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Viking Quest

By Daniel Winters

Great Jormungand!
Son of Loki!
Father of the serpent world, I humbly give
this gift...
of royal blood.
And I ask you
the safe keeping of Midgard.
The human world that you hold in your embrace!
Father, please!
Silence.
Don't be afraid, my child.
Make our clan proud.
Father!
I don't want to die, father!
Forgive me.
There is nothing to forgive, my king.
We have no choice.
I admit defeat.
After all these years,
you've never beaten me.
Because you're the better rider.
No true warrior would ever admit that.
Come...
I need to show you something incredible.
We have to return.
We will, it's right there.
What do you think?
Of this, a pole without banner?
Be serious, Tasya.
I'm telling you this is important.
With this pole,
I can attract lightning.
So you are saying this metal pole
you've build with your own hands
is going to steal the lightning of our Gods?
Not just any God.
The mighty Thor.
The lightning from
his hammer is attracted to metal.
I've seen it... I felt it...
And I will learn how to control it.
And Thor knows what you intend, Erick.
He will piss on us in his anger.
You will learn how to control

the lightning, of this I am sure.
But we're about to get wet.
It's happening!
It's just a storm, Erick!
Here.
This is for you.
Don't be frightened, it's okay.
It's warm.
The lightning heat.
I can not accept this gift from you.
Of course you can, we're friends.
I am betrothed to Wolven.
Only he can give gifts from now.
Tasya...
I don't want you to marry him.
Our marriage tomorrow will secure a truce
between our clan and the Hermod.
Even a bracelet blessed by the Gods
can not change my mind.
You don't know him.
I don't need to know him.
It's my
duty to become his wife.
Wolven has arrived.
You don't have to go.
What?
I thought you and me...
Erick...
We are meant to be together we can live here!
Stop it, I don't want
to hear you like that anymore.
Then you better go home and chieftain
before he loses his temper!
You need to grow up, Erick!
- Where's the princess?
- She's out riding, my lord.
Just today.
There he is!
Be welcome, Lord Wolven.
This is a great honor
for my family and for my people.
King Orn.
I hope you and your family
are well.

Yes, thank you. And I trust
your journey was without incident?
without incident. But my men are
tired and hungry. Where is Tasya?
She has been preparing for you.
And not a moment too late.
Sorry, Father.
She looks very prepared.
I'm sorry if my appearance displeases you.
No... it's actually to my liking.
Tonight we feast and welcome.
And tomorrow, we feast
and celebrate the wedding...
that will unite our clans.
Please enter.
A toast!
To the most beautiful bride in the land!
A bride so perfect...
that Odin himself
looks down on me and envy.
Hear! Hear!
Rise a glass!
To my daughter...
And to lord Wolven, a brave and mighty warrior
that will soon be like a son to me!
With this union
the blood spill between the Barok
and the Hermod clans
shall be forgiven!
Past battles shall be forgotten!
And peace shall reign forever!
If he hurts her, I will splay
him open with my bare hands...
and throw his entrails to ravens.
Idiot!
That could be a problem.
Why is that?
Are you blind?
Look at him.
He's bigger,
stronger...
...better trained than you.
It would be your entrails to
feed the ravens, my friend.

I'm serious, Hild.
If he hurts her, I'll kill him.
I think you love her.
Maybe I do.
She belongs to him.
Let her go.
And now some entertainment!
What about skull breaking?
10 gold pieces to the man that
beats my strongest warrior!
Is there anyone here man enough
to take on Stompir?
To battle!
Go!
You're the strongest, Stompir!
Advance!
Kill him!
We have any other challengers?
Oh, Stompir!
Well done, Stompir!
You have proven once gain why
the warriors of the Hermod clan
are the greatest in all of Midgard!
No one comes
even close to you, Stompir.
Lord Wolven!
The match is not over.
I'll send your fleabag to the ground...
And I'll stomp on his belly!
So be it!
Prepare to have your belly
stomped on by this mud-worm.
He's just a little boy!
Erick, he'll rip you apart.
The bigger the tree,
the harder the fall.
Who are you?
I am Erick the Blessed.
The Blessed?
Who could grant such a title
a mere peasant boy?
- Perhaps I'll tell you another time.
- Perhaps you'll tell me now.
When Erick was 10, he was struck by

