

# THE WORLD'S WORST VIKING

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VIKING

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## PROLOGUE

“What shall we do All-Father?” The voices of Viking Gods echoed through the large hall. “Loki grows more powerful by the day,” said Freya (Goddess of love and beauty).

“You are right, I fear something tragic may happen. He has been quiet around me recently. He is planning something I can feel it.” Frey (God of rain, sun and good fortune) looked down anxiously.

“Don’t worry, we can do this. We may have lost Baldur, but it’s okay,” Tyr (God of war) comforted.

“We are Gods, we will figure this out.” Odin (king of gods) began staring in to the future. A smirk appeared on his face.

“We just have to wait...for Bjorn...”

## CHAPTER 1

### THE PLAN

Bjorn sat on a barrel looking out to the view of the Saxon village, wishing he was lying on his bed at home. But it seemed the more he wished it, the slower the long ship journey became. Bjorn looked around. He would never be like *any* of the Vikings here.

“So...how are you going to torment those Saxons?” This was Leif, Bjorn’s friend. “I am thinking of hanging the child of a Saxon upside down over the sea and threatening the parents that I’ll drop him unless they give me gold!”

“Great.” Bjorn continued to sit.

“And what about you?”

“Huh?” Bjorn hadn’t really been listening. He never listened to anything any Vikings said. He honestly tried to, but he couldn’t bare listening to them blabbing on about battles, blood and gore and

that is basically what any Viking ever talked about other than mead.

“I’m not sure if I want to torment them,” Bjorn said.

“What...?!You ... you ... you just have to; it’s our nature! Your father is the chief, if he found out he would take away your future role of being Chief Bjorn and ground you for eternity! But don’t worry, because when he grounds you, I will tell him... I will tell him... something that hopefully won’t get me in trouble...” Leif said, though this did nothing but raise Bjorn’s anxiety. Everyone had been expecting him to be the best Viking of all time, but all Bjorn ever did was fail, again and again and again.

Just as he was about to get lost in his thoughts again, all of a sudden Bjorn was grabbed by the hip and drawn over to his father.

“You see that, sonny? The delightful sound of children enjoying life before their doom. Ahhhhhh, so calming. This is what I like to see before a raid!” Bjorn’s father was now laughing viciously and uncontrollably. “Eh, you know what, son, I’ve got a job for you. Go and find the most beloved child in the Saxon village, bring the child

here and we shall sail away with him or her. They will come after us to get the child back leaving the village free to steal from, and hey, it's Saxons VS. Vikings who do you think is going to win? So, what do you say?"

Bjorn had barely enough time to process the plan. "Uh... Well..."

"Great! It's settled then! You're making the right choice; it will be fun!"

"Yeah...fun..." Bjorn replied uneagerly.

## CHAPTER 2

### VALA-WHAT?

Crows and ravens swooped down to grab bits of radish from the Saxon farm, but soon flew away as the mist cleared and the Viking long ship hit the edge of the island. Vikings ran out shouting as the Saxons scattered away from the farm and in to their houses.

Bjorn was the only Viking who wasn't rushing towards the Saxon village. In fact, he was walking very slowly, bit by bit, step by step... But then, suddenly, he saw someone, a girl. She wasn't running to a house like every other person, she was running to the woods. Bjorn was so intrigued by this strange scene that he dropped his axe and ran after her. "Bjorn? Bjorn, wait!" Leif ran after Bjorn immediately.

The girl suddenly stopped, staring at what seemed to be a destroyed stone ruin. Bjorn was about to ask why she wasn't running for safety, but before he could open his mouth, she instantly turned around and held a dagger in front of him!

“What are you doing here?!” she snarled.

“Well...um...it’s easy to explain...you see, I am a Viking. My name is Bjorn and I am here to...uhhh, I’m here to...to uhhh,” Leif suddenly burst through the thick bundles of leaves and bushes breathlessly.

“He is a Viking and is here to explore this forest and kidnap you. So, you know...run away,” Leif said making weird and awkward gestures with his hands.

“Oh, praise Odin,” Bjorn whispered while sighing. *Leif must’ve heard me from outside the forest,* he thought.

“And your name is...?” the girl said.

“Leif,” he said. “Leif Hansson. You?”

“Avery. Well, it looks like your family of Vikings is clearing up now, so, leave,” Avery said. Leif and Bjorn looked at her like she had been stalking them their whole lives. “Look I have been doing this a lot longer than you have ever lifted up an axe. So, Bjorn, was it?” she continued.

“Yes.”

