

The Vinnísians

By
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Preface

There is a land called Skadan, far in the north. There dwelt many peoples. Among them was a little people called the Winnili (Vinnili spelled phonically), their characteristic features of the physical type were light hair, blue eyes, light complexion, and tallness of stature.

Even the saga-men, from whom the Roman historian Tacitus gathered the facts for his *Germania* — a valuable work for the history of civilization, knew that in the so-called Svevian Sea, north of the German continent, lay another important part of Germany, inhabited by Sviones. (Tac. *Germ.* 44).

Tacitus speaks about the Vinnilian's with some admiration as a small people whose numbers, he says, was counterbalanced by their unimpeachable unity, and warlike virtues, which rendered them secure in the midst of the numerous and mighty tribes around them.

At the time of Paul the Deacons writings the Vinnilians dwelt in the most northern part of Germany, on the lower Albis (Elbe River). Five hundred years later we find them as rulers in Pannonia, whence they invade Italy. They had by then been converted to Christianity. A hundred years after they had become settled in North Italy, Paul a Latin scholar wrote a little treatise about them, the *De Origine Longobardorum*.

From the Winnili, or Vinnili, to the Longbeards, Longobards, Langobards, Lombards, Lombardi, on down to the Latinized version of Lanteri, then the French Lanthers, Lanthier, Lanier, Lantier, Lantiez, Lenier, Lentier, Lenthier, Lasnier, Lennare, Lanyer, Lanyere, Lanter, Lainez, Lainiez, Lainier, and the Laisney's. (see Rietstap Armorial General of Lanther for documented french Coat of Arms, as on the front cover.)

Introduction

Öland Island

The island is 137 km long and has a width that varies from 4 to 16 km. It is a land of small distances some 6 to 10 km from the mainland.

Evidence of habitation of Öland (known in earlier times as **Oelandia**) occurs at least as early as 6000 BC, when there were stone age settlements at Alby, and other locations on the island.

It is the largest Swedish island after Gotland. Administratively, Öland, together with the surrounding islets, forms the smallest of Sweden's traditional provinces. Its periphery of limestone and sand ridges encloses an almost barren tract of land. There are a few small streams and one lake, Hornsjön. On this narrow, alluvial coastland, sugar beets, rye, and potatoes are grown

The Roman historian Jordanes in his work *Getica*, written while in Constantinople around AD 551 contains several accurate descriptions of Scandinavia in it. Jordanes referred to Ptolemy's description of *Scandia* "as a great island shaped like a juniper leaf" (i.e. long and not round) "having bulging sides and which tapered down in the south at a long end".

These accounts lend further credence to Öland Island as being the home of the Winnilians. Their ruler was a woman called Gambara, along with her sons Ibor and Ayo.



The two brothers were energetic young men. Their mother, Queen Gambara, was an intelligent and clever woman, whose wise counsel they heeded in times of need.

This is a novel written on a historical timeline, and not without historical facts.

In an effort to embellish, and give some Vinnilian spirit to what would otherwise have been a historically dry reading of only names, places, and bits, and pieces of scattered events from historians.

But if there is one purpose in the suppositions that will be brought forth it is only this; To bring alive how such a small group of people could have stood their ground, and dwelt in security among the stronger, more numerous tribes surrounding them? And yet that is what history plainly states that they consistently did.

"To the Langobardi, on the contrary, their scanty numbers are a distinction. Though surrounded by a host of most powerful tribes, they are safe, not by submitting, but by daring the perils of war."

Tacitus – Germania (AD 98)

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Chapter 1

Winnili History

The region of the north, in proportion as it is removed from the heat of the sun, and cold with snow, and frost, is so much more salutary the bodies of men, and providing for their increase unto the Gentile Nations.

So starts the ancient dissertation of Paul the Deacon concerning the origins of the Longbeards.

Queen Gambara had two teenaged sons Ibor and Ayo who both proved to be dauntless of heart, and given to mischief of the most audacious kind. Their Mother had tried to teach them the ancient family knowledge of reading the earth, the skies, and the sea, along with the art of reading the faces of man, something that every royal knows is a necessary skill if one is to remain in power for very long. These were the skills that the Vinnilian leaders had governed by since the tribe had first begun. The fact that they had not ruled by power, alliances with foreign tribes, or by being coercive with their own people, says much about their differences from those of the nations.

Their unconventional thinking, and posturing techniques made them unique among their contemporaries. It also afforded them an unpredictability that their enemies were unable to understand.

Ibor and Ayo would prove to take this unique thought process into new realms of reality. For instance they at a very young age would both practice making fear inspiring faces in front of their mothers mirror until they had hit upon those that actually scared themselves. They also had devised sincere faces, dejected faces, confused faces, crazed faces, and funny faces that made the girls giggle, as well as a host of other wily countenances that could, and would be used to completely mislead anyone that was trying to read

their true intentions, or feelings by studying their faces. This was not done to take advantage of others, and was only used before their adversaries to bolster their unpredictability.

The Vinnili were too small a force to protect themselves against those who chose to be their enemies. Over reacting, playing the aggressor, being circuitous, and appearing to be of little means, yet larger than life, had done much to keep them alive, and safe as a people, and would continue to do so, as long as no one understood what they were doing.

*It is a well-known fact that the..... [Germanic Vinnili]
...peoples never live in cities, and will not even have their houses set close together. They live apart, dotted here and there, where spring, plain or grove has taken their fancy. Their villages are not laid out in Roman style, with buildings adjacent or interlocked. Every man leaves an open space round his house, perhaps as a precaution against the risk of fire, perhaps because they are such inexperienced builders. They do not even make any use of little stone blocks or tiles; what serves their every purpose is ugly timber, both unimpressive and unattractive. They smear over some parts of their houses with an earth that is so pure and brilliant that it looks like painting or colored mosaics.(Germania, Tacitus 16a)*

But this thing that the boys were doing had not gone unnoticed by Gambarara, and it was not what she had taught them. But something inside her had told her to leave them alone, and so she did.

Now that they were in their late teens, they wanted to be warriors. And had asked their Mother for swords, and helmets. But because iron was in such short supply even a matriarch's sons' wants could not justify that expenditure, and in the end they wound up with only two very old spears from the armory.

On receiving their weapons they had immediately removed the spearheads, and were throwing the shafts at, and terrorize all the dogs in the camp, not to mention a few sheep. Until it had come to the point that the elders had told them in no uncertain terms to go on somewhere.

At this they approached their Mother, and told her that they had decided to go to the north of the island, and train to be warriors of the realm. “Realm? What Realm? Questioned Gambara, the tribe is barely 200 men women, and children.”

“It is a Realm to us!” Said Ayo.

“Then go young warriors, and champion the Vinnili by valiantly defending our northern approaches.” Said Gambara as she dutifully played the part.

The camp had had about enough of both of them, and she could use a break from all the complaints. Besides she could send someone to check on them, and bring supplies from time to time. Little did she know how truly strange they would become before their final return.

Chapter 2

Defending the Realm

Early the next morning before sunrise they had started off on their trek north loaded down with supplies. They had kissed their Mother goodbye, and listened to her last minute instructions before started off on their new adventure.

They had traveled all of seven miles northwest reattaching their spear points, and throwing their spears at practically every tree along the way until they came upon an old rock dwelling. Something built long ago by another people who's roof had long since caved in, and having arrived there exhausted, declared this to be their first Outpost on the journey north.

By the third day they had finished the thatched roof early that morning, and wandered off toward the west coast looking for intruders. They found none, but did find a recent shipwreck. A Karvi Cargo vessel that had broken up on the rocks then washed ashore by a resent storm. Only the front half of the ship had remained but there were some swords among the dead, and shields still attached to the hull. Not to mention ropes, axes, and other items, but there was no cargo to be found. They made several trips to the wreck that day, and carried everything they could use back to their Post. Then they ran back to the ringfort, and told their mother of their find. Several men were sent with them to the sight to collect the items they had salvaged as well as the lumber, and even the iron rivets were taken that held it together.

Before the men left they relieved Ibor and Ayo of the Viking shields, swords, and helmets they were wearing. For they knew only too well that should any Vikings see even one Winnilli with Viking armor, they would kill every man women, and child without mercy. All of the spoils would be hidden until they could be reworked into the Winnili style. Until then two of the men gave Ibor and Ayo their

swords as security that they would keep their word. When the work was done they would have their own swords, helmets, and shields fashioned to their liking.

The two boys returned to their Post for the night. On their return trip they had brought extra supplies along with two oil lamps, and a flask of cod liver oil for fuel. So the rest of the evening was spent posturing, and waving the swords around at each other, to get the feel of their new weapons.

Chapter 3

Drott

It was the next morning when they went to search farther back from the shore for anything that they might have missed the day before, that they found the shipwrecked seaman lying in the underbrush with a broken hip.

“Why are you here!” Questioned Ibor.

“I am Drott, and I am not here by choice, but by the will of my god Thor.”

“Hmmm. He must not think much of you.” Chided Ayo.

“Brandish your sword and finish me, less I have to endure another moment of the disdainful words of dogs.

At that Ayo bared his teeth, and growled.

“Just like a Viking always giving orders like he is in charge, even when he's lying helpless before his enemies.” Replied Ibor.

“We could keep him alive for a while to train us, then leave him to die.” Said Ayo.

“Or we could let him live after he's healed, if we had a reason that would benefit us in our quest. Do you have a broken hip Viking?” Queried Ibor as he took his foot, and stepped hard on his left leg.

“Aaaaaaaah! Cried Drott.

“Come on let's go we are heading north in a few days, and we don't have time to stay here with this Viking until he heals. Let's search the area some more, anything we might find would have to be better than

this. Besides we can come back later.” Said Ibor.

As the two moved out of hearing distance Ayo said; Do you think he will do it? Dog!”

Ibor immediately started panting with his tongue out. Then he suddenly gave a sharp bark, and attacked Ayo, bringing him to the ground in a wrestling match. There they kept at it growling, and showing their teeth. Each trying to get the upper hand in the fight until they both broke into uncontrollable laughter.

After the laughter had subsided, and they lay there on their backs looking up at the sky Ayo said; “Did you see the signs in the grass where he dragged himself all the way from the shore?”

“A man would have to want to live pretty badly to have done that with a broken hip.”

“And all that tough talk about, ' Brandish your sword, and finish me!', was just because he figured that that was what we were going to do anyway, so why not play the fearless Viking to the end.”

Yeah, his voice said it, but his face didn't.

“And did you see his face, in your peripheral vision suddenly lighten up as we discussed taking care of him, and letting him live after he was healed?”

“Yeah, said Ibor, he'll do it, and hold back nothing. Thinking that after he has healed, he will kill us both, and any knowledge that he has imparted will remain safe as well.”

“We will have to be on our toes when that time comes, said Ayo, and we will have to keep the tribe away from the Post. You know Mother, she will send someone to check on us under the guise of bringing supplies.”

“Then we will have to keep making trips to the village, and bringing our own supplies. None of the rest of them are going to come here unless Mother sends them. I don't think they like us.” Added Ibor.

“You don't say? Said Ayo with a chuckle. I can't imagine why.”

“Come on let's go back and see if Drott is still alive.”

“Can you be of benefit in our quest Viking?”

“How can I answer when you have not told me what your quest is?”

“We are training ourselves to be mighty warriors” Said Ayo in all seriousness.

“Ha! What do you two pups know about war?”

“About as much as you do about how to stay alive until you heal I should think.” Replied Ibor with a cunning smile.

“Well we can leave you here if you really want to die. Said Ayo, but we can't kill you. I mean what would two pups like us know about killing someone anyway, and besides we have no reason to kill you. You haven't done anything to us, and the Winnili don't kill except to defend ourselves, and then only upon having good justification.”

“Then you are a strange ,and weak people among men.”

“We don't care.” Said Ibor.

“You are trying to tell me that if you took me to your village they would not kill me? And they would give me food, and water, then take care of me until I am healed?”

