

The Tale of Lead

Our tale starts in the year of 993. A young lad named Drevious Shringtur was on the verge of earning his place as a warrior in a small Norse tribe. Everything seemed to be normal as Drevious' eighteenth winter approached but from the south came disturbing reports that the "Loyal Servants of the Church" were attacking small Norse tribes. Thus, Drevious and his tribe prepared for war and were ready to leave in the Morning's fog for the south to support the other tribes. On the night before the march south, there was a ceremonial feast as there was before any battle. The warriors asked for Odin's guidance and Thor's wrath to strike these "Holy Men" from their land. Before the warriors retired for the night, Drevious' Father; Dranile gave him words to hold close in the coming battle. He said "The heathens believe that their god is holy. Well my son, war to us is holy. We sacrifice our blood for the Ancient Gods."

Those were the last words his father would ever speak to him for that night, The Crusaders attacked the village and burned it to the ground. Drevious ran out of his tent only to be blind-sided by a Templar's mace and knocked unconscious. After awaking a few hours later with no recollection of where or who he was; Drevious searched the shell of what was once his home. Upon finding no man, woman, or child alive, Drevious wandered to the west. Days of walking went by before the young man passed out due to starvation and dehydration. He was fortunately found by Viking warrior who went by the name of "Shamrock". Shamrock took Drevious back to his outpost and later took him to a small village nearby. Drevious could not recall anything besides being struck and awaking amongst the ashes of a village. He did not know his name, his parents, or the place he had awoken in. All he could remember was the man with the red cross, mace in hand and the phrase "War to us is holy. We sacrifice our blood for the Ancient Gods."

Days turned to months and Drevious still knew nothing of himself, whence he came, or the village he awoke in. These questions were asked of him repeatedly and he was never able to answer. The only thing that bothered the young man was the stranger who had blind-sided him with the mace.

It was now coming close to winter once more and Shamrock knew that this unnamed man he found would not survive very long alone. Thus, Shamrock began training him to be a warrior. At first Drevious was clumsy and uncoordinated with an axe or sword however, when Shamrock gave the young man a spear, it was as if he fought with the precision and ferocity of a veteran raider. With each thrust, Drevious' eyes flickered. The fire that Shamrock saw in this mysterious man's eyes burned hotter and brighter than the fires of Surtur himself. Shamrock knew that this man was a warrior that could fend for himself immediately once he had witnessed this display. Thus, he took him back to a distant outpost to meet another viking by the name of "Frodo".

The viking Frodo was hesitant at first when Shamrock spoke of the young warrior's inability to fight with a sword and axe. However, when Shamrock gave Drevious the spear, Frodo too saw the same fire that Shamrock spoke. Frodo took a step back to look at the perplexing man before him and said "What is your name, boy?"

There was a silence as the young man looked to Shamrock for an answer. Shamrock shrugged and promptly replied.

"I've been asking him that since I found the poor lad. He says he can't remember anything."

Frodo looked the young man smirking and said "Well, I guess we'll call you Lead."