lightning while playing with a sword.
His hair was burned as his hands and
feet but he was blessed he lived.
His father was taken aim on him
as Thor had reached down,
touched him and spared his life.
A brainless boy
chased too close to a fire,
convinces an entire clan
he has been touched by a god?
We believed him then,
and we believe him now.
You surprise me, Lord Orn,
and you disappoint me.
Come!
Stay and drink with us,
Erick the Fool.
Entertain us with
more of your childhood tales!
It is miffed!
Tasya will be disappointed if
you don't attend her wedding.
I am not going, father.
You were once childhood friends
but you are no longer children.
Her choices are none of your concern.
I love her and I always will.
Always is a long time, my son.
It's too long to live without
a soul mate by your side.
If you really love her...
You will realize she must do
this for the kingdom.
I've been thinking, father...
If I increase the heat of the forge
you can make a lighter metal.
And a sharper, stronger sword.
The bellows can't be pumped faster,
it's beyond human strength.
If the charcoal is
super-heated by the lightning?
It would be denser and stronger.
No, you wish too much.
The Lightning...

belongs to the gods.
Maybe, but maybe not.
Be careful, my son.
If you try to take
what is not yours,
no good will come of it.
I feel it too.
The great Jormungand is restless.
- That was impressive!
- My aim or the bow?
Both. Your skills of the bow
are not rusty as the helmet.
But this appears to massive!
Maybe I should make you one.
Good. Maybe I start shooting things
we can eat because I'm starving!
So you keep saying.
You have been pigheaded, Erick!
I'm not stopping you.
Go to the feast!
- You are sure?
- Yes, go!
Fill your belly and get stinky drunk
toasting the happy newlyweds!
Okay.
I am going.
It's only for the food!
Be back at sunset!
It is not too late if
you wanna make a run for it.
I've been stripped from my weapons,
not my title. Be calm, my friend.
Still, my king, my lord,
my friend in battle...
As beautiful as she is,
I'm just saying...
Enough! I want this!
I want her.
- Watch there!
- Kill him!
The royal house of the Barok clan...
welcomes King Wolven
into its family.
I call upon the goddess Freya

to bind this union with love...
Her brother, Freyr...
to bless this union
with many children...
In the Norns...
Urd...
Verdandi and Skuld to weave around
the King Wolven...
and Princess Tasya.
A destiny rich in good health...
...and prosperity.
Take this ring and with it,
my promise to love...
and protect you always.
- Take the princess!
- No, I fight with my people.
- Take her out of here!
- You are not my husband!
Do as I say!
They need us!
Let me go!
Lord Wolven has given his orders.
You must be taken to safety.
Tasya? Where is she?
To my men.
They fled with the horses!
- Where is she?
- Maybe she fled.
No, she is a fighter.
They have taken her.
The raiders...
I know where they landed.
Tasya! Tasya!
We must get to the boats!
We must follow them!
They burnt our boats.
Where were you?
I was fighting!
I was killing everyone!
Father?
I'm okay and Tasya?
She is gone.
I think they came for her.
Why?