“No one said anything about their giving you anything. I just said that they wouldn't kill you. They would just leave you the way you

are until you died. Because as long as you live you present the threat of coming back with your cohorts, and murdering us all.”

“I am a Viking warrior, but all you two offer to live is a life of slavery!”

“No, no one said anything about slavery either. Why do you keep adding to our words. What we are offering is a trade, that was a trading ship you were on wasn't? Questioned Ayo.

“If you will train us well you shall live at our Post until you heal. But if you hold back from any of our questions, or our training, we will take you to the village, and leave you behind when we head north.” Promised Ibor with the cold stare of a predator.

“Then take me to your Post Berserkr, and I will teach you.” Drott was referring to them as the half man, half beasts of Viking myth. Similar to the myth of the Cynocephali creatures that had the head of a dog, but the body of a man.

From the first day Drott had kept his word, and in the months that followed he had taught them the basics well. In turn Ibor, and Ayo had cared for him, even making a wooden bed for him with handles on the ends so they could carry him outside during the day, and off into the brush where he could take care of nature by himself when the need arose. And they had built rock platforms for his bed inside, and outside to raise him up to eye level when he was able to set up, and teach.

All in all things were going well. They were also learning about other nations, and what to expect of them, how they fought their enemies, and about their weaknesses. Drott was also starting to tell them some of the personal tricks that he had used in battle, instructing them in the various moves.

It was six months now that Drott had been healing, but he had a major problem. To ease the pain he had lain all that time with his broken leg always bent at the hip in a sitting position, and now it would not straighten out. For the last two months he had been either hobbling around on a crutch that he had made for himself with his left knee always leading the way everywhere he went. Or he had been walking, and even was able to make short sprints bent over at the waist. Of course Ibor, and Ayo had copied this, and become proficient in running in this manner, employing it as a covert means of travel through the brush of the forest.

Drott had lamented his inability to stand up straight, and they had taken his frustration as genuine, but they couldn't be sure without testing him.

So after one of Drott's frequent tyrannical rages of cursing his leg, and beating it with his fists Ibor said:
“Drott, I have an idea. What if we hung you by your leg from a tree to see if that would gradually straighten it out.”

“Anything, other than being a cripple the rest of my life. Anything! Do it, do it now!”

So they took some rope, and gently hung him upside down, to watch. After half an hour of hanging there the leg had not budged, and he was starting to feel the pain, and demanding that they cut him down. Then when he started cursing them, and calling them Berserkr's again they decided that he wasn't faking. No one could keep their leg bent like that by sheer strength alone.

“Why is it that out here you are fairly pleasant, I mean for a Viking, but when your helpless you start raving, and barking out orders?”
Asked Ayo.

They took him down, then without answering he snatched his crutch out of Ayo's hand, and started off toward the shore.

“You don't think he is going to drown himself do you?” Asked Ibor.

“Could be, it's his life. But one thing I do know is that we need to talk to him to find out what's in his heart for our own safety, while he's still all emotional. Come on let's find him.”

Drott had hobbled down to where the shipwreck had been, and was sitting on the edge of the ten foot embankment looking out across the water. As they set down on either side of him Ibor asked; “Are you waiting for a Viking ship to signal so that they can rescue you?”

“No, they would only question me as to the shipwreck, and what I knew of the Vinnili, and once they saw that I was a cripple for life they would kill me. Then they would likely turn your people into slaves, and your village into a smelting port for turning the iron ore we buy from Gotland Island into ingots for easier transport back to the homeland. That's where we were heading to buy ore when we were thrown ashore here. No, to them I am just another dog now I am useless. So go ahead and take it, and use it, my life is over.”

“Take what? Use what?”

“Take the silver, gold, and jewelry that we were going to use to barter for ore. I threw the chest over in the shallows right before we capsized. Down there where those three rocks are sticking up.” As he pointed with his left hand to draw their attention he grabbed the knife from Ayo's belt, and dived off the embankment face first, while holding the blade of the knife to his chest.

Both of them quickly jumped down beside him, and rolled him over, but he was gone. After retrieving the treasure chest, and taking it back to the Post, they made a crude raft out of some cut logs, taking a torch they went back to the beach. They placed Drott on it after pouring a flask of cod liver oil over him they set it ablaze,

and shoved it out into the current. He had given them a lot, and his actions at the end showed them that he held no ill will toward them. So they reasoned that a Vikings Funeral was the least they could do.

Chapter 4

Making a Name for Themselves

After opening the chest they found some sea charts written on skins, two bars of gold, twelve crude bars of silver, some gold jewelry, and a pouch of precious stones.

They had decided to give the jewelry, and precious stones to their Mother. As for the rest they couldn't settle at the time on how to use it. So in following in the ways that their Mother had taught them. 'If you don't know what to do, don't do anything.' They dug a hole in the dirt floor of their Post, and buried the chest, with the rest.

After returning with the gifts for their Mother, and encouraging her to use the gold, and precious stones to make herself a crown, she had their shields, winged helmets, and personalized swords brought from the armory. The swords were identical, but each engraved with their own name.

“Now I will have you both trained to be Winnili Warriors.” She said.

“But we are already expert warriors” Exclaimed Ayo.

“Fine, then I will have you tested as to your abilities.” Said Gambara.

Before the sun had set the two Chieftains that she had chosen to train the boys were back before her with her two sons.

“We could not teach them! We do not know by what means they have mastered the Arts of War, but it is now they that should be teaching us.”

“Very well, said Gambara, you may go.”

After the Chieftain's had left Gambara sat the two before her,

and asked how these things had come to be.

Holding back nothing they told her of Drott, and the trade that they had struck with him. His final condition as a cripple, and the events that had ended his life, and brought the treasure into their hands.

“You both took a dangerous gamble of which I do not approve. But it has turned out well. When you are leaders you will think for the tribe, and not yourselves. What will you two be off to do now?”

“We would return to our Post, and think on the matter.” Said Ibor.

“Very well go. I will continue to send supplies from time to time.”

After she had tenderly kissed them both goodbye, they returned to their Post with more supplies.

It was beginning to snow when they reached the Post, although it was still September the winds of winter were upon them. They were glad that whoever had built their dwelling had inlaid a rock fire box with a hollow shaft that allowed the smoke to escape up passed the roof. They would not have time to dig a proper cave to winter in as was customary for the Vinnili to do. So this would have to suffice until next spring came around.

They have also the habit of hollowing out caves underground and heaping masses of refuse on the top. In these they can escape the winter's cold and store their produce. In such shelters they take the edge off the bitter frosts; and, should an invader come, he ravages the open country, but the secret and buried stores may pass altogether unnoticed or escape detection, simply because they have to be looked for. (Germania, Tacitus 16b)

After building a fire in the box. They took the bows that Drott had taught them to make, and went out in search of game. But

before long they were playing. Running through the forest brush bent over at the waist like Drott. Mock attacking imaginary enemies that proved to be only trees, or large rocks.

In doing all of this they had wandered miles from the Post, and weren't sure where they were. The sun was going down, and they suddenly found themselves in survival mode. They hadn't brought their axes, only bows, arrows, swords, and skinning knives. And since the surest way to ruin a sword is to use it as an ax. They were left with only skinning knives to cut wood for a shelter.

Within the hour they had managed to make a crude leanto out of a fallen evergreen log suspended between two low tree branches covered with some cut evergreen boughs as a roof. It would keep the snow off, but did little to stop the wind. Ayo had cut some smaller branches to lay down to insulate them from the cold ground, and placed them in as a bed.

They had tried to start a fire by using one of the arrow shafts, and a bow to make a hot coal, but any tender they had tried to use was just too damp to ignite. Left with a cold camp they retired to the leanto to try, and survive the night.

They had both dozed off several times, but the cold has a way of waking you up when it drops below freezing. At one point Ayo feeling that he was being watched suddenly sat straight up, and looked out in front of the leanto only to see what he thought were several wolves that had crept very close to their shelter, but because of his movement were now atanding frozen in their tracks with their heads low to the ground.

Before he could warn Ibor, the leader snarled, and leaped straight at Ayo, who brought up a hand full of evergreen branches from the bed, and stuffed them in the attacker's mouth. Then he charged back after him. As it turned to the side in an effort to try, and clear it's mouth, Ayo came down with one swift blow from his sword,

and loped off it's head just in front of it's shoulders.

Ibor had charged out through the rear throwing away the roof, and fighting his own battles from that side. It was not until several animals were wounded, and two dead. That they realized that these were not wolves, but feral dogs that were running in packs. It also explained why they had given up so easily.

“Look you have torn the roof off the shelter, and now there is snow everywhere!” Complained Ayo.

“Oh please forgive me, oh Chief of the Dog men. I was just trying to save my ass from being eaten.! How foolish of me!”

“Well, the moon has transcended the clouds enough to cast faint shadows upon the snow, and we can use those to find our way southwest to the coast, then follow the beach south.”

“Good then let's gather our fellow dogs, and go where it's warm.”Said Ibor as he hoisted the dog that he had killed upon his shoulder, and started walking back.

Ayo picked up the head of the dog that he had killed along with it's carcass, and followed along.

When they got back there were only coals left in the fire box, but in no time they were standing in front of a roaring fire. Ibor was standing with his back to the fire staring at the loped off head, and neck that Ayo had stood in the far corner by the door. “You know, if there truly were Dogmen among the Vinnili, aggressors would think twice about attacking us. I mean if someone took the time to truly perfect a dog mask.”

“And master the dog like movements.” Said Ayo with a wicked smile.

“And a seemingly intelligent dog like language. I mean they would

have to appear more intelligent than just some unreasoning beasts.”

Pretend to them that in his camp they have these cynocephaloi, that is, men with the heads of canines (Paul the Deacon Historia Langobardorum I. 11.

“I know of two from the village that can already run, and sprint through the woods bent over, and it is said among the Chieftain's that these two are already about half wild.”

“They'd be perfect!” Said Ibor with a cunning grin.

Since the villager's were staying in their caves to keep warm during the winter there were no hunter's out, and about in the woods. Ayo, and Ibor had taken advantage of this, and had donned their dog masks, and hunted as dog men throughout the winter. Keeping low, and presenting the animal faces seemed to cause the other animals to view them as much less of a threat. And the masks kept their faces warm to boot.

Viewing the chimney of their fire box as a waste of good smoke, they had built a smoke house of sorts high up on stilts, and diverted some of the cooler smoke from the chimney out to it. Thus by spring thaw, they had so much smoked meat hanging from the rafters that the whole roof was starting to creak whenever the wind blew.

Since the last two deliveries of supplies from their Mother had contained only vegetables, and then mostly potatoes, they had sent smoked meat back to her with each shipment. Now even the vegetables were piling up, and some were starting to go bad because they didn't have a place to properly store them. And to make matters worse, they were due for another shipment from their mother in a few days.

As luck would have it though, one morning a Greek trading

ship heading for the trading ports of Prussia, spotting the smoke from their chimney, and stopped by, wanting to trade goods for food.

The major east-west trade route passed along the southern Swedish coastline, through Bornholm, Öland, and Gotland, but Birka was the richest trade center of all. Traders came to Birka from Frisia, Anglo-Saxon England, Germany, the Baltic countries, Greeks from Byzantium, and Orientals. (Quote from World history Blog of Dr. Miland Brown) <http://www.worldhistoryblog.com/2006/01/birka-trade-center-and-gateway-for.html>

The gold, and silver that they offered turned Ayo, Ibor off. They had enough of that to do them. Ibor wanted the crossbow they had mounted on the bow of the ship, but the Captain wouldn't even consider that proposition. Finally they came to a deal. Two thirds of the smoked meat, and all of the vegetables for two of their slaves. A Persian man, and wife, named Abdas, and Jazmine.

The first order of business was to build them a shelter. A lean-to was built out back attached to the rock wall of the Post right up against the chimney to provide them with some heat. Abdas, and Jasmine were weaving evergreen boughs into walls in a way that Ibor, and Ayo had not seen done before. And they gave them Drott's bed, and some skins to keep warm.

