





Trolls

:A Compendium

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TROLLS





Forest Troll House

Christopher Jonathan Hulton



Hello,

My name is Christopher Jonathan Hulton. I come from an ancient family. The Hultons received disposition from King Henry II during the turbulent times in England to practice Catholicism; even though I don't regard myself much of one. Neither can I say I am comfortable within the Meeting Houses of my Quaker neighbors. I am interested in some of Swedenborg's thoughts, but not enough to find me in their New Church. Though, it lends me to some Gnostic persuasions.

I do find myself in agreement with the latest character from Cooper, Natty Bumppo the Long Carbine. As such, I also find the church of the Creator in the woods in which he made. Much like my Lenape friends believe. They are the Delawares Cooper talks about in his book *The Last of the Mohicans*. I find man's attempts to build a sanctuary pales to what the Creator can afford on his own. I also believe another man (with a collar or not) can not step in and do a better job talking to my heart than the Creator. So I'm a bit of an outsider in these Pine Belt communities.

Much like my friends, I found within the Forked River Mountains. A place without a forked river, nor any mountains for that matter.... I often find them wandering through the William Hurry Tract of woods. The huge property our good General Lacey had once owned. Lacey, who fought at Brandywine and lifted steins of ale in some local tavern with General Howe. That is after he lost the battle to Howe and his British troops. It was a strange meeting between Howe, Lacey, and Lafayette that altered the war. I digress, for that is a great story for another time. Because I am to tell a much weirder and wonderful tale about the friends I met in these Pines of New Jersey.

Tales of Trolls with tails.

Yes!

Those ugly, oafish, and dumb giants. Those famous creatures in fairy tales and sagas from Scandinavia—I met in the woods! I tell you now, those descriptions are scandalous. They are not dumb. They are far from being ugly. They are not always giant in stature, but they are always kind. In fact, Trolls in Old Norse means a magical creature found trolling through the woods. Either god, draugr, nisse, fairy, or giant.

These Trolls used to live in Sweden and Norway and traveled between the two. Till the people of the Vanir pushed them north. Then another culture from Thrace brought the gods Thor and Odin to push out the Vanir. The Trolls were then pushed further north into the barren wilderness. Some cultures seek to remove their own oppression by the oppression of others.

The Trolls found themselves pushed into the Dark Mountains. These mighty people fell to ridicule and slander by those who dispossessed them. For centuries, conquerors have made certain people and cultures contemptuous. Less befitting to the air we all breathe. So, the masses would accept the atrocities that happened to them. So they can justify the theft of their lands. In time, the Swedes hunted the Trolls down to sell as slaves for their new colony here in what became New Jersey. My friends were slaves who escaped from the Swedish forts, now ruins, centuries ago.

Now Bjorn and his family taught me the evils of prejudice and its truths. Bjorn, my Troll friend, told me Scandinavian tales about self-loathing. He shared his stories of giant-hating gods who had giants for mothers. Bjorn cued me in that half of the gods had a giant parent. He recited Sagas about heroes who hunted Trolls for generations; when they descended from Trolls themselves! My wizened friend of mine opened my eyes to hatred and its causes. He also taught me many other spiritual secrets. Mostly, he showed me how to have a really good time filled with laughter!

In Snorri Sturluson's 13th century *Skáldskaparmál* he describes a meeting with a troll woman who describes herself in the following way:

"They call me Troll, Craver of the Moon, Giant of the Gale-blasts, Curse of the rain-hall, Companion of the Sibyl, Night-roaming hag, Swallower of the loaf of heaven. What is a Troll but that?"

Origins, Legends, and Beliefs

Let me start by explaining the origin of Trolls, Giants, and Gods. This story helps you understand the truth. It is a fine tale told to me by my friend Bjorn that serves to remove many stones we humans might find in our heads. Once removed, we tend not to be as stubborn or hard-headed. Bjorn is a fine Troll shaman who has studied world religions through the centuries. He has studied long enough and now is reading L. Frank Baum's tales. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* is his favorite...

Odin went to Jötunheim riding on Sleipnir through land, water, and fire. Soon he found the giant Hrungrir (the loud bell ringer or one who rings his own bell) amazed at this steed's speed. But Hrungrir boasted that he had an even faster horse! Odin left him and his horse Gullfaxi, the golden mane, far behind in their dust. Gullfaxi was no slouch, but not as fast as Logi. Even though, his horse barely broke a sweat before Hrungrir was within the gates of Asgard, Odin was still faster.

Once you're in a rush, you never can tell where you might end up. Much like the reason I am telling you this long-winded diatribe...forgive me, I think you will find it profound—the gods welcomed him with open hearts and provided much mead.



In his cups, Hrungrir rang his own bell. He boasted that he could carry Valhalla away on his back and sink Asgard with his mead water. Too soon, he was getting frisky with Frigg and Freyja before kidnapping the younger Þrúðr the Strong.

Thor returned and learned of the theft of his daughter. He drove his chariot with Tanngrisnir and Tanngrjóstr frothing at the bit, full of rage. Before him, hail battered the ground. Lightning set the hawk sanctuary ablaze as he rode with his son. Below them, the giantess Jord split the world with a mighty earthquake as her son flew in his chariot to save his daughter.

Hrungrir stood at the mouth of Grjótúnagard, the giant's enclosure, with his whetstone over his shoulder. Hrungrir, the giant, was the most powerful of his kin, with his three spikey-cornered stone heart.

Thor, with his mighty lightning hammer, Mjólnir, leaped from his chariot. Hrungrir's stature shrank to that of unfired clay as he wet himself. The bravest of the Jötunn was proven to have feet of wet clay. In the air, Thor released Mjólnir before he hit the ground. Blindly, Hrungrir threw his whetstone as Mjólnir met it in midair. The hammer flew through the stone and landed deep within his granite head. In full stride, a fragment of Hrungrir's whetstone hit Thor in the head. Thor fell with Hrungrir's dead leg falling over his neck.

He lost most of his strength after learning of Þrúðr's kidnapping. He could not remove himself from his situation. Magni the Strong, his three-night-old son, lifted the giant's foot and freed his father. Magni then received the horse "Golden Mane" in spite of Odin's ire.

Then father and son traveled back to Thrdvangar, where the son paid a visit to his mother, Járn saxa, the owner of the blood iron shears. It could be another name for

Sif, derived from Loki's memory of cutting off her golden hair with iron shears. Who knows, blood iron shears or seax?

Then Thor went to see Gróa Gerutha, the woman who grows compassion in her heart for all. Thor went looking for her to sing a charm to remove the stone from his head. She was the wife of Aurvandill, the light-bearer. Gróa Gerutha was Amleth the fool's mother. Shakespeare called him Hamlet.

Thor overwhelmed her by recounting many tales while she sang her charms. Tales of creation and how he brought her husband, the light-bearer, across the Élivágar. Élivágar, the eleven wandering rivers of creation.

(Don't worry, I had to have Bjorn tell me this tale several times before it stuck. I was overwhelmed as much as Gróa Gerutha was, but give me compassion; the tale is wise. Once you get through this part, the rest will be as easy as Dorothy clicking her heels together.)

The Élivágar flow from Níðhögg's dripping venom. Níðhögg is the hated gnawer of Mímameiðr roots. Níðhögg is the striking serpent. The Élivágar flows from the dark mountains of Niðafjöll. Hoddmímis holt (shrine) is located on Niðafjöll, where the golden palace called Brimir resides. The place Líf and Lífþrasir will live after the end of the world of the gods at Ragnarök. Líf and Lífþrasir have become the parents of everyone alive in our current age. The age after the gods.

Níðhögg chews under the auspices of the third root of Mímameiðr. Níðhögg's Eitr venom forms the eleven rivers: Svöl flight, Gunnþrá yearns for battle, Fjörm rushes to form, Fimbulþul the old bull wise in the runes, Slíðr the sheath of the Vagina, Hríð the blizzard, Sylgr the swallowing, Ylgr

the she-wolf, Við the wide, Leiptir that blazes like lightning, and Gjöll the noisy river that Gjallarbrú crosses bringing people to Hel. They spring from the boiling well of Hvergelmir in Niflheim, the world of the cold mist. These rivers boil over and run like slag till they freeze over in the void of Ginnungagap. Here in the yawning void of magical creation, the cold is tempered by the heat to create a pleasant space. Here the liquids solidified to give birth to Ymir the giant.

He became the twelfth river when Odin and his brothers spilled his blood.

It was Ymir who built Brimir and gave rise to all life in the nine worlds. He is the father to giants, man, and gods.

Under the frost giant's arms, a girl and boy grew together. A six-headed son named Þrúðgelmir the strength yeller was born from one foot with the other. Odin, Vi, and Villi (Zeus, Hades, and Poseidon) were the gods who spilled Ymir's blood.

They were the grandsons of the giant Buri. Buri was brought forth from the salty rime of a glacier by the hornless milk cow Auðumbla's tongue. It was her milk that fed Ymir. Their parents were the bristles of cold in your throat that make you say Bur and Bestla "the best daughter". She was the giant Bölpörn favorite daughter, the thorn of the trunk. Ymir was their grandfather through Bestla.



These three brothers used Ymir's blood to make the dwarves and oceans. His bones are the mountains. His hair trees and vegetation. The skull became the heavens. The brains are the clouds. His brow was transformed into the Midgard of men, and his teeth into rocks. Bergelmir Bear Yeller, Þrúðgelmir's son, was the only giant to survive the flood of Ymir's blood. From his loins, a new race of giants grew under the shade of Mímameiðr the Tree of Life.

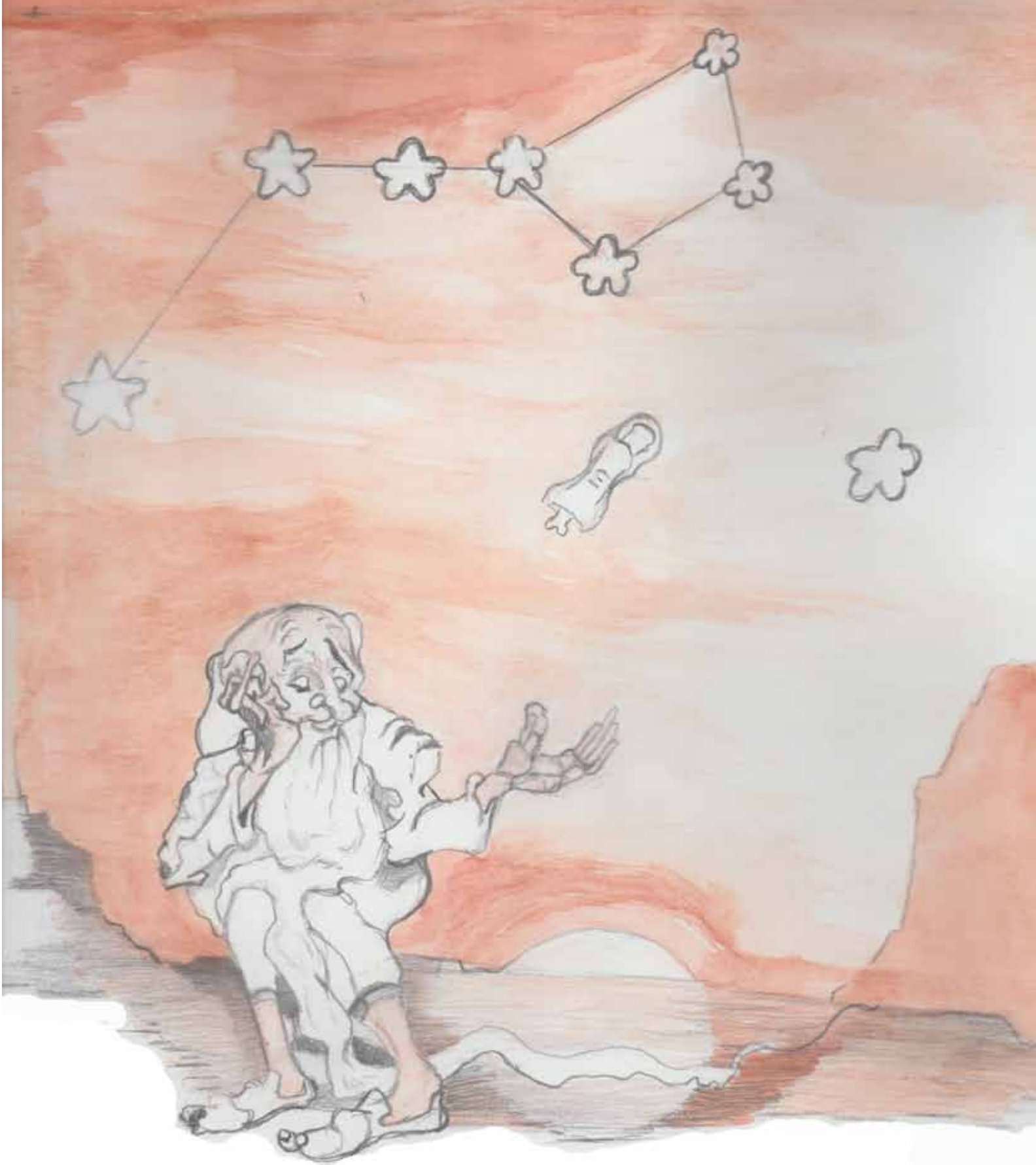
Thor was bringing Aurvandill across the rivers from beyond this universe. Back to our disillusioned world of Sophia, the Higher Wisdom. Hrothgar, Aurvandill's twin brother, ruled from here. The poisoned world, according to the Gnostics. Our world is formed by the rivers that flow from Níðhöggr's poisoned fangs. The world between desire and fear.

Our world.

Níðhöggr awaits his companion on the caduceus Mímameiðr. Once his companion returns, they will link eternal life to the ultimate knowledge of the universe together on the world tree. Until then our world will be split in half. A division that occurred when Aurvandill was killed by Hrothgar. Or when YHWH cast his twin Lucifer to Hell

It was YHWH who manifested a desire for an equal to himself. Only a moment later did he fear his equal might kill him. The Buddhists say this is how fear and desire entered our world. As Lucifer was cast far from the sight of his twin, Hrothgar killed Aurvandil and sent him to Hel. With the anguish of knowing that he will never see his brother again, he desires to see him just once again. Aurvandil represents the star, Venus.

The Canaanites unknowingly split the star Venus into two contrary gods. Lucifer is the morning star, and Shalim/Salem the evening star. For it is said that while Aurvandil was riding on Thor's back, his toe fell off and Thor threw it into the sky, where it became Venus.



