

*A story found and translated from Pictish at Hearth and Home, 1106*

*“The finding of the spear*

*The Pictish warriors rose from the heath. Descending quickly to assail the few celts who defended the ships. Rapidly overwhelming them in bloody slaughter. They hurried down to the ships to steal away and use them to navigate the rivers deep into celtic territory, their filthy practices and rites were hurriedly performed before the celtic force they had been evading caught up with them.*

*This angered the sea greatly, or so it seemed. As a great howling mist arose about the encampment and quickly swallowed the land, a great, black and terrible storm began to brew out to sea, driving a strange and ghostly sleep hurriedly towards shore and panicing the Pictish forces. Howls and cries and roars and screams echoed through-out the long night, bringing terror to the foes.*

*At the head of the fleet rushed a chariot of shell, drawn by the spirits of the wales themselves. A rushing of white horses and thrashing of deep blue whales – a great shark drove itself up and over the chariot as it hit landward. Its gaping jaw widened beyond all comprehension as it flew towards those pict brave enough to face the enemy of so afearad they were as if pinned to the very ground.*

*In a dazzling flash, the creature disappeared and where it crashed to the ground a dazzling giant of a man, his beard the very depths of the sea and his flowing mane the crash and fall of the waves, stepped forth. Great sea birds flocked above him. Descending and cawing upon the enemy as the sea warrior tore into their ranks – his deadly blade, wreathed in ice, was a very mirror to the soul and drove his foes in their place. His head was wreathed in the flames of his helmet and his eyes glowed with the frost of the ages and about his brow glowed the gold wreath of his rank and title. The mist swirled and threatened about him thickening tightly to his muscular frame, deflecting the blows of his enemies as he tore into them and wrought bloody vengeance. Beside him with a swirl of his cloak appeared a younger and slighter man out of the very mist of nowhere itself bearing a mighty spear who perfectly crafted and hefty head took up most of the shaft that supported it.*

*This young image of the mighty warrior laid about him crushing the lightly clad pictish warriors into the ground – even the mighty shaman. Beasts of the foes could not stand the power and weight of the blows that this fearsome weapon laid upon them.*

*As swiftly as it had begun the onslaught diminished and then her creatures and sea beings melted back into the mist into the sea, leaving the two figures alone on the bloody beach as the sounds of the approaching celts drifted across the clear night air: the storm had vanished into a calm, but rain fell from the heavens to cleanse the earth of the blood that festered there.*

*As the scouts gained the rise and gazed down on the carnage below, the warriors rose their weapons in salute and turned back to the sea. The younger drove his spear suddenly into the ground, making the earth itself tremor, and then the pair were gone. . . .”*