“Well, the rafters are no longer creaking, and the spoiling vegetables are gone, but what are we going to do with two more mouths to feed.?” Asked Ibor.

“Simple, we will build a dock, and start a Trading Post. We will be the first thing they will see when they start up the Kalmar Strait, and those making extremely long voyages like those Greeks, just might be desperate for supplies by the time they land here.”

“And if they are desperate enough, I will have one of those heavy

ship-mounted crossbows like I wanted.”

“Exactly.” Said Ayo.

By the end of that first year business had been good. A cave had been excavated for stores, and there was now a variety of consumer goods, and hardware, as well as commodities to be sold.

In mid summer a trading ship coming from the north had stopped by with a drunken crew. The Captain had purchased a large shipment of Vodka from a Russian port. And had been unable to prevent his crew from drinking up the profits. After having almost capsized several times, he had decided that the cargo of Vodka was more of a liability than an asset, and had tied up to their dock desperately wanting to trade it for a cargo less perilous.

Ayo, and Ibor had obliged the Captain, and had given him a fair deal in trade. However, when the drunken crew tried to buy back some of the Vodka, they were only given hard bargains for a trade. As a result, the drunks sailed away with only a few bottles each, and none with hardly any of their personal belongings. One having added his belt, and shoes to the trade in order to make up enough for another bottle.

By adding the Vodka to a vat of water, and some *rårörda lingon*, they were able to make Lingonberry Wine, and with aging they could increase the volume of the liquor by a factor of thirty five. Soon more ships were stopping by with empty kegs just to trade for the Wine as a part of their cargo.

Lingonberries (Vaccinium vitis-idaea) are to Scandinavians what blackberries are to Americans – an abundant wild fruit free for the taking by anyone with a basket, a harvesting fork, and the patience to pick through and clean their harvest. Produced by low, evergreen shrubs throughout Scandinavia's forests, the tart red berries are much smaller and juicier than their distant cousin, the

cranberry. Bursting with natural preservatives and pectin, lingonberries were invaluable to earlier generations of Scandinavians, for they could be kept for months at room temperature simply by placing them in jars of water (vattlingon) or by stirring the raw berries with a small amount of sugar to make rårörda lingon, an easy lingonberry jam (no cooking required).
<http://scandinavianfood.about.com/od/scandinavianfoodglossary/g/lingonberries.htm>

Some people make a potent concoction by soaking a quart of lingonberries in a quart of vodka for two months. The liquid is then poured off into a bottle, and the berries are mixed with half a quart of sugar. After the sugar and berries have been sitting for about a week, the sugar/berry mixture is then added to the liquid in the bottle. This liqueur is then aged about a month before drinking.
http://www.associatedcontent.com/article/302616/lingonberries_fruitful_groundcover.html?cat=32

All this had not gone unnoticed at the large Trading Center at Birka upon the island of Björkö at the entrance of the Mälars Sea. But Guðlaug a very wealthy lady of commerce saw the Vinnilians as cutting into her profits. For she sold a much inferior watered down version that few were now willing to trading for. It was a thorn in her side but she would live with it for now.

Chapter 5

Gambara's Insights

Queen Gambara had managed the tribe wisely after her husband's death, and even managed to garner a small surplus of food stores in the cellars of the Graborg Ringfort for use in times of hardship that sooner or later always seem to come. She had noticed in the spring of the year that the deer were not fawning in their usual manner, and she had even witnessed one herd of deer swimming away from the island even though the food was abundant. Even the wild boars were holding back in their reproduction. This she took as a sign that Mother Earth (Frea, the manifestation of God's Spirit) was giving warning of ominous times to come. She prayed to Godan (The Almighty God) for direction for her people, and continued daily to put her petitions before the ancient of days.

For at a young age, she, and all of the Winnili were taught through oral tradition that they had all sprung from the loins of Noah through the lineage of Japheth, Gomer, and on down to their day. And it was taught that by their branches of these roots have the small islands of the nations been parted in their lands, each by his tongue, by their families, in their nations. To the Winnili Godan was not the god of myth, but the God of Noah.

*The eldest son of Japheth, and father of Ashkenaz, Riphath, and Togarmah # Ge 10:2,3 whose descendants formed the principal branch of the population of South-eastern Europe. He is generally regarded as the ancestor of the Celtae and the Cimmerii, who in early times settled to the north of the Black Sea, and gave their name to the Crimea, the ancient Chersonesus Taurica. Traces of their presence are found in the names Cimmerian Bosphorus, Cimmerian Isthmus, etc. In the seventh century B.C. they were driven out of their original seat by the Scythians, and overran western Asia Minor; whence they were afterwards expelled. **They subsequently reappear in the times of the Romans as the Cimbri of the north and west of***

*Europe, whence they crossed to the British Isles, where their descendants are still found in the Gaels and Cymry. **Thus the whole Celtic race may be regarded as descended from Gomer.** (24524 Easton's Revised Bible Dictionary)*

*Carleton Coon in his book of 1939 *The Races of Europe* subdivided the Nordic race into three main types, "Corded", "Danubian" and "Keltic", besides a "Neo-Danubian" type and a variety of Nordic types altered by Upper Palaeolithic or Alpine admixture. "Exotic Nordics" are morphologically Nordic types that occur in places distant from the northwestern European center of Nordic concentration.*

*Coon takes the Nordics to be a partially depigmented branch of the greater Mediterranean racial stock. He suggests that the Nordic type emerged as a result of a mixture of "the Danubian Mediterranean strain with the later Corded element". Hence his two main Nordic types show Corded and Danubian predominance, respectively. **The third "Keltic" or "Hallstatt" type, Coon takes to have emerged in the European Iron Age, in Central Europe, where it was subsequently mostly replaced, but "found a refuge in Sweden and in the eastern valleys of southern Norway."***

Thus:

1 ¶ And these are births of the sons of Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; and born to them are sons after the deluge.

2 'Sons of Japheth are Gomer, and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras.

3 And sons of Gomer are Ashkenaz, and Riphath, and Togarmah.

4 And sons of Javan are Elishah, and Tarshish, Kittim, and Dodanim.

*5 **By these have the isles of the nations been parted in their lands, each by his tongue, by their families, in their nations.** (Genesis 10)*

Gambara had begun taking walks throughout the lower Island looking to Frea, the spirit through which all of Nature lives, and is directed. She knew that Frea is neither for, or against you, she just is, and one needs to adapt, and look to her in order for her to guide you by sure signs as to what is to come.

She also found that although it was spring, and the rains had brought forth abundant vegetation, the smaller animals were now eating in excess for that time of the year. Even when she dug into the ant colony's subterranean structure she found workers that had gorged themselves with sugar and remained inert to conserve energy. She knew by her upbringing that these workers were acting as food repositories, and would regurgitate their supplies to feed forager ants in time of famine. By these things she heard what Frea was saying.

She had prayed to Godan, and then looked to Frea, and found her answer. Frea was preparing her creatures to survive the hard times ahead. And she would have to do the same for the Winnili. Immediately she returned to the fort, and gave orders that the tribesmen were to stop breaking ground, and planting seed. She gave orders that two new custom designed longboats were to be built, each 70 feet long, bringing the fleet up to four boats. One of the current boats was sent to Birka, to buy fishing nets, and as much salt as they could find, and carry.

Hunters were sent out in search of Deer, Wild Boar, Brown Bears, or any other worthy game while it was still to be had. With instructions to be mindful of their arrows, and preserve the quality of the pelts, and hides.

Extra Gravadlax trenches would be dug for preserving fish by burying salmon encased in a marinating mixture of sugar, salt, and dill.

New smokehouses would be built for other meats, as well as for any of the surplus of salmon, and other fish.

Surplus fodder was to be gathered now into the caves. Enough to last not only through the summer, but next winter as well.

The ground had been producing less, and less each season for the last few years, and she knew that it was being over farmed. A third of the tribe needed to leave so that some of the land could lay fallow, and regain it's strength if the Vinnili were to survive as a people. The very thought of the children going hungry haunted her even in her sleep.

As soon as the new ships would be finished, (sometime in mid summer) she would have the tribe divide into three groups, and lots would be cast to see which group would leave the island.

The choosing by lot of a part of the people for emigration in the case of a famine is a characteristic peculiar to German folktales (Schmidt, 42).

Chapter 6

Braving the Famine

Just as she knew it would the famine had come in the late spring of that year. Plants that would have been blooming, and starting to set on their fruits were now withering, and starting to die.

In mid Sólmanuður (sun month) she told the Vinnilian's that because they had grown too numerous, and in view of the famine that they should gather themselves each day, and divide themselves into three groups. Lots would be chosen on the third day to determine which group would leave to establish a new home in the south.

The first day there was much confusion, soul searching, and the changing of sides. On the second not so much, and by the third each group was standing firm in their convictions.

Two of the groups were mixed with middle aged couples with younger children, and the Grand Parents that had chosen to stay near their young Grand Children.

The third group was made up of the young men, and women of the tribe, a few young married couples with children, and headed by Ibor, and Ayo, as their leaders. Also Abdas, and Jazmine their slaves were in this group.

Gambara divided the lots, marked them, and placed them in a cloth. When the lot was drawn it fell to Ibor, and Ayo's group.

Tacitus, in Chapter X of his Germania, describes a form of divination used by Germanic tribes: "To divination and casting of lots, they pay attention beyond any other people. Their method of casting lots is a simple one: they cut a branch from a fruit-bearing tree and divide it into small pieces which they mark with certain

distinctive signs and scatter at random onto a white cloth. Then, the priest of the community if the lots are consulted publicly, or the father of the family if it is done privately, after invoking the gods and with eyes raised to heaven, picks up three pieces, one at a time, and interprets them according to the signs previously marked upon them."

As the leaders moved back to their groups, Gambara went and stood in her son's group signifying her decision to leave with her immediate family when the time came.

In the days that followed Ibor, and Ayo had decided to leave the Trading Post to their uncle. They had gathered all that they would take with them, and had moved back in to the ringfort with their Mother.

That evening they had donned their dog masks, and then sent Abdas to bring Gambara to their chambers.

As she entered they both leapt out, and started snarling.

"And what is all of this?" Questioned Gambara.

"We are Berserkr's, Cynocephali." Said Ayo.

"We thought that if there were sightings of Dogmen among the Vinnili, aggressors would think twice before attacking us. As you have told us from our youth, we are a small people, and we must melt the hearts of men before their plans are laid against us, and not afterward." Reasoned Ibor.

"Well what you have may fool someone at a distance, but if they will come closer to investigate, they will see that they are only masks, and the ruse will have been for not. Take them off, and let me see them."

The masks were cleverly made with a wooden socket attached to the lower jaw bone that fitted over the chin, and another for the snout shaped to fit the cheeks, and bridge of the nose attached to the upper muzzle. The rest of the masks were very soft tanned, similar to calf skin. Bead drills had been used to make holes in the bone, and wooden sockets, and the hide was sown back on. Then the masks were tied onto the face with three sets of leather thongs each tied at the back of the head, and concealed under the hair.

After inspecting them for a few minutes, and placing her right hand on her chin, the way she always did when she was deep in thought, she said; “Wait here!”, and left the room.

When she returned she was carrying a platter with a bowl of sticky paste made of sugar, mixed with a little Potato starch, and some oil to keep it from drying. She also had a jar of grease, and two pieces of fresh liver carved in the shape of tongues, and some bronze fishing hooks, and wire.

Once Ibor, and Ayo had secured the fish hooks to the lower jaws of their masks, it was a simple job to slide the liver in pressing down, and pull forward on the tongues to attach them to the hooks.

After this was done Gambara applied the sticky glue to their foreheads, eyebrows, upper cheek bones right up to the lower part of their eyes. Once the masks were put on and secured against the face, it was a simple matter to smear some grease on the lips, teeth, and to make the wet noses for the masks to bring them to life.