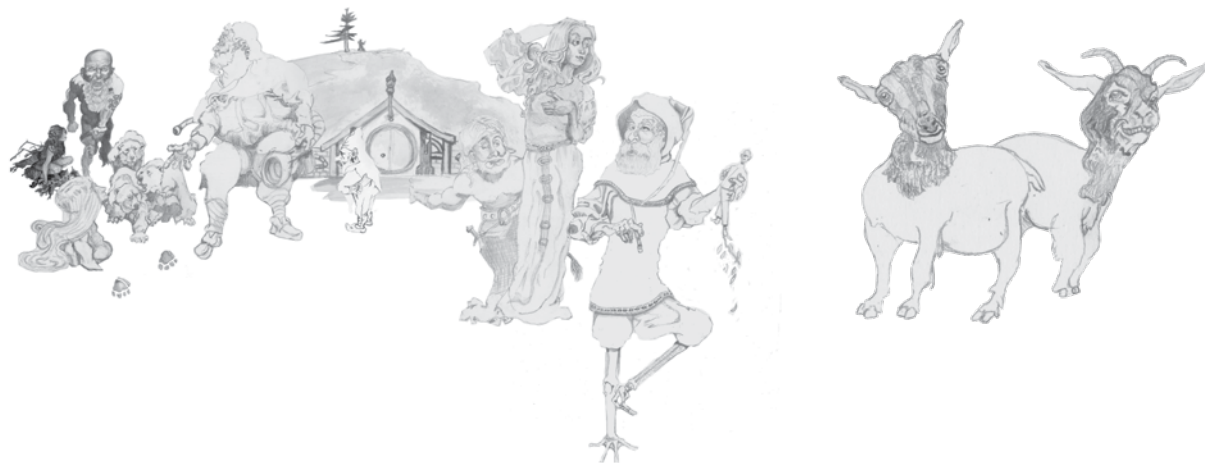
Then again, some believe Thor threw his toe into the constellation Ursa Major. Others believe it became the hunter Orion's toe. Orion was Artemis, the goddess of the bears, 'lover. This toe governs the lost love of Aurvandil for his brother. Before he gave him the boot, which weighs heavy in his mind like a stone.



Venus represents the love of Aurvandil for his brother Hrothgar, which sits like a stone in his mind against his brother's hatred. A similar stone is now stuck in Thor's head. The stone could also represent the one the Titan Cronus swallowed, believing it was his son Zeus.

Aurvandil is also called auzi-wandilaz, "the luminous wanderer," which recalls Cain, Abel's brother, who was cursed to wander the Earth and moved to the land of Nod, "the land of wandering," after he murdered his brother. You may recall from earlier that the name Élivágar means wandering rivers. Though in our tale, Aurvandil, who is the victim, is forced to wander the night sky as opposed to the Earth.

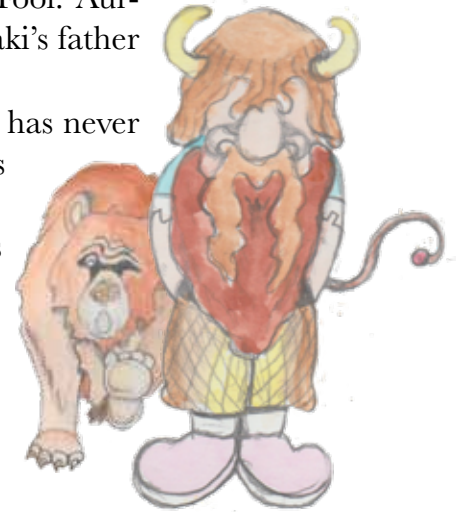
Also, is Aurvandil a Troll? One meaning for a Troll is one who wanders about in the woods.



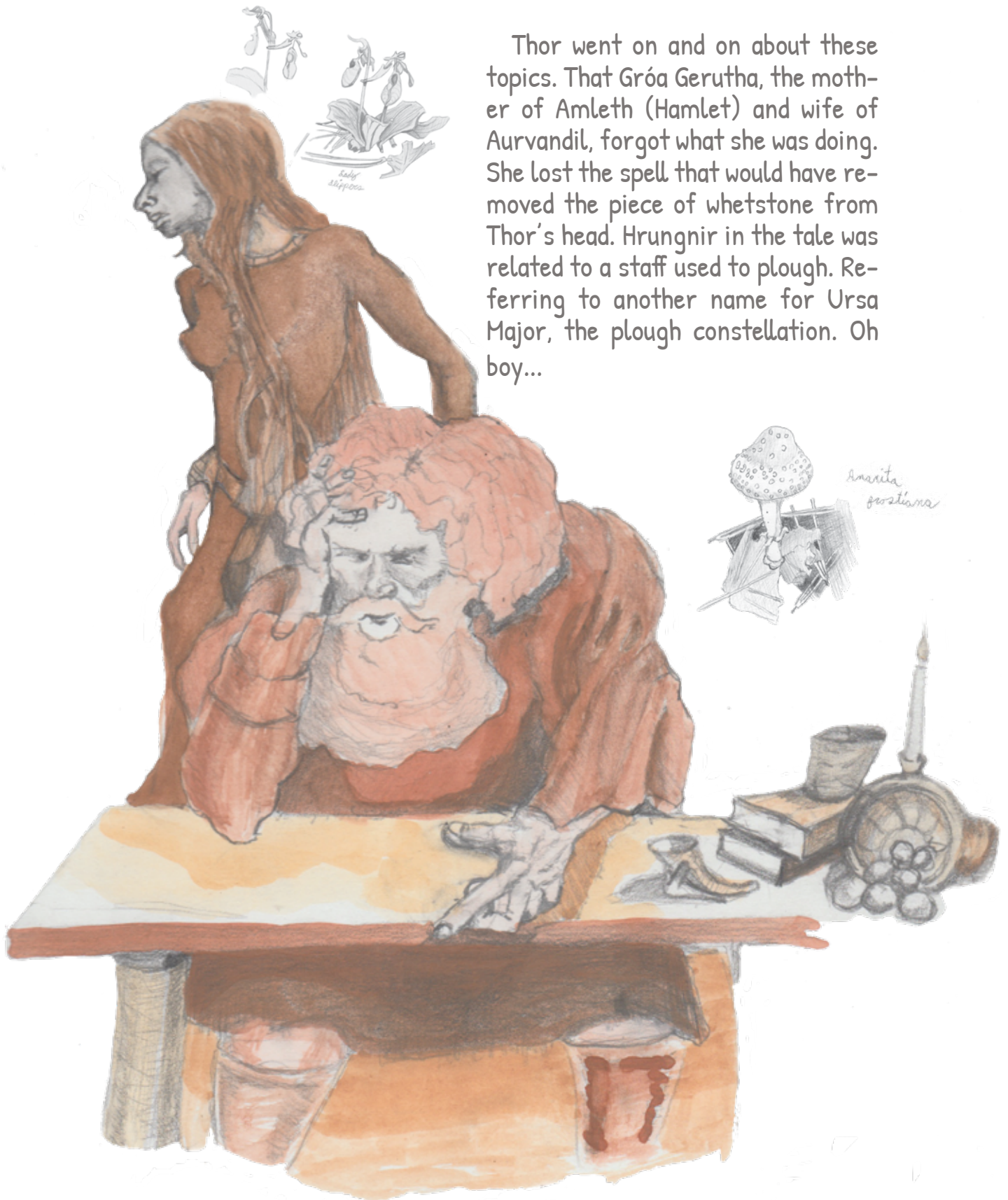
Now Hrothgar was Hrólfr Kraki's (the son of Ursa the bear) uncle in an earlier story. Hrólfr Kraki is the same character as Hamlet and Amleth the Fool. Aurvandil becomes Helgi, Hrólfr Kraki's father. Helgi was both Hrólfr Kraki's father and grandfather.

He unknowingly commits incest with his grown daughter, whom he has never met. Could this represent an earlier Sumerian tale in which earlier gods had children through their daughters? The original tale of Eve's rib.

Was Hrólfr Kraki to be thought of as a god? There were 12 berserkers in bear shirts under Hrólfr Kraki command, led by Bödvar Bjarki, the warlike little bear (Ursa Minor). This is the basis of the hero in the later tale Beowulf. Beowulf, the Wulf of Honey A kenning for a bear.



Thor went on and on about these topics. That Gróa Gerutha, the mother of Amleth (Hamlet) and wife of Aurvandil, forgot what she was doing. She lost the spell that would have removed the piece of whetstone from Thor's head. Hrungnir in the tale was related to a staff used to plough. Referring to another name for Ursa Major, the plough constellation. Oh boy...



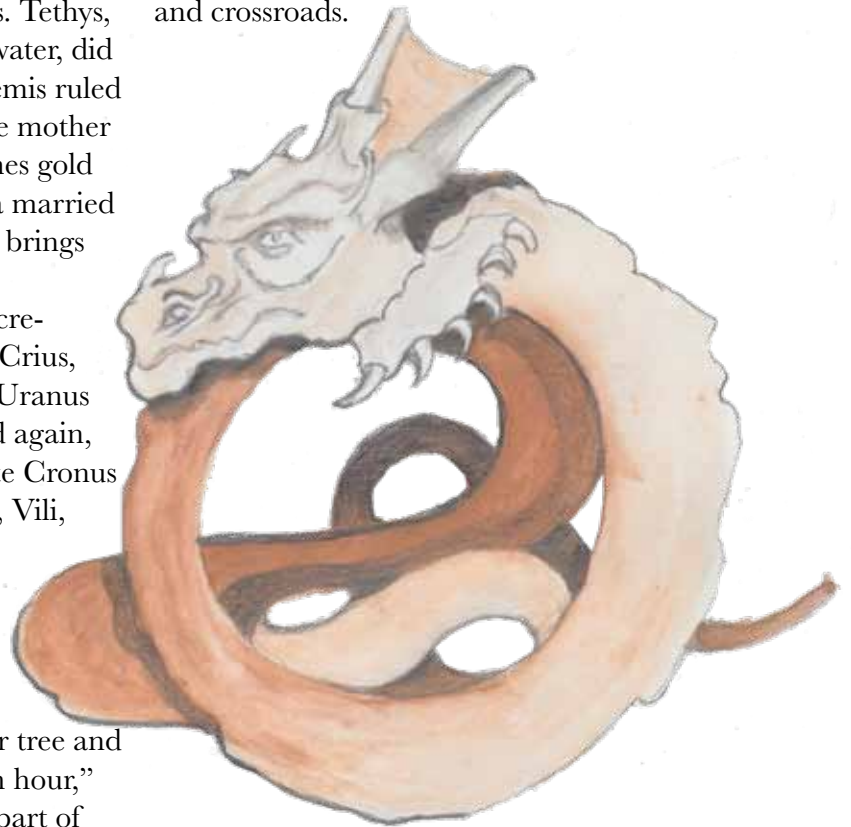
From this, I want you to think of the eleven rivers, Ymir, and the twelve Titans. Coeus to the north governs intellect. To the south is Crius, who holds down Uranus, and governs the stars. In the east, Hyperion, who held down Uranus' other arm, watches over the path of the moon and sun through the sky. Iapetus, to the west, is Death, who held down Uranus' leg, separating the sky from the earth. Iapetus is the father of Atlas and Prometheus, who was punished by Zeus for helping man. Oceanus, who governs the ocean, was also jilted by Zeus for helping kill Cronus. Time and the mountains flow from Rhea, and she gave birth to the gods with Cronus. Tethys, benefactor of water life and freshwater, did not partake in Uranus' death. Themis ruled over prophecy, and the law was the mother of Prometheus. The light that shines gold and silver was created when Theia married Hyperion. Phoebe, wife of Coeus, brings bright intellect and prophecy.

Mnemosyne, the wife of Zeus, created the nine muses and memory. Crius, Hyperion, and Iapetus held down Uranus so Cronus could castrate him. And again, Poseidon, Hades, and Zeus castrate Cronus much in the same manner that Ve, Vili, and Odin kill Ymir.

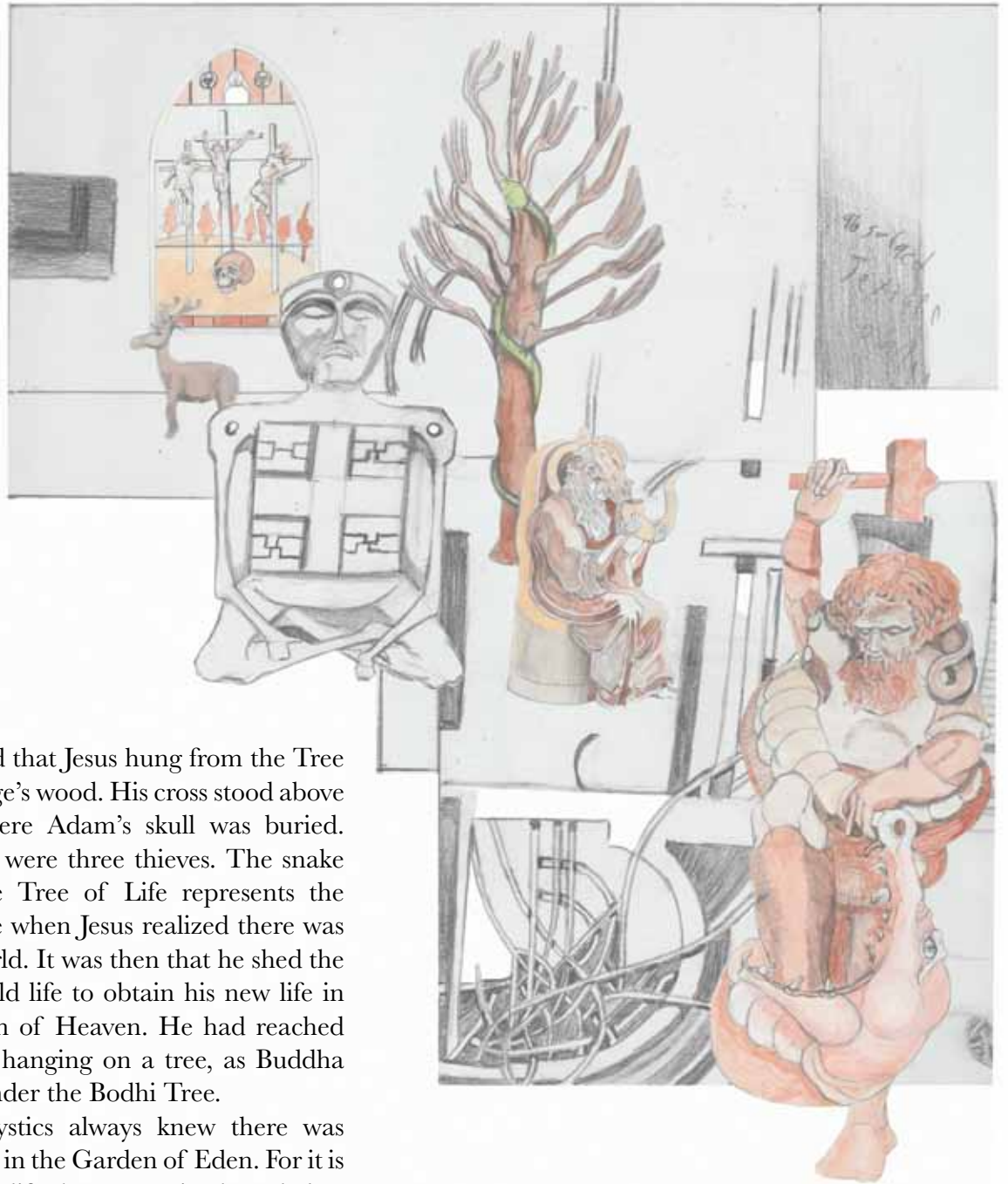
Ouroboros is the snake that swallows its tail. Ouranos is another name for Uranus. Ora means thorn or point in Finish. Ora in Norwegian means the alder tree and denotes a time boundary, as in "an hour," or means the mouth. The second part of the word Ouranos, ano, can mean a ring, a year, a mouth ring, or an anus ring. The second part of Ouroboros, boros, means beginning or morning. Is there a similarity between Níðhöggr, Jörmungandr, and the biblical serpent? Jörmungandr spits the poison Eitr that gives life, like Níðhöggr, to

the disillusioned world of Hrothgar. Wasn't it the serpent in the garden who poisoned Eve's ear, dividing heaven and earth? The giant Jörmungandr encircling the world could be compared to the Ouroboros swallowing its tail.

