



[The Viking Chronicle](#) | [News from the Viking Era](#)

[The saga of Hunding Hrothulfsson](#)

[The saga of Sigwulf Sigwulfsson](#)

[Free Prize Draw](#) | [Events](#)

Hail and well met!

It is said that we reap what we sow but with Godwin closing in on Sigwulf and his allies is it Sigwulf or Godwin that is about to pay for their actions. In the continuing sagas of Hunding and Sigwulf it's a time of new beginnings for both of them. Sigwulf seeks out the Byzantine Emperor to make him an offer he hopes he won't refuse and Hunding is offered a commission that will take him to the East but what is this mysterious newcomer hiding.

Also don't forget to check to see if you have won a family pass to the JORVIK Viking Centre in our Free Prize Draw and remember to check the events list to make sure you don't miss out on some fantastic events that will be taking place over the next few months. Remember to book early to avoid disappointment.



News from the Viking Era | Godwin Goes North

By Sigwulf Sigwulfsson aka Neil Tattersall

As we leave our wonderful northern summers that still contain lashing rain and blowing winds that sandwich in the rare few sunny days we actually get, much has transpired, with events rapidly being blown along at the gale's pace. You will recall that my friends and I undertook a rather audacious raid on a Welsh monastery nearly one year past, and just over half a year ago a man called Godwin Alcuinsson arrived looking for us, the perpetrators. Since his arrival and rather hasty dispatching of Arinbjörn Guðrødsson, the rest of us have laid low and kept ourselves out of the watchful gaze of Godwin's spies. Of course we have made full use of the inside information of Olaf Bedesson, who kindly pointed out to us each of the local men that Godwin has recruited to pass on any and all information that they hear, regardless of how seemingly mundane that information might be. Well in the weeks that have past we found a few things out about Godwin too.

It would seem that Godwin has a habit of running away from things in his past, he may be good at clearing up other people's problems but that is merely a distraction from his own problems and gives him a sense of direction. The church overall sounds like it serves this "purpose" for him very well. Slightly more bizarre is his habit of keeping a particular pet; Godwin takes great pride in keeping a tame seagull, a shite-hawk, which he calls Scain. I even spoke to him about it one evening over a cup of mead. I said that I wasn't a fan of seagulls as they eat all the bread that I occasionally throw to the Moorhens in the River Foss, next to my home. That they are scavengers who take what is not theirs, and that they do not even belong in this area. All the seagulls, in my opinion, should return from whence they came. Godwin said he felt that Seagulls were noble birds who overcame whatever stood in their way and that the Moorhens shouldn't be so soft. He hoped the Seagulls would eventually drive the Moorhens out of Jorvik entirely. Do you know, I think he was hinting at something? Well, so was I. He went on to say how he saw a lot in common between Seagulls and Scandinavians, coming from the sea, inhabiting the shores and taking what they liked, and that he thought I would appreciate them more. He for one took great pleasure in being master over one such creature and would delight in commanding more, or eradicating them if they refused to bend to his will. Or should that be the church's will?

Anyway, recently some more bad news came my way as it all kicked off once again here in Jorvik. It would seem that one of Godwin's spies managed to learn some information about Asbjörn. Some of the silver he

had used to purchase oysters from Helga Wide-Bottom was unfortunately recognised as silver pennies from the south of Wales, and Helga being an unscrupulous character with an agenda, greedy for money, sold this information to Godwin's men. Without wasting any time Godwin assembled his nasty little gang of thugs and set out to find Asbjørn. They found him spending time with Börk by the bridge near Micklegate, sheltering from the rain, enjoying a drink with some friends. As Godwin's men rode into view and caught sight of Asbjørn, they spurred their horses into a gallop, intent on not giving Asbjørn or any friends time to escape. Seeing them approaching with such haste Asbjørn and Börk fearing the worst, dashed off into town to hide amongst the houses and market stalls of the city.

Olaf came to see me with news of what was happening. Alarmed, I thanked him for the warning and sent a young rider and horse with instructions to find Asbjørn, give him the horse, and for him to get out of the city for a while, possibly go north to East Lothian, were it is believed his brother Morgrim and Oddr Godricsson currently reside as soldiers for hire. Little did I know that my own half-brother Börk was with him.