I don't know.
What is that?
A mark of Volsung clan.
To wage a war for land or
treasure or revenge...
These things I understand.
But why risk
so much for a woman?
Not any woman.
The Volsung worship
the Jormungand, the great serpent.
Every 100 seasons
they sacrifice the King's daughter,
a princess of pure Nors blood.
I know this story.
But Tasya is not of
their royal bloodline.
If their king only has sons...
They steal a princess from another clan.
We must build a boat and
sail for the Volsung island.
Tasya will be dead before
we have taken into the water.
- Greylock!
- Who?
Greylock, the fisherman.
He lives half a day's ride from here.
He is a recluse for
a reason, remember?
Take me to him.
Blood Axe, Skull Cleaver,
Igmar the Impaler...
I don't know who are more afraid
of Greylock or them.
Relax, my friend,
we're fighting on the same side now.
The wedding vows didn't take place,
there is no truce between our clans.
They didn't wed?
I thought you knew.
I had no idea.
Well, you do now. Watch your back.
Stompir wants to skin you alive.
Tell me about this Greylock.

There is not much to tell.
He trades his fish in the village.
He built that boat many years ago,
no one knows why.
He has a son that no one sees.
And he hates people.
And too many blows to the head.
Maybe he has his reasons.
If we can't find him,
we take his boat.
Your men should be careful.
Of a hermit?
What traps are these?
Traps laid by
a man defending his home.
Greylock!
It's me, Erick!
The son of Lars, the blacksmith!
And Hild son of Lorimar!
We come seeking your help!
Who are you with?
Friends!
Order your men to lower their weapons.
You heard him.
I knew it, on too
blows on the head!
Erick the Blessed,
what brings you here?
Our village was attacked.
King Orn is dead...
And our princess Tasya taken.
By whom?
The Volsung.
I can't help!
- Father, maybe we should listen.
- You heard me.
I am King Wolven,
of the Hermod clan.
I am not afraid of the Volsung.
We have come for your boat.
What is that I smell?
Sheep's urine!
You dare to
disrespect me, old man?

I dare speak what I think.
Why are you
riding with our enemy?
He is betrothed to Tasya.
Their union will bring peace
to our clans.
I doubt it.
I will offer you a meal in return for
your telling of the attack, and then you...
will get off my land!
Your friend is
close getting hung from his intestines.
You are not the first to make that thread.
And you certainly won't be the last!
King Orn was a good man.
This is a sad day for
the Barok clan.
We can rescue the princess
if you lend us the boat.
If the Volsung failed to appease
the serpent with this sacrifice
we are all doomed.
A false story they tell to cause
fear in the hearts of the ignorant.
The Midgard serpent will leave the ocean...
...turn into a dragon and fly to Asgard.
It will start Ragnarok,
the final battle of the gods...
The world will end.
It's best you don't interfere.
We will take your boat, old man.
If you interfere,
I will cut off your fingers one at
a time until your hands are useless!
Father...
Look at me when I'm talking to you!
I am a Barok.
I do not take orders from you.
Please, Wolven!
I beg you, don't hurt my father!
Fine.
Take the boat.
Take whatever you need.
It's the least I can do

to make the journey to your
death an easy one.
Hey, fishmonger!
Do all your boat leak like this?
Rain water!
It's perfectly seaworthy!
Wait!
I want to come with you!
- I think not, child.
- I'm not a child!
Are you sure about that,
you sound like one.
Oh, you both sound like children.
I've seen 16 summers.
I make my own decisions.
- I'm coming with you.
- This isn't a game, we could be sailing to death.
Not if I navigate.
Erick can read the stars.
We don't need you!
I was born on that boat.
They won't even know we're there.
I was with my father
when he saw the serpent.
The island was close.
I can take you there.
We'll find on our own.
You can save us time.
Get the provisions you need
and make it fast.
How can I explain that to our leader?
The truth. We just hired
the best navigator in the land.
A word with you...
there is truth in the legend.
I have seen the monster they worship.
You have?
Trust me.
It's real?
Your princess is not worth it.
We believe she is.
May your death be worthy
of a Barok warrior!
Mani!

Mani!

Thor, son of Odin...

protector of Midgard and all human kind...

Keep my child safe

from the serpent,

the creature who threatens to destroy us all.

Row! Come on!

Pull your back into it, men!

Hush, drink.

Drink!

I was worried if you were going to wake up.

Where are you taking me?