Ningishzida, the Mesopotamian god of the Tree of Life, separated heaven and earth. He appears on the caduceus, where the two snakes are entwined. The Caduceus is often confused with the Rod of Asclepius, which only has a single rat snake climbing Ningishzida. Asclepius was the son of Apollo and the god of medicine. Hermes and his Caduceus governed thieves and crossroads.



Remember it were thieves that hung on the trees next to Christ...



It was said that Jesus hung from the Tree of Knowledge's wood. His cross stood above the spot where Adam's skull was buried. Next to him were three thieves. The snake climbing the Tree of Life represents the point in time when Jesus realized there was only one world. It was then that he shed the skin of his old life to obtain his new life in the Kingdom of Heaven. He had reached illumination hanging on a tree, as Buddha did sitting under the Bodhi Tree.

Jewish mystics always knew there was only one tree in the Garden of Eden. For it is only through life that one gains knowledge. Thor, carrying Aurvandil, was said to be able to travel between worlds or across the 12 rivers of creation. In Valentinian Gnosticism, Jesus could cross the Horos-Stauros, Plato's cross, between the two worlds. It is Thor who, after defeating Jörmungandr, falls down on his ninth step from Eitir. He is reborn in the new world of Brimir alongside Balder, Höðr, his sons, wife, and daughter Prúðr whom he has saved.





There were three hours of darkness when Christ hung on the cross, and he was in the tomb for three days. Three women attended his crucifixion, and three women found his tomb empty. In both circumstances, three times three equals nine.

After nine steps, Thor fell, to be born again. Odin hung from Mimir's tree for nine days to be born again. In all cultures, men are born from women. In a few remaining cultures, men sacrifice their male children. Through elaborate rituals, they give birth to them as men. Few people have ever been granted the third birth from the triple goddess.

Aside from the myths about Christ fleeing to Britain, there are stories about him dying in Japan. Who is to say?

The prefixes per, thu, or Pu refer to thunder gods throughout the world. Perkunas is

the Baltic older version of Thor and Perun the Slavic version. One universal myth associated with those prefixes is the slaying of a giant serpent. Thor killed the Jörmungandr and Perun killed Veles (Odin) when he was in the form of a dragon. Though Perseus was not a thunder god, he did kill the giant serpent Cetus and the snake-headed Gorgon Medusa.

My middle name, Jonathan, Bjorn tells me, is connected to the slaying of the universal serpent. Jonathan arises from Oannes, who was a merman who taught Man wisdom. His other names were Enki, Ea, and Marduk. He was known to have killed the Leviathan Tiamat. Think of Ouranos and Ouroboros, which swallowed their tails like the Jörmungandr.

Could you say Jesus fought the snake in the Garden of Eden when he hung from the tree above Adam's skull?



High Bush Blueberries

Tuán mac Cairill reincarnated three times, from hart, to sea-eagle, to salmon. As a salmon, he was eaten by a virgin, who gave birth to him as a man. As a man, he attained illumination in the same way that Christ and Buddha had. A truly magical Irish Troll.

Or look at this myth. In *Hrólfs Saga*, Bjorn is the son of a hunter king who is often away. Bjorn is in love with a free-man's daughter, Bera. Though Bjorn's mother wants to lie with him, Bjorn slaps his mother in disgust and shuns her. In her rage, she curses him to assume the shape of a bear. On the king's return, he sees the bear and picks up his bow, unknowingly killing his son. Then his mother has him served up to Bera at a feast. Beyond being disgusting and mean, the story is a vestige of an earlier time when the bear and the boar represented the dying and resurrected god, respectively.

The bull was the sacrificed animal in Mycenaean culture. Its horns reminded them of the full moon that died and was reborn every month. Though the moon, the snake, and silver represent *la petite mort*, the little deaths in life that occur today can be represented by losing a job or leaving childhood for adulthood. The sun is represented by gold, the lion, and the eagle.

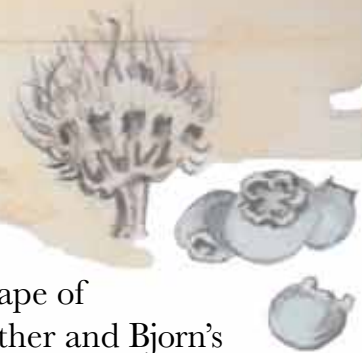
The sun represents the big death that brings you to the next life.





Let us now turn our attention to the Völundarkviða Saga. It bears an interesting resemblance to Hrólfs Saga. In the tale, Völundr and his brothers Egill and Slagfiðr marry three Valkyries: Hlathguth the Swan-White, Orlun, and Hervor the All-Wise. After nine years of marriage, their brides fly away. Völundr's brothers went searching for them. Völundr stays home and goes hunting. On his hike, he kills and cooks a bear shortly before being enslaved by a local king. The bear was his Valkyrie wife, Hervor the All-Wise, who stayed behind out of love for him.

Think of the salmon of Tuan. Or the rape of Ursa by her father and Bjorn's mother's desires for him? What did the bear mean to the ancient Norse? Think of the Ainu in Japan who raise a bear cub along with their child only to sacrifice the bear so the gods don't take their child from them. The Ainu save a seat of honor for the bear's spirit, where they eat his flesh. What are they thinking!!???





Now, is it not Bergelmir, the bear yeller, who gave birth to the giants? So is there a correlation between giants and bears in Norse myth? We are to assume that heroes like Beowulf, who are named after bears, are massive – no, Gigantic! Is that not so?

Was not Beowulf a giant among men? Then who was the monster, Grendel, that he killed? Consider Hallbjorn Half-troll, who was half troll and half bear. His son, Kettle Salmon, also killed a dragon. These men are the offspring of Trolls and giants. But they were Troll/giant killers throughout the generations, down to Odv... In mythology, salmon represents knowledge. If Kettle ate some, he might have gained the knowledge of love. I mean, if she's beautiful, she's beautiful, even if she's a troll...



*Now the Gods. Odin's
mother was Bestla the
Best of the giantesses.*



Thor's mother was
the giantess
Jord.



Mountain Laurel



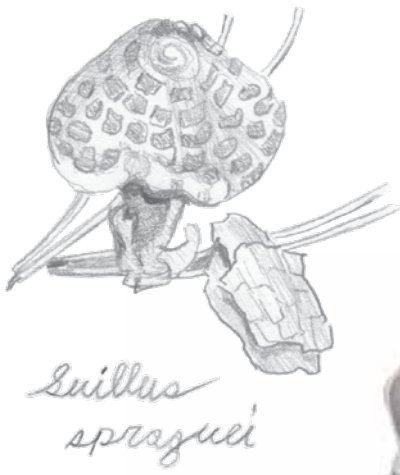
His wife is the giantess Jamsaxa.



Who is the giant,
the god?
Speak!



Hœnir the stork-legged silent god, helped his brothers Odin and Lóðurr to make man from Ash and Embla.



*“Until three came
out of that company,
mighty and loving
Æsir to a house.
They found on land,
little capable,
Ash and Embla,
without destiny.*



*Breath they had not,
spirit they had not,
no film of flesh nor cry of voice,
nor comely hues.
Breath Óðinn gave,
spirit Hœnir gave,
film of flesh Lóðurr gave
and comely hues”*

Was Hœnir from the giants? Odin was. Hœnir is the stork who delivers babies. It was Hœnir and Mimir who were sent to the Vanir as hostages. Hœnir the silent god. For the wise, don't jabber. It was Hœnir who gave odr, or spirit, to man.

Odin's uncle Mimir the giant was the wisest in the nine worlds. It is said he covered the seed with dirt that grew into the Tree of Life. Only Odin now seeks his wise council from deep within his well. That is after his head was removed from his shoulders...



Loki (son of Fárbauti the giant) is the father of Hel, Fenrir, and Jörmungandr. Their mother Angrboða regrets the burdens that she has born to the world.





Bjorn's daughter.





Heimdallr, born of the nine giantesses of the sea, bridges the world of giants and men. Water is the element that governs your emotions. It is the symbol of your unconsciousness. The moat around a castle in a faery tale represents the water barrier around your mind. All ideas about reality must cross it. Heimdallr represents the bridge into the castle keep. The castle of the various worlds of your imagination...





Curly Grass Fern

So is there animosity between half-blood cousins? Most of the gods are half-giant. Many Norse heroes are bears who were descended from giants. Is it this simple truth—self-hatred—that builds prejudices in men’s hearts?

Is one culture concealing a much older, original society? One has to scorn and ridicule it, hoping it slinks away to the obscurity of memory. Much like Snorri has done in the name of Christianity? Is it an old troupe used to diminish the giants or Nephilim for the victors in some long-forgotten war? Do we only remember those from Thrace who brought Odin, Thor, and Loki to Scandinavia to rule over the Vanir’s indigenous older gods?

The Nephilim merge both thoughts. The Nephilim were hybrids of angels that mated with mankind. These giants, YHWH reasoned, had to be washed away like Odin’s flood of Ymir’s blood and kin. In another myth, the elder gods went to the ancient gods and asked them to make man to serve them both hierarchies of races that Heimdall governs?

So I Christopher Jonathan Hulton will explain the world of Trollheim and how it relates to the others where Jinn, giants, bears, men, and Trolls combine.

Hopefully, I have not lost you like Thor lost Gróa Gerutha. But may you follow along in my story to remove the stone from your head. Many people have used that stone to sharpen their daggers to create animosity between us and them and their children’s prejudice and racism.

All is one!



Goldenrod



Giants like Þjazi, Hrungrnir,
Thrym, and Loki lusted after the
goddesses of the Asynjur.



Troll Etymology

In Swedish, trollda is to charm or bewitch. In Old Norse trolldomr is witchcraft. In Norwegian a wizard is trollmann. In the sagas, they tell of the troll-bull as well as the boar-troll. Also, there were troll-maidens, troll-wives, and troll-women.

The Sámi shamans beat the troll-drum in their magical rites.

So as we can see, Troll means anything magical as in trolleri for magic in Norwegian. A Troll could be a:

a draugr
(undead creature),

a huldra
(a human with a tail that lives in the forrest),





a Nisse,

A nisse (Danish and Norwegian), tomte (Swedish), tomténisse, or tonttu (Finnish) is a mythological creature from Nordic folklore today usually associated with winter solstice and the Christmas season. They are generally described as being short, having a long white beard, and wearing a conical or knit cap in gray, red or some other bright color. They often have an appearance somewhat similar to that of a garden gnome.



a Wizard,

One who uses galdr to instill madness in another person through runic inscriptions and song magic, from which modern Swedish galen derives the word “mad.” Galdr is derived from the verb gala (“to sing, perform galdr”).

Masters of the craft were said to be able to raise storms, make distant ships sink, make swords blunt, soften armor, and decide the victory or defeat in battles.



a Völva,

The word “Völva” actually means quite simply “woman with a staff.”

The staff was also known völr. She performed seiðr and spá.

Men practicing these arts were seen as unmanly.

She wandered around the country to people’s farms to answer future questions regarding upcoming harvests, battles, and quarrels.

a Ghost,

In Norwegian they are called Gjenganger, those who walk again. The sagas tell of corpses rising from the grave, sometimes in groups.

They are portrayed as dangerous, evil and vengeful, they spread plague, attack people and animals, and destroy houses and contents. To get rid of them, one had to dig up the corpses and behead them.

a Shapeshifter,

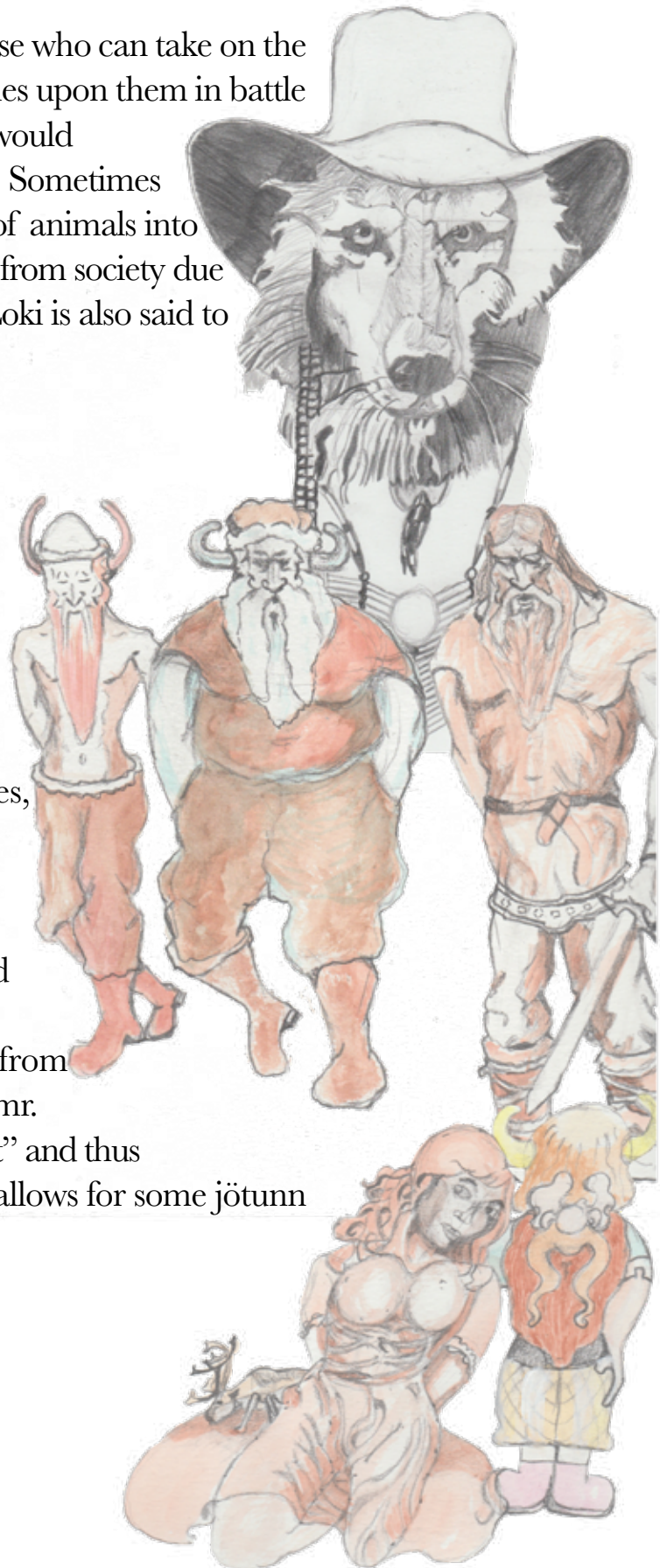
An Ulfark or Berserker is said to refer to those who can take on the characteristics of wolves or bears once rage comes upon them in battle or through preparatory rituals. These warriors would wear wolf or bear skins without armor in battle. Sometimes they could astral project their souls into effigies of animals into the thick of battle. Mostly feared and ostracized from society due to the fear of them not controlling their rages. Loki is also said to have been said to be a shapeshifter.

a Jötunn,

A jötunn (Old Norse; plural jötnar) or in Old English, eoten (plural eotenas) is a type of supernatural being in Norse mythology. They are often contrasted with gods (Æsir and Vanir) and other non-human figures, such as dwarfs and elves, although the groupings are not always mutually exclusive. The entities themselves are referred to by several other terms, including risi, þurs (or thurs) and troll if male, and gýgr or tröllkona if female. The jötnar typically dwell across boundaries from the gods and humans in lands such as Jötunheimr. Etunaz or Eoten might have the same root as “eat” and thus had the original meaning of “glutton”. Which allows for some jötunn not to be gigantic in stature.



