

Thursday 12th April 812 AD

Dear diary,

What a horrendous day! Our voyage has been interrupted by stormy seas and our enemy.

The journey began when the sky was blue and the sea calm, we all believed we would be safe, how wrong we were! Once dry land had disappeared from our sight, storm clouds loomed over our ships. The thunder CRASHED down and the lightning flashed, oh how we wished the Norse gods would come and help. We were terrified, I have never seen so many grown men look afraid. The ships began to sway from side to side and scared and unfortunate men started to fall over board. It was truly terrible!

After the storm had started to blow away, another problem came into our sights, the enemy! The demons started to charge their ships at us, causing cracks and sinking our beautiful vessels, we all knew the ships would soon be wrecked. I couldn’t believe the terror I saw, it as horrifying. Another problem was how were we going to survive this? Many men simply jumped over board and tried to swim, even though they could not. Then, I decided to jump, luckily, I managed to clamber on a piece of wood and drifted towards dry land without being harmed.

Now I am alone, somewhere I have never been before. I am pleased to be alive but what will become of me?

Yours,

Gorm