Meanwhile Asbjørn and Börk ran through the narrow crowded streets of Jorvik trying to evade capture at the hands of Godwin's men, ducking amongst market stalls and barging through people's workshops. As they rounded one corner the young rider hailed them and had to urge both to take the horse and ride north. Thanking the rider whose name was Guthrum, they set off for the hills north of town; hesitant at first but realising it was the best course of action. As they sped on through the wind and rain toward the hinterland, Godwin's cronies spotted them and gave chase. Racing out of town onwards through trees, hedges and puddles, the fugitive pair tried in vain to lose their pursuers over a few miles of rough ground, heavy with foliage. Looking back over his shoulder Asbjørn could no longer see Godwin and his men. Just then as thunder clapped deafeningly in the sky, their horse jumped, leaping over a large fallen tree in the road; its back end catapulting Asbjørn clear off its back to land heavily in the mud and grass, rolling to a halt on the ground. Börk pulled hard on the reins to turn and pick his companion up, but as he did so, around the trees Godwin came flying ahead of his followers. Asbjørn picked himself up out of the dirt, wrestling with his cloak and looked around him, realising there was nothing he could do for Börk or himself, urged Börk to keep going or both their lives would be forfeit. Having no choice but to continue, Börk rode on as hard as he could, glancing backwards just in time to see Godwin's brutes surround his friend, momentarily silhouetted under a backdrop of lightening.

This is about as much as I know now of my friends. I only know this much as Guthrum was sent north to liaise with them both, to make sure they had found Morgrim and Oddr okay.

Börk is safely with them but we have heard nothing more of Asbjørn since he was taken. I pray to the Gods that he is okay. I fear he is no longer with us, as for certain he is no longer in our city if indeed he is still in this world at all. Börk by his association and actions has now incriminated himself in the eyes of Godwin; who knew not of his involvement before this encounter. It is only a matter of time now before Godwin's lot learn of the rest of us, whether it be through Börk or Asbjørn. We can only wait. I have since warned Bruni and Aslak to be careful and always on their guard. As a result Bruni has gone south to visit her brother Leifr for a while, and Aslak has disappeared into the East Thirthing for a spell. They'll be okay.

As for Godwin, that scumbag has chosen to follow my half-brother to Lothian, in order to search for clues up there, cold as he knows he is on that trail. Tiring of the game in Jorvik he has left his spies here for now to do his dirty work for him. We'll see how long he can stay away from Jorvik. After all, in the eyes of the Church he has a mission to fulfil down here. In my eyes, he has an ever increasing debt to repay.



Hunding's Way East | Chapter 1

By Alan Lancaster

'Has anyone told you about the riches of the east?' a newcomer asked Hunding one night in the alehouse, when Osferth gave him time off.

'I have heard of these things, aye', Hunding finished his ale and thumped the beaker down onto the board he sat at. He screwed up his eyes and stared through the smoke in the great room, 'Why do you ask?'

Tall, heavily built but strong, to go by the thickness of his wrists, and greying at the temples, the newcomer looked well-off. But if he was moneyed, why did he need another man's help to ship goods to the east?

'I was given word of a load of Aenglisc swords and un-dyed bales of wool that a merchant nearby wishes to trade beyond the Danisc isles, but has no spare ships. The owner, a well-known weaponsmith and wool dealer from Threske, has a trading partner whose ships are out at sea coming from Dyflin and Hlimrekr with goods from the Erse Danes. If you could find a ship, there is a good market in the east for good weaponry and woollen goods from this kingdom', the newcomer earnestly told him.

'Who told you about these swords and the wool?' Hunding searched the man's eyes for the lie he somehow knew was there.

'You know how word gets about', the answer came.

There was no lie, but all the same, knowledge of the man's background was needed before Hunding was happy with this little nugget of news.

'How would you gain from my taking these goods overseas?' Hunding held out his beaker to be filled by the wench who wandered from bench to bench, half asleep from the smoke and sweet smell of ale or mead – there were those who could afford it, the alehouse keeper knew – and slapped her backside as she tottered on to the next bench.

She laughed wearily and called out, 'You want me to tell your lover, Wulfwila that you smacked my behind?'

'By all means', Hunding laughed back, 'if it makes you happy. She would never believe you, anyway!'

Then came her parting shot, 'You are sure of that?'

Hunding laughed again, smacked the board with the side of his palm and sent the newcomer's ale slopping out onto the board. 'Sorry', Hunding's smile went and he offered the man another.

'No, I will buy you another. What do you think?' the newcomer was still smiling. He knew Hunding had already taken more than his fill and was ready to press his good luck.

'Think... you mean about buying me another drink?' Hunding laughed into his beaker.

'I mean about getting a ship to take these goods I told you of', the newcomer was smiling craftily now. The line was baited.

'I will see my master, Osferth', Hunding offered. Before lifting the beaker to his lips again he asked smilingly,

'Who shall I say told me of these goods that you say are assured of a market in the east?'

'Say a man called Lifing told you. I am staying nearby, with the weaponsmith. Everyone knows him, Wulfstan the White', Lifing told Hunding.

'Wulfstan's swords are already being traded to the east by way of the Svear merchant Adhils, who takes them on from Esbjerg', Hunding set his beaker down on the board and stared hard at Lifing. 'Do you not know this, or have you another market for them that you are not telling me of? There are many freebooters who would welcome the supply of well-made Aenglisc steel swords! The Frieslanders, amongst others who once traded in Frankisc weaponry, found the market had dried up on them when the Franks forbade merchants around the northern and eastern seas from selling their swords on beyond Northmandige and Aengla Land. I should walk away from you, Lifing. What can you say that will make me think otherwise?'

