

TALES OF YGGDRASIL:  
**THE HOWLING OF WIND**

(BOOK ONE)

A Novel by

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**Prologue**

## PROLOGUE

**I**t was night. The land was unnaturally still. The village to the north was deserted, its gaping huts vacant like hollow eyes. A layer of smoke snaked over the fields. The sun, moon and stars were obscured by clouds, adding to the desolation.

In the sloping fields below the village lay the aftermath of the riders. Bodies dotted the soulless landscape. A lone horse stepped through the fields, and as it nudged the lifeless figure of its former master it made a piteous noise, then wandered off. A curl of wind fluttered a lock of a woman's hair and died out. It was still again, and silent.

Gray sky, gray earth: the land was ruined. The only thing left was death.