“This is unnerving!” said Ibor as he stared at Ayo who's tongue had dropped out of its muzzle on the right side, and was now shaking as he barely nodded his head, and made panting sounds.

“I can't look at you anymore. Said Gambara, as she stared only at their chests as she addressed them. Now, change into loin skins to appear primitive, and bring only your spears to the courtyard. I have

assembled the village they will be your final test.”

As Gambara sat addressing the villager's, the Cynocephali brother's suddenly ran out bent over at the waist, and then stood up on either side of their Mother. A loud gasp had gone through the crowd, as they retreated, and had drawn their swords.

As the men started to advance, Gambara raised her arms, and brought them to a halt. “These, are my son's Ibor, and Ayo they are the Dog men to our adversaries. Are they fear inspiring, or not?”

As Ibor, and Ayo laid down their spears, and started to mingle among the crowd, the people would marvel at their costumes, and their acting. They were truly being heralded as a theatrical spectacle.

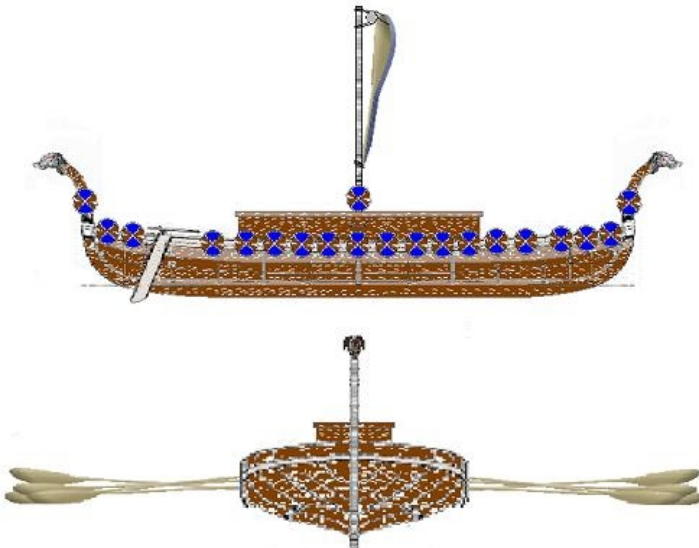
In his book Teutonic Mythology Viktor Ryberg explains these dog men in one Teutonic Myth. The journey of the Ivalde sons who traveled down to the Wolfdales in the lower world of Jotunheim, then northward to the Nefilhel, that was inhabited by thurses, and monsters. And how in Saxo, and Paul's these sort of beings take part in this mythical adventure. In Saxo, Fridlevus's war comrade Bjorno sends a monster in the form of a dog against Ivalde's son's. In Paul's account according to the beliefs of their enemies, the Vinnilian emigrants were said to have men with dogs heads as their allies.

As Gambara sat, and read their faces, she could see in all them what she herself had felt. They were all still frightened by them, even though they knew who they were.

Chapter 7

Paving the way to a New Land

The ships that Gambara had designed were getting their final fittings before sea trials. The craftsmen had carved dog heads for both vessels, and were fitting them on as Gambara made her inspection. Both were 70 ft. in length, and 10 ft. wide. Their hulls were a cross between a war ship, and a cargo trader. In addition she had had cabins built on them to shelter the women, and younger children from the harshness of the elements at sea. Something unheard of on a Nordic vessel. And because the cabins took up so much room in the midsection of the ships, the oars for that section were much shorter, but still a necessary aid to propulsion, and maneuvering.



Winnili Dog Head Longboat

She was pleased with the workmanship, and found no fault in her design. But the sea trials would attest to their sea worthiness, and handling ability.

Ibor, and Ayo were at the village smiths having preparations made to redesign two curved copper shields they had obtained through their tradings. Both would employ an embossed ring design, and be overlaid with the silver they provided, in addition each would have a dagger frame inserted to make them into not only a shield, but a bladed weapon as well.

Gambara after seeing the the finished shields of Ayo, Ibor had hardwood protruding points, shaped like large thorns placed on all of the regular flat wooden shields of those that would be leaving.

[It should to be brought out here that there is no historical mention as to the type of ships, or the design of weapons that the Vinnili used during the migration era. However, the fact that documented history speaks often about their propensity toward the outrageous, and their brinkmanship qualities concerning war. Making this ship, and shield are not at all outside of something that they might have employed had they only thought of it.]

When they were finished each ship would show 40 war shields fixed to her gunwales. In fact though there would be scarcely 38 souls aboard each ship, men, women, and children, and less than 15 warriors to defend each ship.

Within the next week the sea trials on the ships were completed, and they were said to handle well. They found that by using only the shorter center oars they could navigate fairly narrow waterways with out having to put men ashore with tow ropes. Another advantage of the shorter oars was that by dragging them in the water on one side, and heaving with all oars on the other, they could be used as a pivot point to spin, and bring the ship quickly about in her own length. A plus for when maneuverability might

make the difference in a pitched battle on the high seas.

Gambara had designed small low access doors on the sides of the cabins so that men could crouch down below the gunwale move from fore, or aft to the doors then enter the cabin, and exit upright through the regular cabin doors. Thus by employing this rotation process they could give those they encountered the impression that most of the ships compliment of 40 warriors were still within the cabin. And any attempt to count the rotating crew would just be an exercise in futility.

Therefore that that part to which the lot had fell, was assigned the abandonment of their native soil, and the search for foreign fields, after two generals had been appointed over them, namely: Ibor and Aio, who were brothers, in the flourishing of youthful vigor and more suited than the rest, said farewell to their own people, as well as their country, and set out upon their way to seek for fields where they might dwell, and establish their new home. The mother of these generals, Gambara by name, was a woman of the keenest ability and most prudent in counsel among her people, and they trusted not a little to her shrewdness in doubtful matters. (History of the Langobards by Paul the Deacon Book I, Chapter III.)

On Óðinsdagr (Wodens day) the first day of Heyannir (business month) 1 B.C. amongst many farewell's, and no shortage of tears, the two ships set sail on their journey to a new land. Out of the 228 souls, 152 were left behind.

The Norse calendar is a calendar system with a 12-month calendar year, just like the calendar we use today. These 12 months are further broken into groups of six, with the first group called the Skammdegi, or short days, and the other group called Náttleysi, which means night-less days. <http://ezinearticles.com/?Norse-Calendars&id=353088>

After some time the journey had brought them too the estuary of the Albis river (Elbe) where the Chauci tribe dwelt on the tops of mounds. They seemed admirable enough to deal with, and Gambara used the opportunity to gather information about a possible place where they could live in an otherwise unpopulated section of land. The Chauci after inquiring about the type of land that the Vinnili had come looking for recommended an uninhabited site some miles south on the Albis river that spread west from the western banks of the Albis at Viehler hill to the Ilmenau river, and a little beyond. And they pointed out that since they had bought so many supplies to sustain them throughout the winter, if they wished they would have one of their cargo ships transport their cargo for a fee, and show them the way down the Ilmenau river to the best part of the land. Ibor, and Ayo agreed.

Chauci – a populous tribe occupying the northern coast between the Frisians and the river Albis, like the Frisians living on artificial mounds above the oft-flooded coastal plains near the North Sea. Pliny the Elder has a first-hand account of their way of life, Tacitus mentions they were respected among the German tribes for their levelheadedness. (209-Beyond the Helvetian Desert: Ancient, Mysterious Germany)

The Captain had taken them down the Ilmenau to the spot designated. Then after offloading the cargo offered to take two of the Vinnili warriors back around, and down the Albis to Viehler hill so that they could quickly see the extent of their territory. For a fee of course. Gambara thanked him but declined. He cautioned her that when the river went down that his cargo ship would not be able to make it's way back on this river, and that all future supplies would likely have to be dropped off at Viehler hill on the Albis. She thanked him again, and assured him that they would find it.

After they were alone she had their vessels unloaded. One on the eastern side of the Ilmenau, and one on the western. Two scouts were chosen to search out the land for other inhabitants on either

side, and set perimeters. They were very vulnerable at this point, and Gambara wanted to assure that any unexpected attacker's would only be able to launch a surprise volley against half of the tribe at a time. Thus giving her the option to either maneuver one half of the tribe in a pincer movement, or retreat the assaulted side using the river as a barrier.

Chapter 8

The Joining of Hearts

After a time the Vinnili had established themselves in the land, and life had returned to much the way it was on the island. Ayo was married to Amira, and had turned his attentions to being a father. Britta her sister had noticed that this lack of companionship, added with the normalcy of life in those days, had left Ibor without purpose in life. She noticed that he spent much of his time scanning the horizons as if looking, and even hoping for some form of trouble to suddenly appear so that his adventurous heart might find fulfillment again.

One day as he sat staring into the sunset she approached him and sat down beside him.

“Do you think trouble will come?” Asked Britta.

“It always comes.”

“Then forgive me for asking, I know that you are a fine leader. That's why I am so puzzled by your lack of actions.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, for instance it has been a year now since we settled here, and the horses have sired many colts soon to be of age, and I was just wondering why you were not.....Forgive me, I am but a woman, and who am I to be telling a leader his business.”

“Gambara is a woman, and she tells me my business all the time. Said Ibor with a smile. Go ahead, finish what you were saying.”

“Well, I was just wondering why we didn't have a cavalry, or at least the beginnings of one.”

“And what do I know about forming, and training a cavalry?”

Well, forgive me again, but since when has a Vinnilian ever adopted someone else's tactics in warfare. We may learn their tactics so as to know what to expect of them, but do we not develop our own machinations against them?”

Ibor stared a long time at Britta, then said, “And you have some ideas I suppose?”

“I do!” replied Britta with a sweet smile.

In the weeks that followed the two had become inseparable. Anyone observing them walking hand in hand then suddenly stopping to scratch out sketches with sticks in the dirt would have assumed that they were discussing plans for their new cottage, or the layout of their future farm. And not planning, and fighting a virtual battle in the dirt.

Their hearts had become so intertwined that they were both finding it hard to sleep apart at night. So both of them had come before Gambara, and asked her to marry them.

“And why do you wish to marry this woman Ibor?”

“Because she is a worthy adversary.”

Gambara with a somewhat puzzled look on her face asked Britta, And why do you wish to marry my son?”

“Because I can beat him at his own game.”

“No you can't!” Said Ibor, as she quickly shoved him off balance playfully.

If you wish me to marry you, you will have to give me better reasons than that!” demanded Gambara.

Ibor looking down at his feet, offered what was in his heart; “Britta has become like the spring showers that furnishes the means for my heart to blossom forth. And the thought of living without her, would be like an unthinkable drought that my heart could not bare to suffer.”

“And by him, my heart has been drawn up as if on the wings of a hawk, to soar in the skies along side his adventurous heart. How could I ever live if returned to merely trodding upon the earth once again?” Said Britta with tear filled eyes.

“May Godan bless this marriage this day, and curse any that would have mind to drive a wedge. You will now be recognized before Godan, and all Vinnili as man, and wife from this day forth, and forever.” Said Gambara.

“I should have prayed for Grand Children from you two that would be halfway normal, but I suppose it's not too late. Remarked Gambara with a smile, as she held her arms out wide. Now give me a hug, and go away.” Britta, and Ibor chuckled as Gambara hugged, and kissed them both.

Thus it is that the German women live in a chastity that is impregnable, uncorrupted by the temptations of public shows or the excitements of banquets. Clandestine love-letters are unknown to men and women alike. (Germania, Tacitus 19.)

Chapter 9

Plans for survival

Ibor, and Britta had put their heads together, concerning the new Vinnili art of warfare. Ibor had pointed out the waste of energy expended with any type of slashing movement, and Britta had agreed pointing out that in serving the Vinnili back on the island she had helped her Mother as the unofficial nurse for the tribe, doctoring many everyday wounds that came about. And she pointed out that through her experience as helper, a slash wound whether it be from ax, or hoe although horrible in appearance had a better chance of healing without infection, than a puncture wound only a few inches deep that almost always became infected. Thus the basic principle was formed that it was more advantageous to wound, and incapacitate the aggressor's than kill them. This would not only hobble their numbers, but cause them to expend more resources, and time in caring for their wounded.

