Arngrim is from a small village in the south of Sweden. Like most Northmen, he trained in combat, for sure, but it was never his passion. Indeed, even as he went on raids and traveled far and wide, he found himself more drawn to the local arts and cuisine, rather than their gold and valuables. He decided that instead of traveling west to fight and possibly die upon foreign shores, he'd much rather travel east, trading along the great rivers to Rus and Byzantium. The riches of those lands confirmed what he had long suspected: His passion was brewing, his passion was entertaining.

While he certainly found himself in a brawl now and then, the crossroads of the world he found himself in allowed him to expand his recipe book like never before! It was there he met a lovely Kyiven Rus woman named Lada. They began traveling together, her practicing his arts, and he his brewing and sampling of fine wares. As much as he enjoyed himself, he never truly felt at home in the east, the churches of the land frowning in no small way upon his people, despite the gold they brought to their doors. He heard tale of a unit of Norse mercenaries off the coast of pomerania, and decided to travel there with his love.

He signed on, immediately enamored with his new mates, and more than pleased to provide for them the booze and field provisions they'd need to get on with their various sorties. He'd travel with them on their adventures, after all, even if he wasn't doing much of the fighting, there's still plenty of new grains, and new knowledge to be had wherever there is!