

Sat around the crackling fire cooking our stew, with the delightful smell of the flavours all around us, hearing the mud squelching as people wandered by and pigs rolling in the mud.

As I walked around the village, I could hear the children laughing and playing it reminded me of when I was able to play fun games. Now I was away from the stew all I could taste was the bitter, salty sea air making my mouth as dry as a desert.

With the mud squelching underfoot, I walked to the well to fill my horn, with all the different sounds, smells and things I have seen. It was most defiantly the most beautiful village I have been to.

Cody was a young adult who was a whopping 6'3"! He had light, turquoise eyes which changed lighter when he was happy, darker when he was sad, and an intriguing mixture of both when he was worried. He had neat, short hair which was a blonde/brown colour. He had a wickedly horrendous scar on his eye due to a sword injury and one on his arm from being attacked by his own axe. He wore heavy chain mail that was well looked after. It was big enough to fit a giant almost, it was made from iron. He was kind and silly; kind because he helped people and fought for himself and everybody else in the village, but also silly because he made people laugh.

As he was sat by the raging fire with his trusty axe, something suddenly swooshed past... An arrow! Luckily it missed Cody and his friends, if only by mere millimeters. At first, he wondered who it was until he saw the dragon head on the longship. He turned to his friends to say "I..."FIRE!" Suddenly they shot flame arrows, slowly burning houses down. It was like it was going in slow motion. He thought about his family but he saw them escaping, thankfully! Knowing they would be safe, he turned to his friends. They nodded - we were ready for battle! We saw hundreds yet we still fought for our village, axes slowly chopping away at his chainmail. He managed to get in a swing, cleanly chopping off 2 heads, arrows being fired in the back of Vikings, bodies piling on him "This village is now becoming a warzone".

At the beginning of the battle, the village was losing, yet we still fought, bloody, tired and almost weak. Cody stopped as he thought he saw and heard something in the distance, but his friends said he was probably just tired and imagining things, so he agreed with them and carried on fighting...CHARGE!

Then he heard it again, this time louder... Cody and his friends turned around as the Vikings were looking behind them! In complete shock, their village was rushing down a nearby hill, the Vikings tried to retreat only to see their ships sinking!

Joining the village as they charged, many picking up dead Viking's axes, they stormed through the Vikings, swinging their deadly weapons as they went. Viking limbs falling to the ground behind them, the Vikings that were left fled, jumping into the freezing ocean water as that was their only option for escaping alive... Many moons later, after they had rebuilt the village and wounds had now scarred, they were ready to get back to their normal, peaceful lives, knowing they had defeated the Vikings and could do so again...