




VIKING

The Story of a Raider



Dee Phillips

It was my first raid.
My sword slashed through flesh.
My ax hacked through bone.
Now I was a Viking warrior.

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They came from the wild,
icy north of Europe.

Their ships were sleek and fast.
They came in search of wealth and slaves.

In the 800s, people in Britain, Ireland,
and other parts of Europe lived in fear.



The raiders from the north could
attack at any time.

The attackers showed no mercy.

They had no fear.

They were ...

the Vikings.



I wait in the early
morning darkness.
The icy waves slap the
side of the ship.
My heart beats fast, but
I am not afraid.

Viking blood runs through
my veins.

If I die today, I will die a

**Viking
warrior.**





We wait in the early
morning darkness.
Soon the sun will rise.
Then we will attack.

My heart beats fast, but
I am not afraid.

To die a Viking warrior is
a good death.



VIKING

What's next?



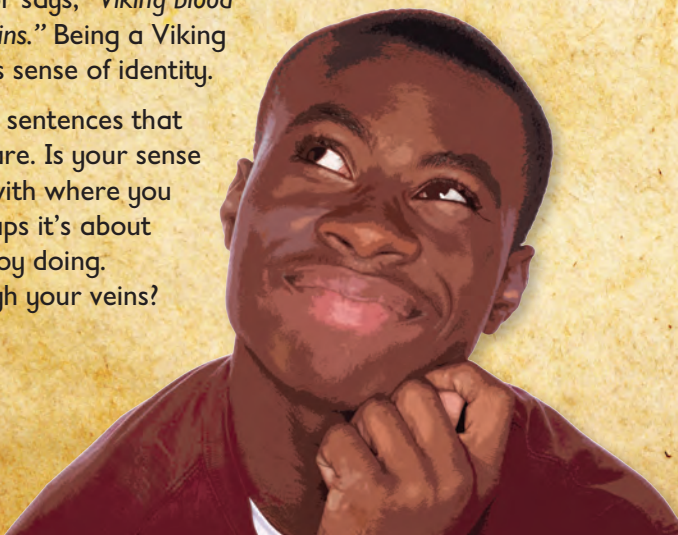
A MEMORY FILLS MY HEAD ON YOUR OWN

Look at the pictures on pages 10–11, 14–15 and 16–17. They show the young Viking's memories of his childhood. Create a collage that shows your most important memories.

VIKING BLOOD ON YOUR OWN

The young warrior says, “*Viking blood runs through my veins.*” Being a Viking is important to his sense of identity.

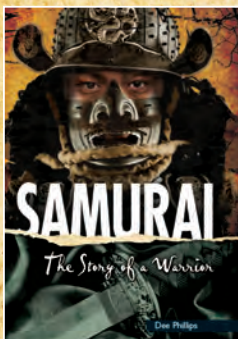
Write three short sentences that sum up who you are. Is your sense of identity to do with where you come from? Perhaps it's about the things you enjoy doing. What runs through your veins?



Titles in the
Yesterday's Voices
series



We jump from our ship and attack. But something feels wrong. I know this place.



We face each other. Two proud samurai. Revenge burns in my heart.



We saw a treasure ship. Up went our black flag. They could not escape.



My body aches from the hard work. I miss my home. Will my dream of America come true?



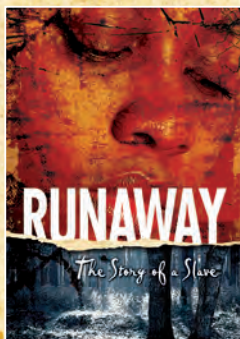
I jumped from the plane. I carried fake papers, a gun and a radio. Now I was Sylvie, a resistance fighter.



Every day we went on patrol. The Vietcong hid in jungles and villages. We had to find them ... before they found us.



I waited deep below the arena. Then it was my turn to fight. Kill or be killed!



I cannot live as a slave any longer. Tonight, I will escape and never go back.



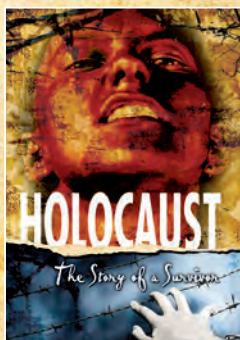
The ship is sinking into the icy sea. I don't want to die. Someone help us!



I'm waiting in the trench. I am so afraid. Tomorrow we go over the top.



Another night. Another bombing raid. Will this night be the one when we don't make it back?



They took my clothes and shaved my head. I was no longer a human.



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We wait in the early
morning darkness.

Soon we will attack.

My ax and sword are ready.

Viking blood runs through
my veins.