



THE FINAL DAYS OF DOGGERLAND

By Mike Meier

THE FINAL DAYS OF DOGGERLAND

GENRE

Historic Adventure/Drama

LOGLINE

A young woman in hunter-gatherer times relies on her skills for crafting poisons to survive after being captured by a hostile tribe.

SUMMARY

Circa 4,000 B.C. It was the time of the early westward migrations of the Yamnaya people from the Pontic steppe between the Southern Bug, Dniester, and Ural rivers. A group of rundown migrants from the Black Sea area arrives at the coast of Northwestern Europe. Doggerland, the land that once connected Northern Europe to what is now England. The women and children of the group become captives of the Bolleborg tribe, led by their ruthless chief, Viggo. One of the captives, Oane, relies on her skills for crafting poisons to survive, all the while pondering how to reach the firm land in the west that lies beyond the remnants of Doggerland. But if she can ever leave, there will be personal sacrifices.

Many aspects of the story are based on archeological facts, such as the migration of the Yamnaya people, the disappearing Doggerland, the use of spices in food, and the arrival of blue-eyed people from the area of the Black Sea.

WEBSITE

TheFinalDaysOfDoggerland.com

CONTACT

Mike Meier

mike.meier@internationallawgroup.com

+1 (202) 580-8759 (USA)



IT WAS THE TIME THAT TODAY WE CALL THE NEOLITHIC... A TIME BEFORE THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS, A TIME BEFORE STONEHENGE.

It was a time of early westward migrations of the Yamnaya people from the Pontic steppe between the Southern Bug, Dniester, and Ural rivers. These migrations were nothing unusual. Most people at that time were nomads, hunter-gatherers that depended on what they could find on the land. Some were herders, and there were the beginnings of agriculture. When resources ran low or the weather pattern changed, it was time to move on.

This is the story of a small group of migrants that did just that in search of fertile land in the northwest.



NORTHERN EUROPE, 6,000 YEARS AGO.

EVERY HUMAN AND EVERY ANIMAL MUST HAVE A PURPOSE IN LIFE.

WE MADE IT OUR CALLING TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE HERE BY KEEPING WATCH OVER THE SURROUNDING FOREST.



WITH OUR ACUTE SENSE OF HEARING AND DISCERNING EYES...



...NOTHING ESCAPED US.

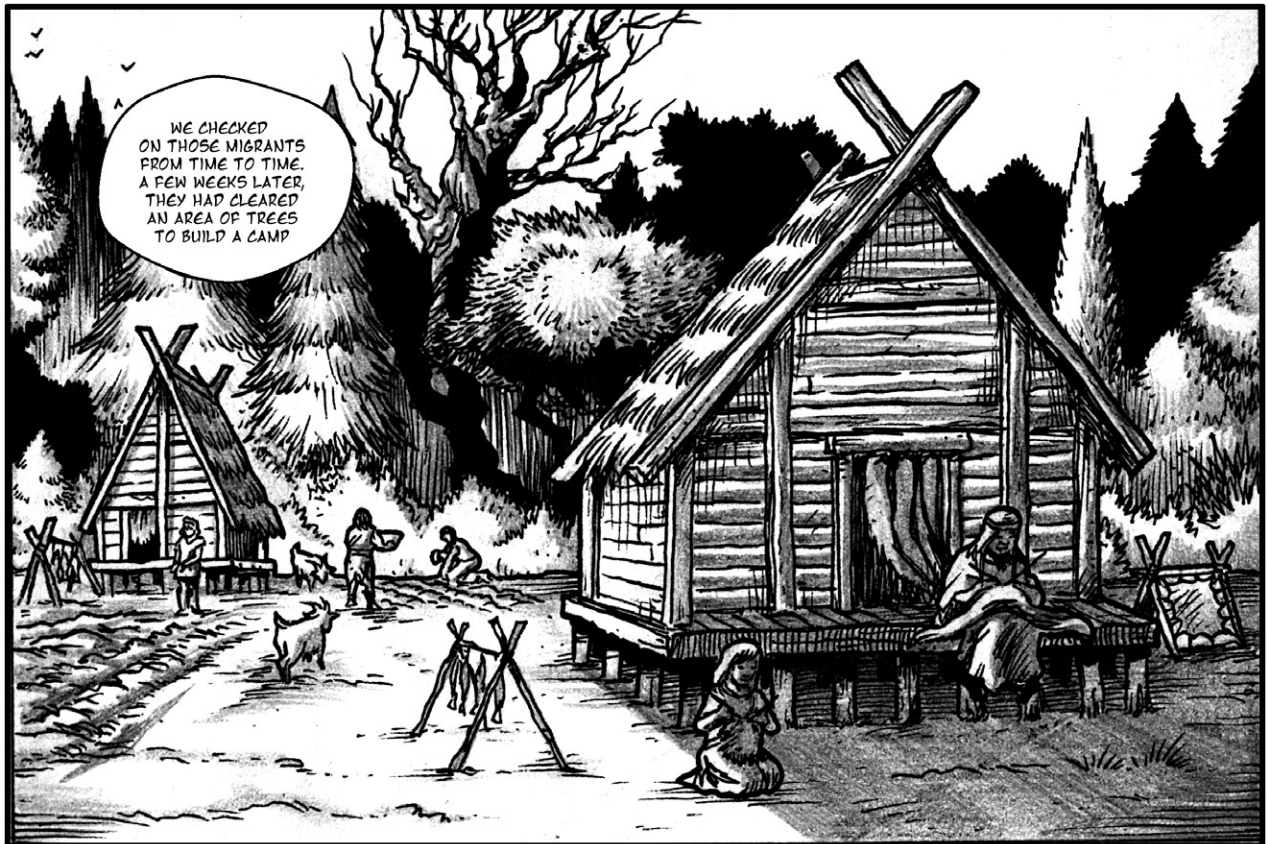


ONE DAY WE NOTICED A SLIGHT DERANGEMENT IN THE DISTANCE. WE WASTED NO TIME IN RECONNOITERING IN THAT DIRECTION.



