

Wedding Basher

Preview (missing part II)

An Old Norse Mythology Retold

by

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Part I

Thor woke up one morning and rolled out of his massive bed. He gathered a few things together and was about to head out to start his day when he noticed something; his hammer, Mjolnir, was missing. It was not where he left it last, but he still frantically searched his room. It was nowhere to be found. Enraged, he stormed out of the room and marched into the courtyard in Asgard. Gray stone chairs lined the courtyard, and a large stone table sat in the center next to a fountain. Baldr, Forseti, Heimdall (who was, in fact, standing at the gate near the courtyard, at the far end guarding the Rainbow Bridge), and Odin were lingering there.

“Good morning, son!” hailed Odin in a booming voice.

Thor grumbled, “Ah, but I wish it was a good morning,”

“But the morning is very pretty and the dew is refreshing. And look, a splendid sunrise!” replied Odin. Two ravens, Huginn and Munnin, flew off of a

tree branch down to his outstretched hand. He drew them near and whispered to them. He pushed his hand outward and the two ravens flew off. Proudly he watched them fly and disappear in the distance. He did not turn away his gaze until they had escaped his sight. Thor was much more incensed in his mood compared with Odin's. He did not have time to enjoy the surroundings, nor did he wish to. Before he could say anything, Odin motioned and they all moved to the dining hall. They ate a quick breakfast, and Thor himself ate two-dozen eggs and a ham.

After the meal, Thor leaned over and grumbled, "My hammer is missing." Odin was almost equally as shocked as Thor had been earlier that day.

"Why did you not tell me of this earlier?" Odin asked.

"I hadn't had the chance, at least not yet until now."

"I'll call all of the gods together, and then we can try and figure out what has happened to it. Would you like me to do that, or would you rather have some time to investigate?"

“Go ahead. There’s no use snooping around waiting.”

“Right, I’ll head off right away,” Odin concluded. With that, he stood up from the stone bench and stormed out. He walked into the courtyard and then started for the watchtower. He climbed up the stairway up to the very top. He could see miles and miles away from the top. Heimdall was already at the top taking up the watch. He greeted Odin. Odin pulled up a horn, wrapped in red cloth with intricate carvings in the bone, and then put it to his mouth and let out a tremendous blow. The horn resonated across the lands, far and wide, shaking the foundations of the earth. The gods moved out to the courtyard, while some others that were not in Asgard at the time were hurrying themselves to the courtyard, two being Loki and Njord.

Everybody sat in the massive stone chairs anticipating what of so great importance had been necessary to summon them all together. Odin paced back and forth for a while, seeing if all were present. Thor dug his fingernails into the arms of his chair. Finally Odin spoke, “We have all been gathered here

for a reason, which I will soon tell you. One of you has lost something of great worth, and we wish to retrieve it.” Everybody looked back and forth at each other. Odin continued, “He who wishes to participate, please voice that you will do so.”

In unison they all said, “Aye.”

Odin continued, “The hammer Mjolnir, made from the wood of the Yggdrasil tree and of stone by Brokk the dwarf, is missing. Any information on what might have happened or what could be done to find it would be appreciated.” While the words were yet in his mouth, the crowd went into an uproar, arguing about what may have happened to it.

At length Loki the troublemaker spoke up, “I have a plan. If Freyja gives me her feather cloak, I will find out where Thor’s hammer has wound up.” Everyone looked a little uneasy when he said this. Freyja’s cloak was made of feathers, and when she donned it, she would turn into a falcon. Loki’s plan was to put on the cloak himself, and then fly across the earth looking for the weapon.

Freyja spoke up, “Since I see no other way, I will lend my coat to you because I do not want to

do it myself, but you must return it.” She gave him the cloak. He gave an uncanny grin and put it on. He instantly transformed into a falcon and shot up through the air and flew off to distant lands. Every day that passed, Thor eagerly awaited for any signs of his return.

Ten days passed when Heimdall noticed Loki approaching from far away in the distance. When he arrived, he pulled the cloak off and turned back to his normal self and gave it back to Freyja. Thor was impatient. He questioned, “What have you found?”

Loki turned to him and explained, “I flew all the way to Jotunheim, the land of the giants, and found your hammer in the possession of the king of the giants, Thyrn. He says he will return it under one condition: if he marries Freyja.” Giants had long been their enemies.

Instantly Freyja objected, “Me marry that pig? I’d rather kiss a mud-toad.” Again all that were present went into an upheaval.

Finally Heimdall said, “Well, I have an idea.” It took a moment to get everybody’s attention, but he continued, “Thor will travel to Jotunheim with

Loki. Thor will be disguised as Freyja with a veil on, and Loki as a bridesmaid. Mountain giants aren't known to be the smartest of creatures. Once he is in Jotunheim, he should be able to find and recover the hammer." Everyone started arguing over each other again.

Loki waved his hands in the air, "Listen! This is definitely the best choice. I was down there myself not very long ago, you know. I am sure this is the wisest thing to do." Slowly they agreed, but Thor sat motionless in his granite chair. All eyes moved to him to see what he would say. He stroked the end of his beard for a moment.

He reluctantly agreed, "I'll do it." It sounded incredibly stupid to him, but there was no other way he could think of to get his weapon back.

This is just a preview of the story. If you enjoyed the story, you can get the rest of the story at <http://www.tradebit.com/filedetail.php/199022542-wedding-basher> for half the price of a cup of coffee, \$2.

Thank you for previewing my work! If I do receive enough support, I will be able to expand on my writing tremendously, and also help support myself-- money is tight! A couple dollars goes a long way!

One of the goals of this work is to help educate. I have included a good deal of Norse mythology in this story. I packed information in here that would normally take a lot more reading to learn about various aspects of Norse mythology.