We canoe to the Volsung clan.

Through your death,

the world will continue to live.

You should be proud to be chosen.

We must be careful, my king.

Both the Barok and the Hermod

clans will come for her.

These clans share a past of bloodshed.

They dislike and distrust each other.

Their fleets have been destroyed.

They can not mount an attack.

Just one boat with determined warriors...

Against me?

Against the Volsung clan?

Against the great Jormungand?

They would never interfere.

Possibly, but we should

still take precautions.

Why does this concern you?

- Because I've seen the serpent.

- And?

It's restless...

more so than ever before.

You mistake restless for excited.

Your immortality may have

given you experience...

But only kings have wisdom.

Enough of your obstinate words.

Leave me now!

As You wish.

Pull harder, you scoundrels!

We have a princess to rescue!

Boy, give them water!
You're so small for your age.
You're sure you have seen 16 summers?
Of course I'm sure.
The runt of a litter is
good for nothing. You're a runt, Mani?
I take care of myself.
What do you think, Erick?
Shall we throw this good-for-nothing overboard?
I would want to tell Greylock
we drowned his bare cub!
Enough talk or I throw
you both over board!
Who is Potan the bear now?!
Come on!
Move it!
We lost sight of the Star in the North.
The sail is full of the south wind.
We're heading in the right direction.
Then all is well.
Maybe not.
There's a big storm coming.
You know this about?
I study storms.
What reason?
To capture the heat of Thor's lightning.
Seriously?
Yes, seriously!
You think I'm a fool?
If that was what I thought,
I wouldn't be on this journey.
I was a young child when I saw the serpent.
We were fishing and...
a fierce storm overtook us.
When the wind died,
we could see the island of the Volsung.
It breached, right before the boat...
Jormungand, son of Loki.
What did you do?
Greylock hit him with an oar
and it disappeared beneath the waves.
A whale becomes a serpent in the eyes of a child.
And another legend is born.
The storm will be here soon.

Welcome, Princess Tasya,
daughter of King Orn
of the Barok clan.
I hope your journey was not too uncomfortable.
Uncomfortable?
You attacked my people
and abducted me on my wedding day.
Unfortunately,
the Gods have only blessed me with sons...
And my sister, Astrid, died
an unfortunate death.
That's why you were chosen.
To serve our kingdom.
I don't care
what I was chosen for.
I would rather die than serve you.
You won't be serving me, Tasya.
You will be serving everyone.
Including your own people.
I don't understand.
It's simple.
I'm in need of a daughter to
be sacrificed to the great Jormungand,
son of Loki,
Father of the Serpent world.
You are my choice.
Just as my ancestors chose before me.
I'm not your daughter!
No... you are not.
But for the sake of the Midgard world,
and for all human kind, I hope...
you will do.
My people will come looking for me.
Take the princess to her room.
And see that she
is bathed and fed.
I'll slit her throat
if you don't release me.
If this is how you choose
to behave then
you will spend your stay in the dungeon.
Until the day of the sacrifice.
Stop her, guards!
She is going to escape!

You have nowhere to go.
Accept your fate.
Attach the sail!
Pull in the oars!
Hold on!
How far to the island?
Right ahead! We are close!
Too close!
Those rocks will tear us apart!
We must jump, move it!
Jump! Jump! Jump!
How long have you been here?
I lost counting the days
a long time ago.
You're a pretty thing.
What did you do to offend the king?
Nothing.
Apparently I'm to be sacrificed to
the Midgard serpent at noon today.
You are
a princess of royal blood?
Yes... I am.
Then you have been sent to save us.
I was not sent,
I was kidnapped.
The only person I feel
like saving now, is myself.
No, no, no... your death
will keep Midgard from destruction.
It's a noble way to die.
You think so?
Well, how about this...
You clean you up...
Put you in my dress and you can die
a noble death in my place.
I'll gladly take your place.
Perhaps the inners of a serpent would
be a nice change of scenery.
You have nothing to complain about.
You're okay?
Just a little bit water along.
Is this the island of Volsung?
That's what Mani said.
Mani!

