

10- İsmail Berker ÜÇLER

Medieval Life of Travis Fimmel

It was cold and breezy outside in Kattegat. The scouts were turning back to the city with their galloping horses, bringing news that could drag these lands to catastrophe. Sounds of those horseshoes were getting closer and closer to the center of this gracious city. Inside the mead-hall, all the rest of the folk were drinking and celebrating their latest victory over the King of Wessex. When scouts arrived at the stable, they hurriedly tied up their horses and immediately headed to the mead-hall. It was so noisy that no one heard scouts coming until the scouts bend the knee breathlessly to report the news. It was awkward that the scouts plunged into the mead hall in a great hurry and personally report the news to the king while the rest were feasting. Everybody went silent and the freezing breeze was blowing through the open gate. One of the scouts took a step forward and words came out of his mouth; “My king...” his voice cracked and he gulped with dread. Even people who were exhausted from drinking were all ears suddenly. He continued; “Wessex’s forces are here with Essex and Sussex near 5 miles away.” King Travis hurled his cup fiercely and shouted; “Bring me another cup! And you, my people, drink your ale! This might be our last ale to drink.” Fear, as sudden as it was sharp, pervaded Travis's mind at that moment. Then he diverted his gaze to the window beyond which clouds of snowflakes gently descended from a grey sky.