

Florence, a young Saxon girl, had always been curious about the world outside of her village. She sat next to the fire twiddling her long blond braided hair wistfully. "What are you dreaming about Flo?" her mum asked, sitting down beside her. "Nothing," Florence said, gazing into the bright flames. They sat companionably outside their wooden house at the edge of the village, next to the bubbling waters of the stream. "Now stop day dreaming and help me with the cooking," Florence's mum laughed. Florence smiled warmly at her mum, helping to stir the porridge, but her thoughts were far from the daily chores she was used to.

For many years there had been wars between the Jutes and Saxons which meant that any hope of travel was dangerous. Florence knew that it would be impossible. As she was walking towards the stream, a stranger arrived in the village. The tall man with dark curly hair seemed in some distress. He approached Florence's father and spoke with some urgency of the sword of the Natrol, the mighty warrior. The tall man spoke: "The mighty sword has been lost to the Jutes," he exclaimed. Everyone knew the powers of the sword. Its owner had always been protected and ensured that peace would reign when in the right hands. Florence knew at that moment she must try and retrieve that sword for everyone's sake.

That night she crept out of her home, careful not to disturb her sleeping family. As she scurried towards the dark forest at the edge of the village ...