“Nice knowing you.” Avery had an innocent-but-fake smile on her face and before the two children knew it, they were whisked away into an argument. Without Bjorn and Avery realising, Leif slowly trotted towards the destroyed ruin, finding something extraordinary.

“Uhhh...Bjorn, Avery, can you come here a second...?” he inquired worryingly.

“What?” Avery moaned.

“I found the Valhalla symbol on the ruin,” Leif said.

“Wait, Vala-what?” Avery questioned.

## CHAPTER 3

### VALHALLA

“Well obviously if it has the Valhalla symbol on it, we should stay away from it, right? What if it’s a portal? There is a very high chance it is portal,” Leif said biting his nails. He had a habit of doing this. If he used the wrong axe, he would start biting his nails. If he accidentally hit a baby bear, he would start biting his nails. Whenever he had a problem, those nails of Leif would take a beating.

“What is Valhalla?” Avery asked, sounding a bit annoyed.

“Father did say no living Viking has ever laid their eyes on Valhalla, so maybe we could be the first to see it?” Bjorn suggested.

“What is Valhalla?” Avery repeated.

“But it’s Valhalla!” Leif protested.

“WHAT IS VALHALLA?!” Avery shouted.

“The land of those Vikings that have died a noble death in battle,” Leif explained breathlessly.

“And if you were a Viking that died in any other way, you would go to Hel.” Bjorn continued.

“So, you’re scared of dead people, that died in a battle?” Avery sounded unimpressed.

“They must’ve been very tough though...” Leif said still biting his nails.

“Well, I’m going through the portal. They’re just dead people. What harm can they do?” Avery said confidently.

“Umm, by any chance are you normally known as the most beloved child here?” Bjorn asked remembering his father’s words.

“Well, I assume so, I usually get the most attention and whenever I go to the forest, everyone starts looking for me,” Avery replied.

“Bjorn what are you doing?” Leif asked.

“Please can we have a few seconds?” Bjorn turned to Leif and started whispering to him. “Remember what my father said? If we

gain the girl's trust, we can trick her in to coming to our ship and my father will be proud of me for once!"

"Yes, amazing, but what about Valhalla?" Leif asked.

"It's probably not a real portal. It was probably created by some Saxon stone carver who got bored and carved the Valhalla symbol in the ruin," Bjorn answered.

"Okay...," Leif said though he didn't seem convinced.

"We're going with you," Bjorn said turning around towards Avery.

"Great." Avery got on all fours, searching for stones as the two Viking boys waited impatiently. She picked up a small flat stone and scraped her dagger against it, creating sparks that flew towards the ruin and then, suddenly, the ruin lit up with a bright shade of purple.

"Whoa..." The three children stared in awe as the ruin continued to shine brightly with enchantment. Avery looked at it with curiosity and reached out her hand to the portal. She instantly took it back as an electric current zipped through her body. The children turned to each other and nodded. They all walked through at once...

## CHAPTER 4

### A MEETING WITH THE GODS

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!"

Leif was jumping around frantically whilst screaming as if it was the last time, he was ever going to do it again.

"HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN?!"

The three children stood there in the centre of Bifrost (a giant rainbow bridge leading to all realms), looking around for the portal they had just come through.

"Thi-thi-this just...it just doesn't m-make an-any sense. Th-the portal, the...portal, it was right here...RIGHT HERE!!!" shouted Leif starting to lose his breath.



“LEIF!! Stop! We can still get out of here, Father gave me a map of Yggdrasil, the tree of life. We are on Bifrost and to get back, we need to find Odin. So, we need to go to Valhalla to find him and the other gods,” Bjorn clarified whilst pulling out his map of Yggdrasil.

“Uhhhhhhh, we’ve been walking for hours...! By the time we get to Valhalla my mother is bound to be 1,846 years old!!!”- Avery complained. “I swear we are heading the wrong way.”

“Stop over reacting! We’ve only been walking for a couple of minutes. We’ll be there in about...” Bjorn stopped talking and looked up at the rest of the long bridge, “about 578 days...”

Leif groaned. “There is nothing to eat here! How are we ever going to make it up the legendary long bridge of extreme tiredness and boredom!”

Suddenly, something whizzed past the trio.

“Avery! Stop making that sound!” Leif shouted.

“I wasn’t doing anything!” Avery shouted back.

“Well, it was obviously someone who made that sound!” Leif replied. Avery scoffed.

A bird’s squawk echoed through the realm as a raven suddenly sat on Bjorn’s helmet.

“Where are you heading?” said a voice.

“What was that?” exclaimed Bjorn.

“Am I hearing things or is your helmet talking to us?” Leif asked.

