

THE DANCING PINK DRAGON AND THE VIKING PRINCE

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Word from the author

In order to enjoy the story of Biyu , the pink dancing dragon ,
I strongly recommend reading the love story of
Meng Chiang-nu and the Dragon Jian Ho , her parents .

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Biyu emerged from the sea, clutching a gemstone the sphere of jade, in her hands, and sense the life within, breathing peace. She tenderly touch that concentration of spirit, knowing that it is not a crystal ball to the future, but an element clairvoyant of the past, of her ancestral homeland of China. , the stone kept an individualistic impulse, but it has

discovered a quiet, introspective realm. she had studied the chinese script and had balked at its numerous, intricate characters, but the cool breath of the stone caught in her with its beauty long withered, she was uplifted by its promise, to soak in the ideas of the great philosophers of yore, trusting that theirs are the way she might find her true essence and nature.

Jarl Magni Mægtig thought her family had drowned in the sea or killed by the Ragnarok earthquake. He offered protection to the enchanting dumb girl and took her to his Midgard palace in kingdom Asgard .which was in ruins So he created two villages near the sea.The name of first village was Odense, means Odin's vé (shrine), and the second village Thorshøj, , means "Thor's hof" (temple).

Most Vikings lived in longhouses. These were large, one roomed houses that were made of wood and had an earth floor. They were rectangular in shape, with the length being much longer than the width. They lived in these houses with members of the immediate family and often other relatives. The living quarters of the house had a hearth in the middle to provide heat, light, and cooking facilities. There was no chimney and the smoke escaped through gaps in the roof. There was usually very little furniture. The walls were lined with broad benches that doubled as beds, and there would also be a table and a few

stools and chests.

It was comforting for Biyu in Viking longhouses she always had more time to sleep. The salty scent of the ocean drifted in lazily through the open window; I could almost taste it. A cool breeze made the wind chimes outside of the room sing a sweet tune, and the calming yet monotonous sound of waves was constant in the background. Sea gulls were crying in the sky, circling the fort

Biyu closed her eyes, loved being at the ocean, she felt as though all the sights and smells were built into her bones.

One of Biyu's favorite things to do while living with the Vikings was to watch the sunrise. That's exactly what she was doing now. The trick is to wake up early and get to the viewpoint at the right moment. Hoping she was going to get there in time, she hurried down the boardwalk still wearing her nightdress.

Biyu felt like she was in a ghost town, being the only one outside. The biting morning air danced on her shoulders and she shivered.

Finally, the first turn to enter the beach appeared. she took off her boots and moseyed down the path. The sand always felt chilly before the sun woke up, but still she stayed on its light, airy surface.

Spotting a rock and plopping herself down upon it avoiding the splintering wood wharf , she dug her

feet under the earthen turf.

Now she could watch the sky. It started at the horizon, then painted itself further up in the atmosphere. The heavens wove into itself, fading from pinks to oranges to yellows and even a tad of purple. Half of the sky was all warm coloured-clouds, and then it melted into the clear blue sky.

All of it was reflecting onto the water, creating a rainbow effect on its clear surface. The salt body had small waves licking at the shore, turning the earth a darker shade of brown.

While I was wrapped up in mother nature, she didn't notice someone had stealthily slid onto the rock next to her

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"Looks like you're enjoying yourself," the stranger said, his voice breaking the silence.

She must've jumped a mile, because he chuckled quietly.

"Sorry if I scared you, my name's Magni."

Biyu snapped up, and when she saw the blonde

man, her pulse quickened. Since when did he wake up early and walk here? She felt awkward, and not ready to face him.

Biyu looked up into his laughing eyes and forced a smile. They were a beautiful shade of green.

She must've frozen or something, because he politely moved away after the greeting and she heaved a sigh of relief

Looking back out at the ocean

“So, you like to watch the sunrise too?” Her eyes observed .

Yeah,” he answered, rubbing at his neck. “I figured it'd be nice to get out before all the people come.”

She nodded, surprised he could read her thoughts

Looked over at Magni , taking in his appearance, his muscular, straight, strong jaw; she licked her dry lips. His hair was dirty blonde, just a bit lighter than the colour of the sand, wondered how it felt to run her hand through it-- stop, Biyu. You just met him.

Oh! But the dimples on his cheeks...

The gorgeous viking was grinning .he could read her thoughts

he was the dragon whisperer and her dragon keeper

.

Panicking, Biyu wanted her feet carry her far

away from there at a fast pace, . But why did she feel that way? Why wasn't she brave enough to face him? Why did she feel guilty?

Oh God, it was hot today. The heat sat all about her as if she was in an oven, but she almost didn't care. She was kind of looking for Magni, kind of wandering. Biyu was impressed by the gentle behavior of Magni Mægtig who like his father was magnificently built with bulging biceps and proud head.

