FIN SAGA 11 A New Gamebook Series from Martin Barnabus No

A New Gamebook Series from Martin Barnabus Noutch and Spidermind Games Trade, raid, settle and plunder; Lead your folk; Write your Saga

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The sun rises. Ahead of you over the horizon are the **Western Isles**. They are rich lands. But their island people...

Their people may once have been as hard and war-like as you, but the soft seasons and the sapping of the strength of the sons of the Saxons have left these rich lands like ripe fruit in an unowned orchard.

Why do you cross the Western Sea?

To trade... **349**To raid... **452**

- 3 -

We came far inland, covered by night,

And readied our axes to shatter the dawn.

If your saga tells of **wolf-steps** or **mighty blows**, turn to **171** immediately. Otherwise, you slip ashore onto the low, boggy ground and lead your crew between the rushes and reeds up towards the thatched roundhouses. Eyes are bright in the dawn, shining with torchlight.

Terrify the people... 18
Surprise and capture them... 57

- 4 -

The first you hear of Troel's death is the morning afterwards, when you overhear Gulli gossiping about it. He starts, guiltily, and then tells you what he knows. A long-standing grudge was tipped over by an insult, then into a fight, and now one of your folk lies on his bier.

By the end of the day, you have Yrsa, Troel's widow, and Skarde, his killer, in front of you. Yrsa is angrily demanding Skarde pay a high man-price. "My husband was a man in his prime, a keeper of land, and a warrior. His place will not be filled in my bed or in the field.

So, Skarde Loose-Hands, you pay a man-price that honours him!"

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Skarde turns to you, as Jarl. "I have offered her the hoard of my house: this gold armlet with red stones. It is a mighty man-price."

"I do not want your old jewellery," shouts Yrsa. "I want my man, and if not, your ruin!"

"What is the man-price for such a man?" you ask Uncle Gulli.

"A freeman, owning land and thralls, at least a thousand penningr."

The armlet is gold - its weight and a nick with a knife-blade tells you that. Is it sufficient?

"Skarde, you must pay the man-price she deserves: 1000 penningr." **20**"Yrsa, take this armlet. It is worth more." **42**

- 14 -

A spreading river winds its way between countless rocky coves, and overlooking the mouth, on the clifftop most dear to them, is the isolated **Monastery of St Pyr**.

 Launch a raid...
 565

 Come in peace...
 176

 Leave...
 721

- 25 -

The north coast of **Irland** is torn with great estuaries and inlets. There are no great peaks here, as in your homeland, but low rolling hills, always dressed in mist and cloud. The King of **Tir Conaill** has his hold a short distance inland. Should you row up the **Culdaff** river, you will come to his warlike people.

Row upriver... 69
Return to the sea... 299

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I went forwards, blade bare,

Seeking the Jarl, my enemy.

We fought with bright brands of steel,

Stamping through the surf.

There on the beach you see Earl Uswolf, haughty and proud, in the midst of his mightiest men. But what match can he be for you, moved to wrath?

Increase your **WOUNDED** by **4** and your **DEAD** by **2**. Then you must fight the Earl hand-to-hand!

	Earl Oswulf	
Drengskapr	4	
Vel	1	
Styrkr	6	

If you win, you should lower your enemy's **FYLKING** by **30** and **1** for each additional warrior you remove from your **FLYKING** and add to your **DEAD** before turning to **52**. However, if the Jarl defeats you in this combar, turn to **401** immediately.

- 62 -

You leave Irland behind and take the steering oar yourself, straining against the westerly ocean wind. Note passage **707** and tell the runes to see what you encounter:

* \	A sea beast	114
 	Little to tell	781
₹ <	An omen	420

- 89 -

This place is quite empty. After your raid, none yet dare to resettle such a vulnerable isle, however hallowed.

Again I journeyed to Lindisfarene,

Only chanting ghosts remained in the ruins.

Leave the island... **591**

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Come to a cove and wave-brought to a bay

We sailed through the salted skerryguard

To the turfhouses of Brae, northest,

And greeted King Egil of the Isles.

Warriors with spear, shield and axe stand upon the beach as your craft heads up the inlet. Others with arrows nocked to their bowstrings stand on the headland. Your crew mutter, unsure, and some ready their own weapons. If **Hoskuld** is in your crew, turn to **121** immediately.

Despite their warlike manner, several of the folk lay down their axes and come into the surf, helping your ship's prow find firm sand, beaching her firmly. A few terse words of welcome follow and you are brought to the nearby hold of King Egil, surrounded by armed men. Turn to **132**.

- 101 -

I drank my best, horn for horn,

Tipping down ale as Huswolf drank.

But I had not his strength of gut

And the high pasture was his.

The first quarter of the barrel is hard to drink, but the next swills down through a hot and heady haze. At half-way, Jarl Huswolf seems readier than ever. He burps hugely, dips his horn again and looks you in the eye. "Jarl," he slurs. "You should drop the horn now. You will not empty that barrel."

Try as you might, you now struggle to follow Huswolf drink for drink. Still, your folk egg you on, hoping for a final flourish that you know you can't show. Then, a jolt in your belly becomes a rushing wave of sick and beer. You turn and empty your guts over the floor as Jarl Huswolf's warriors cheer and raise their own drinks. You lose the right to the pasture, **5** domr and turn to your settlement passage.







