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The Village Valhalla

Freya, a tall Valkyrie, stood near her lord and husband; her eyes were a curious shade of aqua. The king, Odin, was dead from a lance through his leather armor. She smoothed the white and yellow hair on his head and face. Bright red blood had coagulated into brown smudges around his white mouth and single unscarred eye. Blood on his armor blended smoothly with the color of his old leather and iron cuirass. Freya's concentration was interrupted briefly by the noise made by Odin's bodyguards who had prepared a tall wood bier. Loki, Bergelmir, and Thor stood staring at her. Those three warriors waited for their kween to decide if she wished to voluntarily join her husband on the bier or if they would have to compel her. Both the king and kween would burn together for the gods and the honor of the village.

Freya, tall, armed and armored, with her red hair wound up on top of her white head, was thinking. Her thick leather boots creaked softly as she shuffled her feet in the dirt that surrounded the king's long house, her home.

Freya walked toward the open village gates after a short time. The gates of Valhalla village framed a lush forest harboring the Gayaatland village. She fondled the rough palisade, bark still adhering to the thick logs, surrounding the village. She looked up to see the straw thatched peaked roof that crowned the edifice of the king's longhouse. She marveled that the dry grass had not burned during the fighting. But the king had ordered the raw dirt between huts cleared of detritus, so a catastrophic village fire was prevented that morning.

Freya's eyes saddened as she remembered the fight. She had fought alongside her husband with her long and short blades. She had bested his bodyguards with her fighting skill, leading the Valkyries to chase the enemy away. She decided that was all she owed him.

She looked at the king's bodyguard, she kept her gloved hands on the hilts of her bloody blades as she called out to her handmaid, also a tall armored warrior, "Frigg, let us look for scented herbs in the forest to place on my husband, the king."

Freya led the Valkyries out of Valhalla's gates.

Village bards sang of the battle. Of their kween they sang, "She died of grief."