“If I am not hallucinating, then there is a talking raven on Bjorn’s helmet,” Avery replied.

“No, you are not hallucinating. I do talk.” The raven flew down from Bjorn’s helmet and on to the ground. “So, answer my question, where are you heading?”

“Hold on,” said Leif. “You look like one of Odin’s ravens! Only I thought that you couldn’t talk?”

“- Well, what a fabulous observation. Now, where were you heading?” the raven interrupted.

“We’re trying to get to Valhalla,” Avery explained.

“Oh, I’m afraid you’re a long way from Valhalla!” commented the raven.

Avery glared at Bjorn.

“Come on, follow me, I’ll show you the way.”

“But, my map... it says we’re nearly-” Before Bjorn could finish his sentence, Leif, Avery and the raven all began heading in the other direction.

“Wait for me!”

“This doesn’t look like how I imagined Valhalla,” said Bjorn.

“Well, looks aren’t everything,” replied the raven.

“So, if you just walk a little bit to the right and then forward.”

“Okay,” replied the trio as they began to do as instructed.

“Avery, Bjorn, something doesn’t feel right about this,” Leif said.

“What do you mean, Leif, everything is faaaaAAAAAAAHHHHH!”

Avery accidently tripped over a string and then all of a sudden...

BOOM!!!!!!!

The trio were locked in a cage! Smoke covered the raven and then the unthinkable happened. Where the raven had been sitting, the

trickster god, Loki appeared. The raven had gone and Loki was grinning diabolically.

“Wait a minute, we’re not in Valhalla, we’re in Muspelheim! Home of the fire giants! And you’re Loki, the trickster god. You were disguised as a raven!” Bjorn exclaimed.

“Well, well, aren’t we smart?! Yes, I AM Loki and I have a plan that no one can know about, so I need a distraction and you three are perfect. Now, I don’t exactly know how you three got down here, but if I’m going to succeed, I need you to distract everyone.” Loki ran off at the speed of light while Avery was shaking the cage vigorously.

“This is all my fault...,” said Bjorn. “I should have just been a better Viking.”

“It is-” BANG “It is-” BANG “It is no-” BANG “AVERY PLEASE CAN YOU STOP SHAKING THE CAGE!!!” Leif shouted.

“Okay...” sighed Avery.

“It’s not your fault, Bjorn,” Leif comforted.

“Wait, I think I’ve got an idea. Giants are like super giant, right?” Avery asked.

“Yeah. Why do you think people call them GIANTS, genius?” Leif commented.

“Well, my point is, if they are so big, they have big strength. So, if we could get a giant to grab this cage, do you think the cage would break?”

“We can try it,” suggested Bjorn.

“Okay...”

“Alright then. Everyone start shouting and try to attract the giants,” commanded Avery.

The children waved their arms around and began shouting the rudest words they could think of, but their tiny squeaky voices were almost nothing in this giant’s land. No matter how loud they shouted, the giants couldn’t hear them. Bjorn had had enough! He grabbed his helmet and threw it as hard as he could towards the giant. The giant turned around and was fuming to see the little boy shouting at the top of his voice, the rudest things about giants ever.

In fact, the giant was so mad that smoke began pouring out of his ears and three little flames lit up on his head.

“HOW DARE YOU SPEAK BADDLY OF MY CREATURES!!!” the furious giant bellowed.

The giant reached for the cage and slipped. The chain broke and faster than sound, faster than light, the cage fell to the ground and shattered in to a million pieces.

“Quickly, we have to get to Asgard. Bjorn, where is your map?” Leif ordered.

“Oh no, I think I dropped it when we were tricked by Loki,” Bjorn replied.

“But we can’t go to Asgard without it we’ll get lost!”

“Don’t look at me. It was you two that wanted to follow him!” Bjorn said.

While the three children argued something swooped above them.

“I can help you get to Asgard,” said a voice.

It was Freya, goddess of love and beauty! She was flying above the three children using her falcon cloak.

“How do we know that you’re actually the goddess Freya and not Loki disguised as Freya?” enquired Avery.

“Because I saw you a few minutes ago following Loki. But just like you, I didn’t know it was Loki until I saw you in that cage that just you smashed.”

“Okay, but I am not getting tricked again!” said Avery through gritted teeth.

The trio jumped on to Freya and soon were soaring above Bifrost towards Asgard.

“I see Loki!” shouted Bjorn, and he was right. There was Loki, standing right in front of the Asgard entrance.

“What are you doing, Freya?” Loki stared in disbelief as Freya swooped down next to him.

“I should be asking the same of you, Loki,” Freya replied.

