

Medieval Fiction

North Land

Hark! I will tell you a story: North Land; its Spirit and its Spoken, its Sword and its Sheath, its Warriors and Meadskulls and Maiden Vine. I took the vow of poverty. I ran down the steep mountain decline with stones falling beneath my feet to a feed-trough lull like a true serf. I hear warriors in the land brandish tempered swords in higher-field plains by day and amongst the thickets of storm in the forest by night. They travel past to the ocean's fire, heading north to the mountains and beyond to where the silent sun once rose and is now dripping aslow. There is a field beyond the mountains where the sun once rose and is now dripping aslow in sorrow. I hear game farers stammer though beauty. I serve thee well, my Lord. We all have our place in your estate; all with portions to eat; some the more pitch of meadskulls and wineskins. He is my Lord, I am his vassal. I am allotted on the crown non-allodial to serve thee and feed them well for the good of common servanthood. The Kingdom in the North fares thee well of the Sovereign Lord. Many a game farer dares gain trod in the warring land of the unskulltrodden. Raise Thy Horn! By My Hilt! By My Troth! Tarry North for my Sovereign Lord. See for Thyself: Thy Kingdom Come: Northern Geats Rise in Great! Many a men of battle-armor from the ship's pry wield swords in jest at breastplates from water to land and unto the mountain-helm fortress. Swaying down the shields of priss wood under did Geats sway the undertow and rise salt to face the sway back and forth and wield the shield. Sword first and all for nought upwards. Strain on through the sea monster mire kneebound. Raise thy head glorious and trudge down ill-swish. Raise high and swing thy foot-stomp at the foam down under. Betrodden we tread you easily, our enemies be the the closer for tempered clash. From the onset of the water-gape the land looks uninhabitable; no male forthcomings to sound a wood-shudder or lock steel-blade to surround. The thickets beyond the shore rise up as a sure sign of our compass: North and norther still. Slam thy foot sure on the sandstorm and stand. Hya! Head North beyond Damascus thy steed. Surge from the shanked water. Rise and spray the salted sea-crawl like dragon-fire from the lair. Anglo Saxons, Old English of North Land, may the onslaught never interfere with a people not theirs. This day God be honoured and augmented. Though the sea. Through the sand. Through the thickets. Through. Through. Through. Through and through, upward to the mountain-helm we rise. Our steeds nay and nay in distress as we yea and yea them forward to the onslaught yet hidden though they will surely come to us envisioned. Enliven me of the plan forward to the froward. Our warriors! Our steeds! Our people! Our land! A vouchsafe of a keepsake-valour, men renown. Ready for battle are we in shod-uprising from the sea's mouth in iron-clad with thunderous hooves to put you down asunder and bury this day. Warriors, set your face as flint, raise high the hilt-brow of steel and shaft upwards beyond blade-swerve leading up onto the mountain-helm. The mountain-helm sees fit in the phosphene horizon for a makeshift dwelling of meadskull swaying and the choking and bleeding of wineskins. As tired as the preened nose, we trudge on to the mountain-helm enlightened, as once we were and as now were are all for the Sovereign Lord. Awaken in me thy blade. Sway and sing at the onslaught. From water, sand and thickets tall we rise up towering to the tallest stout warrior. Mount thy steed! Tread thy quicksand! Over and onto the thickets do we swarm the drone unending, blading up onto the greatest mountain-helm. As holy as silkworms do we slide on over ghost-sand to the forest of the night and rest down our gaze upon the great mountain-helm at Neigh. The mountain helmed further in the distance at nightfall-grey. An array of stars lit it softly; herald the day; most beautiful by the night. Swamp is the sand and mire is the mud. Kindle a fire for lines uprising to rest at its glow. Station our stories warmly for the morrow rise. Dusk falls quickly. Night the quickest still. Tomorrow we shall rise and meet our enemies wrong as surely as our swords are tempered strong. Those who keep watch, drain the tree-root and stay awake. At the first shard of light we shall venture in further aland from whence we came. We will tread down at Sodden and bury the skull-trodden. Godspeed for the venture ahead the morrow. I beseech thee, drain the flas and rise. Lord Tala, speak thy merry words. Many the warriors game-merry at heart longsword and lock your broadsword victory stories from Old English. Darksome are we with our winnowing forks waving on hard-tread, Archbishopur. You speak the goads of life and remind us of brotherhoods akin. Temper thy mind before thee temper thy sword. Strain in thy officious and thy gut. Many a man from over mead-drain became over sword-ridden. See this sword, Man of the Cloth, it strikes forward to the froward for the King. It must never fail and as tempered as it is it will never. We all drink of the One wellspring of Spirit from whom flows a river of life eternal from within our self. Trow the wine of the truest vine.

Notes

According to religion and history, North Land is the Language of the Old North of what is now known as Scandinavia and Europe. Isaiah 41:25. Poverty is a place amongst the Peasantry. Those born in Poverty will always be a Peasant unless they prove otherwise. And that is their lot. Higher-field Plains lie beyond the Mead-hall. Thickets of Storm lie beyond Higher-field Plains. Both places are training zones for Warriors. The Ocean's Fire, Headland of Sea Monster and Dragon, is where hot water spurts and molten lava flows, where Sea Monster and Dragon are One. The Field of Geysers and Lava is sulphured in the air and burnt to a cinder. It is untreadable except at the glowing Hours of Dawn and Dusk. According to the Legend of Wise Sages, Molten Rock can only be broken with a Holy Sword and at a Luna Eclipse Rocks turn to Precious Stones. The Estate: LORD & Lord: The LORD of Hosts and The Lord of Grace Hosting is Present and Portion in Word Celebrations of Food, Mead and Vine. Present. Portion. Perfect. Crown Land, land not undiscovered or uninhabited. We serve at LORD & Lord with gifts of agriculture, art, craft, defence, music and writing.