

Life was peaceful in the village, we sat around the hearth every night and looked at the glistening, dreamy stars as they twinkled brightly in the sky. That night we could smell the strong, smokey smell of the logs as they steamed on the red, hot fire. My village was filled with ancient things from the past what are ancestors used in battles throughout the years. I particularly liked the one with blue and red on it with a terrifying, colossal dragon with huge jaws like daggers.

I walked outside and could see the animals in the wooden pen. Skinny, stinky goats and pigs feeding on the long, green yellow grass. Just outside the village was huge, snow-capped mountains and big, forest trees what surrounded the village.

Bobbing on the dancing waves were the boats what had just come back from a long voyage across the sea, the boats were filled with fish and valuables.

In the village there was a boy like Hans who looks after the farm which holds horses which pull wagons and smelly pigs with hungry, small eyes. Hans was not like the other boys, he was short like a baby horse and was very antisocial but he had more to him. Hans was very adventurous, and he had bright blue eyes, as bright as the crashing waves, with shaggy, loose brunette hair which swished and swayed in the whistling wind. He wore a black tunic which everyone thought was very mysterious. He had a small tattoo of an eagle which was his sign. Hans had a large scar from when vicious, grey wolves attacked him but he was also very brave but the people in the village didn't know because they thought he was weak and helpless. Hans had a wispy, thin beard which was very faint on his skin. His favorite weapon when looking for food and hunting was a bow and you're probably wondering did he hunt on foot, well the answer is no. He had a beautiful white horse called Lunar, as big as a mare with a long, flowing mane and a tail which fell down to her chest and her tail right down to her hooves. In the distance, Hans noticed a dark, large object running towards the village. Was it a pack of wolves or some wild horses coming for some hay? But as the object got closer Hans could see that they were actually Vikings on foot and on large, black horses with angry, red eyes which stared into your soul. They were armed with shields and very heavy axes and there was about 30 of them. Hans and his sister and father frantically grabbed the closest weapon near them. Hans grabbed his pitch fork, his sister snatched the spear and father picked up another spear. Despite their fear, (except Hans obviously) they fought the vicious, loud Vikings until everyone in the village joined in with their horses, spears and other weapons until the enemies ran off as quickly as they

could. They had beaten the angry, petrified Vikings and celebrated whilst the Vikings ran off and never came back to the village! Despite our victory they had left blood-stained armor and grass and there was Vikings heads what had been chopped off which were oozing with blood.

Victory. At last, they weren't living in fear. At last, they were free like birds no more blood, screaming or deaths. The world was happy again. On the other hand, the Vikings fled sheepishly wailing 'This is not over brat, you might have won but next time we will be ready!' Then Hans' father said under his breath 'I bet they won't come back.' The next day, after victory, Hans went hunting on his mare with his father and they both acted like nothing happened. But there was a noise in the trees. 'Shoot' said Hans' father quietly. All of a sudden something happened...

The end