

Adventures With The Nordics

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Year 10
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Iceland



Norway



Denmark



Sweden



Finland

Out of all the things in the day they had the day off, the last thing Norway wanted to do was go hiking with Denmark and the rest of the gang. He wasn't much of a hiker, nor did he enjoy it; even with the vast terrain of mountains and hills in his homeland, and having spending the entire day with *Denmark* wasn't making the situation any better. Even if they'd decided to go hiking in his home.



Earlier that day, Denmark had claimed that the five friends should go on a little ‘adventure’, as he called it, and go have some fun for once. Finland easily agreed to please his Danish friend convincing his ‘best friend’ to come along as well, and Iceland just decided to go with the flow and do what the others were doing. Norway, on the other hand had no desire to spend his day hiking in the mountains of his house with a couple of his friends.



But, as usual, Denmark had practically forced him to come when he convinced Iceland to go, too.

“Alright you guys, here’s what we’re going to do. We’ll split up into groups, and then we’ll meet up at the top of the mountain and tell each other our awesome experiences! Then, we’ll see whose is the best is, and go back down that way. Sweden, you can go with Finland; Iceland can go with Mr. puffin, and ill go with Norge!” Denmark said pointing to each Nordic with a stick he had picked up

Norway rolled his eyes, grunting and looking away from the beaming Dane. He took in the vast peaks that seemed to blanket across his homeland, and the rich mountain air of fresh rain and pine. Streaks of clouds painted across the blue sky, and the occasional sound of an animal or bird chirping melodies could be heard. The thousands of trees seemed to go on for miles, painting all but the peaks of the mountains with green. He wanted to be anywhere but here right now.

“Why would I want to go hiking with *you*?” he mumbled, sighing softly.

“It’s not *hiking* it’s an *adventure*,” Denmark corrected. “and if you would rather go with Iceland, then that’s fine by me,” at this, his tone changed from excited to a saddened mumbled, and he shifted his eyes away from his friend.

The Norwegian glanced at his younger brother, who was letting Mr. Puffin nibble on a piece of liquorice he had brought.

“Actually, I would much rather go with Iceland.” Norway claimed with a mater-of-fact, and pointed towards the man with the puffin, as they came to a clearing.



Iceland shook his head before popping a piece of liquorice into his mouth. “no, no, I’ll be just fine with Mr. Puffin, anyway. Besides, you two really need to stop fighting all the time and bond a little.”

The man looked back at Denmark sighing looking away from him. “I guess you right...” he mumbled, crossing his arms. “But I’m defiantly not going to enjoy this...”

Immediately following, the Dane spoke up. “alright, cool! Sweden and Finland, you go on the left trail. Iceland, you go on the right trail. Norge and I will go on the middle trail. Ok lets go have an awesome adventure!”

Finland ran ahead, bouncing along the path. Norway sighed, wincing at the horrible nickname that Denmark called him. Norway tried to run off, but Denmark caught him. Even though he hated it, he followed the man nonetheless, trailing behind him with his head to the ground.

This was going to be a long day...



Finland walked close to Sweden's side. He was practically dragging Sweden. He took in the beauty of the Norwegian mountains. He gazed down to the ground, eyes resting on a brightly-coloured dark cerulean flower that lay alone in the sunlight.

“Oh Sweden, look at that flower! Isn't it pretty?” Finland said running off to pick the isolated beauty.

Sweden nodded softly. “Yes, it's very pretty,” he replied, a faint smile making its way onto his face, despite his dense and apathetic expression.

Finland beamed, running back towards him and gazing at the blue flower. He thought for a moment, before smiling handing it to the swede. “Here, I want you to have it” he offered.

His friend only shrugged, mumbling a ‘thank you’ under his breath and continued to walk forwards.



After walking in silence for a few more moments, Finland glanced up at Sweden, whose expression continued to stay dense with his blue eyes icy as they walked into the forest.

“Sweden, are we there yet?” Finland piped up, bouncing along the pathway.

“No” Sweden said firmly. A disturbance came from the birch trees. A white fur ball pounced out, bulleting towards Sweden.

“IT’S A PUPPY!” Finland yelled with excitement. The dog licked Sweden everywhere. The Finn abandoning the Swedish man with the dog.

“Hey! Don’t leave me with this dog!” Sweden yelled with some Swedish curse words.

“Bye, bye!” Finland said waving him good bye.



Sweden ran ahead to catch up with Finland, but the white fur ball followed. Sweden turn to see the dog, the dog stopped in his tracks then continued to walk. Strutting with pride, the dog walked up to Finland.

“Can we keep him?” pleaded Finland. “Please, please, please?” he begged on his knees.

“Fine” Sweden huffed out. He was annoyed, Sweden did not like animals, at all.

“I shall name him Sisu” Finland said picking his new companion up and cradling his new furry friend.

