

The Last Voyage of Bjorn Ironheart

The icy wind howled across the North Sea as Bjorn Ironheart stood at the prow of his longship, **Stormrider**. His piercing blue eyes scanned the endless horizon, where the sun dipped into the water like a burning ember. This was his final journey—a quest for glory, one that would etch his name into the sagas of his people.

Bjorn was no ordinary Viking. He was the son of Jarl Ulfar, a warrior chieftain whose name was feared across the kingdoms of the Saxons. Bjorn had fought many battles, plundering distant shores, but he yearned for something more—a **legendary conquest that would make the gods themselves take notice**. And so, he set sail with his most trusted warriors toward the fabled land of Albion, the richest land of the west.

A Fateful Storm

The sea, however, had other plans. As night fell, black clouds gathered, swallowing the stars. The wind roared like an angry beast, and waves as tall as mountains crashed against **Stormrider**. The ship groaned under the fury of the storm.

Bjorn gritted his teeth and shouted over the howling wind. “Hold fast! Odin watches over us!” His men clung to the ship, their knuckles white, their eyes wide with fear. But even the bravest warriors were powerless against the wrath of the sea.

A monstrous wave rose before them, **a towering wall of water**, and when it crashed down, everything turned black.

The Mysterious Shore

Bjorn awoke to the cries of seagulls and the distant murmur of waves. His body ached, his armor was heavy with seawater, and his head throbbed like a war drum. He sat up, sand clinging to his beard, and surveyed his surroundings.

They had been cast upon an unfamiliar shore, **a land of rolling green hills and misty forests**. His ship lay wrecked, its once-proud mast broken like a snapped spear. Only a handful of his men stirred among the wreckage.

“We live,” muttered Erik the Red, Bjorn’s oldest friend. “But where are we?”

Bjorn stood, wiping blood from his forehead. “We were bound for Albion... but I do not know this place.”

A sudden movement in the trees made them reach for their axes. Figures emerged from the mist—warriors clad in leather and chainmail, their swords drawn. **Saxon soldiers**.

Bjorn smiled. “It seems the gods have delivered us straight to battle.”

Battle and Betrayal The Saxons charged, their battle cries cutting through the morning mist. Bjorn and his men, though

weary, **fought like cornered wolves**. Blades clashed, shields splintered, and the beach was stained red with blood.

Bjorn swung his axe, cutting through enemies like a storm through wheat. Erik fought beside him, laughing as he buried his sword into an enemy’s chest.

But then—a horn sounded. More Saxon warriors emerged, their banners fluttering in the wind. Their numbers were overwhelming. Bjorn knew they could not win.

“Fall back!” he roared, but there was nowhere to run.

A spear found Erik’s side, and he fell with a grunt. Bjorn turned, **only to see a shadowy figure among the Saxons**—a man he knew too well.

“Sigvard,” Bjorn spat, eyes burning with rage.

His own kinsman, **Sigvard the Cunning**, who had once sworn loyalty to him, now stood among the Saxons, smirking.

“You were always too bold, Bjorn,” Sigvard said. “You seek glory, but I seek power. And power belongs to those who choose wisely.”

Bjorn's heart thundered with fury. "You betrayed your own people."

Sigvard merely shrugged. "And you will die for it."

The Saxons closed in, their swords gleaming in the pale morning light.