**The Vikings are Here***( A narrative in the words of a village that is being attacked )*
It all started as I was on the hill behind the village minding my father's sheep. I could see the small village southward. The market was full of people. Beyond the village I could see the tower that had been built in the monastery. This tower had been built because we had heard about the Vikings. They had attacked and destroyed a village and monastery to the north. In this tower we could store our valuables and the people could have a protected shelter.

There was a strong wind blowing from the north as I watched the waves smash against the rocks. Far out at sea I could see a tiny object. I couldn't tell what it was. At first I thought it was one of the fishing boats returning but as it came closer I could see a brightly coloured sail. It was a Viking ship!

There was no time to waist. I must leave the sheep and warn the villagers that the Vikings are coming. To all the farmers I met I shouted, "The Vikings are coming!". They ran with me to the village however people began to panic. Mothers ran to collect babies and small children. They also, as well as the wives, hugged loved ones and promised to pray for them. Children and the old began to cry. My mother told me to act brave and gave me her necklace for good luck. Then all the mothers, children, and elderly hurried to the tower for safety.

Fathers and sons picked up the weapons. We had made wooden shields, axes, spears, knives, and swords. Myself had a wooden shield and a sword. Our leader shouted, "Victory to the Us. Down with the Vikings!", and we set off to the beach to battle the Vikings. The Viking ship was closer to the shore now. We could hear their blood-cuddling cries and shouts. The coastline was rocky and the sea was rough due to the wind blowing. Perhaps the weather was on our side for once.

The Vikings were swimming to the shore to start fighting with us. I began to fight with a Viking who was very strong and fierce. When the Viking turned around because someone called him, I gashed him in the chest with my sword.

Our village fought bravely and long; many of us died, but more of our men waited on the beach in case any Vikings came out of the sea. The Vikings clothes were heavy because of the seawater and we could lift our swords and axes higher and quicker than the Vikings. The sea was red with our blood. The noise of swords clashing and cries of pain had stopped. The Vikings who were not killed had swum back to their ship. We had won, but what would happen next time? They would avenge.

K.C. Evans

Period 6

Viking Narrative