Fisherman

certifiableGrimalkin

The sun was high in the striking blue sky, and only the occasional cloud gave relieving shade to the plain below. The wind slowly rustled through the grass, and made the leaves of the tree by the stream shake, making light spots shimmer on the face of Sven. This, as well as the light pulling on his fishing rod, woke him up from his midday slumber. He looked into the stream, his trained eyes differentiating between the gray stones and the silver fish in the clear water. He pulled and with some effort the fish revealed itself. It was not the mightiest specimen, but it was the fifth fish today, and that would suffice. He put it in the basket with the rest, spun the line around the rod, and safely lodged the hook in one of its ends.

The way back was long, but pleasant. The place was secluded, but isolated by thicket, hills and plain. And while the thicket had been the cause of many a scratch on the poor fisherman's legs, the only faults the hills had, were the moments he lost, watching sunrises contrast the shining emerald grass with a sky of purple. He would sit around in the dewy grass in the hours of morning, when he should have been on his merry way towards his spot. On the way back this problem did not exist, for while the green was striking, the earthly alone could not engulf him this much.

The village was in the middle of the plains. It was mostly a farmer village, where the crops were to the south of it this year. He came from the opposite side, though the sheep and cows grazing on the fields of grass. It was already late afternoon by the time he arrived there, and he saw the shepherds rounding up the animals, readying themselves to return. One of them, Gerdi, was a close friend of his, so he helped her out, using his rod from time to time, to guide a stray sheep into line. She separated from him at the edge of the village, moving her herd towards the fence, while he moved towards the center.

The happenings on the market were going as usual. The Jensen's wife was arguing with the Galdrick's daughter, but otherwise trade was loud, but smooth. Sven managed to trade one of his of his fish off to the baker, for three quarters of a loaf of bread, and another two for a glass of milk and some butter. One he traded to the smith, for some of these fancy metal coins, that he used on the merchant, who only came here last week, to buy a pinch of some spice, that Bjorn recommended him to try.

With all that he needed for the day, he made his way to the tavern, where he sat down by the bar, and started munching at his meal, while listening to the tales of the men, who just wandered in. After his milk run dry, he bought himself some ale with leftover coins, handy as those things were. And the day closed, with the sound of the tales of the adventurers.