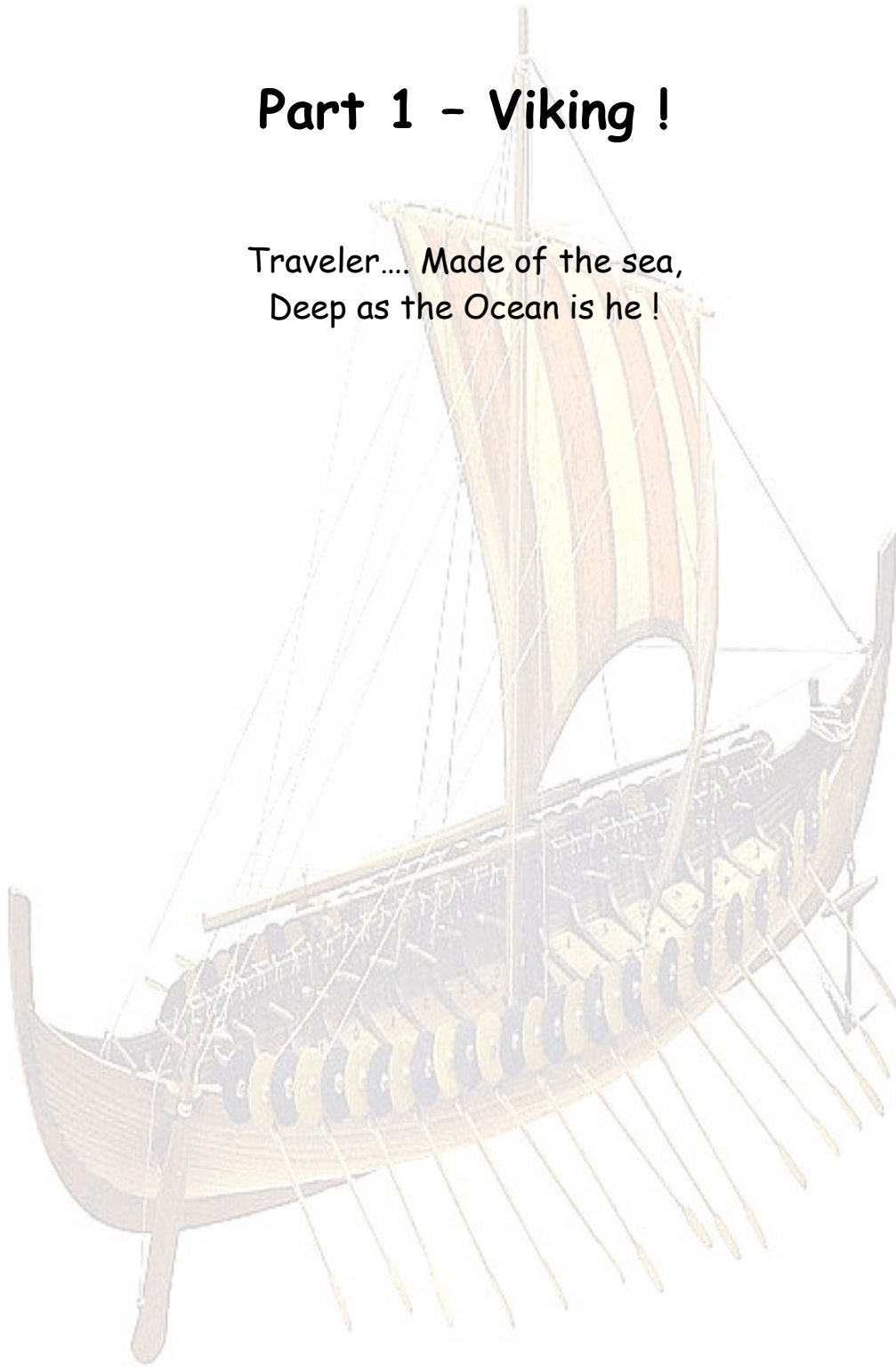


# A Viking Epic

## Part 1 - Viking !

Traveler.... Made of the sea,  
Deep as the Ocean is he !



# A Viking Epic

## Part 1 - Viking !

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About the Author.

Born in Reading England in 1958, eldest of 5 children, fibreglass engineer, writer and poet.  
Now living in Dorset.

A Viking Epic,

A true adventure, a lone Viking on a mission for the gods that could affect the whole future of Asgard.

It was foretold

When lighted dragons flew the skies

They would come.....

Fighting men in great ships

Giants of men....