Pitch Pine



a Brownie,

A brownie or broonie (Scots), also known as a brùnaidh or grua-gach (Scottish Gaelic), is a household spirit or hobgoblin from folklore that is said to come out at night while the owners of the house are asleep and perform various chores and farming tasks. The human owners of the house must leave a bowl of milk or cream or some other offering for the brownie, usually by the hearth. Brownies are described as easily offended and will leave their homes forever if they feel they have been insulted or in any way taken advantage of. Brownies are characteristically mischievous and are often said to punish or pull pranks on lazy servants. If angered, they are sometimes said to turn malicious, like boggarts. They have the ability to become invisible and take on the shape of an animal.



a Faerie,

A faerie (also fay, fae, fey, fair folk, or fairy) is a type of mythical being or legendary creature found in the folklore of multiple European cultures (including Celtic, Slavic, Germanic, English, and French folklore), a form of spirit, often described as metaphysical, supernatural, or preternatural.

Various folk theories about the origins of fairies include casting them as deities in Pagan belief systems, as spirits of the dead, as prehistoric precursors to humans, or as spirits of nature. Though they have a chaotic tendency for neither good nor bad as they are governed by whim.



or an Imaginary friend!

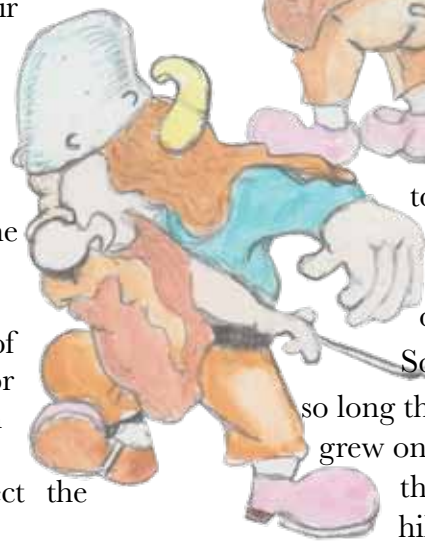




Trolls have been referred to as Bjergfolk or Hill folk, þurs the thirsty monster, vættir that speak for the dead, and risi being heroic and courtly beings. The smaller trolls live in burial mounds and in the mountains of Scandinavian. In Denmark, these creatures are recorded as troldfolk the troll-folk, bjergtrolde the mountain-trolls, or bjergfolk the mountain-folk. In Norway, the Trolls of the mounds are known as troldfolk or troll-folk. There might be a connection between the Old Norse vættir and Trolls explaining why they protect the graves of the dead.

Bjorn and his friends are Hornet Nattroll. Horned Night Trolls grew membranes over their eyes to prevent themselves from turning to stone during the day. A condition only found in descendents of the Trolls who used to work the mines in the mountains.

Truth be told, the sunshine didn't turn them to rock...it got them as the kids say—

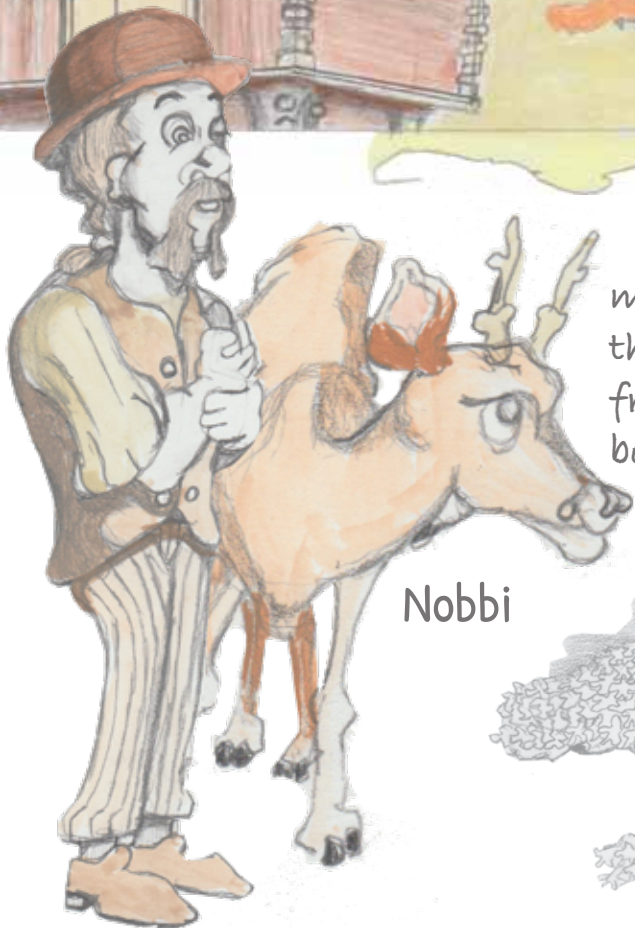


stoned. The ecstasy of seeing the sun was sometimes too much for Bjorn's ancestors that upon seeing the mighty orb, they froze in place.

Some just stared at it so long that trees and shrubs grew on their backs. Today they are mistaken for hills or even pyramid

mounds by some of our advent archeologists lately.

So, through selective breeding, hornet nattrolls with the membrane became a thing centuries ago. What wife would want a husband who would take out the garbage, only once, and be stoned for almost an eternity? It is now a characteristic in both sexes.



Nobbi

Within recent years, some of the other ancient mining trolls have begun waking up during the dark, cold Norwegian nights. They suffer from Rip van Winkle syndrome, but they are being slowly reintroduced to modern society.



Sphagnum Moss

Then we have the huldrafolk, or hidden folk, also called tusser, who are similar to mermaids, kelpies, and silkies, and the bergsrå or huldrekall in caves and mines. They didn't work as deep or for so long in the mines, so the sun was nothing special to them... The male Bergsrå can help or hinder miners, but if fed while the charcoal burners were sleeping, the female hulder/huldra will keep the charcoal burning all night. Some of these tradesmen even took these beautiful hulder as a gift for their wives, as long as they didn't mind their bushy fox tails...



The Völva Huld was the most well-known hulder. She was thought to have been known in Scandinavia longer than Thor, Odin, or any other Æsir. She was the mother of Gerðr or Þorgerðr Huldertroll and Irpa the dark brown. Her daughters represented her light and dark qualities. Huld was the begrudging wife of Frey the lord and the daughter of Gymir/Ægir the sea giant. She was the goddess of weaving and spinning. Huld would fly through the air on her distaff and lead the wild hunt. This Lady Hulder would comfort infants and children on their way to heaven.





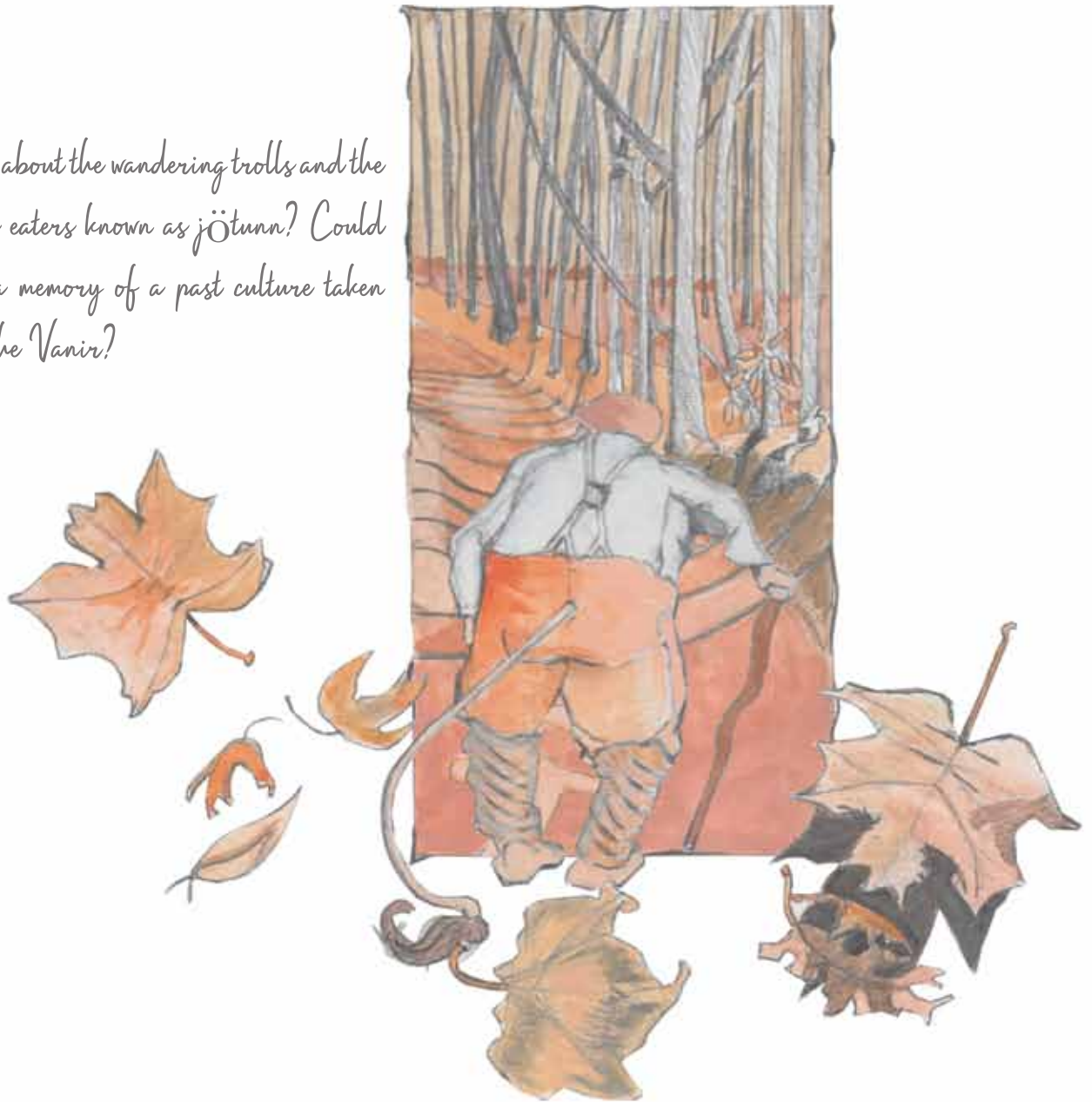
Now, for centuries, those who study Norse culture and myths have been giving Snorri Sturluson (the assassinated Icelandic politician and Christian poet) a piece of their mind for his reinterpretations of the tales. Some believe he was partly responsible for the removal of the most contentious points in the stories for his Christian beliefs. Was Christianity the

first faith to erase the culture's past?

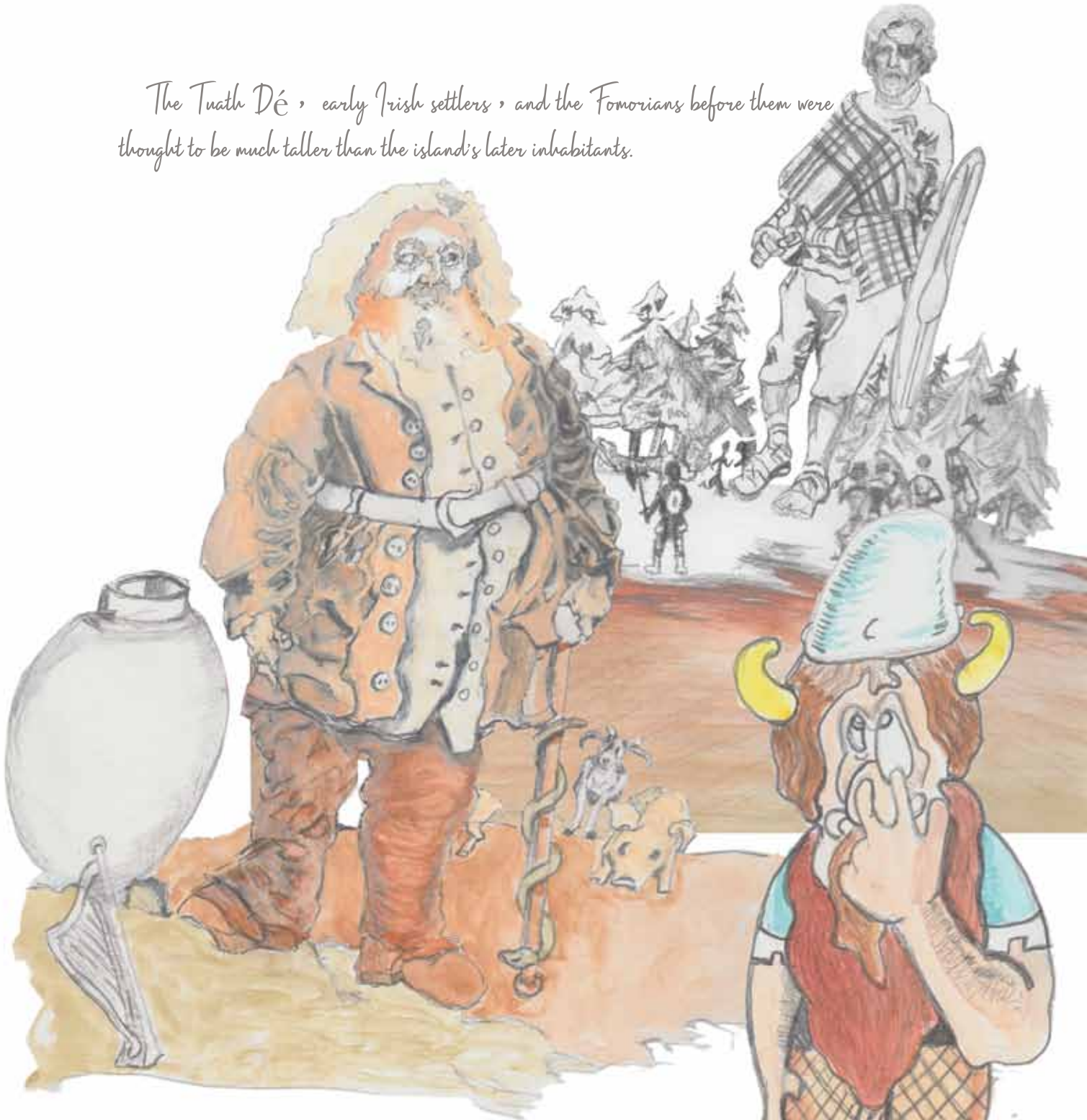
The war between the Vanir earth religion and the sky religion of the Aesir in the myths might seem like the Indo-European invasion of the original inhabitants. Many Vanir words and gods can still be found in random gods and place names throughout Scandinavia.