We lost him!
He was useless.
Three of my warriors are dead.
And you two are still alive.
Why do the gods this to me?
I can ask the same question.
Do not push me, boy!
Or you'll wish
you were drowned with others!
Look what the ocean has
coughed up on our shore.
A little drowned rat.
Where do you come from, little rat?
After him!
If my princess dies, I'll rip out
your heart and feed it to the fishes!
Your princess?
If I am not mistaken,
Tasya is of the Barok clan.
Erick...
You dare to disrespect me?
I'm simply pointing out the union was interrupted.
Barok Sale!
Help!
Stand up!
Move!
It seems we have a new friend.
Take us to princess Tasya,
or prepare to meet your death.
I can not.
Oh, I think you can.
Stompir, remove his limbs!
We need him!
This Volsung sword is dull, my lord.
Pity it won't be a clean death.
Hack away!
Wait! Wait!
I'll take you to her.
Tie up his hands!
That worked.
Boy, take their water skins!
Our quest will continue after all!
When is the sacrifice?
Tomorrow on the full sun.

Then we will tracking in the night.

No one travels

into this forest at night.

Why?

Wolves.

I'm afraid of no dogs.

Then you will be their first meal.

These are no ordinary wolves.

All men fear them...

except the Kings druid.

He controls them?

They respect him.

Some say these wolves are the
offspring of Fenrir himself.

You are stealing time.

I am not, the only thing that will
save us this night is a campfire.

What about our torches?

Not big enough.

Perhaps we shouldn't risk it, milord.

We need a rest.

Find a clearing for a campfire.

I'll go and get us some water.

Be quick and get us
some more firewood.

I will help. Hild?

No, I'll tend the fish.

I keep an eye on our
new friends there.

I'll be back soon.

I am wary.

Mani?

Why are you following me?

I wasn't. I...

- You're a girl.

- So?

So I don't understand.

- Understand what?

- Why you're a girl.

Or...

Why you pretended to be a boy?

I mean...

Stop it!

Look, Greylock was keeping me hidden

and the easiest way was for mw to be a boy.

But why?

If I tell you, make a promise
that you keep my secret.

I will.

Erick!

Help me put my hat on.

Erick, if you're hungry,
now is the time to eat!

You need to come back to the fire. Stompir
is looking at me like a fresh deer meat.

Come on!

Wonderful company, you two!

- Watch you tongue, boy!

- Hey!

Stop peckering!

Just keeps your eyes open and your blade closed!

- He's a nightmare!

- Stop it!

Come on!

Get up!

Go on!

Move it!

Warriors, men and children, dawn is upon us.

We are running out of time, move!

It's a good day for a warrior's death.

Speak for yourself.

Morning!

Walk!

My people will destroy you for this.

They will cut you down...

...your husbands,

your wives and your children...

They will feed you all to the serpent

and then they will burn

the Volsung island to ashes!

Be calm, my princess,

it will all be over soon.

We have visitors.

Haunt them, my friends.

How much longer?

We're close.

The wolves are following us.

If they are,

it only means one thing.
Means what?
The Druid knows you're here.
Help!
Blood Axe!
There!
- I see it!
- It's here.
My blade will cut it out to size!
We must run.
There are six of us!
Seven of us!
Get behind me, Mani!
If we survive this,
remind me to kill Wolven.
My pleasure. I'll help you!
No!
Leave them,
I need to save the princess.
I said, leave them!
Odin has seen your courage, Hild.
And he awaits your arrival in Valhalla.
Goodbye, my friend.
Until we meet again.
I can't.
My father made him this.
It is a strong sword.
Hild would've want you to have it.
We shouldn't have left them.
The Barok, they are useless to us.
Still...
If we manage to rescue the princess we
will need a boat. We'll need the rowers.
We'll deal with that when we get there.
The prisoner said
we were close.
Why didn't that wolf attack you?
I don't know.
It could have ripped out your throat
but he didn't. Tell me, Mani!
I think they protect the royal family.
That doesn't make sense.
What does that to have do with you?
Sigvat, the Volsung King,

