

Example Text: Historical narratives

Sven the Small

It was cold and windy on Odin's Bluff. Sven was looking for somewhere to hide. But he wasn't playing hide and seek. Sven was hiding because he was different.

He wasn't strong like his brother Gundar, and he wasn't tall like his best friend Erak. His father, Nils, was the leader of the Vikings, as mean and as fierce as they came.

Small Sven, on the other hand, was kind and gentle.

"Perhaps one day I'll grow up to be a real Viking," thought Sven. But he didn't really believe it.

Today was the day that Sven hated the most. It was the day of the Viking games, when all the children challenged each other to acts of strength and bravery.

But small Sven was neither strong nor brave. He was the most unlikely Viking you could ever meet.

"Come on Sven Nilsson!" called Erak. "It's your turn to toss the hammer."
Of all the games, this was the worst.

Sven gulped and wiped his hands on his leather jerkin. Slowly he bent his knees and lifted the hammer up. "By Thor's hammer! I'm actually doing ..."

Sven didn't get to finish his thought before he dropped the oar right on his big toe.

"EEOOOWWW!" he bellowed.

In fact, he bellowed so loud that the timbers in the long ships shook.

As Sven hopped around, holding his throbbing toe, people began to clap and cheer.

"Well done, Sven!" said Erak, slapping him on the back. "You've won!"

"How can I have won? I dropped the thing on my toe!" replied Sven.

It was then that Erak told him he hadn't won the hammer toss, but instead, he had won the yelling competition. Sven smiled at that. He was a real Viking after all!