What about the wandering trolls and the enormous eaters known as jötunn? Could they be a memory of a past culture taken over by the Vanir?



The Tuath Dé, early Irish settlers, and the Fomorians before them were thought to be much taller than the island's later inhabitants.



Were they descended from the same prehistoric humans as the Trolls and Jö-tunn? Are the Titans and Giants in Greece the same? What about the Nephilim or the Anunnaki in the Semitic lands? Were they the Neanderthals and Cromags

that lived together for almost 22,000 years within Europe?





The Scandinavians spread fear and prejudice about the Trolls. Take Magnus Håkonsen's laws from 1276, warning people against waking these mound-dwelling Trolls. As if they were dangerous!

So Trolls are not ugly and stupid forest creatures that roam about aimlessly eating human children. Christians first threw rocks of slander at them before any Troll ever threw boulders at their church bells. Probably the folk of the Vanir were the first to throw stones to stomp out the aboriginals.

Trolls continue to thrive in Scandinavia and the many places they travel.

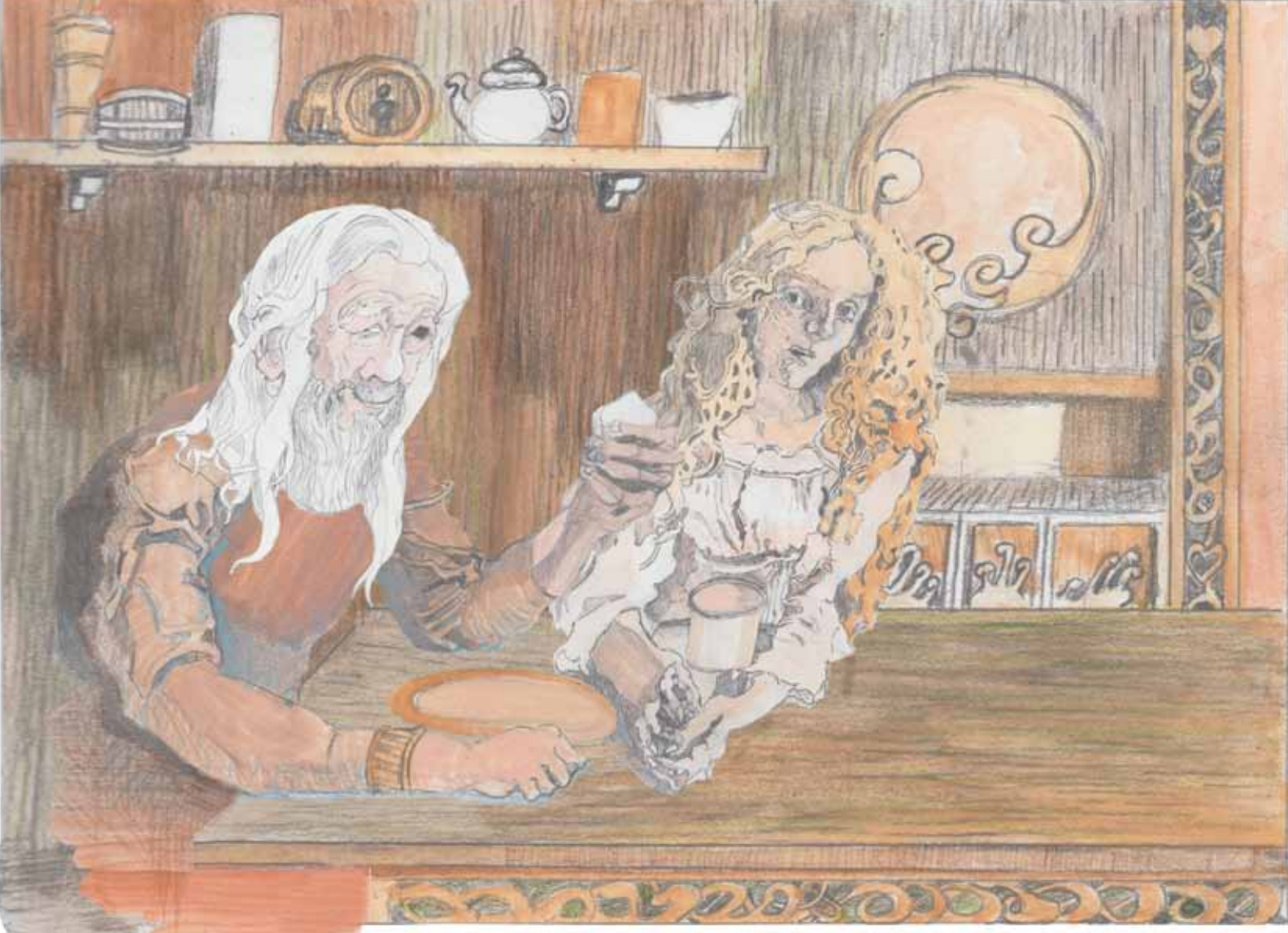
Unfortunately, their persecution continued up to the 17th century, until Christian V of Denmark outlawed the capture and sale of Trolls in Norway and Denmark. Previously, many Trolls arrived in the New World on Swedish slave ships off the Delaware River and roamed freely through the New Jersey Pine Belt until modern times.

Could you not go to the Pensioner Home or the Streets of White Chapel and find someone as funny looking as the Troll above? Historically, artists through time only illustrated the old unhealthy Trolls.





Norse Creation Myth



Vafthruthnismol

Odin spoke to his wife Frigg, saying, "Counsel me, my dear wife Frigg; I seek to challenge the wits of the wise giant Vafthruthnir."

Frigg answered, "I would stay home, for there is none wiser than whom you mention."

"I've learned as much as I can from the gods, I seek more."

"Be safe, and watch your ass, for I fear it will be in a sling before you return on the morrow."

So Odin, Ygg the Terrible, set out on his journey to put the giant Vafthruthnir, Im's father, to the test.

Vafthruthnir asked, "Who is it so brave to enter my lofty hall? For if you can't answer my questions, you will never leave here alive."

Odin answered with a smirk, "Greetings, gentle giant. I am Gagnrath the gain-counsellor, and I am in need of a horn of mead, for the journey was far and wide to seek a battle with the wise Vafthruthnir."

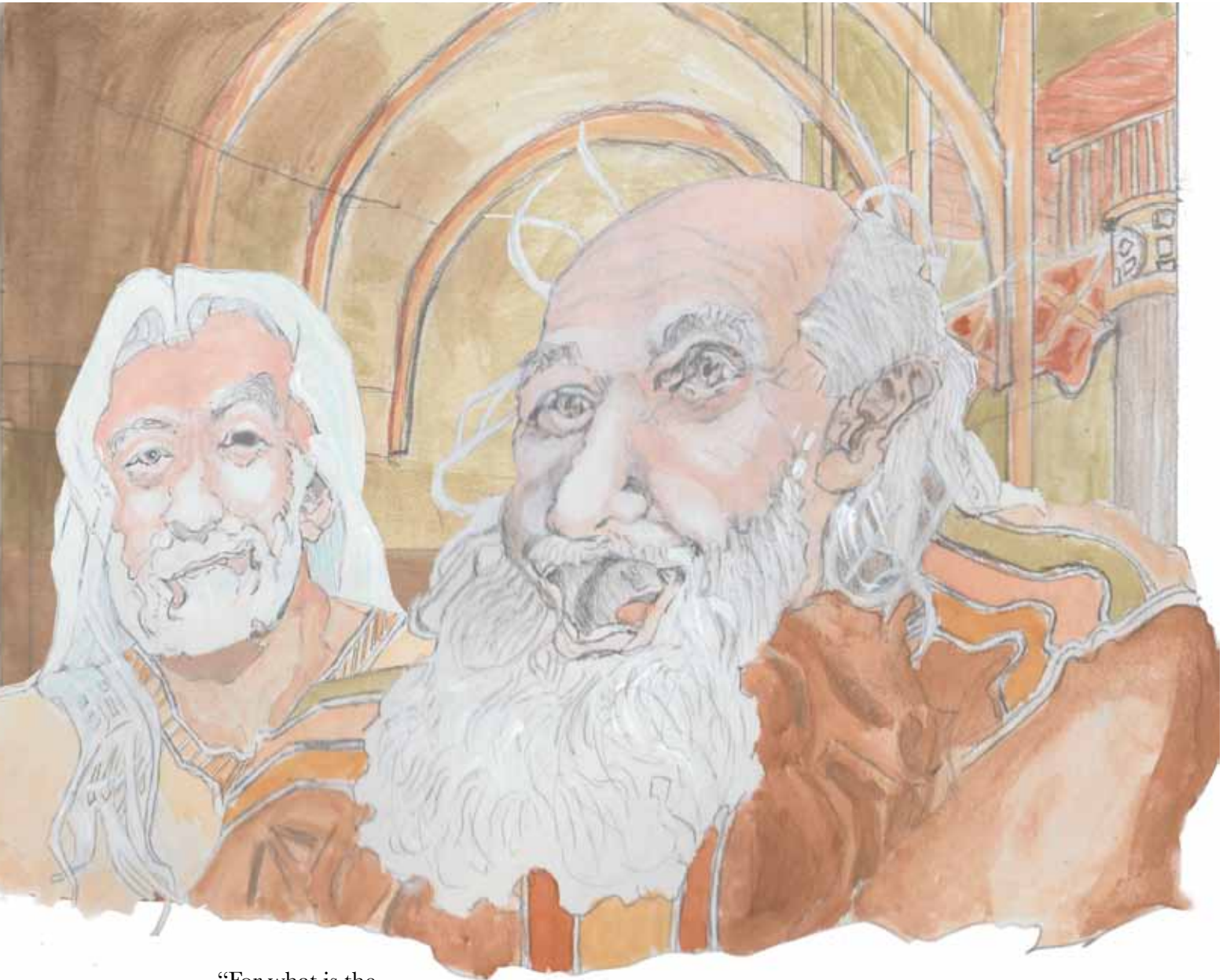
"Do not stand too long on pretenses; pray have a seat at my fair table. Feast. For afterward we will see who is the wisest amongst ourselves."

"If a poor man reaches the home of the rich in thought, let him speak wisely or be still; for those who only blather will do much ill before the night is out."

"Speak forth, Gagnrath, and tell me the name of the horse that draws the sun to wake men upon the new day?"

"Skinfaxi, whose mane shines so bright only the sun pales it."





“For what is the name of the steed that calls from the east to bring night upon gods and men?”

“Hrimfaxi, whose frothing at the bit creates the morning dew.”

“Tell me the name of the river that separates Jötunheim and Asgard.”

“Ifing is its name, and ice will never obstruct a ship’s course.”

“What is the name of the field where the gods will meet Surt in final battle?”

“Vigrith is what it is called, and it stretches a hundred miles in each direction.”

“Oh wise little friend, shall we retire to my comfortable bench before the real competition shall begin, for I fear one of us

will lose their heads tonight; if the wager sounds fair to you...”

“Sounds more than agreeable; now answer me this: Where did the earth and sky come from?”

Vafthruthnir spake: “Out of Ymir’s flesh was fashioned the earth, and the mountains were made of his bones; the sky from the frost-cold giant’s skull, and the ocean out of his blood.”

Odin spake: “Next answer me well, if thy wisdom avails, and thou knowest it, Vafthruthnir, now: Whence came the moon, o’er the world of men that fares, and the flaming sun?”



“Mundilferi is he who begat the moon, and fathered the flaming sun; the round of heaven each day they run, to tell the time for men.”

“Third answer me well, if wise thou art called, if thou knowest it, Vafthruthnir, now whence came the day, o’er man kind that fares, or night with the narrowing moon?”

“The father of day is Delling called, and the night was begotten by Nor; full moon and old by the gods were fashioned, to tell the time for men.”

“Fourth answer me well, if wise thou

art called, if thou knowest it, Vafthruthnir, now: whence did winter come, or the summer warm, first with the gracious gods?”

“Vindsval he was who was winter’s father, and Svosuth summer begat;”

Odin continued, “Fifth answer me well, if wise thou art called, if thou knowest it, Vafthruthnir, now: what giant first was fashioned of old, and the eldest of Ymir’s kin?”

“Winters unmeasured ere earth was made was the birth of Bergelmir; Thruthgelmir’s son was the giant strong, and Aurgelmir’s grandson of old.”