AS WE NEARED, WE QUICKLY SPOTTED THE CAUSE OF THE DISTURBANCE: A GROUP OF RUN-DOWN-LOOKING MIGRANTS WHO MUST HAVE TRAVELED FROM FAR AWAY.

THEY AROUSED OUR CURIOSITY AS THEY LOOKED SO DIFFERENT FROM OUR PEOPLE.



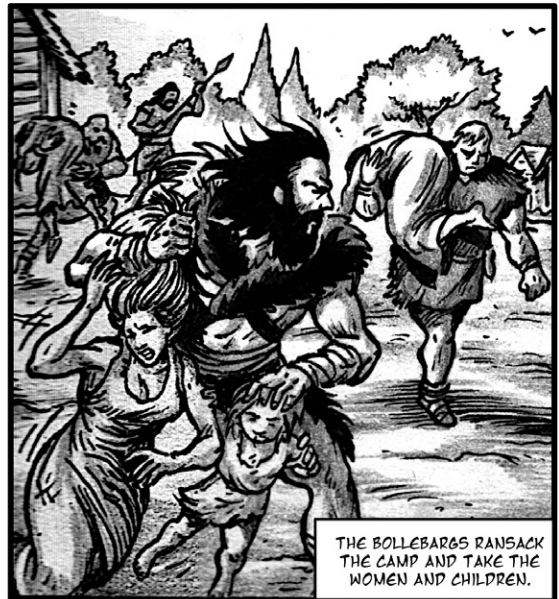
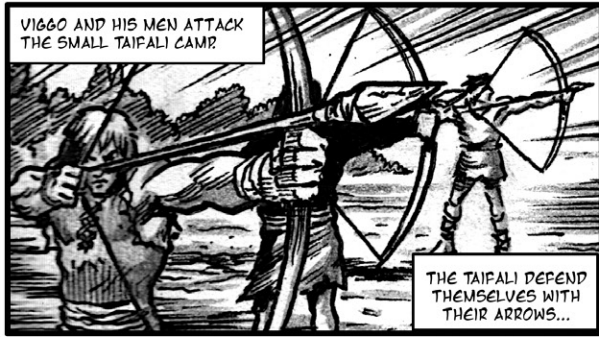


THE BOLLEBARG CAMP IS NOT FAR AWAY



THE BOLLEBARG SCOUTS
DISCOVER THE TAIFALI CAMP





A YEAR HAS PASSED. EBBE DIED OF HEMLOCK POISONING AND THE BOLLEBARBS DUMPED HER IN THE PEAT BOG. OANE MARRIED ANOTHER CAPTURED MIGRANT, NICU, AND THEY HAD A CHILD TOGETHER.



AFTER VIGGO FINDS OUT HOW TO MAKE THE POISON, HE PLANS TO KILL OANE.

BUT VIGGO'S RAVENS COME TO WARN OANE IN A LANGUAGE THAT ONLY SHE WOULD UNDERSTAND...



YA VA MUCARE!
YA VA MUCARE!
YA VA MUCARE!

...AND THE SPIRIT OF EBBE APPEARS AT THE PEAT BOG AND TELLS OANE HOW SHE CAN DEFEAT VIGGO.



THE ONE WHO SEEDS DEATH
WILL BE DEFEATED
WITH THE SEEDS
OF DEATH.

WARNED BY THE RAVENS
AND WITH THE ADVICE OF
REBBE'S SPIRIT...



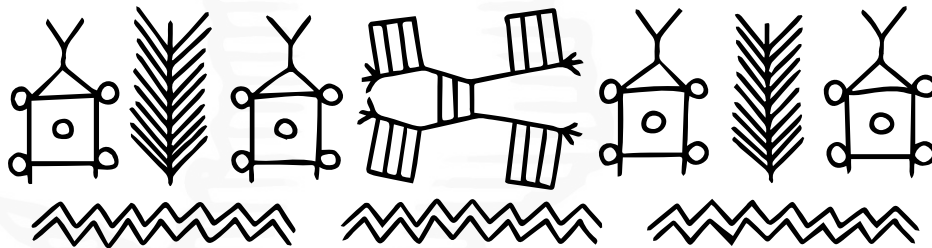
...OANE
CHALLENGES
VIGGO TO A
KNIFE FIGHT.



ARE YOU
AFRAID OF
A FEEBLE
WOMAN
LIKE ME,
VIGGO?



IF YOU THINK
I AM SO FEEBLE,
THEN COME HERE
AND PUT AN END
TO IT!



THE FINAL DAYS OF DOGGERLAND.COM

