

The Adventures of Fridgerd Herjoldottir.

Gather round, gather round my friends, for I am about to tell a tale of twisted magic and heart-strength that has been told for countless years...

More than a thousand years ago, Denmark was a very dangerous place. Dark wizards roamed the foggy hills, creating vile monsters full of malice to carry out their evil-doing. You never knew who to trust; yet the King of Denmark – Lorcus was his name- was determinedly not afraid.

To help his people forget about the sinister spells and plots of the forest, Lorcus decided to triple the security of Ormskirke (his magnificent kingdom) by building a magnificent oak and mahogany fortress that spread far and wide, spreading the majority of the kingdom. To build it, he hired only the finest builders, and, after many moons, the fortress was complete. All of Ormskirke stood, marvelling at it as though Odin had granted them a reward of never-ending riches. That night, a huge feast was held in Lorcus' name. But their happiness was to be very short-lived...

A shadow appeared in the darkness, stalking through the withered trees; its bulking figure – half human, half mare- was malevolently matted with spindly twigs, dying leaves and all sorts of oddments from the trees. Mordin the centaur was out for revenge. He had lost his home. He had lost his family. There was nothing else to lose but his life. He charged forward hooves flying like the wind, nothing on his mind apart from getting sweet revenge on the careless, careless humans that destroyed his family and everything he owned. Their leader will never foresee in a million years what he will see in the morning, Mordin thought. And how right he was...

The ground was a gory mess. Stone-still corpses scattered the area, surrounded by a pool of blood. The kingdom was *horrified*. How in all of Midgard could there heroic King Lorcus let this happen?

But the attacks didn't stop there. They kept coming, as if the world was trying to cause them harm. For ten long, soul-mourning years, the people were afraid, fearing that this day could be their last.

News of these dreadful night-happenings spread far, far, and even further than that, but not one single warrior rose to this daring challenge. Until, one early evening, just before Lorcus was to begin his feast, a ragged sail appeared in the distant shores. Lorcus' men immediately leapt to their feet and ran to the coastline to ensure this newcomer was safe. They returned a few minutes later,

leading a battered, beaten, blandly-dressed young woman. She claimed her name was Fridgerd, and after Lorcus told her of his troubles, she instantly agreed to help him defeat this bitter beast of the night. Yet, at the sumptuous feast held in the name of her lucky arrival, she ate not one bite! This stirred confusion amongst many at the table, but Fridgerd knew what she was doing.

A few hours later, Lorcus left the party to escort Fridgerd to the edge of the kingdom, giving her a few words of wisdom along the way, yet Fridgerd stubbornly listened to none of it. She knew what she was doing, so why waste her time listening to a crackpot old fool who wasn't even brave enough to defeat what she was just about to defeat? She eventually got so bored she called for her birds with an ear-splitting "CAAAAAAW!" that gave the king a start. The last he saw of Fridgerd disappeared in a whirl of black feathers.

The battle that followed a few minutes later was a very ferocious one, but neither of the combatants were thinking of going home defeated, or not going home at all. But Mordin was no match for Fridgerd, who would fight to the death to defend her title. Within ten minutes, Fridgerd made Mordin nothing more than a depressing sight of blood, bone, flesh and guts. He had been viciously swiped, slashed, whipped, lashed, hit, thrashed, pounded and thumped. The monster had been vanquished. The hero had triumphed. Yet Fridgerd Herjoldottir was never seen again...