“Come on Finland, lets go. The boys are probably waiting for us at the top” Sweden said walking ahead of Finland, muttering Swedish profanity of his annoyance with the new friend.



Meanwhile, with Norway and Denmark...

Norway walked steadily next to Denmark, continuing to cross his arms and looking away from the taller Dane. They were almost at the top of the mountain, having, the breeze become cooler and the air begin to grow thin. He mumbled under his breath, tuning out Denmark's rambling and antics.

The Danish man turned to him, and seeing his friend's annoyed expression just screaming how much he dreaded being there, a smirk crossed his face. He picked up a smaller, thicker hiking stick from the ground, and began poking the smaller man with it. Norway turned his head farther away from him, trying to ignore it despite already being annoyed.

Seeing this, Denmark poked him harder, looking back towards the trail with a devious grin crossing his face.



“Will you cut it out, Denmark? I'm not in the mood,” Norway muttered, irritated.

“Not until you learn to cheer up and have some fun. You've been quiet the entire time we've been here; just try to have a little fun for once!” he said, continuing to poke him and looking straight ahead.

“I mean it, cut it out,” the Norwegian demanded, his voice growing stern with anger bubbling within his body.

“No; not until you learn to kick back and enjoy a little adventure for once!”

As the poking got worse and his head began to hurt, Norway clutched his fist into a tight ball, every sense of control he had in him suddenly fading. He grabbed a stick from the ground, finally snapping as all control and calm had finally disappeared.

“It’s not an adventure!”

With that, he smacked the stick against Denmark, gritting his teeth with his expression intense.

Denmark stumbled back a bit, gripping onto his hurt arm with his free hand. He turned to his angered friend, his smile only growing larger and more devious.

“So, that’s how it’s gonna be, huh? Glad you’re finally going to be able to enjoy yourself!” he said taking a swing at Norway.

Norway ducked down, doing the same until the opposite stick blocked the attack. Thus, an all-out war had broken out.

The Dane swung hard at the smaller blond, only to have the attack blocked once more. Norway did the same, but was caught in the situation. His teeth continued to be bared, as well as anger spurting out at him, while his friend only beamed like an idiot.

As the fighting continued to go on for several minutes and grow heated and more intense, a tired Denmark took a final hit to Norway, knocking the stick out of his hand and pinning him against the side of a boulder.

“Well I guess you're a pretty decent fighter, Norge. You know, for being *you*,” the Dane said, shooting him a devious grin.

“So friends?” Denmark questioned. “sure... Whatever,” they both shook hands “...um... what are you two doing?” said a certain silver-haired man with a cackling puffin resting on his head.

The two flew apart, only to see a smirking Iceland standing there with his arms crossed, Mr, Puffin laughing from atop his head from busting them.

“It’s uh, n-not what it look like!” Denmark claimed, shifting his eyes toward the ground.



“Well if I saw right, it looked to me like you two made up, correct?” Iceland said, beaming, knowing this might be the best blackmail ever. Norway turned away, hiding his face mumbling under his breath. Denmark walked towards his Icelandic friend, whispering a treat into his ear. “If you speak of this to anyone, I will flood you country with radiation and sea water”



At the top of the mountain...

“wow, it’s so beautiful up here!” Finland exclaimed as he and Sweden reached the top of the mountain.

“yeah, I guess it is. Did you have a good time Sweden, Finland?” Iceland asked, as neither Denmark nor Norway would speak.

The Finn looked up at the taller blond. “I had a great time with Sweden,” he said, giving him a warm smile. Sweden, looking down, gave him the slightest faint smile.

“so, did anything exciting happen to you, Iceland?”

Iceland shot a devious smile towards a still embarrassed Denmark and Norway, who were looking away from each others faces.

“indeed I did, Finland! First, I heard these two animals fighting, and when I went to check it out, they were-” “SHUT YOUR MOUTH ICELAND OR I WILL FLOOD YOUR COUNTRY!” Denmark interrupted.



“Well, uh, that’s... interesting... Denmark, Norway; did you two have a good time?” Finland asked, turning to them.

The duo immediately turned to him, their faces flaring up even more. “yes, i-it was fun,” they both said in sync a little to fast.

“That’s good; what did you do?”

The two shot a quick glance at each other before quickly shifting their eyes to the ground and speaking in sync again, faces flushed.

“Stuff...”



Research

Nordic Countries

The Nordic countries are a geographical and cultural region in Northern Europe and the North Atlantic. It consists of five countries (Iceland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Finland) as well as their regions. The Åland Islands, the Faroe Islands, and Greenland are their associated territories.

I really like the Nordic Countries, so they have inspired me to write based around them.



Bibliography

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Adventures With The Nordics

Denmark
decides to take
the Nordic
gang on a little
adventure into
the wilderness.

