

Episode 03

The group returns to the cart back by the side of the road. The legionnaires must carry Katerina, who's fallen into a stupor. As they set her in the back of the cart, Maon dumps a bundle of metal into the back.

"What're all those?" asks Faustus.

"Oh, it's the weapons from them dead Saxons," says the craftsman. "I was thinking they could be valuable."

Then the others pile in and travel back down the road, returning to Londinium, with Maon talking non-stop about bad-vibes he's getting from the different weapon's he's examining.

"Ugh... enough already..." mutters the hunter.

"Yeah, seriously," seconds Momo.

Surprised, the hunter looks over to her. "What did you just say?!"

"Huh? What's wrong?" says Momo, in perfect latin.

"Y-you speak latin?!"

"I am?!" shrieks Momo, with sudden revelation. "You can understand me now? Really?! You're not just joking? Oh-my-god, oh-my-god!!" she says excitedly, bouncing in place. "How did this – Why did this – Oh nevermind! You can understand me, oh thank goodness!!"

Faustus, who's been watching in astonishment, looks to Wulfar. "I wonder if we'll be able to get her to shut up now..."

Maon smiles at Momo. "Ah, well, that's a great turn of luck! I'm Maon by the way!"

"Hi! I'm Momo, it's nice to meet you," she says bowing and smiling. "Oh boy, I can't wait to get back to town!"

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The group travels throughout the night. Dawn is breaking just as the cart draws near the gates of Londinium, Hana waves goodbye to everyone and hops out, heading back towards the woods nearby.

"Bye, Hana!" waves Momo. "I'll visit!"

Hana waves back.

The cart heads through the gates and into the city, finally stopping outside the Legion Outfitter. Faustus hops off, needing to make his report, and orders his soldiers to unload the cart.

"Wait a second," says Wulfar to the Centurion. "My pay."

"Oh yeah," says Faustus. He reaches to his belt and pulls of a small sack of coins which he tosses to the hunter, then the centurion steps into the Legion Outfitter's tent.

"What about her?" says Maon, pointing to the still catatonic Katerina.

"I'll take her to the Inn I'm staying at and get her a bed to rest in," says Wulfar.

"Think she's going to be okay?" asks Maon.

"I can't say," responds the hunter, who reaches down and hefts Katerina over his shoulder like a dead bison.

"Well, I'll see you all later," says Momo. "I'm gonna' go talk to EVERYBODY!"

Maon waves goodbye to Momo and Wulfar. He looks around the unfamiliar streets of Londinium, unsure of what to do next.

"Don't worry," says a familiar voice.

As Maon turns he sees Faustus stepping out of the outfitter's tent.

"We'll find a place for you here, yeah?"

Maon smiles.

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Wulfar arrives at the Inn and gets a room. He takes Katerina up to it and lays her down on the bed. Then he goes back downstairs and grabs breakfast, and ponders the events of the previous day, then looks to the sack of coins, considering how best to spend it.

He ultimately decides to take the day off, and relaxes with a good pipe and some smooth ale.

By nightfall he sleepily makes his way up the stairs to his room. He opens the door to the darkened chamber, steps in and crashes onto his bed.

He fades off into the dark warmth of restful sleep...

...but something wakes him. A tiny sound, that of the latch on his door opening. He rolls over and sees, silhouetted in the door, Katerina. She steps over the threshold and walks to where he lays on the bed.

"What are you doing?" asks the hunter, sitting up.

She sits down at the foot of the bed, and begins to slip out of her shirt.

It takes a moment for the realization to dawn on the hunter, but when it does, he bolts up out of the bed, marching straight for the door.

He heads out into the hallway, shutting the door behind him, leaving Katerina alone in the dark.

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The group stays in Londinium for the next few months.

Momo's tailoring business blossoms with her newly found grasp of the language. Faustus returns to his duties for the 7th Legion. Wulfar returns to his hunting pursuits, and Maon picks up a steady job at a smithy.

Katerina comes and goes, and while she keeps in touch with the others, she becomes very cold and unaffectionate. Except for Hana, whom she visits in the nearby woods with gifts of jewelry and blankets.

During this time, Katerina seeks out the old beggar Lodis, who had foretold of her ordeal at the ruined village. When she finds him, she puts a simple question to him: "How does one kill a God?"

She picks up a job as a warehouse supervisor down by the Londinium docks.

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It's early winter. It rains fairly regularly, and the cold weather by the river makes heavy fog a fact of life.

Faustus is eating a hot soup while looking out the window into the pouring rain when a messenger bursts in on it.

"There's a man outside the city in a medic's tent, he's calling for you, Centurion!"

Not far away, as Momo is working in her shop, Centurion Faustus steps in out of the rain, followed by Wulfar and Maon.

"Uhhh... hello everyone?" says the seamstress.

"Do you know anything about ice-men?" Faustus says as he hangs his cloak up on the wall.

"Ice and men separately, or ice men as a single concept?" retorts the seamstress, sarcastically.

Faustus gives her a look. She frowns.

At that point, Katerina sweeps in, looking fantastic in a new thick black cloak lined with grey fur. She pulls the hood away.