“Sixth answer me well, if wise thou art called, if thou knowest it, Vafthruth-

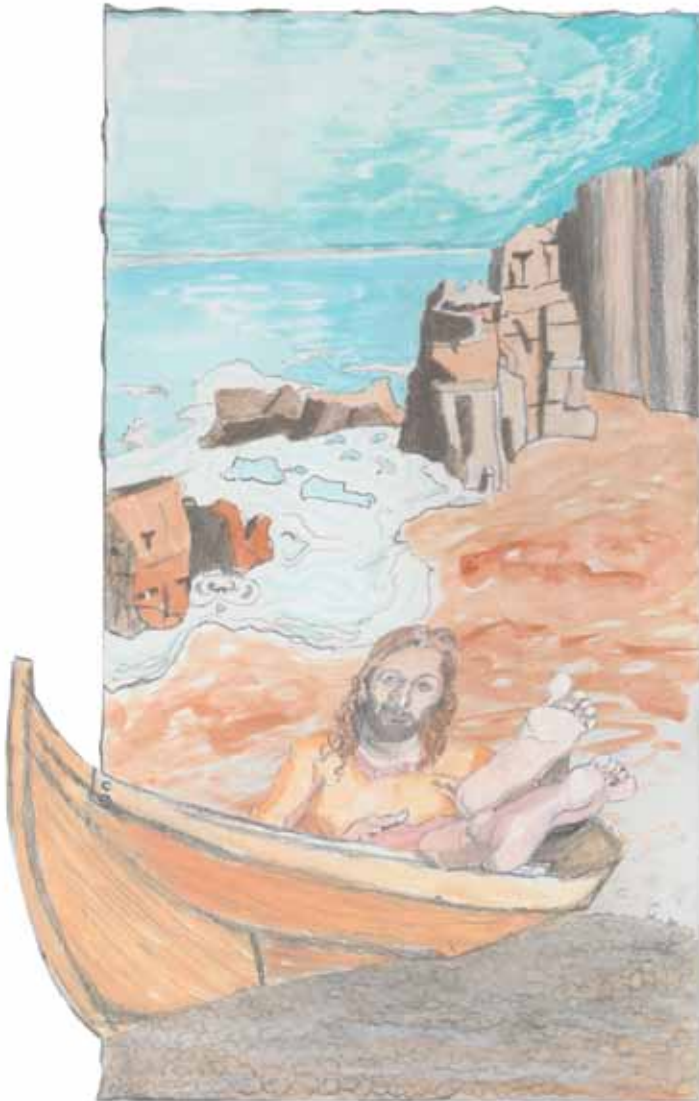


nir, now: whence did Aurgelmir come with the giants' kin, long since, thou giant sage?"

"Down from Élivá and thence arose our giants' race, and thus so fierce are we found."

"Seventh answer me well, if wise thou art called, if thou knowest it, Vafthruthnir, now: how begat he children, the giant grim, who never a giantess knew?"

"They say 'neath the arms of the giant of ice grew man-child and maid together; and foot with foot did the wise one fashion a son that six heads bore."



Njörðr

"Eighth answer me well, if wise thou art called, if thou knowest it, Vafthruthnir, now: what farthest back dost thou bear in mind? For wide is thy wisdom, giant!"

"Winters unmeasured ere earth was made was the birth of Bergelmir; this first knew I well, when the giant wise in a boat of old was borne."

"Ninth answer me well, if wise thou art called if thou knowest it, Vafthruthnir, now: whence comes the wind that fares o'er the waves yet never itself is seen?"

"In an eagle's guise at the end of heaven Hræsvelg sits, they say; and from his wings does the wind come forth to move o'er the world of men."

"Tenth answer me now, if thou knowest all?"

The fate that is fixed for the gods: whence came up Njörðr to the kin of the gods,— (Rich in temples and shrines he rules,—) though of gods he was never begot?"

"In the home of the Waners did the wise ones create him, and gave him as



pledge to the gods; at the fall of the world shall he fare once more home to the Wanæs so wise.”

“Eleventh answer me well, what men in home each day to fight go forth?”

“The heroes all in Odin’s hall each day to fight go forth; they fell each other, and fare from the fight all healed full soon to sit.”

“Twelfth answer me now how all thou knowest of the fate that is fixed for the gods; of the runes of the gods and the giants’ race, the truth indeed dost thou tell, (And wide is thy wisdom, giant!)”

“Of the runes of the gods and the giants’ race, the truth indeed can I tell, for to every world have I won; to nine worlds came I, to NIFLHEIM beneath, the home where dead men dwell.”

Odin spake: “Much have I fared, much have I found, much have I got of the gods: what shall live of mankind when at last there comes the mighty winter to men?”

“In Hoddmimir’s wood the morning dews for meat shall they have, such food shall men then find.”

“Much have I fared, whence comes the sun to the smooth sky back, when Fenrir has snatched it forth?”

“A daughter bright Alfrothul bears ere Fenrir snatches her forth; her mother’s paths shall the maiden tread when the gods to death have gone.”

“Much have I fared, much have I found, much have I got of the gods: what maidens are they, so wise of mind. That forth o’er the sea shall fare?”

“O’er Mogthrasir’s hill shall the maidens pass, and three are their throngs that come; they all shall protect the dwellers on earth, though they come of the giants’ kin.”

“Much have I fared, much have I found, much have I got of the gods: who then shall rule the realm of the gods, when the fires of Surt have sunk?”

“In the gods’ home Vithar and Vali shall dwell, when the fires of Surt have sunk; Mothi and Magni shall Mjollnir have when Vingnir falls in fight.”

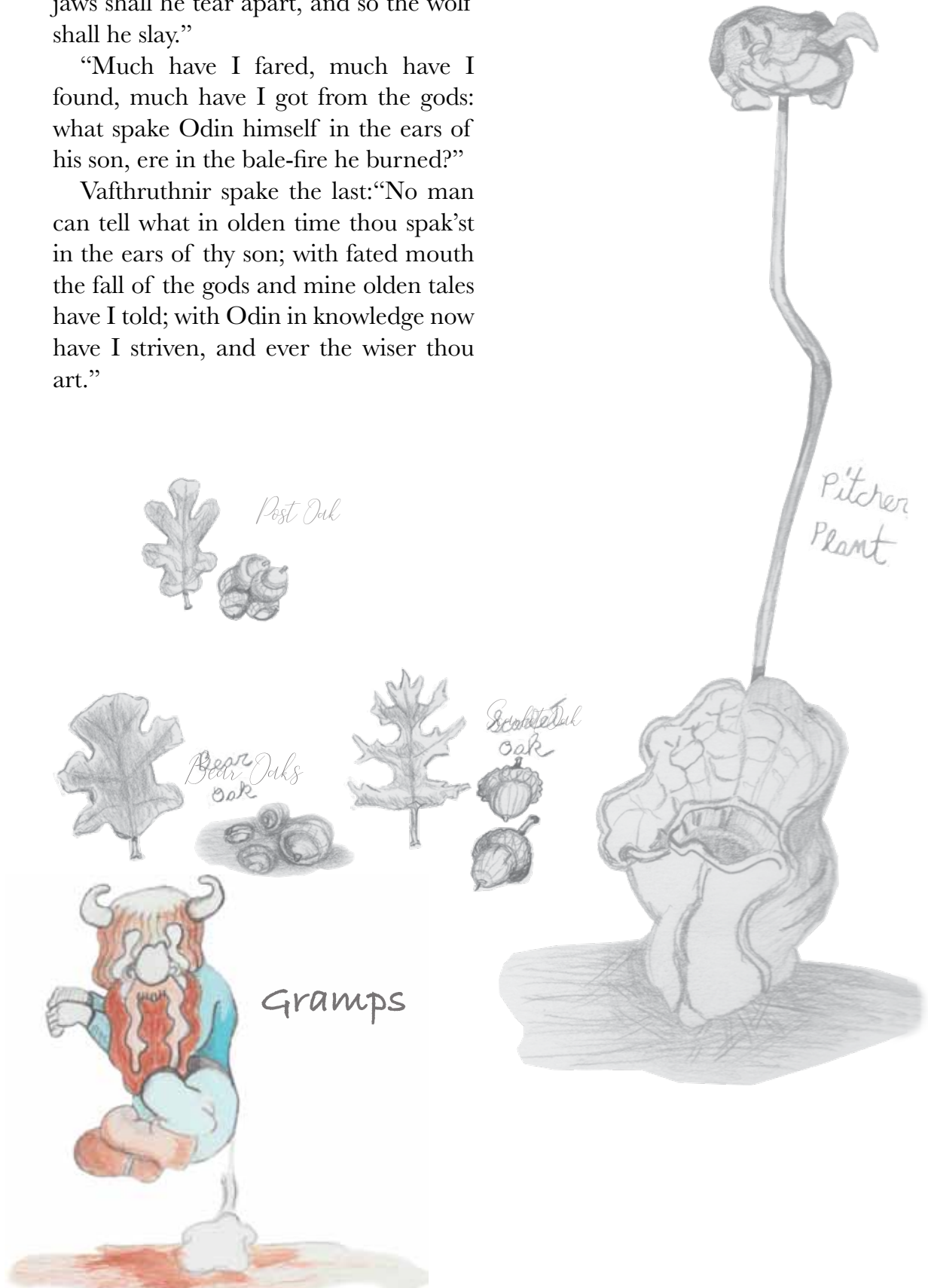
“Much have I fared, much have I found, much have I got of the gods: what shall bring the doom of death to Odin, when the gods to destruction go?”



“The wolf shall fell the father of men,
and this shall Vithar avenge; the terrible
jaws shall he tear apart, and so the wolf
shall he slay.”

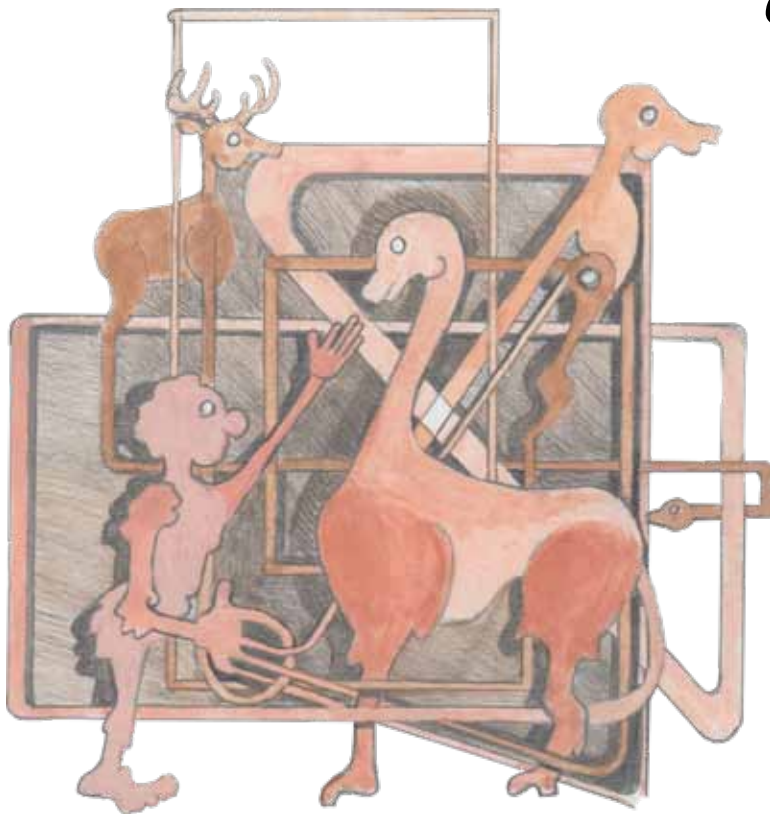
“Much have I fared, much have I
found, much have I got from the gods:
what spake Odin himself in the ears of
his son, ere in the bale-fire he burned?”

Vafthruthnir spake the last: “No man
can tell what in olden time thou spak’st
in the ears of thy son; with fated mouth
the fall of the gods and mine olden tales
have I told; with Odin in knowledge now
have I striven, and ever the wiser thou
art.”





*Gods who
are Half
Giants*



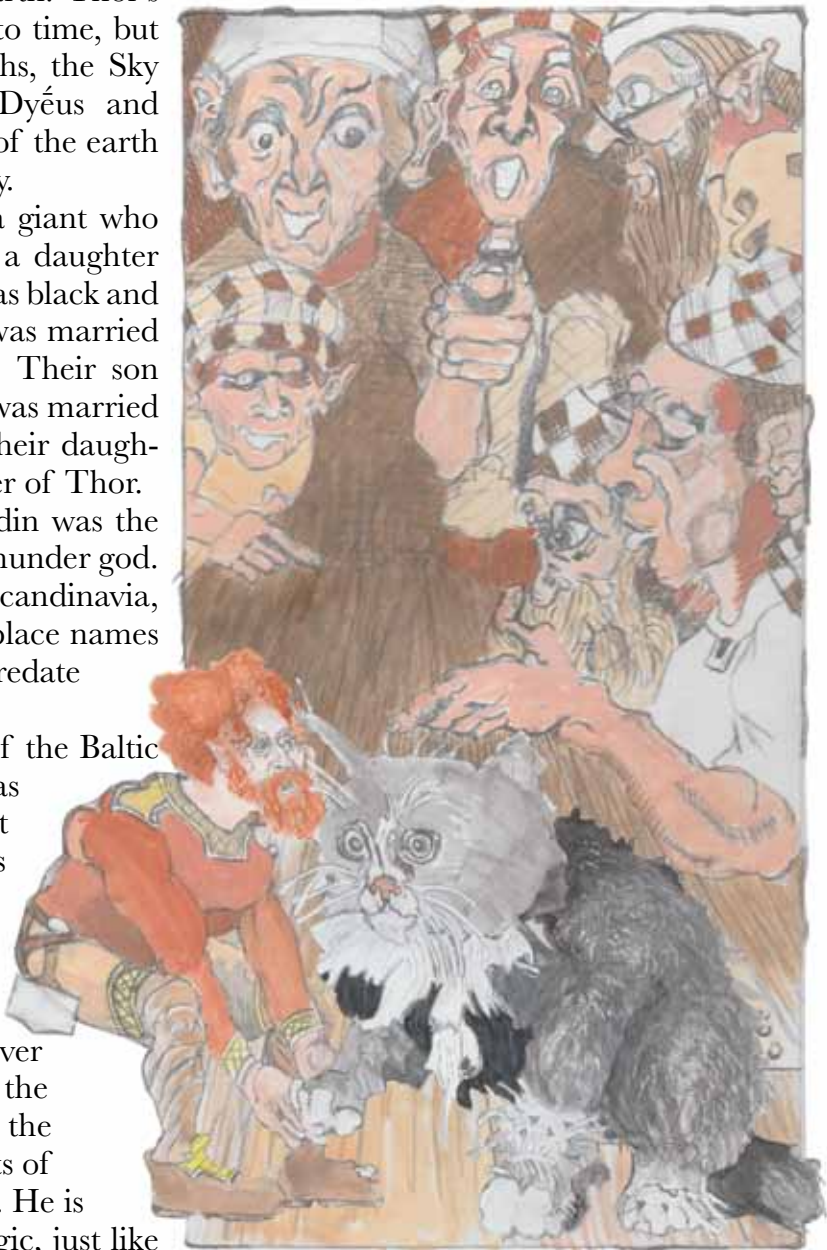
Thor - According to Snorri, Thor was the grandson of King Priam of Troy and the son of Jord. Jord was the giantess of the Earth. Thor's father's name has been lost to time, but in many of the world's myths, the Sky marries the Earth, as in Dyéus and D^hég^hōm. Thor was the son of the earth who brought rain and fertility.

