

# Varjo



By:

J.M. Batista  
J. Rodríguez

J.R. Campos  
E. Ulloa

Varja

*"Brawls and bickering I bring the gods  
their ale I shall mix with evil."*

*-Loki Lokasenna: 3*

## Chapter I

*There was complete darkness, not a single sound but a soft hum. A spark showed at my weak eyes, blinding me. I fell into the darkness, falling deeper into a pit. Suddenly there were swords clashing, still blinded. I was guided by my senses. I began to feel the hard ground. There I was, lying in the fire being unburnt. A sharp smell of blood and hot iron. Screams of death and triumph overwhelmed my ears. Men crying for they saw their deaths coming. Monstrous unknown screams arose, foreseeing that death had come. A black shape appeared in front of my weakened eyes. I could not see who or what was there. It offered me his hand. I took it, and my legs began waking, so I could stand up, with a surprising force. It pulled me up, almost ripping my useless arm off. There it was the unknown aide to me. The shadow vanished in a blink. There I saw nothing but darkness once again. I heard a scream and instinctively turned around. A white horse imbrued in blood passed through me like an elfish arrow. I closed my eyes and waited for the hit. But I felt nothing but a ticklish touch at my solar plexus. There I realized I was there, but my self was not.*

*I just stood there, watching the bodies with glassy eyes, hearing the clashing of steel against wooden shields. The view was chaotic. A fine warrior, with long blond hair, a braided beard, wearing a well-crafted steel plated armor with a heavy chainmail covering his shoulders and arms. He seemed to be at least seven feet tall. He was fighting against unimaginable, almost fantastic but scary creatures. He was outnumbered, but still he stood bravely against all. I admired his bravery and his exotic fight style. His sword dripping bold, black drops of what may have been monster blood. An enormous humanlike creature swinging a club smashed half the creatures that attacked the warrior.*

*I began running in fear. The grass was burnt and warm. Hiding behind a big rock, there was a small creature that my father used to call a dwarf. Their race was known for being naïve but yet smart. They were as tall a man's leg, ugly, robust and vigorous. Also known to be the most skilled smiths and crafters in all Yggdrasil. His armor was as black as night. A double sided battle axe with a beautifully carved inscription that I could not read or understand was being swung by him wildly at the beasts crawling from behind the rock.*

*Running behind me I could see a huge spider as big as a boar, mounted by a grayish small humanlike figure. In that moment I recall the tales Ulfrick told me about these horrendous monsters. The tale talked about them and their battle against dwarfs in the deep caves of Mótsognir. He said that they were elves cursed by the gods because of their desire of being greater than the rulers of Asgard. The punish assigned by the gods was to send them from Alfheim the land of light elves to Svartálfaheim, the land of dark elves (named in that way after them) with the aspect of horrible creatures called goblins.*

*There was an outstanding silhouette being darkened by the bright sun behind them. He had a long but strangely shaped sword. The sword was bright dark. It seemed to be made out of a crystal or rock. He swung it against another human while riding a horse as dark as his sword, surprised by his brutality and agility. Mesmerized by the half torso torn apart from its owner. I saw him riding almost dramatically behind the*

*dawn to encounter a knight. He inspired familiarity almost mirroring myself. He was in companion of the warrior I saw before, fighting those creatures. In that moment the dark knight engage in battle with them on foot. Their fighting skills where similar even though they were enemies. He was outnumbered but still the fight was even. The battle kept raging being more and more intense with every slash of their swords, in blink the companions knees touched the ground and later also his head was lying beside him covered in blood. In that moment both stop fighting and the brave warrior raised his sword with fury, rampaging against the dark knight.*

Eru woke up screaming with his eyes full of tears, feeling scared with agonizing pain in his heart for he felt empathy at the brave knight. "It was a just a nightmare." Eru said. He began walking towards his mother's chamber. A breeze cold air made him shiver. Knocking at her door he had no answer because the moon was still on the sky, and lighting softly the hallway he went back to bed but he did not managed to sleep again.

The sun came in at his window shinning against his back dripping sweat after this scary night, everything seemed so real in his dream, everything but his presence in the field because he felt he was there and was not there at the same time. It almost felt as a prophecy of the future. "May Odin take care for us" he prayed while walking to the table as his stomach rumbled with hunger. In that moment his father arrived with some fresh vegetables and a deer hanging from his shoulder.

-Agh! I missed the meat- his father said.

-It was a harsh winter- he said

-Harsh? You should've been thirty years ago when the village was flooded with thick white snow, destroying our crops and killing all the animals we could hunt. Ha! And you thought this was harsh!