'I can say that the Rus cannot get enough fine Aenglisc swords to fight off the Avars, Bulgars and Patzinak Turks, amongst others. Would you deny them the chance to fight off their attackers who would threaten the western kingdoms?' Lifing answered, and then added, 'They will pay, and handsomely!' He knew he had said his words well, he had silenced Hunding.



The saga of Sigwulf Sigwulfsson | Chapter 9 – The Emperor & the Guard

By Neil Tattersall



Without delay Sigwulf shouldered all of his belongings and made his way through the markets to find the Emperor's Palace so that he could enquire about joining them as a mercenary if not as a full soldier of the Byzantine army. The market was a truly wonderful place full of herbs and spices such as pepper, star anise, vanilla pods, coriander and cumin as well as some more familiar things such as rosemary, ginger and parsley. Then there were the slaves and beasts all tethered up to keep them from wandering off - and by that I mean escaping - you would well want to try given that situation. There were men and women and adolescent slaves of both genders and in every conceivable shape, height and colour you can imagine. Next to them were the goats and the camels, the goats had some rather interesting horns on them, different to the goats back home in the north, and the camels, huge creatures with their massive flat feet, great lolling necks and their dopey yet disgruntled faces ready to spit at you without provocation, as they watch you through half-closed, heavily lidded eyes. Apparently these creatures are second to none at carrying you and your baggage over desert and plain. It is camels that are used to bring the silks and other exotic items from the Orientals in the Far East across the silk routes west.

Speaking of silks, Sigwulf had seen Leoba walking around wearing her green silk hood back in Jorvik when he was young but that was only a little piece of silk compared with this. Here there were so many silks and other fabrics all of the highest quality, in the most brilliant of colours arranged on stalls in bolts to be sold to whomever could afford them.

As Sigwulf made his way through the market there were not only items to be bought for later use, there were also a lot of food vendors seeking your immediate custom. The smells were incredible. Sigwulf liked food at the best of times but he had never smelt so many different combinations of flavouring or seen so many different ways to prepare all the different kinds of meat and vegetable on offer here. As if he weren't hungry anyway, those smells made him ravenous. Perusing the many foods stands, he settled on what looked fairly tame to start his time here with, as he didn't want to start his new life here with gut-rot. It was some kind of Sea Bass he chose. Payment was easy enough, Sigwulf had worried that he would need some funny looking currency but they all seemed happy with hacksilver here, just as at home. Sigwulf had had plenty of fish back in the north even a variety of bass but nothing had come anywhere close to tasting as good as the fish down here in the south did. It was incredible. Micklegård was simply astonishing; Sigwulf could not cease being amazed.

When Sigwulf finally had finished weaving his way through the massively expansive market places and winding streets, he eventually found himself on the right path to the Imperial Palace. Free from the clutter of the brightly coloured cloth covered market stalls that blocked ones view he could actually navigate by sight toward the most impressive building that was the Emperor's residence.

Upon reaching his destination, he saw that the palace typically was guarded by a large perimeter wall that enclosed the Palace grounds, with entrances guarded by gates at set intervals. The largest and most heavily guarded as would be expected was the main entrance at the front. Sigwulf made his way towards the gate and spoke to one of the guards who eyed him suspiciously but nevertheless helpfully sent a runner to get Sigwulf an escort through the palace. After a few arrangements were made Sigwulf was taken through the palace into a great hall, presented himself to Emperor John the 1st of Byzantium, and needless to say was accepted into the service of the Byzantine army as a mercenary warrior from the north. Shortly after being accepted Sigwulf was shown the way to the Military Barracks where he was to meet up with other new recruits, and the men he would be directly responsible to for the next few years; Sigwulf met the Commander-in-Chief of the army.

In the barracks Sigwulf met many other new recruits and not unlike the market place it was a mixture of all people from all cultures, but primarily from the north. There were Norsemen, Danes, a good few Angles, a few Finnish types, several Rus - a couple whom Sigwulf recognised from the trip down the Great Rivers; he had not realised that they too intended to join the Emperor's service upon arriving here - there were also a few Franks and one lone Norman, who kept himself to himself. This is where Sigwulf would remain for the next few years.

Free Prize Draw



Subscribers to The Viking Chronicle are automatically entered into our Free Prize Draw to win a family pass to the JORVIK Viking Centre which can be used whenever they want during the next 12 months.

This editions winner is Mr Ian Favell

Events

Use the following link for details of some fantastic Viking themed events that will be taking place over the next few months. Remember to book early to avoid disappointment.

<http://www.jorvik-viking-centre.co.uk/event-calendar/>

[Top of Page](#) | [Terms of Use](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact Us](#)

The Viking Chronicle © Copyright Reality Reloaded 2011