is my true father.
What?
And your mother?
Astrid.
His sister.
His wives could only give him sons
so he took her in his bed.
My mother was pregnant
when she threw herself into the ocean.
The king thought she drowned
but she did not.
Greylock found her days later
clinging to a lock.
She gave birth shortly after
and she told him the story.
Why did Greylock
hide you as a boy?
My mother died soon after I was born.
He promised her he would protect me
from the Volsung King.
If the Volsung
discover that you're here...
Or Wolven...
He would trade you for Tasya.
As a Volsung princess
you'd be sacrificed in her place.
It would save her life.
No!
There got to be a way to
save both of you.
My mother and Greylock could not protect me
for what was meant to happen. This my destiny.
It is a legend, a story,
we don't know what true lies in it.
It doesn't matter!
The attack on your village,
all these dead... it's because of me.
Listen to me,
this is not your fault.
I can give myself to them.
No one is going to be sacrificed
today. That I promise you.
Come on. There has to be a hill,
a perch to see our position.

It's time.
My people are coming for me.
You are right.
They would come for you.
And now,
they are all died.
You are lying!
Anything?
I see the water and the top
of the fortress. We are close.
- Don't ever touch me like that again!
- Like what?
Your hands... on my...
You were going to fall.
What else was I supposed to do? I'm sorry.
We go this way!
I liked you better as a boy.
Hey! You might be needing this!
Great Jormungand...
Son of Loki, father of
the serpent world...
I humble give you this gift of royal blood
and ask safe keeping of Midgard,
the human world you hold in your embrace.
Don't fight it, girl.
If only you could understand
the importance of your sacrifice!
Thor, son of Odin, I implore you!
Bring down your mighty hammer
on your enemy!
Silence!
It is time to call
the Great Jormungand.
I spit on
Loki and his son Jormungand!
Sound the battle horn!
This way!
The ceremony!
Come on, it's close!
Thor...
hear the cry of your humble servant!
Save me!
By all that is sacred in Asgard,
the serpent does exist.

I hate them snakes.
Die a hero, my friend
or die a coward
on the end of my sword!
Get them!
Tasya!
Erick!
Untie the other hand, Mani!
Quick!
Get for the boat!
Row! Row for your live!
I knew you would come for me.
I would fight Odin and all the gods
of Asgard if I had to.
Nothing was going to
stand in my way.
Looks like your princess is
your princess no longer.
They are not married yet.
Look at them. They are in love.
I don't see love.
I see a union of convenience.
I suppose you don't see anything
in your fog of jealousy.
We are truly heroes of legend!
We are the song that will sing
throughout Midgard for eternity.
I could hear it now.
How the Hermod
warriors defeat the Volsung
who dared to take the princess
from our fearless King Wolven!
Legends will be told about us,
am I right?
Indeed you are, my friend.
Indeed you are.
And what of the Barok clan
and our heroism, King Wolven?
Did we not free the princess
from the altar?
Did we not fight the side you
with equal strength and courage?
Equal strength and equal courage?
No.

Perhaps not, milord, but do not forget
the help they provided this day.
You are right, my princess.
Thank you, Erick the Blessed.
Thank you, Mani the Navigator.
Your help today will not
get without reward.
The power of the current has changed.
We are near land, king Wolven.
Good, I would welcome
a soft bed, a warm meal
and finally, a union
worth fighting for.
It's them. They returned.
Welcome home, son.
We survived, father.
King Sigvat is dead.
And the serpent?
No longer a threat.
Where is Hild?
Valhalla.
He died well.
Well, we will drink
in his honor.
You and your son are invited to join us
for a meal and a mug
of my best mead.
Thank you, Lars,
but Mani is tired.
I'm not tired, father.
Today we rest.
Tomorrow I wed
your princess Tasya.
This union will
no longer be a truce between our clans.
With the death of King Orn,
this will be a joining
of two royal households under one king!
I, Wolven the Brave, will rule
the people of Barok under a firm
and fair hand.
That is my promise.
Long live King Wolven!
Long live King Wolven!