Biyu clutched the steamy basket in her hands as she ambled down the wharf once again. Did I make the right decision? she asked herself. Paying no mind to the sky, she walked with purpose onto the shore.

Biyu was breathing heavily; she felt as though she was making a big deal out of a little situation. The night before, she packed fish and brought it in her room, in the hopes of offering it as a 'nutritious' breakfast for Magni and her to share by the ocean. That would be romantic, right? Her relationship with him felt... different than anything I had ever experienced. she felt as though she needed to make a move, or it would be too late. Even though they had just met, she knew they really had something.

“Freya !” Someone yelled from behind her
She froze, sure it was Magni. He jogged to catch up to her.

“Wow, you really have a habit of sneaking up on people,” Her eyes said as he slid in beside her .
He chortled awkwardly and nodded.

“Hey, is that fried fish ?” He asked excitedly.
She nodded and opened the box, being greeted by a cloud of heat clashing with the frosty air.

Magni rubbed his hands together and licked his lips.

“I bought it, for us,” She breathed sheepishly, blushing.

He looked into her eyes and smiled.

“Thank you Freya .” They paused a second, and she could’ve sworn she saw him leaning in. But then, he gasped as if remembering something.

“What is it?” she thought anxiously.

“I have something for you too.” Magni beamed.

“R-really?” she trembled, unable to contain her childish grin.

She laid the fish basket on the ground and waited patiently while he fiddled with a small bag. Then, he pulled out a flower.

It was so beautiful, with all its bright purple petals swirling around each other, the green stem decorated with an occasional thorn.

He held it in front of him, offering it to her . She

took it and inhaled its sugary fume.

“Oh, my gosh,” she whispered. “Th-thank you.”

He was so glad the feeling was mutual.

“Do you believe in love at first sight?” he asked timidly, smiling that adorable smile that stretched up to his crinkling eyes.

“Yeah, now I do.” her thoughts reached him

Norse men would bestow upon Norse women a courtship blessing by slapping them in the face with a bouquet of beautiful purple flowers

Biyu laid the smooth, blue blanket on the rocky beach and they both sat down. Magni put his arms around her waist and pulled her closer until she was resting against his chest. They watched the sun go down and change from a light pink to violet.

"Fish and berries?" Magni asked.

She laughed as he produced an extra large bag of dried fish from his tunic pocket. They threw away all of the bones until the grass was scattered with berries stones and the palms of hands were filled with only orange and red.

They popped the fish into their mouths and continued watching the sun-set. Magni took a strand of her hair and gently put it behind her ear. Biyu faced him, and he smiled at her. Then he kissed her lips.

Nobody really understands love. Not the warriors, and certainly not the Kings. Love defies understanding because it is never the same for any one. It seems to be universal. It seems to be Timeless. But, those are just illusions because, even though it's something all experience, it's also something all experience differently. Love is an individual experience, filtered by lives and expectations. No one truly understands it because it's invariably a very different thing for each one.

Quiet as untroubled waters as another austere day gives way, allowing a sun-tanned twilight to gently coax the night awake
Magni and Biyu special time together, they watched for Hesperus in half-light of the genial summer's eve
The harvest of time's scythe has sustained them and they no longer grieve, Over the many lost evenings and things they shall never see for this special time of day God has given to them all even if the only one who enjoys it

The Vikings wore horned helmets, sported blood eagles, and they were famous grizzled barbarians raiding and pillaging their way across the seven seas.

There were two kinds of musicians known to the

Vikings, Jesters and Skalds. Jesters were held in low regard, and only the very best were accepted. One could in fact kill a jester and not receive punishment for their action. Skalds travelled the lands entertaining the courts of important Viking chiefs and kings of the realms. They would sing to the great leaders their kvads or poems.

Poetry was the gift of Odin, chief of the gods. Along with the ability to ride well, run fast, handle a sword, endure pain stoically, the ability to write verse was seen as a desirable attribute for young Viking males

Only the richest Vikings would own the complete set of available weaponry: sword, sax (a short sword), axe, spear, bow and arrows, shield, helmet and chainmail. Poorer Vikings would carry an axe or a spear and a shield. Even the poorest Vikings had access to the axe he used at the farm. The most expensive weapon was the sword, as it took the most iron to make. Rich men owned swords, the most prestigious weapon. Swords were double-edged and about 35 inches long. Most were pattern-welded, which means wrought iron strips and steel were twisted together then hammered into a blade with a hardened edge. Swords were often highly decorated and many had names such as Blood-hungry or Leg-biter. Vikings carried their swords in scabbards, worn over the shoulder and

always accessible to the right hand. Because iron was hard to dig out of the ground, weapons could be costly.

An Jotun merchant visiting, had this to say about the Viking's singing: "Never before I have heard uglier songs than those of the Vikings in Slesvig . The growling sound coming from their throats reminds me of dogs howling, only more untamed."

