

Aegir held onto the sides of the boat. It rocked and swayed against the heavy storm and the violent waves. 'Hold on for yer lives!' Frey yelled. The boat flipped over in a matter of seconds, and Frey and many other Vikings who had been on the boat were called to join the ocean. Thunder boomed and the lightning roared in the background, drowning out Aegir's cries. A wave quickly devoured him, but he managed to emerge of the water. He collected his thoughts and swam towards the boat, trying to flip it right side up with all his might, though it turned out his flaky little arms weren't enough.

A giant wave devoured the boat sending it tumbling onto Aegir, who was pushed underneath the ocean waters. He panicked, concerned that he wouldn't be able to emerge quick enough. He swam as fast as he could, hearing a snap in the background. He looked above him and covered his mouth, the boat had smashed into a million tiny pieces, which were all beginning to sink to the bottom.

Aegir choked, he was running out of air and had to get out of there as soon as possible. He tried to swim but was hit by one of the ship's masts on the way there. He spun sideways and out of control, sinking even deeper into the ocean. He coughed, removing his hand from his mouth and inhaled the water. The icy waters filled his throat, and he clutched his neck. Wide-eyed and in panic, he tried to call his father for help, but all that came out were bubbles and muffled sentences.

He looked at his surroundings. It was just debris and bodies spanning for miles and miles. He met eyes with the dead body of Frey, the enthusiastic man who'd always brought happiness and enthusiasm to their expeditions. He met the eyes of their captain, Finn. He had been a determined and harsh warrior, but when he was with his crew he was the most compassionate person in the world. Finally, Aegir met eyes with dead body of his older brother, Arne, who had been washed overboard by the first wave while trying to keep the mast up.

Aegir felt hysterical, he could feel himself falling into unconsciousness, slowly but surely. He pleaded with his father one last time, and then he welcomed fate, letting himself slip away.