



That summer I saw  
four ugly battles, and  
lived to tell the tale.

All against the same lord.  
My boss had a real  
hard-on for this rival of  
his, and we harried them  
until the first frost.



The last engagement was pure hell,  
climbing a hill straight into their spears.  
It was a wee hill, but I challenge anyone  
to climb even a short set of stairs with an  
ugly bastard at the top waiting to kill  
you. See how eager you are then.

But as difficult as that can be, all battles have  
that sweet spot when bowel-loosening fear turns  
into utter certainty that, yes, the tide's turned.  
You will survive. You will win this.

Killing comes fast and easy now, and you  
rejoice over the dead, because the men you  
kill are all good warriors, strong pagans,  
proud Sword-Norssk you will soon meet  
again in the feasting hall of Valhalla.



You will drink and eat  
and laugh. You'll sing  
songs and swap stories.

This is how it's  
supposed to be.

But not all lords  
take defeat well.


Some are bitter, jealous,  
miserable pricks that no one  
wants to get drunk with,  
and they know it.

They came for  
me three nights  
later.

To my home.









The village was  
a total loss.

They blamed me.  
Rightly so.



The battle  
followed me  
back here.



This was  
designed to  
punish.



It was her.