
the tiny pattern  
on a greenfly's wing?  
No.  
And you never will  
without the crystal.  
What if we pray

for a miracle?  
Like Columbkille did?  
Some say that before  
the crystal became known  
as the Eye of Columbkille,  
it had an ancient name.  
Named for the creature  
that Columbkille won  
the crystal from  
deep inside one of  
its dwelling places.  
Crom Cruach!  
It was called  
the Eye of Crom Cruach.  
Crom!  
I can't tell you which parts  
of this story are true  
and what parts are  
shrouded by the mists.  
Oh, there's nothing  
in this life but mist.  
We're only here  
for a short while.  
Don't worry, Pangur.  
I won't be alone.  
Oh!  
You've been forbidden  
to leave the abbey.  
Now you are also forbidden  
to enter the scriptorium.  
Please, Uncle,  
you don't understand.  
Oh, I understand  
perfectly well!  
No more excursions,  
no more scriptorium  
and no more Brother Aidan.  
No.  
What did you say?  
I can't do that.  
I can't give up  
the book, Uncle.  
If you looked at just  
one page, you'd see why.

You've forgotten  
how important it is.  
All you want for us  
is this wall.  
Brother Aidan said  
you were an illuminator once.  
He said...  
That's enough!  
If I can't trust you  
to stay out of harm's way,  
you'll have to remain here  
until you see sense.  
Cellach, please,  
don't blame the boy.  
I'll have a talk  
with him and...  
You'll do no such thing.  
You can't...  
Brother Tang will  
bring him his meals  
and once there is  
nothing left here  
to distract him...  
Let me keep  
the book, Cellach.  
It was entrusted to me.  
Have it then.  
But on the condition  
that you leave Kells with  
the first thaw of spring.  
Brendan.  
Aisling!  
How can I get you out?  
I don't know.  
The tower is locked.  
And my door is bolted  
from the outside.  
The key is in  
the Abbot's room.  
Maybe you can take  
a message to Brother Aidan.  
You must go where I cannot  
Pangur Ban, Pangur Ban  
Pangur Ban, Pangur Ban



You must go where I cannot  
Pangur Ban, Pangur Ban  
Why did the Abbot  
put you in there?  
Because I disobeyed him.  
Why?  
Look!  
The Eye of Crom!  
No, it's a crystal.  
I think there's one  
in the Dark One's cave.  
I have to go there.  
No, Brendan,  
it's tricking you.  
You should have  
stayed in your tower.  
Crom Cruach  
took my people,  
it took my mother.  
It takes everything.  
You will die!  
Aisling, if I don't try,  
the book will never  
be complete.  
The book.  
All right then,  
I will help you.  
Aisling!  
This place is hurting you.  
You must go back.  
I'll find some other way.  
I... I must help you.  
Please, Aisling, go now!  
Turn the darkness into light.  
Oh.  
Aisling!  
Aisling!  
Uh...  
Old fools! Oh!  
Old fools should  
learn to keep quiet.  
Unless young fools  
want to listen.  
Ha! You're here!

How... How did you...  
How did you get out  
of the tower?  
You must go back  
before the Abbot finds out.  
Look, look, this...  
This is not the place  
for you, lad,  
there is nothing  
for you here.  
But you are here,  
the book is here  
and the Eye is here.  
How is this possible?  
It was destroyed!  
There is more than  
one story about the Eye.  
There is more than  
one dwelling place  
for the Dark One.  
And he had more  
than one eye.  
You entered one of  
the Dark One's caves?  
You can't find out  
everything from books,  
you know.  
And I think  
I read that once.  
Right, then,  
it is time to begin.  
Your breakfast, Abbot.  
Take it to Brendan.  
See if...  
See if he has  
come to his senses.  
Ooh!  
Mmm.  
It's like heaven, no?  
Heaven on Earth.  
Please... Please, Abbot,  
it's my fault.  
You little fool!  
The Northmen are upon us,

and here you are drawing!  
We have one day  
before the Vikings  
attack Kells!  
The gate won't hold.  
We must...  
We must run from here!  
The gate will hold!  
You will lead the new  
refugees into the chapel.  
They can seek comfort there  
until the attackers move on.  
Tang, tell villagers  
to stay in their huts.  
Cellach.  
You'll be safe in here  
with your precious book.  
No, not yet!  
Stay inside!  
Tang! Open the door!  
Into the tower!  
One at a time!  
The steps aren't  
strong enough!  
Tang,  
there are too many!  
It's too late.  
Close the door!  
Brendan!  
Ink! We have to make ink!  
Brendan, wait, wait, wait.  
We can't...  
Hurry!  
Uncle!  
No!  
No! We must save him!  
Quickly, Brendan,  
where is the secret  
passage to the forest?  
We have to save him!  
We can't help him now.  
Brendan.  
We... We cannot stop.  
I have to go back.

The Northmen  
left no one on Iona,  
they will leave  
no one in Kells.  
My uncle.  
He lived  
to protect you.  
The only way  
he knew how.  
Now, I must protect you  
for Cellach  
and for the book.  
Gold!  
Brendan!  
Hmm?  
Aisling!  
We have to keep  
running, Brendan,  
and hope that  
we are fast enough.  
He's alive!  
I'm so tired.  
Tang, leave me be.  
Please.  
Leave me be.  
You are the Abbot of Kells!  
You must get up!  
Mmm-hmm.  
Oh!  
The book  
was never meant to be  
hidden away behind walls,  
locked away from the world  
which inspired its creation.  
Brendan, you must take  
the book to the people  
so that they may have hope.  
Let it light the way  
in these dark days  
of the Northmen.  
Aisling?  
Aisling?  
I'm so tired.  
Please, Abbot,

you must take your rest.  
Rest? With our most  
important treasure  
destroyed?  
But how was I to know?  
How could I know  
he would perish?  
Please, Abbot.  
He was only a boy.  
Angel of Darkness!  
Not yet!  
I need time!  
Uncle!  
Brendan?  
It is a dream.  
This is no dream.  
I'm so happy  
to find you here.  
I thought I'd lost you  
a long time ago.  
Brendan,  
you were only a boy.  
All those innocents lost.  
All my fault.  
Please, Uncle,  
do not distress yourself.  
You don't understand.  
I have no time,  
Brendan.  
You were right.  
About Kells,  
about Aidan,  
about the book.  
I shouldn't have.  
This is all  
I have left.  
It is the only comfort  
I have in this world.  
Brother Aidan was right.  
And I tried to stop him.  
Aidan never paid you  
much heed, Uncle.  
Well, I suppose not.  
Brother Aidan lived to

see his work passed on  
and completed.

The Book of Iona!

The Book of Kells?

The Book of Kells.