Without a king, this is not unexpected.
Tasya can rule without Wolven at her side.
She has her warriors,
she has the love of her people and...

Erick!

- I got to go to him.

- No!

We need to go home.

The Volsung are no longer
our concern, father.

Come, my offer of mead still stands.

Erick...

I need to be alone.

Please, listen to me.

There's something I need to tell you.

What?

That I am a fool for loving Tasya?

That I need to let her go before
she destroys me?

What, Mani? What could you possibly
say to me that I don't already know?

It's not the end of the world.

Sometimes two people can connect
when they least expect it.

Mani!

I'm trying to tell you how I feel.

Mani!

It has come for me.

We have to warn the village.

He must have followed us back.

Because he still wants a sacrifice.

Perhaps this will be the start of
Ragnarok, the end of our world.

Why hasn't Thor just
destroyed the serpent?

He can't cope without
his father power.

It was Odin who banished
Jormungand to the ocean.

Thor fell in love with a beautiful
Volsung princess by the name of Bruinhild.

The serpent in a revenge killed her.

And threatened to

destroy the entire clan

if the reigning king failed
to sacrifice a daughter.

Thor needs us as
much as we need him.

Skull Cleaver, I need you
to return to Hermod.

Assemble our warriors and
bring them back here.

- That's a 2 days ride.
- Not if you take the longboat.
- How do we get past the serpent?
- I'll create a diversion.
- I'm going with him.
- No!

I'll need you to
take the princess inland.

The serpent has come for me.

I will not stand by and watch
more of my people killed.

You are not sacrificing yourself.

Not now, not ever.

I think I know
a way to destroy it.

I understand none of these.

How can Mani be a Volsung princess?

It's proved she is. Mani...

You need to go with Greylock.

Leave immediately.

I stay. If the serpent wants me,
it can have me!

Your mother lived to give birth to you
and I promised her to keep you safe.

You are not listening to me.

I can put an end to all of this!

Mani!

It seems the boy is a girl and
a Volsung princess, no doubt!

What are you speaking of, you fool?

Shut up!

I heard everything !

So you want to put an end to all of this?

So you will, little princess!

Let her go!

Father!

What is going on?
Answer me! Erick?
Explain yourself!
Of course, an explanation!
Get around, everybody!
Come closer!
We have in our midst's...
a Volsung princess!
What?
Impossible!
It's true, the serpent has come for me
and I go willingly to my death!
I failed...
in my duty to you and your mother.
No, no dad,
you loved me as your daughter.
There is no failure in that.
How can this be?
The old man kept her hid
for all these years
and he would have gladly
watched you die in her place.
Royal blood will be sacrificed today
but it will not be your blood, my love.
It will be the human blood
the serpent wants, hers!
To the beach!
Let's get it! Up here!
Come on...
Be strong!
I want to save her.
It's too late, son!
No, you need to trust me.
I know how to stop the serpent.
How?
I need a horse.
Jormungand!
I know you can hear me!
We have your princess!
Take her and leave us in peace!
Try the battle horn.
What is taking so long?
Go, again!
By the gods!

You felt?

- We're too late.

- Not too late, now summon the serpent!

Come and get her,

you slimery sea worm!

Mani!

Stop him!

I have to do this!

Mani! Run Mani!

Erick!

Erick...

Erick, Erick, Erick!

Erick!

And so it came that Erick the Blessed

became Erick the Savior.

Thor's Lightning

never touched him again.

However, as the months passed

the Gods did bless Erick

in other ways...