"Hello everyone," she says. "It's so good to see you all again."

Faustus regains his composure. "Right, well, everyone, here's what's happened. I was called out to a medic tent. They say it's a man from the 6th Legion who has asked for me – by name – and is muttering strange gibberish about 'ice-men'."

"Ice men?" asks Wulfar. "You mean the spawn of Ymir, foretold to start fimbulwinter?"

"I'm not sure," says Faustus. "But the man is in great pain and I'm in need of a skilled healer." He turns to the seamstress. "Momo, I was hoping your hands can do more than just knit."

Her hopefulness turns to disappointment. "I'm sorry," she says.

At which Maon raises his hand. "I might be able to help," he says. "I've patched up my relatives more than a few times. How bad is he?"

"Frost's bite has gnawed upon his body."

Maon lowers his head.

"Where's Hana?" says Katerina, interrupting the moment.

The group looks to one another.

Katerina frowns at the apparent lack of competence. She pulls on her hood and says, "I'll fetch her."

She departs and heads into the wilderness. The others all head to the north gate with Faustus, to the medic tent.

Katerina fails to locate Hana in the nearby woods and as she returns through the north gate, she spots the medic tent and steps in.

Inside, Maon shakes his head as he looks up at Faustus.

"You cannot be seriously considering what I think you're considering," says the craftsman.

"If *you* can't do anything for him," retorts the Centurion, "then this is the only way."

Maon shakes his head.

At that moment, Katerina steps inside the tent. She pulls off her rain-soaked hood and announces, "I couldn't find Hana."

At that moment, they all hear a wolf-howl nearby.

Faustus looks to Maon, "did you hear that?" He then looks to Wulfar.

"That's no wolf," says Wulfar.

Katerina's eyes narrow. "So, wolves are more important than looking for Hana?"

Faustus looks back at her. "I think we *have* to deal with the wolves first."

Katerina glares at him, puts her hood back on and sweeps out of the tent into the rain.

"Great," says Faustus.

Outside, the rain comes down in large droplets of cold water. A breeze carries a thick fog through the air. From the woods nearby dark shapes shift to and fro. Katerina stands her ground by the edge of the woods. Faustus joins her, with Maon, Wulfar and Momo looking on. Faustus draws his sword. Wulfar draws his crossbow, aiming it at the trees. Katerina just stands there in her black cloak, utterly unshaken.

Stepping out of the woods are two large black dogs, each one the size of a horse. Their eyes are fiery red and their breath carries on the cold air. Following out behind them is a large, heavily muscled man with antlers sprouting from his head.

They approach the group, stopping mere yards from Katerina and Faustus.

Katerina holds her ground, not moving an inch despite the hot breath she can feel coming from the dog.

The man looks from her to Faustus. "I've come for the man inside the tent," it says in perfect Gaelic.

Faustus looks back to him. "What for?"

"To take his soul back to Tir'Na'Marbh."

Faustus looks back towards Maon.

"That's the land of the dead," Maon whispers.

Faustus nods. "Very well," he says. "You may claim his soul, but before you depart, I should like a word with him."

"As you wish," says the antlered man.

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Faustus returns to the tent. The injured man lies here, scarcely alive at all. The gently reaches down and closes his eyes and puts a hand on his chest and with that, the man ceases breathing and dies.

The man's soul floats up out of its body. It turns to face Faustus and smiles.

"I wanted to warn you, Centurion Faustus," says the soul, "about the ice men who came from the north."

Faustus looks at the soul intently.

"I'd seen you on parade when you arrived," continues the soul, "and I knew you were one of us. Someone who could avenge me and my men and drive those Saxon monsters back to hell!"

The soul smiles at him, and Faustus returns the gesture, grimly.

Faustus exits the tent and the soul floats towards the large man and his two dogs, who lead him back into the forest.

"The man came from the fort at Dyfed," Faustus announces to the group. "He's asked me to avenge him and his men."

The others nod somberly.

Katerina looks up at Faustus from underneath her hood.

"Shall we go look for Hana now?"

The group spreads out through the soaking woods, looking for the girl. But as they fan out, calling to her, Katerina notices the old beggar, Lodis, quietly motioning her over behind a tree. She slips away from the others and goes towards him.

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"Strange seeing you here, old man," she says.

"Strange times bring strange things," says the beggar. "It is vital you go with the Centurion to Dyfed."

"Why," retorts Katerina, "what's in Dyfed?"

"Your people will be blamed for things they did not do, for the Romans have no love for them," says the beggar, prophetically.

"My people? Like, the north men?"

"The Aesir, the Norse, the Saxons, call them what you will."

Katerina glares back at him. "My people don't do me a lot of good, old man. Have *you* an answer to my question? How does one kill a God?!"

"It depends on the God," says Lodis coyly, "but they all have a weak spot."

"Then find me Loki's weak spot, beggar," she hisses at him. "I expect an answer when I return from this 'errand'."

"I shall."

"Is that all?" asks Katerina impatiently.

The beggar gives her a final look. "Be careful."