

15th July 652

Dear Diary,

You will not believe what has happened- the curse of death has brushed my cheek. Only if a loyal servant had not been sent by the gods, I would be lay crushed in my death bed.

After a tiring day, my exhausted head hit the pillow on my straw bed. As I gradually drifted into a deep sleep, I felt as if I was sinking peacefully into the deep blue ocean. WHAM! Suddenly, I was jolted from my slumber by a piercing sound- one that etched itself onto my mind forever. It was to be my life saver.

In the twilight of my years, nothing really frightens me anymore, but that sound chilled my blood and disturbed my soul. It was a sound I would carry for the rest of my days. I lay sweating, and greatly fearful. My eyes were dancing fireflies, and my neck had pins pushing to the surface.

I took up my heavy sword- Dragon Flame- and summoned by warriors to the mighty oak door. They gathered around me, as fearful and anxious as I was. Was a deadly enemy at the door? Were we being invaded? As courageous as a lion, I slowly opened the door just the merest crack.... There it was!

Staring back at me, it would not leave my gaze. My eyes were bullets firing through his face. I did not know it at

the time, but I was looking at my saviour. Holding my breath as if I was swimming under water, my body and soul shook with a crushing, bone wrenching sound... CRASH! It was Woden himself who had flown through the trees, ripped the timber as if it was damp paper and a storm possessed my great hall.

The tree branch snapped instantly and crashed through the roof, demolishing my bed in the process as if it was a burnt stick. I was an ice statue, unable to move. Eventually my men embraced me, and we huddled together, each man a great warrior, but all of our fears surrounded us at this moment.

Despite the hound saving my life, it has left me mystified. Surely this was a sign? Even a sign from the gods. Had the hound been sent to save me? Standing as still as a statue, troubling thoughts circled my brain. I could not escape how close to death I was. Relief encapsulated my body... had it not been for the hound's yammering, I would have met death in my bed.