“I’m about to get revenge on all of you.” Loki transformed in to an owl and soared over the entrance of Asgard with Freya following him, but it was too late. Before anyone knew it, disaster struck. At the very back of Asgard, there lay a cage holding the all-powerful beast, Fenrir, the giant wolf. Loki landed on the cage and shook it as hard as possible.

“He’s heading for Fenrir!” gasped Freya.

“Who is Fenrir?” asked Bjorn.

“Loki’s giant wolf son, so dangerous that it took Tyr himself a long time to tie him up.”

“This is not good...”

Loki fiddled and gambled with the lock, until suddenly, it broke. Fenrir opened his eyes, exposed his claws and growled viciously. Loki grinned as Fenrir flexed his muscles and broke free from the chain and the cage. A huge crashing sound echoed through Asgard and all the Aesir gods rushed outside to see Loki stroking Fenrir on the neck.

“LOKI!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” screamed Odin.

Fenrir growled, "My father did the reasonable thing by releasing me and I shall do the reasonable thing too, destroying you."

"So be it, but if we, the Aesir gods, win, you shall be sent down to Hel without your father," Odin said.

"And if I win," Fenrir said. "Loki and I shall rule Asgard and feast on those three children." Fenrir glared at Bjorn, Leif and Avery, licking his lips. The Aesir gods got into their positions for battle as the trio stood behind them.

"CHARGE!!!"

Loki transformed in to Odin and transformed Odin in to him.

Thinking that he was Loki, Thor swung his hammer at Odin and, luckily, missed.

"Thor, what is the meaning of this?" said Odin.

Loki smirked and shapeshifted to his original form, doing the same for Odin. Odin aimed his spear at Fenrir who was fighting Frey, but Fenrir was quick and nimble. Just in time, he dodged the spear and got back into the battle. It was not looking like there was a bright future for Asgard. No matter how much the Asier gods tried, it

seemed Loki and Fenrir were destined to win. But not only was Asgard at stake; Bjorn, Avery and Leif were also at stake too. They knew they had to do something, but had no idea what they were going to do.

"What should we do? If we don't do something, then Asgard will be destroyed," Avery exclaimed.

"We can't do anything! We're just children!" Leif replied.

Just then, Bjorn caught sight of the fire giant he had annoyed in the distance.

"I have an idea..."

## CHAPTER 5

### THE BATTLE BEGINS

Bjorn just finished tying a rope.

“So, you think this’ll work?” Avery asked.

“Positive,” Bjorn replied.

“I think.”

Leif stood at the top of Asgard.

“All set!”

“Okay...”

Bjorn and Avery held on to each side of the rope.

“You know what to do?” Bjorn questioned.

“Yes, maybe. I think so,” Leif answered.

“Good. Well, if we die, it was good knowing you two, and Leif, if you get back, tell our story.”

Bjorn and Avery prepared themselves for the worst and jumped off Asgard and on to the giant’s foot, tripping him up. Leif ran over to the Asier gods shouting, “EVERYONE GET OUT OF THE WAY!!!!!!”

The giant continued to fall down towards Asgard, as the Asier gods scattered. All the gods made it to safety, but Loki was stuck, staring at the plummeting giant in shock. The giant crashed down on Asgard smashing a piece of land and taking that piece down with him – the same piece of land that Loki and Fenrir were on. Down, down, down the three fell, when suddenly...

THUD!!!

They landed at the ground of Midgard.

“Bjorn, Avery?” Leif said, poking his head through cloudy mist that covered the ground. Leif was about to give up and go over to Odin to ask if it was possible to get back to earth when he heard something suspiciously like Bjorn.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!” screamed the voice.

“Bjorn?”

“Stop whining!” shouted another voice.

“Avery?”

All of a sudden, Bjorn and Avery came crashing through, swinging on a rope!

“Bjorn, Avery!” Leif exclaimed.

The two swooped in and landed face first on the ground. They immediately got up and hugged each other.

“Well, amazingly done children,” praised Odin. “Whatever battle you three were in to get you here, it must have been a big one.”

“Actually, Odin, we weren’t in a battle. We got here by accident. Can you help us get back?” Bjorn asked.

“After what you have done for Asgard, of course I can,” he said.

Odin took out his spear and chanted a spell and Bjorn, Avery and Leif teleported back to earth.

*The End*

*Or is it?*

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Bjorn is a Viking. Not a very good one though. Okay, he's the worst Viking, and everyone has been saying so ever since he failed fighting, farming, raiding, dog walking, building and picking up an axe. But just when all hope is lost, something extraordinary happens and if he will ever want to go back to his original life, he will have to embark on a journey.