Ragnar, his father, enjoyed telling him stories about his youth and mocking of his childish ingenuity. He told him tales about the gods, dwarfs, elves and everything he knew about the nine worlds of yggdrasil. Also he taught him about hunting and how to be a lumberjack. Rarely did he talk about his times of warrior when he wielded a sword and rode a horse, but those were dark times.

-Eat fast! today you are wielding a sword- his father said

-I'll look for my training sword

-Forget about it, today you are using steel real steel.

They began walking by the main road of the village, he did not know where his father was guiding him. At the distance he saw an abandoned hut. When he got closer to the hut he noticed it was not a hut but a barn. They walked around the barn and he saw something odd, there was no door or entrance. His father told to take a step back, and with a kick he broke the wood and a secret door fell and hit the ground with a dry sound. He moved some barrels and a bunch of hay that was near the corner and a hidden trapdoor showed, he took the key from his neck and carefully opened the lock. In the interior of the trapdoor a stash was found, with the same key he opened it.

-Is that your sword, the one you told me you had lost years ago?

-Aye! This is Dörlas, the sword that saved the young warrior that I was lots of times-

-Dörlas? Why is that?

-ya'll see, Dörlas was a dear friend of mine, he saved mine *arse* two or more times- he said with a sad laugh

-How is it that I hadn't heard of him?

-Oh Dörlas! A good friend of mine you where, I hope your soul rest in Vallhalla wielding your sword once again until the ragnarok.

-What happened to him?

-Just know he left me a great responsibility, arsh! Too much talking lets train!


He softly threw the sword toward his chest, as soon as he took it he felt it was as heavy as smith's mace, he tumbled and almost fell. He took the sword with two hands and raised it. Ragnar smacked his left hand with the blunt of his sword, leaving it red and palpitating.

-One hand! Be a man and raise it! - He ordered him

Years passed and the training grew harder, his father became cruel at training, telling him that he would never be a real warrior if he didn't endure the cruelty, that it was necessary for the war, also he taught him how to win a fight when outnumbered, how to take advantage of his surroundings and mostly how to use the force of his foe against itself.

He became the best swordsman in the village overcoming his own father, and so he began training on his own, but never forgetting his father's tuition. He felt no need any more to be under his parent's roof. He went to the abandoned barn, he fixed and cleaned it, and so he lived there for a year or two.

## Chapter II

 In a cold winter night he felt lonely and missed his dear mom, so he rode to his father's cabin, with his sword on his back, as always. The night was pitch dark, so he calmly rode to the hut where he had spent his childhood. He took a quick glare to the side and saw in the bushes a shadow... intrigued by the image he slowed the pace to halt. And stared firmly at the woods and concluded it was just his imagination. A fast pair of horsemen rushed past him, he did not paid much attention to them. When he was arriving to his parents' house he heard strange noises.

When he was reaching his father's lands he rushed his horse with strength for he was worried, at his arrival to the cabin he tried to open the door but it was locked. He unveiled the sword and with strength he knocked the door down, with concern and bravery. He found everything destroyed at the floor; he rushed himself toward his parent's chamber and found his father laying on the ground dying with an arrow in his chest.

-Fast! Help your mother- his father said

Running, he entered the kitchen where his mother was about to be raped. With his sword he cut across his chest like a hot knife cutting through snow, the murderer of his father saw the scene and ran in fear; he was about to chaise him but his father called him.

-Is she fine- Ragnar asked

-yes father she is safe, don't worry you will be okay

-go my son, look for Gegwendall the wise! He will guide you!

-don't leave me!

- look for him where the rainbow falls, at the east! Go Eru your journey must begin for you have a promising future.

As death took over his father, leaving his body cold and in rest, his mom brought Ragnar's old sword for the myth told that when a warrior died with a sword in his hand went to Valhalla, the land of the honorable men where they feasted, battled and waited anxiously the privilege to fight at the Ragnarok, the final battle between the different realms of the yggdrasil.

As a true norseman he should give his father a honorable funeral or journey toward his destiny, at the next day Eru and Adissa, his mother, traveled to a sacred river named after Iduna, the goddess of youth. Ragnar's body was carried in a burial ship pulled by Ragnar's horse in a tumbriel.

They traveled one day and one night. At the reach of the river they placed the boat in it, praying for his soul to save. When the burial ship was half mile away, Eru fired an arrow in fire and lighted the boat. They cried for the soul of his father to go to the Valhalla. Between his teary he stared at the boat in fire fading away with the current. He was about to turn away but he felt something calling him from the distance, he stared once again at the burial ship and saw in the flames, a shadow... Scared like a

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