Thus the thrust movement was adopted as the primary means of engaging the enemy for both infantry, and cavalry. The cavalry technique was the epitome of simplicity. The rider would charge their target with the long spear in both hands resting sideways at a right angle across the saddle, and resting on his lap. Then with the reins also firmly held in the hand opposite the spear point, the rider would charge directly at the target then right before getting within range he would use that hand to pull the reins, and veer off to one side. At the same time advancing the point toward it's mark with the other, and simply hold firm on contact, allowing the spear to come around of it's own accord as he passed by. Then according to the compactness of the enemy infantry the rider would then either reset his stance, and choose another target, or circle back out of the melee, before charging again. This movement was almost effortless, an expended very little energy. The horses momentum drove the spear in, and the same momentum recovered the spear as the horse moved away, while the rider acted only as a pivot point.

So, as the mares of the Vinnili produced more offspring, the cavalry grew also, until at the turn of the first Century their cavalry had become a small but extremely formidable force to be reckoned with.

The Langobardi, by contrast, are distinguished by the fewness of their numbers. Ringed round as they are by many mighty peoples, they find safety, not in obsequiousness but in battle and its perils. (Germania, Tacitus 40.)

Chapter 10

Confronting Evil

The Vandals, a rugged and warlike people, living nearby across the Albis. Had eventually heard of their arrival and sent messengers to them, proclaiming that the Vinils would either have to pay tribute to the Vandals, or face them in battle.

They (the Vandals) had, therefore, as Paul says, been pressing on the settlements of their neighbours, those of the Longobards amongst the rest.

As they approached, Ayo, and Ibor met them on the eastern bank of the Ilmenau. “What business have you here strangers.” said Ayo.

“We have come to offer you either peace, or war.” Said the lead messenger.”

“Alright, then we'll chose peace, thanks for dropping by!” Said Ibor while he turned slightly, as if to walk away.

“Hear me you Swine! You will either pay tribute to the Vandal's, or we will meet you on the field of battle!”

“Well, we will have to ask our Mother first. She's our leader. Mean time all I have is this stick that I was stirring the fire with, it's not much of a tribute, but your welcome to it.” Said Ayo with a dumb look on his face.

“And I have this potato, if you want it it's yours to keep.” Said Ibor.

The messenger's roared with laughter, to the point of almost falling from their saddles. “No, you keep them you might need to use them against us in battle!” Said the second messenger, rekindling the laughter once more.

“Scurry away now little vermin, and see if your mother has a radish to offer us.”

Ibor, and Ayo sought counsel from their Mother, and they all agreed that it would be better to fight for their freedom than to contaminate it with tribute, and they were to communicate this to the Vandals in a most degraded, and forceful way.

After ferrying back across the river in a small skiff they gave the Vinnili that they passed the look, as they approached the messenger's.

“And What was her answer children?”

“She said that to give you even one radish would be a waste of good food, but that you could have this.” As they took their hands from behind them, and hurled a hand full of dung at the men, while spooking their horses.

To be struck with something other than a weapon was an insult, and a humiliation in Germanic society. The shame was magnified if the blow also caused some other form of disgrace, such as soiling the clothes.

Before the Vandals were able to draw their swords they were descended upon by the whole tribe on the eastern side. And wishing to live to fight another day, they both took to flight before the Vinnili.

Chapter 11

How the Naming Legend Began



The leaders of the Vandals, Ambri and Assi, asked them to pay them tribute, but they refused, saying they would fight them. As the myth goes, Ambri and Assi then went to Godan, and asked him for victory over the Vinnili. Godan replied that he would give the victory to whomever he saw first at sunrise on the day of battle.

Meantime spys had informed Gambara, as to what the Vandal's were saying about the first ones that Godan saw at sunrise would be the victor's. So she went to Frea, in the sense that she went to the land looking for high ground. Because she knew that the sun was always into the tree tops on the eastern Vinnili land along the Albis, before it chased away the shadows of the lower plains across

the river where the Vandals had gathered.

Time was short, it was already midday, and she had to have a solution in place before daybreak. Her thoughts went to the high place called Viehler Höhe. But first she went to the women of the tribe, and told them that it was necessary for them to fix their hair, and put on battle gear, so as to appear to the Vandals as bearded men while they stood upon Viehler Höhe at sunrise. She instructed Ibor, and Ayo to be watchful, and have the whole tribe on the high place by sundown that day, and have them bring anything with them that would reflect the sun's rays. The last thing she needed was some auxiliary force scattering the tribe right before sunrise. Next she took along thirty men with axes, saws, digging implements, and hammers, and ten women to gather firewood, and help with the digging.

When they got to the hill they saw that the trees were so thick that they couldn't even see the lower plain, or the river. Gambara knew that they would not only have to be the first to catch the rays of sun, but that the Vandal's were also going to have to see for themselves that they had in fact beaten them to the blessing. Least they come wholehearted into the battle.

She first gave orders that a space be cleared, and the top of the hill be terraced facing the river large enough for all the tribe to stand, and enough room on the ends for two large bonfires. When that was done to her satisfaction she sent twenty of the cutters some 70 feet down the hill with the instructions that they were to notch, and saw all the trees along the side facing the river from down there all the way up to where the terrace would be. But not to fell the trees. To the other ten she gave the task of making thin wedges, and placing two into the saw slits of every cut tree. But just with enough pressure to stabilize them against the wind.

By morning they all stood in their assigned places. A scout had returned with the news that all the warriors of the Vandal's were standing outside their tents before their assault boats at the waters

edge, and were turned away facing towards the sunrise. As the first rays of the sun worked their way down through the trees, and to the lowest levels of the terrace, Gambara gave the order for the bon fires to be lite, and the trees felled. The workers started driving the wedges in the top row of trees, and with a tremendous crashing sound the trees fell away from the hillside like so many domino's crashing down to reveal the whole tribe standing there bathed in the light of the morning sun.

Ambri and Assi quickly spun around at the sound, as did the rest. Only to see what looked like twice as many Vinnili warriors standing on the hill with the rays of the sun flashing off their implements of war.

“We should still attack them, said Assi, and take that hill with all of them on it.”

“Oh that's real smart! Said Ambri. You can't charge up through all that fallen timber, and what if you are half way up it at some other place, and find that they can make those trees fall away as well? What will you do then oh brainy one? No somehow they managed to secure the blessing, and we are not going to offer ourselves up to be destroyed!”

As they saw the Vandals going back to their tents, Gambara addressed the tribe before they disassembled.

“Today we have achieved victory over these Vandals without having lost one member, or having to shed man's blood upon the face of the earth. This day must go forward as a mythical legend. For our protection as a small people among the nations. It is hoped that with the good graces of Godan that it will spread, and proceed us in our dealing with all peoples.

This is the letter that I will send to the Vandal's camp this day;

The Vandals approached Wodan, beseeching from him victory over the Vinnilians. The Almighty answered: "I will grant victory to the first ones I see at sunrise."

Gambara, on the other hand, approached Frea, Godan's wife, and beseeches from her victory for the Vinnili. Frea responded with the advice that the Vinnilian women should untie their hair and arrange it across their face like a beard, and that they should thus accompany their men in the early morning to the window from which Godan customarily looked out.

They did as they were advised, and at sunrise, Godan, upon looking out, shouted: "Who are these Longbeards?"

Frea replied: "To the ones you give a name, you must also give the victory." And thus Godan gave them the victory, and from that time forth the Vinnilians will be called the Longbeards. (Langobards).

"You must teach your children, and your grandchildren to never betray this legend for in the day that the nations will cease to wonder at it, is the day that we as a small people will lose our advantage over them. Since Frea has not seen fit to reveal her true self to them, then neither should we. Let them go on thinking that she is just a mythical wife that sits around in the heavens all day doing nothing."

"But do not think that these Vandals will not still come against us for the plans have already been laid down in the hearts of their leaders, and they will not turn aside from them even if it means flying in the face of Godan himself. So leave now, back to the camps, and prepare for war."

At that she rolled the letter up, and tied it with string. Then handed it to Ibor with the instructions to take it to the Albis, and tie it to a tree with a piece of cloth where it would be seen as a message.

By the time the letter had been passed up through the chain of command to Ambri and Assi, it had been copied several times, and passed around, thus the heart of the Vandals had melted toward anymore conflicts with the Vinnili. It was obvious to them that the women Gambara, and Frea had used their influence with Godan to conspire against them. And Godan had even given them a name, indicating that even the women of the tribe were recognized as being the same as the men, and a favored people before him. Now their hearts had become weakened toward engaging them, let alone the thought of raping one of their women for fear of incurring the very wrath of God by doing so.

But the souls of Ambri and Assi found no rest for their pride had been wounded, and they had appeared weak before their men. So with much posturing, bragging, and explaining away what had just happened as a mere trick. They bolstered the hearts of their men by exclaiming that by a fortnight they would each return with the beard of these enemies hanging from their spears. Preparations were then again made to do battle against the Longbeards.

It was 24 miles from the Albis to the Ilmenau River. And the land to the east was of too open a country to devise a sneak attack. So Gambara surmised that the only way for the Vandals to approach the camp was from the south toward the mouth of the Ilmenau where the river was shallow. Then they would divide their forces, and sweep up both sides of the river, leaving no safe ground for the Longbeards to make a stand. If they were smart, and she assumed they were, they would also have a few units to the north to annihilate any survivor's that were caught fleeing to safety.

Once her plans were laid she called the craftsmen together, and instructed them to quickly fashion extra rudders to the bows of the ships. Making them steerable from either end. Then she called others, and showed them how she wanted sod covered trenches constructed both north, and south of the camp each 50 ft. long, and only as wide and deep as a man up to his waist. Two women were

chosen to arm themselves in full battle gear, and cross over to the nearest high ground to the east. They were to assemble large bonfires, and cut plenty of evergreen branches to make smoke for signal fires as a warning of advancing troops. Fire by night, and smoke by day. Then evade, and return.

Ibor, and Britta had assembled the small 25 man cavalry before Gambara. She instructed them to ride north, and south to see where the trenches were being built so as not to be caught in their on devices. Then they were told to divide their forces, and have half ford the river, and conceal themselves to the south. And only after the infantry has completely passed were they to attack their rear.

Two of the houses were disassembled, and the woven mud covered walls were used as covers for the short oar rowing sections of the two warships. Both men, and women were told to take their positions on the bench seats by the long oar ports, using the gunwales as protection, and firing most of their arrows out through these ports.

They had barely gotten themselves in place when they saw the heavy smoke coming up from the edge of the forest to the east.

It was almost another hour before they caught sight of the Vandal's moving up from the south. Only when they were within 300 ft. did Gambara give orders for the ships to cast off, and move away from the advancing troops.

Ambri and Assi were looking at each other across the Ilmenau, and thinking that this could only mean that the Longbeards were trying to make their escape, began charging forward with all their army, only to have the charge stopped on both sides by the first set of trenches. 30 of their cavalry horses had either broken legs, or were lame from the encounter, and ten of their men were out of the fight. One being Assi who had suffered a broken leg in the fall.

Both sides had given orders for the rest to move outside the trench line, and ride a parallel course with the ships, only to encounter a second trench, and have 6 more of their horses put out of action, along with one rider.

Ambri was now furious, as he charged through the camp slashing at the tents only to renew his charge toward the ships.

In the mean time the infantry had broken into a forced run, and Gambara's cavalry were picking off stragglers right, and left. More than 50 men in all.

Ambri was taking his cavalry so far out from shore that they were running their horses through the brush. As the horses ran passed the two concealed women that had set the signal fires, they sprang up from the bushes, and grabbing the reins of two of the horses in one hand, and thrusting their swords with the other managed to dislodge the riders, and then killed them on the spot. An archer just happened to look back, and managed to get off an arrow, mortally wounding one of the women, but the other had taken flight on one of the horses, and barely managed to escape.

