Focus on the Family Presents

Imagination Station

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Voyage with the Vikings

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Introduction

Follow the sword to push the speaker button to hear the introduction!
Introduction

Welcome to *Voyage of the Vikings*, the first story in the Imagination Station book series. In this clickbook, you’ll be able to listen to the story as you read.

Click the speaker button at the top of each page to hear the story. When you finish a page, click “close audio” and then click the forward arrow to turn the page. Ready? Let’s get started!
Beth froze with fear. All she could do was stare at the sharp antlers.

Patrick’s heart all but stopped. The animals were coming too fast. There were so many of them. It would be useless to run.

*Whoosh!* A spear came flying through the air. *Thud!* It landed right in front of Patrick.

“Where did that come from?” Patrick shouted.

“Who cares?” Beth shouted back at him.
“Use it!”

Patrick pulled the spear out of the ground. He moved in front of Beth. He turned the spear sideways and faced the animals.

“Out of the way!” he shouted to the coming reindeer.

He waved the spear to his left. Then to his right.

The animals did not change their path. They charged straight at the cousins.

“Whoa!” he shouted louder.

Beth was sure they’d be trampled. She closed her eyes.

“Yaw!” Patrick shouted.

He braced himself for impact.

At the last second, the lead reindeer swerved to the right. But the animals were still close.
Beth could smell them. She could feel their heat. She breathed in to make herself as thin as possible. One wrong step or stumble and she and Patrick would be crushed.

The herd thundered past in seconds. Patrick closed his eyes in relief.

“Phew!” he said. “That was close.”

As soon as he opened his eyes, he saw two men on black horses. They galloped down the hill.
“Look,” Beth said. “I think those men were hunting the reindeer. One of them must have thrown the spear.”

The men wore tan tunics. Their capes were red. Their helmets were gold. One held a long bow. The other clutched a sword.

“They’re Vikings!” Patrick said. “I got my wish!”

Beth was worried. “You may be right,” she said. “But they don’t look very happy with us.”
The reindeer were now forgotten. The cousins had new worries.

The two Viking men rode up close and got off their horses.

Patrick studied them. They were very tall. One was older and had red hair, *lots* of red hair. It hung to his shoulders. He also had a bushy beard. Even the skin on his face was red from the sun and wind. The other man was younger with blond hair and fair skin.
Beth thought the younger Viking was handsome. The older one looked fierce.

The hunters slowly moved to the cousins. The younger one put an arrow in his bow. He pulled back the string. He pointed the arrow at Patrick.

The elder Viking moved even closer. He lifted his sword. Patrick noticed there was a bright yellow stone on the handle.

Beth spoke out of the side of her mouth. “Drop the spear,” she said quietly.

“What?” Patrick said.

“Drop the spear,” Beth said again. “They think we are enemies.”

Patrick had forgotten about the spear. He looked down at it. The tip was made of an animal tusk. And it was pointed straight at the men. He let the spear fall to the grass.
At once the younger Viking lowered his bow. But the older Viking kept hold of the sword. The older red-haired Viking looked at Patrick. His mouth curved in a half smile. He turned to the younger Viking.

“The boy prisoner has shown great courage,” the Red Viking said. He was talking as if the cousins couldn’t hear him.

“The boy had no fear of the reindeer,” he said. “He must be Norse—a Viking. He has the light hair.”

The Red Viking studied Beth for a moment. He did not seem pleased.

“The girl prisoner is small and dark haired,” the man said. “She has the look of a house slave.”

Beth frowned. She wanted to protest. But she was too shocked to speak.
“Who are you?” Patrick asked.

The Red Viking looked at Patrick. “I am Erik the Red,” he said. He made a fist with his hand and thumped his chest twice.

Patrick didn’t recognize the name. But Beth did. She gasped.

“You’re the ruler of Greenland!” she said.

Erik nodded. Then he said proudly, “This is my son Leif.”

He nodded toward the blond Viking. The younger man now came closer.

“You are trespassing on our land,” Leif said.

“We are?” Patrick asked.

Erik looked around. “Where is your ship?” he asked. “Where are your oarsmen hiding?”

Erik leaned in closer. The children could smell his breath. It smelled of fish and salt.
“Did the king of Norway send you to spy on us?” Erik said. “Tell me the truth. Or you will feel the blade of my sword!”

Patrick didn’t know what to say. He had no idea if Norway had a king. He didn’t even know where Norway was. His mouth was dry. His heart was pounding.

Beth’s eyes grew large as saucers. Erik the Red was famous for fighting. No words would come out of her mouth. She couldn’t breathe.

Finally Leif spoke up.

“Father,” he said, “they are but children.”

The older Viking took a step back and turned toward his son.

“Ha! Children are the best spies, I say!” Erik said.
Leif laughed kindly. “But they are also Christians,” he said.

Erik looked surprised. “Oh?”

“Look closely,” Leif said. “The girl wears the sign of the cross. See the brooches at her shoulders?”

Beth looked down at her brooches. She hadn’t paid much attention to them before. They were gold and round. Each one had a cross in the center.

“The boy also wears it,” Leif said.

The clasp to Patrick’s bearskin cape was silver. It was shaped like a kite. The cross was in the center.

Erik grunted in anger. He reached out and stroked the fur on Patrick’s cape.

“Give me the silver-skinned cape,” Erik said to Patrick. “Since I am the ruler here, it
belongs to me.”

Patrick’s hands shook as he reached to undo the clasp.

“No, Father,” Leif said. “Please let the boy keep his cape. They are Christians. I will defend their rights.”

Erik glared at his son. He spat on the ground. “You are too soft and kind. Why can’t you be more like a Viking?”


“Honest?” Erik said. He sneered. And then he shook his sword at Leif. The yellow stone on its handle sparkled in the sunlight.

He shouted, “You cheated me! I sent you to Norway to trade goods. But you brought home a new God! The God of the cross!”
“Jesus the Christ,” Leif said.

Leif looked at his father. The son’s face was full of concern and hurt. Beth thought that this must be an old argument between them.

Erik spat on the ground again. “Your Christ is a God of peace—not war! He has no place in Greenland!”

Erik shook his sword one last time. Then he seemed to give up. He slid his weapon into its holder. He turned on his heel, walked over to his horse, and climbed on.

“You may watch over these children,” Erik said to Leif. “But if I ever find them alone, I will take them as slaves!”