

MOORS MOP UP

BOTTOM FALLS OUT OF SPANISH SACK

844

“I will never eat another orange as long as I live!” That’s what Harald Steptoanssen is saying, having just come back from an all too pithy defeat at Seville.

Harald was part of the most adventurous Viking venture yet – toransack southern Spain. The expedition started well, with an unconditional surrender at Lisbon, and an overwhelming pillage at Cadiz. But then, having sailed up the River Guadalquivir and given Seville a good going-over, they net a bunch of Moors.

Moor trouble

According to Harald, “We said, ‘Who are you men?’ and they said ‘We’re Muslims, but you can call us Moors like everyone else. We own Spain and we don’t like your attitude. There’s lots of us and we’re going to thrash you.’ So we said, ‘Oh yeah? You and whose army?’ That’s where we made a mistake because they hid, in fact, have a very large army.”

Head count

The Emir of Cordoba, who controls most of Spain, spoke cheerily to an Invader reporter. “Yes, we gave them a very satisfactory seeing-to. We’d heard they were invincible supermen, you know. But we destroyed 30 ships, killed 1,000

men and took another 400 prisoner. We made the survivors give us all their booty and sent them packing. Then we cut off the heads of 200 prisoners and sent them to the Emir of Tangier, in Morocco, to show him that the Vikings could be defeated after all.”

Even moor trouble

Viking spokesmen are fuming at the defeat. Up-and-coming Captain Bjorn Ironsides vowed revenge. “Me and my mate Halstein have got it all planned. We’ll go out there with 62 ships and burn all

the mosques in Algeciras, sack a few places in Morocco, loot our way along southern France and then do Italy. If we’ve got time we’ll swoop down on the eastern Mediterranean too. Then we’ll sail back and do it all over again.”

Bjorn even has his dates worked out. The time not to be a Moor is between 859 and 862.

The Invader says:
**See page 8
for more
Arab antics**



Harald spreads the word among his fellow Vikings: “200 heads it was. Yes, it’s quite disgusting...”

SLAP-HEAD DOES HIS TOP



Charles the Bald says: “No one will know, as long as I keep this fine gold crown on my head.”

FRENCH BALDY GOES BALLISTIC

845

King Charles the Bald, grandson of Charlemagne, is hopping mad at the latest Viking outrage.

This Easter, Danish hero Ragnar Hairy-Brecks sailed up the River Seine and sacked Paris from top to bottom. King Charles had to give him 7,000 pounds of silver to go away without doing any more damage.

Thin

“It’s quite atrocious,” steamed the thinning royal. “And this isn’t

the first time they’ve attacked us on a holy day. Only three years ago they cruised up the Loire and massacred everyone in Nantes on the Feast of St. John the Baptist.”

Quick

“The worst thing about Nantes was that the Vikings didn’t go away afterward. Usually they have a quick pillage and then go back to their farms. But this time they camped out on an island for the whole winter, as if they meant to stay there forever.”

“We can’t have that at any cost, which was why I paid them all that money to get out of Paris. If they get the idea they can stay, then it’s curtains for all of us!”

**CAPTAIN IN
COFFIN BURNS
WRONG TOWN**

(Continued from cover)

asked if they were Vikings, because I'd heard there were some about, you see, and they said no they weren't and that they were only wearing their beards or a joke. So I let them in.

Sniggering

They behaved very strangely. They all seemed to be trying not to laugh and I could have sworn I heard someone sniggering in the coffin.

Anyway, they got to the graveyard and just as the service was starting, the coffin burst open and out jumped this bearded man with a sword. He ran the bishop through and shouted, "Die, you Roman pig!"

Well that really surprised us, because our town isn't Rome. It's called Hedeby. We explained his mistake to him and he got absolutely furious. He turned the place down, killed almost all the men and sold the women and children as slaves."

Gutted

"I'm absolutely gutted," Captain Ironside told the invader. "I can only apologize to the boys. Obviously, they were expecting some top-quality loot and all they got was this nowhere little town. To make amends I'm treating them to a first-rate brawl with all the trimmings."

DANES SPURN ARAB SMEAR

855

SPANISH SLAVER SAYS IT STINKS!

Citizens of the Danish town of Hedeby were outraged to hear they'd been given the thumbs-down in a new travel book by Ibrahim ibn Ahmed al-Tartushi.

Tartushi, an Arab merchant from Spain who makes his living as a slave-dealer, wrote a damning report of Hedeby after his latest visit.

According to him:

- *the streets are filthy*
- *the stench is appalling*
- *the noise is atrocious*
- *rotting animal sacrifices hang on poles outside every house*
- *and the local singing is unbearable - "like the baying of dogs, only even more like a wild beast than that."*

Locals are up in arms.



Hedeby. Citizens say, "We like a stench. It gives the place an easy-going feel."

"What nonsense!" said Horik Hammerhead, a prominent blacksmith. "This is a top-drawer, cosmopolitan trading town. We've had merchants from all over Europe and nobody's complained yet. If you ask me, we're a lot smarter than some of those so-called civilized nations.

All you have to do is look at what's on offer in the market. Glass,

iron, bronze, reindeer-horn knick-knacks, slaves - yes, they're all from Denmark! Apart from the slaves, that is. They come from all over the place - Ireland, Russia, wherever we go."

Jars

"What do the foreigners have to offer? Swords, mill-stones, and a few jars of oil and

wine. Not much of a showing is it?"

Eric was even angrier at the suggestion that Hedeby has less-than-perfect town facilities.

"Outrageous!" he fumed. "Our streets are paved with best-quality wood. And our fortifications are second to none. It would take you a good day to walk through the Danevirke, our southern system of ditches and ramparts. If you wanted to look over the top of it you'd have to have three people standing on each others' shoulders!"

Tartushi isn't backing down. "The place is distasteful and utterly lacking in creature comforts," he said in a recent interview. "I strongly advise traders to come to Spain. We don't have as many slaves, but we do excellent lines in fine wines, flamenco dancing dolls, and letter-openers shaped like little swords."

SIMPLY HACK AND DRAG!

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