As they reached the northern units of the Vandal's Gambara was surprised to see that there were 20 mounted archer's, and no infantry in their ranks. She immediately gave orders that they reverse course, and unfurl the sails to catch the north wind.

Ambri, had made contact with the units, and mounted a fresh horse, giving orders to attack the ships.

As the volleys of arrows rained down she gave orders for everyone to take cover in the cabin, except for the helmsman, who was told to stay low, and use a shield to protect his exposed side. As Gambara was leaning over the bow yelling the same orders to the lead ship, she was struck, in the back by a lone arrow, and mortally wounded. After being carried to the safety of the cabin she gave

orders that they should exit through the low rotation doors on the sides of the cabin, each moving into position. And choose their target through the rowing ports, then suddenly spring up in unison, driving home your arrows.

The tactic worked in only two pre-targeted volley's the weakened northern units were eliminated.

Ambri, and Assi had managed to escape, but more of their men had been killed during the retreat than had died in the battle. Gambara's cavalry had taken the fight all the way to the banks of the Albis, and even from there as far as an arrow could reach.

Chapter 12

The Death of Gambará

Gambará had expired a few weeks after their victory over the Vandal's. Britta had tried to nurse her back to health the best she knew how, but to no avail.

In the end the Longbeards had suffered heavy losses according to their numbers. 27 dead, out of the previous 82 before the battle. And the tribe was building a very large stone ship in which to bury their dead.

The Stone ship was a burial custom, typical of Scandinavia, built from tightly or loosely fit slabs or stones. Sometimes they are of monumental proportions. In Sweden, the size varies from 67 metres to only a few metres. The orientation varies. Inside, they can be cobbled or filled with stones, or have raised stones in the positions of masts. The illusion of being ships has often been reinforced by larger stones in the ends. Some have an oblique aft. Ship settings are often found on grave fields, but sometimes far from any other archaeological remains.

The snows that had been on the ground for two weeks had now thawed, and the Ilmenau river was once again navigable all the way to the Albis. Ibor, and Ayo had decided to make the journey back to the Island, and lay their mother to rest beside their Ancestors. A warrior crew was chosen, and a ship readied. Ayo would leave his wife, and children behind on the journey, but as always Britta chose to remain by Ibor's side.

The voyage was uneventful, but as they approached the Trading Post they began to realize that something was wrong. The men on the dock having seen the Vinnili shields hanging from the ships gunwales, had drawn their swords, and retreated inland to prepare for battle.

The Vinnili knowing that you never attack an enemy when he's ready for you, simply sailed on northward up the Kalmar Strait. Stopping at the island of Blå Jungfrun in order to find out about the goings on on Öland.

They were informed that Guðlaug a very wealthy lady of commerce at Birka had hired mercenaries from the retired members of the Varangian Guard to conquer the Vinnili on Öland, and subject them to slavery.

So many Scandinavians left to enlist in the guard that a medieval Swedish law from Vastergotland stated that no one could inherit while staying in "Greece"—the then Scandinavian term for the Byzantine Empire.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Varangian_Guard#Varangian_Guard

From there they took the ship farther north, and came down the eastern coast of Öland. Ibor, Ayo knew the minds of men. And to have the enemy show himself at your doorstep, and then just suddenly vanish works on the mind. Where were they at, when would they come? From what direction, in what numbers? Within three days the least little sound in the night would raise an alarm inside the heart. Sleep would be fleeting, and stress, and exhaustion would begin to take it's toll. The slaves would be locked up most of the time so that they could not take part in their own liberation. Visitor's to the Trading Post would be viewed with suspicion, and Vikings would be suspected as being hired mercenaries infiltrating their camp. Once fear had had ample time to rule their hearts the Longobards would strike.

Ibor, Britta, and Ayo had devised a plan to attack from the south. So they had brought the ship down the east coast of the island far enough from shore that she would be unrecognizable. The Dog Ship without cargo was as fast as any ship afloat, and they made good time.

They made landing on the southern most point of the island that night. Britta was sent to the ringfort with two of the warriors to observe, and report back before daylight. Ibor, and Ayo would go on foot to the Trading Post, and the rest were left to defend the ship.

Ibor, and Ayo, had taken their spears, skinning knives, and slings, along with a bag full of carrots, and made their way to within a few feet of the Trading Post.

They had spotted the corral of horses when they had sailed by a few days earlier, and now they were laying down a trail of carrots for the horses to follow. After feeding a few of the horses, Ayo quietly cut the lashings on the posts of one section of railings, and swung the rails out of the way. Then he retreated to watch. It was working. As a few horses came out to forage, others would pass them up, and head for the next carrots. When the two saw that it was working they retreated, and then circled wide around the herd to keep from spooking them. They managed to lift several bridles off the corral post without being seen then headed back toward the herd with the rest of the carrots to quietly make friends with a couple of the horses that they would use to drive the herd back to the ship.

By daylight all the horses had been loaded onboard the ship, and Britta's team was back with information. It appeared that all the Vinnili were being held within the fort, and only a few were taken out from time to time for short work assignments accompanied by two, or three armed guards.

Once again they brought the ship around, and headed up the Kalmar Strait, about two mile south of the Trading Post they landed in the thick fog of the morning, and assembled their army. Ten light cavalry with spears, and five archers on horse back.

Ayo had climbed the embankment, and moved Dog man style through the underbrush the mile or so to where the horses had passed the night before. What he had suspected was affirmed

whoever was in charge of this operation had foolishly divided his forces, and now was weaker by ten men.

Upon Ayo's return the cavalry unit moved up the beach within archery range of the Trading Post. A spotter was used up on the embankment to direct the archers, as they loosened their arrows on the unsuspecting Birka's. After only two volleys the light cavalry charged up the dirt ramp, and engaged the enemy with the archer's close behind. Seven mercenaries were killed in the sudden engagement, and a weasel faced little man was found hiding under a counter in the Trading Post. The seven Vinnili that were freed from a supply hut where they were being held, pointed out that he was Holmi, son of Guðlaug, and he was the one that had taken over, and enslaved the whole village.

"You will regret this day, threatened Holmi, reinforcements are already on their way here!"

"Well we figured that." Replied Ayo.

"My Mother is a powerful woman, of great means, and she will pursue you to the ends of the earth if she has too."

"We don't care." Said Ibor, as he nonchalantly bit into an apple he'd picked up from a basket.

"How many Vinnili have died under his charge?" asked Ayo.

"Over fifty, and he has killed all of Britta's family because they would not be made slaves at the beginning." Charged one of the women, as she pointed at Holmi. The other's then backed her testimony up. But before sentence could be passed under Vinnili law, Britta had drawn her sword, and ran him through.

As Holmi lay there on the floor actually crying out for his Mother. Ibor bent over him and said; “ I find you guilty of taking the lives of innocent Vinnilian's without justification, and sentence you to death.”

“I so judge also.” Concurred Ayo, as he struck the final blow.

“We have to ride south to confront ten more of these invader's. Said Ayo to the freed captives. Make hast, arm yourselves, and load that cargo ship at the dock, with weapons, and supplies. Then sail it south to our ship, and use it to tow their ship to the southern point of the island. We will meet you there.” Ordered Ibor, as he chose a good saddle from the rack inside the Post, and made his way out the door.

The conflict with the southern detachment could hardly be considered even a skirmish. After making contact the archer's had dispersed them with several high volley's of arrows, and the light cavalry, had no problem picking them off as they scattered. These were seasoned mercenaries, and should have known better, but with no archer's of their own, and caught out in the open as they were, they had no chance.

When they reached the southern point the ships were there, and they filled the others in on the next stage of the plan. For now they had to act fast before word of what had happened got to the fort. If they failed to take it by surprise, and they locked the gates, they would surely fail in their rescue.

Since the woods behind the ringfort were thick enough to give them cover they approached from that angle. The seven that had been liberated had been given several seal skin bags with extra weapons, some with short swords, and some with bow, and arrows. These ones would ride farther east, and when they saw the main force divide, and charge around the fort, they would move north looking for any work details that they could attack, and draw the guards away from, then ride hard passed the prisoners, and drop the

bags arming them for the fight.

The two branches of the cavalry riding hard, and sticking close to the wall arrived at the front gates before they could be closed. There were only seventeen guards at the ringfort, and eight of them were out on work details. Four of them were on the walls raining down arrows on the group. The other five that met them in the courtyard were quickly taken out by the cavalry charge. Then the four on the walls seeing that they were outnumbered, and viewing the armed Vinnili prisoners advancing toward the fort, abandoned their posts, jumped off the ten foot wall, and fled.

With the Vinnili freed, they brought Gambara's body ashore, and buried her aboard the stone ship next to their Father.

“We have been here too long. Said Ibor, and all will have been for nothing unless we leave now.”

“I know. Said Ayo sadly. Let's get everyone to the ships”

There would be no dividing up, or drawing of lots this time. It was clear to all that everyone was leaving.

To their surprise when they got back to the ships the Dogship had two Oxybeles Bolt Shooters, and two heavy Gastraphete Stone Catapults installed.

The word Catapult comes from the Greek words kata and peltes. (Kata means downward and peltes describes a small shield). Catapult means therefore shield piercer. Catapults were first invented about 400 BC in the Greek town Syracus under Dionysios (432-367 BC).

<http://www.mlahanas.de/Greeks/war/CatapultTypes.htm>

The bolt shooters were mounted on the bow, and stern, and the large stone flinging catapults to the fore, and aft of the cabin roof.

She was now a deadly adversary, that could stand off, and cripple an enemy before he got within range.

“Where did all this come from?” Asked Ibor in disbelief.

“You told us to arm ourselves back at the Trading Post.” Said the Vinnili that had taken charge.

“Well, Yes, but I was thinking swords, and spears. Where did you get all of this?”

“Holmi had quite an inventory, as well as a nice treasure chest, it's still on the cargo ship. We had to move some of the cargo of food stuffs into your ships cabin so we could carry more passengers. I hope that's alright?”

“It's more than alright. What is her cargo?” inquired Ayo.

“She was to set sail for Birka with honey, flour, and lard right before you arrived.”

It had been decided that prudence dictated that they should not head directly south in advance of the pursuing forces, those few mercenaries that had escaped would surely be watching their departure. So they sailed east, and then east northeast until they were out of sight of the island. Hopefully that would throw off their pursuer's, and temporarily avoid Guðlaug's wrath for the killing of her son.

By the time they reached the entrance to the Ilmenau river it was obvious that they were not going to navigate it, so they sent two men on horseback from there to alert the camp that they had returned. Then set sail for Viehler Hill, where the cargo would have to be off loaded, and transported the 24 miles to the camp.

When they pulled up to the bank the two riders were waiting for them.

“Were are the rest of the people from the camp?” Asked Ayo.

“They are not strong enough to make the journey. They are too weak from starvation. We need to get food to them now.”

The Winnili therefore, who are also Langobards, having joined battle with the Vandals, vigorously contested, since it is for the glory of freedom, and win the victory. And afterwards, having suffered in this same province of Scoringa, great privation from hunger, have endured as they are very frightened of the mind. (History of the Langobards Chapter X.)

Ibor, and Ayo quickly gave orders for the women to start baking bread, and tying them in sacks, clothing, stone jars, anything that could be tied to the horses. The horses were then unloaded from the ship, and makeshift pack frames were constructed.

As soon as a pack horse was loaded, and the rider of the other horse had as many bundles as he could carry tied to his saddle he was sent on his way. Ayo instructed those when returning to build trail fires along the way. They would work all through the night until everyone was fed.

Chapter 13

The Reinforcements Arrive



The Vinnilian's had barely sailed out of sight when the reinforcements from Birka had arrived on Öland. The only warship among them commanded by Captian Oleif, a friend of the family, and son of the widow Inga. Had quickly taken on to his ship a detachment of marines under the command of his friend Steven, and set sail in pursute to recover the slaves. But it was to no avail as they were nowhere to be found at any ports on the eastern Baltic Sea.

