

## Stormy Expeditions

The sea spat viciously, throwing its frothy white foam at the side of the longboat. Thunder rumbled loudly like war-drums, and forks of lightning struck through the angry sky. "Quickly! Everybody, take cover!" yelled Eirik, the captain, a bossy man with a thick scraggly beard. Had they angered the gods?

Sigurd and all the men in his village were on a voyage to conquer new land, but this storm was an obstacle in their path. The raging sea was a mixture of stormy grey, inky black, lightning silver, midnight blue, and foamy white. A huge, monstrous wave began to rise before crashing down upon them, soaking them from head to toe. Sigurd's chestnut brown hair was plastered to his wet forehead. Wiping the stinging saltwater out of his eyes, he skidded across the slippery deck. The storm was getting worse. The sky and sea were fighting furiously, stuck in a constant battle between water and air.

Sigurd felt like the world was being torn apart. The waves were swelling, the thunder rumbling more than ever, and the lightning streaks tearing through the sky, the jagged white zig-zags bringing the anger of the gods upon them. The sea was a monster, trying to swallow the boat up, and the sky was alive, crackling with energy, the sound of thunder like the distant march of soldiers. Sigurd squeezed his freezing cold eyelids shut, water dripping from his eyelashes. This was a living Jotunheim. He couldn't survive for much longer. How long would he last? His thoughts were interrupted by his best friend, Tori, screaming, "Man overboard!" But he didn't have any time to ask *which* man overboard, because the longboat suddenly lurched violently to one side. Sigurd stumbled sideways and clung onto the side of the ship in desperation. The waves hurled themselves aggressively against the ship, as the rain shot down like arrows of death, and the thunder became louder and louder. Suddenly a feeling of dread overcame him, like the waves were overcoming the ship. He realized that they couldn't possibly beat the storm. Sigurd would never get home again.

Sasha