With long yellow hair and deep blue eyes

Other books;

'dreamweaver - the poems' 2009 at [www.wilmots.me.uk/dreamweaver-poems.html](http://www.wilmots.me.uk/dreamweaver-poems.html)

'The Storied of Faerie Glade' 2010 at [www.wilmots.me.uk/fairieglade.html](http://www.wilmots.me.uk/fairieglade.html)

'A Viking Epic' further Parts at [www.wilmots.me.uk/avikingepic.html](http://www.wilmots.me.uk/avikingepic.html)

The night of 7<sup>th</sup> June 793AD.

Did the Gods say this way?  
The omens are not good, some now openly say,  
Being as they are, of Old Norse,  
Are they off course?  
Only worlds end, where fate is decided and Gods play  
Are winds, seas, lightning and storms like these, they say,

Still, young man stands at bow of longship, in concentration, a frown,  
By name of Heidir Gustavsson, proud name, by father handed down,  
Segor, his wolf at his feet,  
With master, fighting machine complete,  
Great responsibility was his, now braced against cruel spray and  
waves of sea,  
That they stay on course, and must in the right place be.  
His also, sacredly handed down, father's polished lodestone,  
The only one on this ship, all his responsibility, alone,  
Sixty warriors all freeborn, now rowing against the storm,  
Ripped and torn, square sail taken down, hopes almost forlorn.  
Though, ordinary men might give in,  
To these brave souls it would be a sin,  
For never, in their history, or under their sun,  
Had even one of these men, from any challenge or battle run!  
Then.....Through spray and driving rain, Heidir, with eye ever keen,  
Had spied land in the distance, just, as in vision seen,  
From before, when they had left their now far Norse home,  
The only ship to set sail, all alone,  
To win treasure, renown for themselves, an honorable mission,  
And, by the very Gods themselves, granted permission.



He slumped on the deck, warm fur and wolf, now gathered round,  
Hopefully to rest, now that land had been found,  
To find a decent night's sleep, that until land was sighted,  
Was a luxury much wanted, but always thwarted, blighted,  
And so to sleep, in that miserable cold,  
Where mind drifted back, to that day, he was proudly seven years  
old.

In the great hall, from a great fire, smoke hung in the air,  
Father sat on wooden throne, waited on by maidens fair,  
A place of wonder, he had never been inside before,  
Had never seen past the guards at the heavy front door,  
His father a huge man, grizzled beard, golden goblet in one hand,  
Chain round his neck, and rings and jewels brought back from a  
foreign land.

From head to toe in wolves skins against the cold, wrapped round,  
When stood, a full six and a half feet, from top of head to ground.

His wonderment growing, as behind his father, he saw,  
Under the mounted head of a great boar,  
A golden shield, silver hilted sword, and a huge silver axe, hung on  
the wall,

Boy thinking, if he could just touch them..... Perhaps, when he was  
more tall,

And as his father began to talk,  
Boy came closer, still looking round in awe, slow, in walk.

"Now you have reached the age of seven,  
I must tell you, as I agreed, of your heritage from heaven,

You are my son! That I will not deny,  
But how you came to be, this story I promised to tell, and will try,  
For, you are not fully mortal, not fully human fleshed,  
You are of Odin's spawn, with human enmeshed."

A seeming impatient back hand wave,

To the maids this was meant, and gave,  
A signal from father, for maids to leave quickly, by the back door,  
Wide eyed boy, mouth open, half crouched, about to sit on the floor.  
Beckoning the boy closer, so the hushed tones he could hear,  
Old man started to tell the story, eyes glistening, in one a tear,  
About to tell, how he was not of his flesh but, of that from Odin,  
Though this is true, emphasized, he was conceived and born, without  
sin.

Of this truth, there is no doubt, for man knows little of Gods'  
thought,  
And most, less than that! Though stories they tell, they know but  
naught,  
"This is something you must never tell, for your sake, others must  
never know,  
After I tell you this, things will become apparent, even more so, as  
you grow!"

"It was in the days, when, for the Greeks, as mercenaries we  
battled,  
That as a warrior I had my bones thoroughly rattled,  
My final fight,  
That.....  
Sent me to the golden light.  
Olaf the mighty was on my left, Segor the wolf was on my right,  
We had travelled so far for this great fight.  
We three men were unbeatable, when together we fought,  
For, we gave no quarter, great havoc with sword and axe we wrought,  
But, just before battle was joined,  
Sure victory was stolen from us, purloined,  
Some dirty jackals behind us had turned,  
That day, some filthy gold, for themselves had earned,  
First was Segor, a spear, his head split,  
Olaf then turned round, in the eye with an arrow was hit,  
Then five more in his body, blood spurted through teeth grit,

**Here ends the brief taster extract.....**

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