Letters were sent back to Madam Guðlaug keeping her informed as to their progress via any cargo ships bound for Birka. But so far there was no sign of them as they worked their way south along the ports.

No word was forthcoming until Oleif, and Steven made contact with the Frisii. They had not seen the Vinnilian's or knew where exactly they dwelt, but were able to relate the Legend as to how they had now come to be called the Langobards. And all they knew was that this had taken place somewhere on the Albis river.

Frisii – coast-dwellers along the entire eastern edge of the North Sea, the Frisians managed to avoid conquest by concluding a treaty

with the Romans, but later rebelled against Roman taxes. The Frisians are today still recognisable as the same people in roughly the same place as when described by Ptolemy – practically the only one of all tribes mentioned here. Their language is the closest surviving relative of English. (Beyond the Helvetian Desert: Ancient, Mysterious Germany Frank Jacobs)

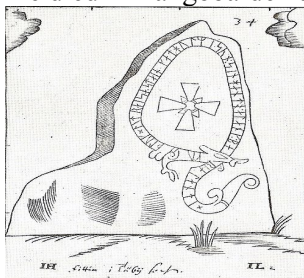
Oleif sent a letter requesting gold be sent ahead of them to the Trading Port of Hedeby on the Danish coast to fund the expedition down the Albis, and there to seek revenge upon the Langobards.

While waiting at Hedeby for the funds to arrive they had learned the exact location of the Langobardi territory, and others had related rumors that after storms had ruined their crops, they were now starving.

All this bolstered the determination of Oleif, and Steven to descend on what they saw as the perpetrators of a gross injustice, and bring the slaves back to Öland.

But this was not to be so.

Soe 65: Inga erected this stone after Oleif, her heir. He plowed eastward with Steven and died in the land of the Lombards. And Upplands Runeinnskrifter (U) 141: Guðlaug had the stones to build Holmi, her son. He died in Langobardenland.



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SbfQL5gp3DQ>

Chapter 14

A Move to the Hill Country

Ibor, and Ayo, had moved the tribe to the forests west of the Albis, and built a ringfort there for their protection. But It proved an inadequate place to live. Crops were still planted in the flood plains, but vagabonds were constantly raiding their fields at night. As the flash floods began once again a crew was sent through the knee deep floor waters to knock the scaffolding out from under the other Dogship that had been sitting high and dry to preserve her hull. And instructed to bring her around to where the other ships were moored on the Albis.

It was obvious that if they were to survive as a people they were going to have to move once again. Thus the other Dogship was armed with one of the bolt shooters, and stone catapults from the first Dogship, and the cargo ship was again loaded with supplies. The ship taken from Oleif was also pressed into service. The Lombardi women, and children would stay concealed in the cabins most of the time, but were now fully armed as war women to spring forth in numbers should the need arise.

When the Albis was back to it's normal levels they set forth south, and eventually entered the small Sude river heading east. Each night they would setup their tents, and a community kitchen that would feed everyone.

....And just as they would do to this maintenance of this belief, amplify a very large number of tents in the camp along with fires, and candles too. With these things, carrying the force they hear the enemy has become credulous, and dare not now attempt the war they threatened. (History of the Langobards Chapter XIb.)

All seemed to be going well until they found a large army of the Mairinga that had blocked the river ahead of them.

Departing from this place, while they were arranging to pass over into Mauringam,' the Assipitti block their way, denying to them by every means a passage through their territories. (History of the Langobards Chapter XI.)

Mauringa is mentioned by the Cosmographer of Ravenna (I, 11) as the land east of the Albis. Maurungani appears to be another name of the great country of the Albis which lies " in front of the Danes, extends to Dacia and includes Baias, Baiohaim."

After diplomacy had failed, and aggression had intensified Ibor, and Ayo fell back on an old plan. They sent a few of their women out to trade with the Mauringa women that had assembled themselves off to their right. There the rumor was spread that they feared for the Mauringa's woman's safety if the Cynocephali were released into their camp. And advised the women to move far enough away, and keep themselves concealed until the conflict was over.

The Langobards moreover, when they beheld the great forces of their enemies, did not dare engage them on account of the smallness of their army, and while they were deciding what they ought to do, necessity at length hit upon a plan. They pretend that they have in their camps Cynocephali, that is, men with dogs' heads. They spread the rumor among the enemy that these men wage war obstinately, drink human blood and quaff their own gore if they cannot reach the foe. (History of the Langobards Chapter XI.)

By the end of the day the women of the Mauringa had started to demand of their husbands that they move their tents a safe distance from the rest for their own safety. On hearing their story a group of the husbands went to the Langobardi ships, and demanded to see these Cynocephali for themselves.

Ibor, and Ayo were ready for them, and as the husbands stood on the bank of the river next to the lead Dogship, Ibor, and Ayo were brought out on deck by four Lombardi warrior's holding the two back on leashes. At first they were behaving themselves, just acting like dogs until one of the Mauringa men took hold of the

gunwale for a better look. And made the comment that they didn't look dangerous to him. That's when Ibor, and Ayo went crazy, snarling, and barking, Ibor came within an inch of the skeptic's face wild eyed, and snapping his teeth, then both biting at their own arms, as they ducked below the gunwale to dip their hands in the buckets of rams blood that were placed there for that purpose, wiping it on themselves, and slinging it everywhere. As they leaped up, and fought to get over the railing at the observer's. Who now more than convinced quickly disbanded, and scared out of their wits were in a run for their lives, back to the safety of their own lines.



In a tradition epitomized by Isidore of Seville, to the degree that Cynocephali bark, they lack language, therefore resemble animals, and are likely only animals. Isidore wrote that Cynocephalic barking “magis bestias quam homines confitetur” (reveals them to be more beasts than men), and the eighth-century Liber monstrorum, which emphasizes its monsters' inhumanity, describes Cynocephalic speech as “contaminated” or “perverted” by barking (“Cynocephali quoque in India nasci perhibentur, quorum sunt canina capita, et omne uerbum quod loquuntur intermixtis corrumpunt latratibus”): their voices, as much as their bodies, are contaminated to the degree that they are canine.

The leaders of the Mauringa seeing that their tents had almost entirely moved back from the battle lines, came back the next

day with a challenge. The right to passage would be decided by a fight between one champion from each side, but with no Dog men being allowed to enter the challenge. (*Book I, Chapter XIIIa.*)

The man that the Mauringa presented was huge, and athletic in form. They had watched him move as he came forward from the ranks, and he was graceful in all his moves. Perfect balance is always a bad sign in an opponent. And no one was eager to step forward. Until Abdas the slave came forward to the fight. To everyone's surprise the weapons he chose were a weighted fishing net, and a short spear.

Abdas immediately took charge flinging the net at his opponents sword trying to entangle it in the handle of the sword so as to wrench it from his grip. Each time the huge man would withdraw. Then charge Abdas as he drew the net back, only to have Abdas spin it around behind his head, and pummel him again with it's weights. Then charge in and slice at his legs with the spear. As the huge man became unsure in his footing Abdas cast the net over him, then running toward the defenseless man he leaped, and kicked him to the ground with both feet, and stood over him with his spear to his throat.

“Enough, said the Leader of the Mauringa, you may pass in peace.”

And when the Langobards were in doubt what one of their own they should send against this most warlike man, a certain person of servile rank offered himself of his own will, and promised that he would engage the challenging enemy upon this condition : that if he took the victory from the enemy, they would take away the stain of slavery from him and from his offspring. Why say more ? They joyfully promised to do what he had asked. Having engaged the enemy, he fought and conquered, and won for the Langobards the means of passage, and for himself and his descendants, as he had desired, the rights of liberty. (History of the Langobards Chapter XIIb.)

Chapter XIII.

Therefore the Langobards, coming at last into Mauringa, in order that they might increase the number of their warriors, confer liberty upon many whom they deliver from the yoke of bondage, and that the freedom of these may be regarded as established, they confirm it in their accustomed way by an arrow, uttering certain words of their country in confirmation of the fact. Then the Langobards went forth.

*[Complete emancipation appears to have been granted only among the Franks and the Langobards (**Schmidt**). This system of incorporating into the body of their warriors and freemen, the peoples whom they subjugated in their wanderings, made of the Langobards a composite race, and it may well be that their language as well as their institutions were greatly affected by this admixture of foreign stock (**Hartmann, II, pp. 8, 9**), and that their HighGerman characteristics are due to this fact.]*

Then they passed -From Mauringa and came to Golanda, where, having remained some time, they are afterwards said to have possessed for some years Anthaib and Ban- - thaib, and in like manner Vurgundaib, which we can consider are names of districts or of some kinds of places (Book I, Chapter XIII)

Chapter 15

The Deaths of the Dog Men

Eventually both Ayo, and Ibor died at a goodly old age. Having seen their Children, and Grand Children grow before their eyes, and they counted it all as good.

The outrageous behavior, and singular wit that had earned them the disdain of their own people in the beginning. Had in the end provided a mighty means of deliverance from annihilation by their enemies.

Never really wanting the reign of leadership as some do, they were still able to rise to the occasion whenever the tribe was threatened. Because as their Mother had taught them, conscientious people do not need leaders except in times of trouble.

History speaks nothing as to the time, or place of their deaths. Only afterward does Paul write that; *Meanwhile the leaders Ibor and Aio, who had drawn the Langobards from Scandinavia and had ruled them up to this time, being dead, the Langobards, were unwilling to remain longer under mere generals (dukes) ordained a king for themselves like other nations. Therefore Agelmund, the son of Aio first reigned over them tracing his pedigree to the stock of the Gungingorum which among them was esteemed particularly noble. He held the sovereignty of the Langobards, as handed down by our ancestors, for thirty years. (Paul Chapter XIV.)*

This is were the history gets muddled. Other historians go off on their own tangents as to who the first king of the Langobards was. Some say that it was Shava, or Skeaf, a boy found floating in a boat. Others say that Agelmund was not of Vinnili stock, but a ruler from a people named the Gungingi.

If we listen to Paul, all this means is that Aio (Ayo) Ibor, and possibly Gambara, were from a branch of the family tree that descended through the Gungingi branch of the Winnili tribe. Gungingi could simply be the name of an ancestor, or the name of the tribe before it merged with another branch, and was called the Winnili. It could even be a reference to the descendants of the ruling class of the tribe. The last being the most likely case.

However, there are several references found by ancient historians that authenticate that Paul the Deacon was in fact a Lombard, and should have known what he was talking about. Even if it is unclear to us. So we follow Paul's account. After all he is family.

Not much is said about Agelmund's first years of rule, or about where the Langobards were dwelling during this time. However, extensive excavations indicate that the Langobards stayed in the area where Ibor, and Ayo had led them for a great many years.



Langobard Burial Fields

Envoys had come to Agelmund from the Marcomannian King Marobod demanding a Confederation of tribes against the Romans but the Langobards declined. Stating that a sudden plague was sweeping throughout the tribe, and they were in no fit health to do battle.

Immediately on hearing this several attendants before the king left the room. By the time the envoys left the presents of the king several in the tribe were being carried from their tent, and being slung into a ditch. Others among the women were stumbling, and falling as they attempted their daily chores.

To the envoys seeing was believing, so they rushed away to inform their king

Agelmund was more than a little perturbed by Marobod he had been acting as though he was Lord over the Langobard's for sometime just because they were living among the Suebi-Semnonnes who were kin to the Marcomanni , and now he expected them to fight his war for him against the Romans, not hardly. Thus the Langobards were not at the Battle of Teutoburg Forest in 9 AD.

After the Marcomannic war, information from Greek, and Roman writers as to the fortunes, and travels of the Langobardi is entirely lacking for a space of some three hundred years their name disappears from Greek, and Roman history. But not from the histories of Paul, and other sources.