Narfi was the name of a giant who lived in Giantland. He had a daughter called Nótt the Night. She was black and dark, per her ancestry. She was married to a person called Naglfari. Their son was called Auðr. Next, Nótt was married to someone called Annar. Their daughter was called Jord the mother of Thor.

Snorri also attests that Odin was the 16th great-grandson of the thunder god. Thor was known longer in Scandinavia, as attested to by the several place names throughout the region that predate those named after Odin.

Though the older myths of the Baltic and Slavic countries (Perkunas and Perun) state not only that the thunder god is not Odin's son, but his enemy. In fact, Velnias, as Odin is called in the Baltic region, is the Midgard Serpent which Thor is faced with in battle over the universe. Velnias, seen as the trickster like Loki, rises from the wet ground in which the roots of the oak tree of life are found. He is the god of the dead and magic, just like Odin. In Norse mythology, Yggdrasil is the tree of death; the word stands for Ygg's stead, a kenning for Odin's gal-lows.

Thor had his son Magni the mighty with the giantess Járnsaxa of the iron dagger. Járnsaxa might be a kenning for his wife Sif of the golden harvest. Modi the wrathful and his daughter Þrúðr the



strong are his children too. Magni and Modi survive with him into the new age after Ragnarök.

Heimdall -

“Offspring of nine mothers am I, of nine sisters am I the son,” say the god who watches the Bifröst Bridge.

Heimdall is the son of the nine waves. They are the giants Ægir and Rán’s daughters. He is associated with rams because of the roaring waves. Similar to rolling waves being called “water horses.” His mothers are the nine waves:

Gjálp the roaring one there bore him, Greipa the grasp of the wave there bore him,

Eistla, the swelling sea, bore him, and Eyrgjafa, the sand donor,

Ulfrun the wolf rune bore him, and Angeyja the harasser

Imðr the wolf wave, Atla the forceful, and Járnsaxa the iron dagger.

Is this the same Járnsaxa who gave birth to Thor’s son Magni? Ægir tells Bragi, the poet, about Thor’s journey to meet the jötunn Geirrod within the Skáldskaparmál. In the tale, he relates how Thor tried to cross the Vimur River between the worlds when Gjálp lifted her skirts and tried to drown him. Later, Greipa and her attempted to squish him in his chair into the ceiling. To some, this represents the tides that can lift the boats.

Heimdall lives in Himinbjörg, near Bifröst, the rainbow bridge between worlds. Himinbjörg means “heaven’s castle.” Heimdall is the watchman of the gods



He sits on the edge of heaven to guard the Bifröst against the berg jötnar. Heimdall requires less sleep than a bird and can see at night just as well as if it were day and for over a hundred leagues. Heimdall’s hearing is also quite keen; he can hear grass as it grows on the earth, wool as it grows on sheep, and anything louder. Heimdall possesses a trumpet, Gjallarhorn, that, when blown, can be heard in all worlds and that will call all to the

plain of the battle surge, Vígríðr, at Ragnarök, where the giants fight the gods at the end of the world age.

He is the god of boundaries and bridges, worlds and ages. The Northern Lights are ionized solar flares that follow the magnetic field that only touches the sky at the poles. Isn't this the rainbow bridge, where energy can easily enter and exit? Heimdall is also known for Hamlet's Mill.

Hamlet's Mill is a quern in the sky that brings on the precession of the ages. It connects the Pleiades and the Hyades to the Golden Gate of the Ecliptic, which the planets pass through. As they pass in between, they bring an end to one age to give birth to the next. Ragnarök is just the end of one world and the beginning of another. It is Gjallarhorn that calls for the new world to be born.



Týr – Grandson of a nine hundred-headed giantess and son of the sea giant Hymir. Thor and Týr travels to his father's to secure a giant cauldron that Ægir can use to brew ale for the gods. While there Hymir and Thor go fishing. Hymir jumps out of the boat as Thor puts his feet on the bottom of the ocean as he raises the head of the Midgard serpent out of the water that bit into the head of Hymir's largest ox, which Thor was using it as bait.



Mímir

Brother to the giantess Bestla, who birthed Odin, and son of the giant Bölporn.

Mímir was the wisest. He taught Odin the nine magical songs. After Odin's decision brought about his uncle's decapitation, Odin used the songs to reanimate Mímir's head. For the price of his eye, he consults Mímir from his well in the land of the frost giants.

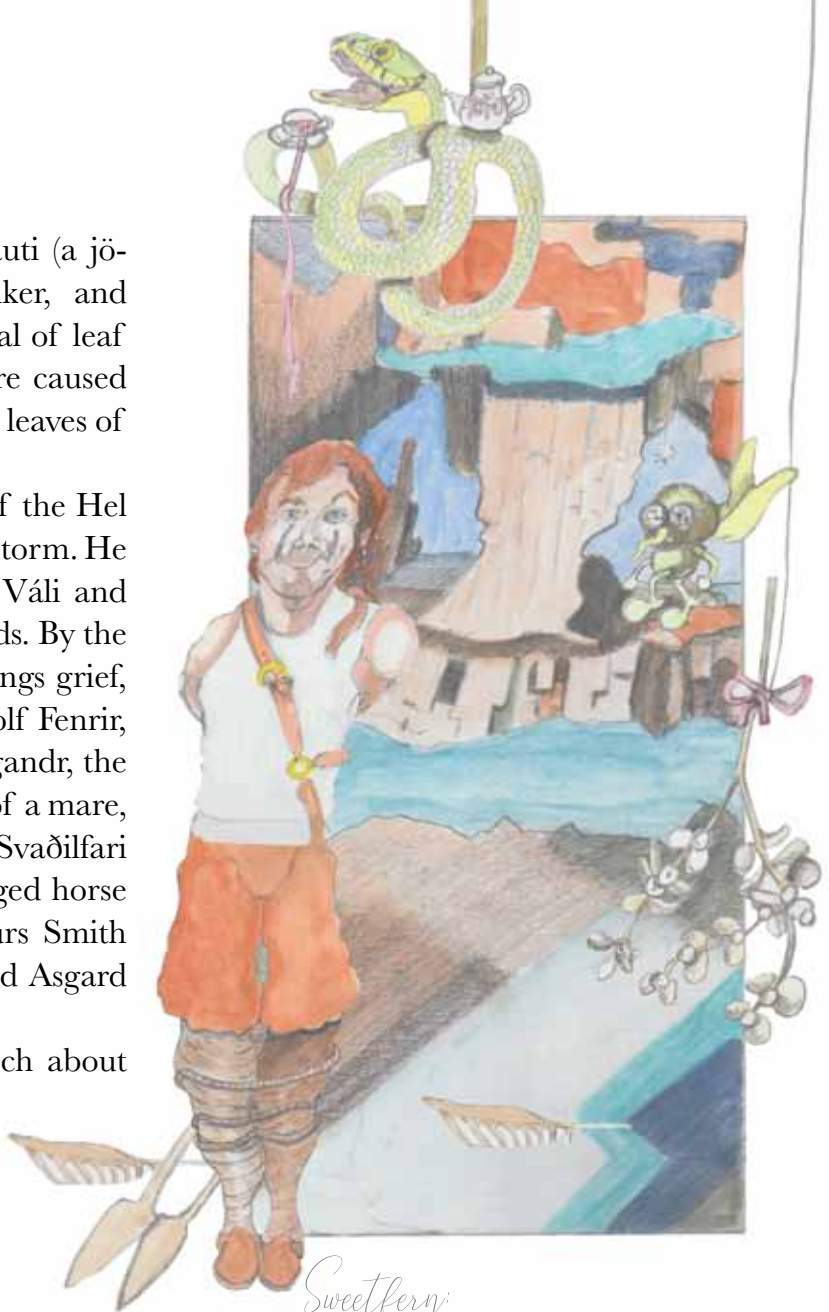
Mímisbrunnr is the name of his well. Mímir used to use Gjallarhorn to drink the mead of wisdom from within. Now Heimdallr has his horn and is wiser for it. Mímir lost his head when the Vanir learned that his counterpart in the hostage exchange, Hœnir, is pretty...pretty dumb, and they felt cheated by the Aesir. Odin sacrificed his eye to have Mímir counsel him from his well. Odin, after all, was the one who most likely devised the plan to deceive the Vanir in the first place. Mímir probably was held a grudge.



Loki- The son of Fárbauti (a jö-
tunn), the lightning striker, and
the goddess Laufey/ Nal of leaf
and needle. Loki is the wildfire caused
when lightning strikes the dried leaves of
the forest.

His brothers are Helblindi of the Hel
bind and Býleistr of the violent storm. He
married Sigyn. She bore him Váli and
Narfi, who came to horrible ends. By the
jötunn Angrboða who only brings grief,
Loki is the father of Hel, the wolf Fenrir,
and the world serpent Jörmungandr, the
Midgard Serpent. In the form of a mare,
Loki slept with the stallion Svaðilfari
and gave birth to the eight-legged horse
Sleipnir, so the Giant hrimthurs Smith
could not finish the wall around Asgard
in time to win Freyja's hand.

It's good not to say too much about
him, for he might just appear...



Sweetfern:

Medicinal the leaves are astringent, blood purifier, expectorant and tonic.
Tea made from the leaves and flowering tops is used as a remedy for diarrhea, headache,
fevers, cataract, vomiting of blood and rheumatism. The infusion is good for ringworm.
Leaves have also been used as a poultice for toothaches and sprains. Cold water infusion of
the leaves has been used externally to counter the effect of poison ivy, stings, and minor
hemorrhages. Leaves are harvested in early summer and dried for later use. Tea made from
the leaves has been used to relieve symptoms of dysentery.

Atlantic
white
cedar



Odin - A battle leader brought over from Thrace and thrust upon the worshippers of the Vanir who originally inhabited Scandinavia. There, Odin became a god. Odin and his brothers Ve and Villi slaughtered Ymir and fashioned the world from his parts. Bestla, the giantess, was their mother. The giant Borr was their father. Búri, the first man, was his grandfather. Fearing revenge from his giant kin, he creates Valhalla to encamp his army of dead warriors to fight his cousins at the end of the age.

His wolves are Geri and Freki, the greedy ones. Linguistically, they are connected to Garmr, who will kill Týr at Ragnarök, and Fenrir, who is destined to kill Odin. Also, he has two ravens: Huginn and Muninn. They correspond to thought and memory. The ravens fly from dawn until supper, listening to the world's events to inform Odin later. Huginn also searches for hanged men and Muninn for slain corpses on battlefields, linking Odin to the dead.

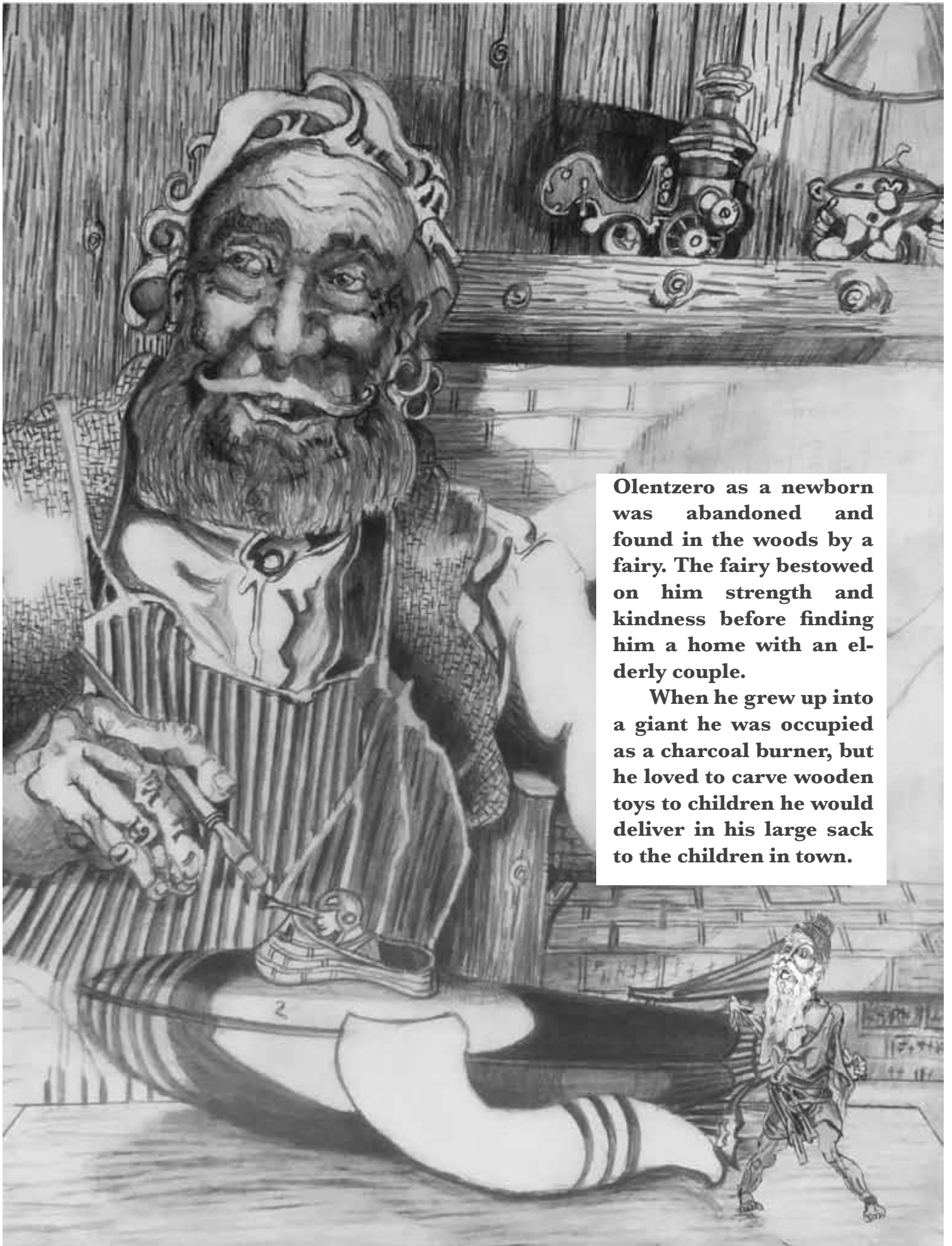


Karl





*Trolls
around the
World*



Olentzero as a newborn was abandoned and found in the woods by a fairy. The fairy bestowed on him strength and kindness before finding him a home with an elderly couple.

When he grew up into a giant he was occupied as a charcoal burner, but he loved to carve wooden toys to children he would deliver in his large sack to the children in town.