Another visitor compared their singing to the sound of a heavily loaded cart rolling down a hillside. The storyteller explains the sound was a result of lack of moderation in contact with alcohol. (Obviously, even back then, beer and brass music obviously went well together.)

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Viking music. Sombre chants were used for sermons and sacrifices, while a livelier tune were played at festivities; then there were the bawdy tunes sang while drinking mead.

Pan flutes made from cow's horns, bones of sheep and other animals. Horn pipes, similar to a bagpipe without the bag.

Stringed instruments: One like the lyre was played by snapping the strings similar to a guitar. The rebec - a violinish looking instrument. Harp - used most

during the Viking era.

Lur- a piece of wood parted, carved out, then joined together again. Birch bark secured the instrument.

Magni was a berserker , the most fierce and powerful of the Viking warriors. Before battle Berserkers would get into a frenzy that allowed them to ignore pain and throw thoughts of survival and safety out the window. They also dressed themselves in bear or wolf skins to make use of the fear common people had for wild animals. They would whip themselves into the battle frenzy by biting their shields and howling like animals. They were ferocious fighters and seemingly unstoppable while this madness lasted. Many tales say the berserker was actually magically immune to weapons. This concept of immunity may have evolved from the berserker's rage, during which the berserk might receive wounds, but due to his state of frenzy take no note of them until the madness passed from him. A warrior who continued fighting while bearing mortal wounds would surely have been a terrifying opponent. The berserker is closely associated in many respects with the god Odin. Legends say that Odin could shape-shift into the form of a bird, fish, or wild animal. The berserker, too, was often said to change into bestial form, or at least to assume the ferocious qualities of the wolf or bear.

Icelandic warrior-poets "skalds," sang about the viking prince

Magni mighty Son of Thor
Neo God of Thunder,
Neo God of might,
Neo God of wonder,
Neo God of right.

Great defender,
Giant's foe,
Great avenger,
Hammer's yielder,
Weapon's director,
Midgard's shielder,
Mankind's protector.

Friend to one,
Comrade to all,
Odin's grandson
Hear my call.

By my side,
In my heart,
Stride for stride,
Never apart .

On altar's ledge,
Sharp seax knife,
My blood pledge,
For Magni my life !

Harvest festival Mabon was in progress lasting 12 days

animals sacrificed, blood sprinkled on the altar and the meat later eaten at the feast.

Roasted and boiled meats, rich stews, platters of buttered root vegetables, sharp, welcome greens and sweet fruits and nuts meant a rich feast with ale and mead for all

Biyu was a dragon in true sense and was bored with eating dried fruit and fish .

She never ventured into the sea due to the fear of being discovered. Biyu sighed blissfully and walked toward the feast table.near Temple at Uppsala

She lived in the Longhouse with Audhild and her daughter Brynhild Mother and daughter tolerated her because their Jarl Magni had ordered them to keep her under their roof.

Brynhild had her eye on Magni since childhood. She couldn't stand the fact that he didn't like her at all, and she hated Biyu for it. Biyu was standing behind Magni when she looked right at her and said, " Why is this woman here ! Vikings warriors

don't even like her?"

Biyu instant reaction was to cut in and tell Magni not to even answer that, but instead he said "I don't like her." Biyu felt as though someone slapped her in the face. First she was shocked, and then completely embarrassed as Brynhild began to smirk. Biyu turned away, prepared to run out of the hall all together when Magni said, "I love her, there is a difference."

Biyu spun around feeling entirely stupid and crossed her hands on her chest thought, "I love you too."

Brynhild gave Biyu the dirtiest look, but Magni just shifted to face Biyu .

"What was that for Freya ?" he shouted , the dragon keeper had heard her again

"For being you." Biyu blushed

Chapter 20 Viking Wedding

The Skalds sang a wedding song
There is a mist like the smoke from the heavens.
Once upon a time...a long time ago in this Magni's head, he dreamed of going back in time to fix his dreams and remove the rain clouds that climbed

over him.

In this dream he had fixed his mistake, he had fought off his demon and would not accept the serpent's red apple, would not again fail his love. In this timeline, his ways were lost in the oceans of love he felt. ...There is a mist like the smoke from the heavens.

Zeus the god of all gods is curious so he came down from the Heavens. Zeus did not fall, jump or float down. He rode down his chariot of the gods down from Earth. The horses were white and designed with gold. They had a plate of gold over their heads making it look like their eyes were white. The chariot was also designed also of white and gold and had a root like design of gold and silver. The wheels were white and the spokes were gold .

As Magni had got older his body has changed. His body was chiseled and his face was as if a graceful tiger yet fearsome too.

-The bride was in a white dress, Biyu wore brightly colored veil to protect from evil spirits.

A wine blessing, with the sharing of a loving cup by the couple.

Then the couple exchanged rings

The lighting of candles, a unity candle ceremony.

Viking wedding

The hand fastening ceremony the couple tied the knot the cord remains physically tied

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