***Marcomanni** – probably related to the Buri or Suebi, their name is thought to derive either from the ancient Germanic for borderland (cf. 'march'); or from Marcus Fabius Romanus, a Roman legate deserting Drusus' legions to band together a ragtag group of tribes into a unified fighting force. This force would found powerful kingdoms and threaten the Danube border of the Empire for many years to come.*

<http://bigthink.com/ideas/21261>

Ambient history records that the Langobardi reached the apex of their fame after they migrated south from their homeland near the Albis estuary and conquered Byzantine Italy, establishing a kingdom and giving their name to the northern Italian region of Lombardy.

But in the meantime, one day, in the space of some year, King Agelmund was riding the southern borderland of Langobard territory when he ventured over the boundary into Suebian territory on seeing a woman dressed as a harlot, and a mother, with a heart harder than any stone, tossing her baby into a pond. Disturbed by the sight he advanced to find not one, but seven babies drowned in the water.

When he still saw movement in one, he took his spear, and rolled it over. As he did so the infant took hold of his spear, and he drew him over to where he could grab him. "Ah, so you want badly to live do you? And so it shall be!"

Agelmund rushed back to the camp, and gave orders that a wet nurse should be brought for the child, and that he be handled with the greatest of care.

At this time a certain kind of prostitute had brought forth seven boys at one birth, and the mother, more cruel than all wild beasts, threw them into a pond to slaughter.It came to pass, therefore, that when King Agelmund had stopped his horse and looked at the wretched infants, and had turned them hither and thither with a spear he carried in his hand, one of them put his hand on the spear and clutched it. The king moved by pity and marveling greatly at the act, pronounced that he would be a great man. And straightway he ordered him to be lifted from the pool, and commanded him to be brought to a nurse to be nourished with every care, and handed down to be reared by commands, Then because he took him from a pond which in their language is called "lama" he gave him the name Lamissio.....When he had grown up he became such a vigorous

youth that he was also to be most devoted to war,..... (Paul Chapter XV.)

In following Paul the Deacon's account there is evidence that the Langobards fought along side of Arminius the second time Marobod went up against the Romans in that region. So it would fit that if the Langobards army was there, then so was Lamissio. This would make Paul's next account mesh with the time, and place of the second conflict of Marbod with the Romans.

In AD 17, war broke out between Arminius and Marobod. Tacitus records:

Not only the Cheruskans and their confederates... took arms, but the Semnones and Langobards, both Suevian nations, revolted to him from the sovereignty of Marobod... The armies... were stimulated by reasons of their own, the Cheruskans and the Langobards fought for their ancient honor or their newly acquired independence. . .

They say that when the Langobards, pursuing their way with their king, came to a certain river and were forbidden by the Amazons to cross to the other side, this man fought with the strongest of them, swimming in the river, and killed her and won for himself the glory of great praise and a passage also for the Langobards. For it had been previously agreed between the two armies that if that Amazon should overcome Lamissio, the Langobards would withdraw from the river, but if she herself were conquered by Lamissio, as actually occurred, then the means of crossing the stream should be afforded to the Langobards. (Paul Chapter XV.)

Agelmund having routed the Marcomannian forces in his sector helping Arminius to send Marbod back across the Danube river to Rome in chains. Was now in a moping up operation in the area north of the Bohemian Forest when he came upon a stream defended by a group of Numerii. (A Roman irregular unit made up

entirely of Amazon women warrior's.) For reasons unknown they were unwilling to yield that Agelmund's Army might pass over the stream to their side.

However, seeing that the Langobard Army just kept descending out of the Bohemian Forest in greater, and greater numbers, the Unit Leader of the Amazon's proposed a remedy. If Lamissio could defeat her while fighting in mid stream, the Amazon's would give ground to the army, and return back to Roman soil. If not then Agelmund's Army would turn back.

Lamissio agreed, and began wading out into the water up to his waist. Boldly she approached him with hatred in her eyes. At the sound of the horn she began slashing down at him with her sword, and as soon as he would block the move with his sword, she would take her shield, and thrust it upward against him easily reducing his weight in the water, and causing him to loose his footing, while at the same time using his added weight to plant her feet more firmly on the bottom, and force him back.

She did this three times, and the last time he came up coughing, and spitting up water. And why she chose her next words no one will ever know.

“Drown you bastard! Because you do not deserve to live! I hate you! Cursed is the day you were born.”

Suddenly he snapped, he was back at his beginning. Drowning at the hands of a merciless women, determined to end his life, and cursing the day of his birth.

Without warning he became like something wild. He was thrashing the water in front of him with his sword, as he advanced toward her, and threw his shield at her. Then blocking her thrust once again with his sword he grabbed her by the throat, lifted her up, while kicking her legs out from under her. And forcing her to the

bottom of the stream, there he ran her through with his sword.

“Better to be a live bastard Mother, than a heartless whore like you!”
Screamed Lamissio as he looked down at her lifeless body as it floated away.

Herodotus, wrote:

"...when the Greeks fought with the Amazons, these women...rose up against the crews and massacred them to a man...The Scythians could not tell what to make of (them) -- the dress, the language, the nation itself...was a marvel." (*The Histories* IV).

THE remains of two Amazon warriors serving with the Roman army in Britain have been discovered in a cemetery that has astonished archaeologists.

The women are thought to have come from the Danube region of Eastern Europe, which was where the Ancient Greeks said the fearsome Amazon warriors could be found.

*The soldiers are believed to have been part of the *numerii*, a Roman irregular unit, which would have been attached to a legion serving in Britain. Other finds show that their unit originated from the Danubian provinces of **Noricum**, Pannonia and Ilyria which now form parts of Austria, Hungary and the former Yugoslavia.*

“It seems highly probable that we have a unit raised in the Danubian lands and transferred to Britain,” she says in British Archaeology.

<http://www.timesonline.co.uk/tol/news/uk/article404942.ece>

Therefore on other side of the passage he when they came to the lands beyond, tarried for some time. Meanwhile, since they suspected no danger, and were much less worried about, security,

and having embraced the loss of diligence that is always the mother of those that gave birth to destruction of not a few, prepared to fall upon them at night while they slept, suddenly the Bulgarians, rushing upon them, slew many, wounded many more and so raged through their camp that they killed Agelmund, the king himself, and carried away in captivity his daughter. (Paul Chapter XVI.)

The Bulgars who had came down to fight on Marbod's side in the conflict, and had in the end after Marbod's defeat, and arrest, suddenly turned on their cohorts, pillaged, and taken great wealth from their Marcomannian ally.

Now without warning the Bulgars suddenly stormed into the Langobard camp one evening, and massacred many of the Langobard's in their tents, had killed Agelmund, and taken his daughter captive.

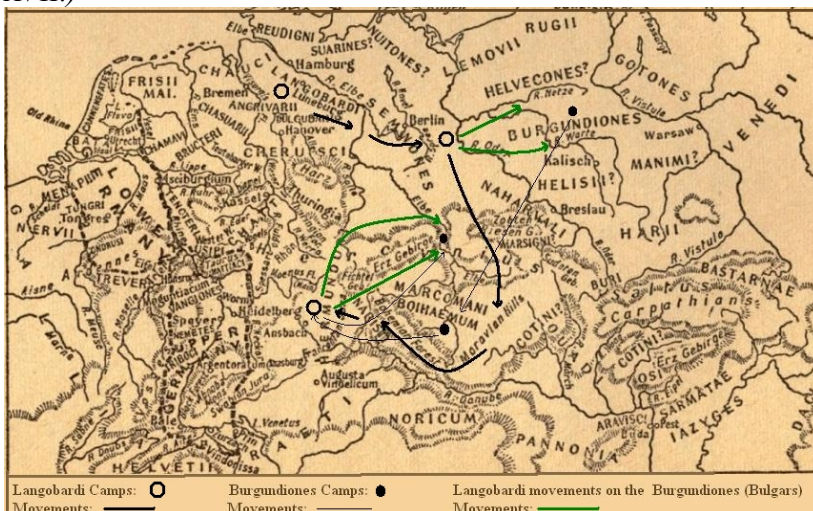
A runner had been sent with the news, and when word of this reached the Langobards remaining in the northeast about what had happened they were furious, The Chieftain's called the tribe together pleaded before them with tears, to avenge the death of Agelmund against the Bulgars while their army remained in the south. As a result the Longobards in the north stormed across the Oder with what able bodied men that were there, and a large contingent of war women, to devastate, and drive out the Burgundiones from their land. Clear from the Oder to the banks of the Vistula river.

The southern Army was so moved by his love for Agelmund that they made Lamissio king right then, and there. They quickly gathered themselves, and chased after the Bulgarian Army that were making their way back to their homeland. But the Longobard's Army kept lagging behind Lamissio, and wanted to turn back to the camp where the wounded were waiting. "Are you broken down dogs, that whimper, and run away with your tails tucked between your legs!" Cried Lamissio. "Should I ride north, and gather the women to conquer these Bulgars you know that even they would fight like

Amazons against these killers of your king, and kidnapper's of the daughter that you would make your Queen! If not then become as something wild Dogmen! And avenge this great injustice!”

By speaking to them in this manner he revived them to the fight.

Finally he urged them to defend themselves better to fight than to live their lives as worthless slaves, and be subject to the enemy's farce. Crying aloud, he said these things, and the like, first by threats, then by promises, he strengthened their minds to endure the struggles of war; moreover if he saw any one of servile condition fighting he endowed him with liberty, as well as rewards. (Paul XVII.)



They managed to get ahead of the Bulgars, and trapped them in the gorge between Erz Gebirge, and Riesen on the Elbe river. There they made a great slaughter of them. But Agelmund's daughter was not to be found among them.

*The victory gave the Lombards great booty and confidence, as they
" . . . became bolder in undertaking the toils of war.
<http://www.reference.com/browse/Lombards>*



*After the death of Agelmund he [Lamissio] directed the
government of the kingdom. (Paul XV.)*

*After the death of Lamissio. After this, one, who has reigned,
the third to the government of the kingdom Leith is gone up. Who,
when a reign of about forty years, Hildehoc a son, who was in the
number of the fourth, left as his successor of the kingdom. When
Agrippa also died, and the fifth of Godehoc, came to the throne.
(Paul-Historia Langobardorum XVIII.)*

Chapter 16

The Trilogy

In Book II, we will see how the mixing with the nations would taint the unity of the Longobards to some extent as egotistical ideals began to be adopted from the world about them. But one thing remained constant, and that was the spirit, and determination, along with the unique problem solving abilities of this small peoples who stood alone against the ancient world.

[Quote:] Ricardo Lantieri of Italy says: "there are many Lanthers (latinized in Lanterius), Lanteri or Lantieri in Gorizia and Franciacorta, Italy. **Longbards** (from "long barth" long asce) are a nomad German people who came down from the south of the Sweden two century BC and joined before the black sea and then the "Pannonia", today Hungary. Under the pressure of the Tartars, in the spring of 568 AC, 300,000 men and an enormous number of animals invaded and occupied the north of Italy. Longbards governed in Italy for two centuries until the arrival of the Franks. Lanter family, Lanterius in latin, Lanteri in italian was a noble people as you can read from *Historia Longobardorum*, for that, they added a "i" to their surname (in Italy the "ieri" suffix of the surnames indicates noble origin) and became Lantieri."
<http://www.webspawner.com/users/wlanter/>

From the Winnili, or Vinnili, to the Longbeards, Longobards, Langobards, Lombards, Lombardi, on down to the Latinized version of Lanteri, then the French Lanthers, Lanthier, Lanier, Lantier, Lantiez, Lenier, Lentier, Lenthier, Lasnier, Lennare, Lanyer, Lanyere, Lanter, Lainez, Lainiez, Lainier, and the Laisney's, all are from the loins of this people.

The End



The château d'Ependes

The castle was built in 1532 by Jean de Lanther.

<http://www.chateau-avendre.ch/55>



Lanther Shield

Golden, a vine torn, with the top two branches in saltire, and a cluster of grapes hanging on the branches, all vert.
(Héraldique - Armorial de J.B. RIETSTAP - et ses Compléments)

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