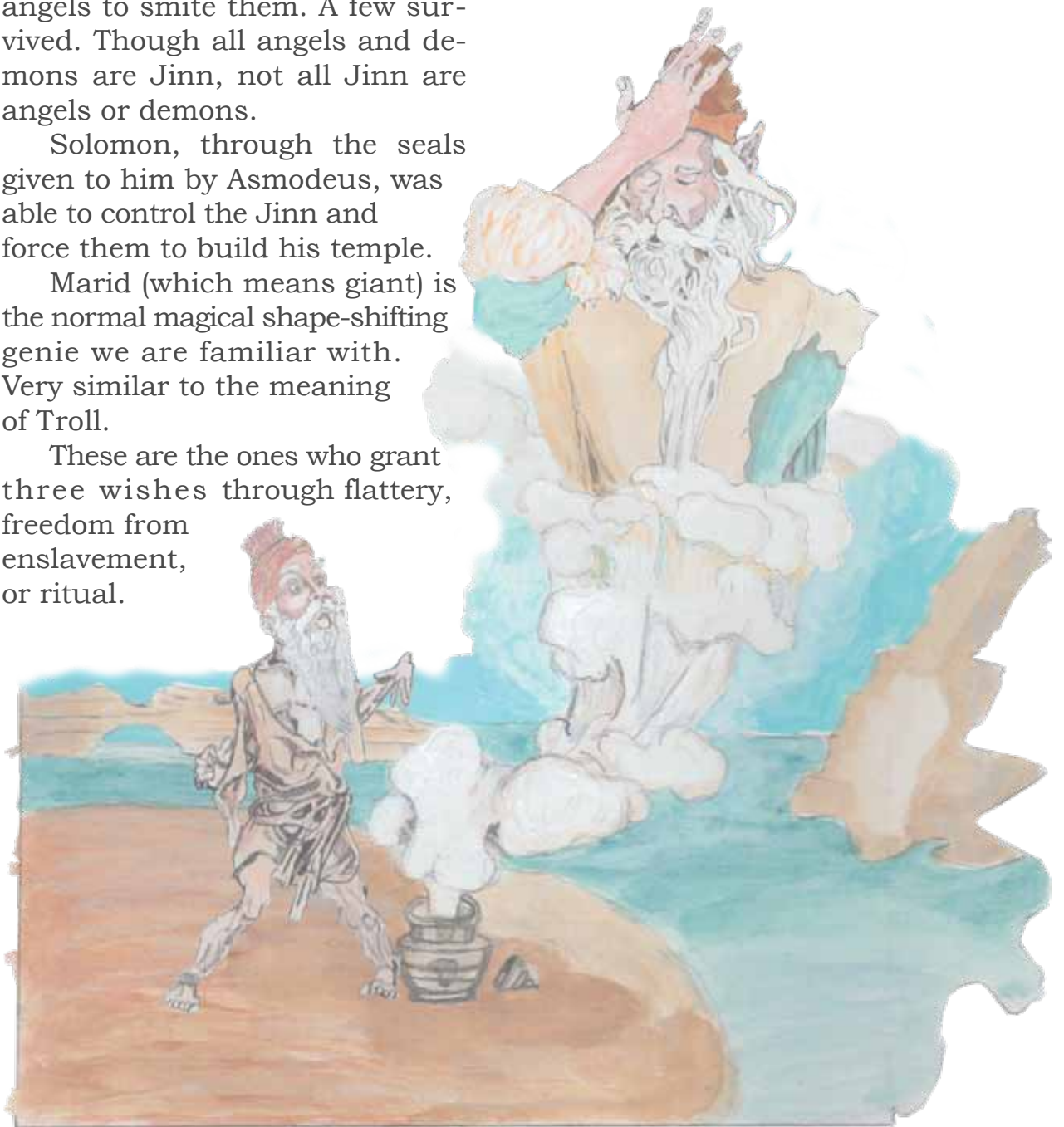
Jinn

Allah created the Jinn on Thursday from smokeless fire. They became proud, and in their thousandth year, Allah sent the angels to smite them. A few survived. Though all angels and demons are Jinn, not all Jinn are angels or demons.

Solomon, through the seals given to him by Asmodeus, was able to control the Jinn and force them to build his temple.

Marid (which means giant) is the normal magical shape-shifting genie we are familiar with. Very similar to the meaning of Troll.

These are the ones who grant three wishes through flattery, freedom from enslavement, or ritual.



The Story of the Fisherman

There was a poor fisherman who could barely support his family. He would go down to the shore every day to cast his net. Then, after the fourth cast, he would go home, usually empty handed.

As he pulled in the first cast, he thought he caught a large, heavy tuna, but it was the carcass of an ass.

On the second, he only pulled in a bunch of rocks.

Then on the third, a fine collection of rubbish.

Finally, on the last cast of the day, he pulled in a jar. Yes, just a stinking brass jar. At least he thought he could sell it to the man who owned the foundry in town. As he picked it up, he realized it was quite heavy. Wondering what could be so heavy inside, he looked toward the top of the neck.

One of the mighty Solomon's seals was used to seal the jar's mouth in lead. Why should he ever think it was not a good idea to break one of the mighty Solomon seals....

Once he did, a terrible Jinn broke free in a cloud of smoke, towering above him and laughing, "I'm free! I'm free—I'm free!!"

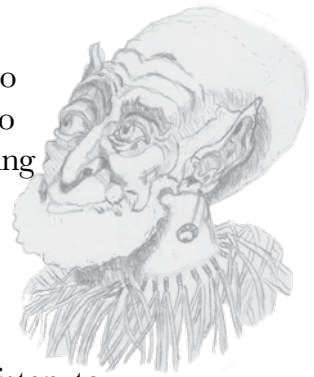
The fisherman fell backward, starting up at the marid. It was then that the Jinn saw the tiny fisherman and raised his foot to end his life.

Inside the shadow of the mighty foot, the fisherman had yelled, "Why

would you want to kill the man who liberated you?" He was scurrying to escape the shadow and the impending doom. "But what have I done to you?" asked the fisherman.

"I cannot treat you in any other way," said the great marid, "and if you would know why, listen to my story."

"I rebelled against the king of the Jinn, the mighty Solomon.. To punish me, he shut me up in this vase of brass, and he put on the leaden cover of his seal, which was enchantment enough to prevent my coming out. Then he had the vase thrown into the sea. During the first period of my captivity, I vowed that if anyone should free me before a hundred years had passed, I would make him rich even after his death. But that century passed, and no one freed me. In the second century, I vowed that I would give all the treasures in the world to my deliverer; but he never came.



“In the third, I promised to make him a king, to be always near him, and to grant him three wishes every day; but that century passed away, as the other two had done, and I remained in the same plight. “ At last I grew angry at being captive for so long, and I vowed that if anyone would release me I would kill him at once, and would only allow him to choose in what manner he should die. So, as you have liberated me today, choose how you will die.”

The fisherman was very unhappy. “What an unlucky man I am to have freed you! I implore you to spare my life.”

“I have told you,” said the genius, “that it is impossible. Choose quickly; you are wasting time.”

The fisherman began to devise a plot.

“Since I must die,” he said, “before I choose the manner of my death, I conjure you on your honor to tell me if you really were in that vase.”

“Yes, I was,” answered the genie.

“I really cannot believe it,” said the fisherman. “That vase could not contain one of your feet even, and how could your whole body go in? I cannot believe it unless I see you do the thing.”

“I will show you scurrilous dog, it is only the infidels who do not believe the word of the Jinn!” With that, he shrank back down into the jar, and the fisherman replaced the stopper, threw the jar into the sea, and returned to his wife empty handed with only his tale to tell.



The Dagda

Balor, who had only one eye. The Dagda often was depicted crudely, as were some depictions of Thor. Like Thor’s earlier depiction as Perkunas, he carries a large club. One end of the club heals, and the other end kills.

Dagda owns a cauldron that never empties, similar to some descriptions of the grail. “The Four Angled Music”, was a richly ornamented magic harp made of oak that, when the Dagda played it, put the seasons in their correct order; other accounts tell of it commanding the order of battle. He possessed two pigs, one of which kept growing while the other was always roasting. His fruit trees were ever-laden.

He is associated with fertility, agriculture, manliness, and strength. He also governed magic, druidry, and wisdom. He controlled life and death, the weather and crops, as well as time and the seasons.

The Dagda is said to be the husband or lover of the Morrígan and Boann. His children include Aengus, Brigit, Bodb Derg, Cermait, Aed, and Midir. They live in the fortress Dún Brese.



Balor was a Formorian giant with a massive, deadly eye. Once it opens, it wreaks havoc. Fomorians are the enemies of the Tuatha Dé, and many think they represent the chaos of the natural world. Balor takes part in the Second Battle of Mag Tuireadh and is killed.

In his most famous tale, his grandson Lugh of the Tuatha Dé kills him.

Balor hears a prophecy that his grandson will kill him. To avoid his fate, he locks his only daughter, Ethnea (Eithne), in a tower to keep her from becoming pregnant. Balor goes to the mainland and steals the magical cow of abundance, Glas Gaibhnenn, belonging to MacKineely. MacKineely learns he can only get the cow back when Balor is dead, and with the help of his female familiar spirit (leanan sídhe) named Biróg, he enters the tower, finds Ethnea, and

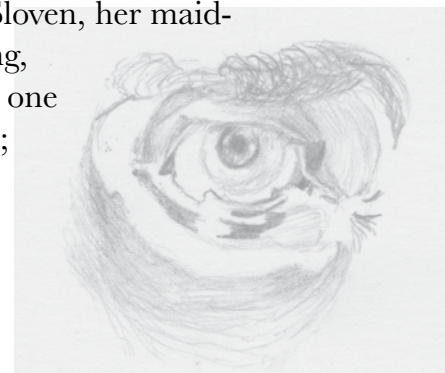
impregnates her. When she gives birth to three sons, Balor orders the three to be drowned, but one survives without Balor's knowledge. Lugh survived. His uncle fostered him in his smithy. There, he is taught to master all trades. When there was nothing left his uncle could teach him, he sought his place in the Tuatha Dé's army. Then, at the Second Battle of Mag Tuireadh, he slings a stone at Balor. It knocks out his eye through the back of his skull.

Hrímursar

The Frost Giants are one of two species in Norse mythology. They live in the cold regions of Niflheimr, a place of freezing mist. In its midst lies the well called Hvergelmir, from which the eleven rivers known as the Élivágar flow. It's a place of freezing mist. Niflheimr is generally understood to be in the north, under the control of the third root of Yggdrasil.

Hel has domain here as well; she is the daughter of Loki and Angrboða. Her servants are the jötnar Ganglati, the lazy walker, and the tardy Ganglöt.

Odin cast Hel into Niflheim and gave her power over nine worlds. She receives all of the men who died of sickness or old age. She has vast possessions; her walls are exceedingly high, and her gates are great. Her hall is called Sleet-Cold; her dish, Hunger; Famine is her knife; Idler, her thrall; Sloven, her maid-servant; Pit of Stumbling, her threshold, by which one enters; Disease, her bed;



Gleaming Bale, her bed-hangings. She is half blue-black and half flesh (which makes her easily identifiable). Her demeanor is low and fierce.

Níðhöggr, the malice striker, is the serpent that chews on the third root of Yggdrasil and chews on the dead in Náströnd that are guilty of murder, rape, and oath-breaking. Níðhöggr drips venom into the 12 rivers of Élivágar.

The streams known as Ice-waves, which were so long that they came from the fountain-heads that the yeasty venom on them hardened like the slag that runs out of the fire, became ice, and when the ice halted and ceased to run, it froze over

above. But the drizzling rain that rose from the venom congealed into rime, and the rime increased, frost over frost, each over the other, even into Ginnungagap, the Yawning Void.

The Frost Giants are the descendants of the jötnar who grew under the armpits of the primeval giant Ymir and the six-headed son that his two feet begot.





Múspellsmegir

When the heat and sparks from Muspelheim in the south met the ice flowing from Niflheimr, it began to melt in the void between fire and ice in Ginnungagap. The sparks would create the Sun, Moon, and stars. Here Surtr the Black reigns until Ragnarök when he crosses the rainbow bridge to burn Asgard down after the fire giants destroy the Æsir on the ordained field of Vígríðr.

As Ymir the Frost Giant made the world, Surtr the Fire Giant will end it so a new one can come into existence.



Daisy Fleabane

Norns

*Thence come the maidens
mighty in wisdom,
Three from the dwelling
down 'neath the tree;
Urðr is one named,
Verðandi the next,--
On the wood they scored,--
and Skuld the third.
Laws they made there,
and life allotted
To the sons of men,
and set their fates.*

... hall stands there, fair, under the ash
... the well, and out of that hall come
... ee maids, who are called thus: Urðr
)Became), Verðandi (Becoming), Skuld;
these maids determine the period of
men's lives: we call them Norns; but
there are many Norns: those who come
to each child that is born, to appoint his
life; these are of the race of the gods, but
the second are of the Elf-people, and the
third are of the kindred of the dwarves,
as it is said here:

*Most sundered in birth
I say the Norns are;
They claim no common kin:
Some are of Æsir-kin,
some are of Elf-kind,
Some are Dvalinn's daughters.*



Then said Gangleri:

“If the Norns determine the weards of men, then they apportion exceeding unevenly, seeing that some have a pleasant and luxurious life, but others have little worldly goods or fame; some have long life, others short.” Hárr said: ‘Good norns and of honorable race appoint good life; but those men that suffer evil fortunes are governed by evil norns.’ ”

The three main norns take water out of the well of Urðr and water Yggdrasil.

It is further said that these Norns who dwell by the Well of Urðr take water of the well every day, and with it that clay which lies about the well, and sprinkle it over the Ash, to the end that its limbs shall not wither nor rot; for that water is so holy that all things which come there into the well become as white as the film which lies within the egg-shell,--as is here said:

*“I know an Ash standing
called Yggdrasil,
A high tree sprinkled
with snow-white clay;
Thence come the dewes
in the dale that fall--
It stands ever green
above Urðr’s Well.”*

That dew which falls from it onto the earth is called by men honey-dew, and thereon are bees nourished. Two fowls are fed in Urðr’s Well: they are called Swans, and from those fowls has come the race of birds which is so called.

Also:

These are called Valkyries: them Odin sends to every battle; they determine men’s feyness and award victory. Gunnr and Róta and the youngest Norn, she who is called Skuld, ride ever to take the slain and decide fights.

(Text from Gylfaginning)



Orange Milkwort

Bahamut

Edward William Lane cites two cosmological accounts from Ibn al-Wardi (d. 1348 CE) that feature Bahamut. One account describes Bahamut as a fish floating in water, supported by darkness. On the fish is an ox called Kujata; on the ox, a ruby mountain; on the mountain, an angel; the angel holds and supports the seven earths.

In another account, Bahamut supports a bed of sand, on which stands a bull, on whose back rests a rock that holds the waters in which the earth is located. Beneath the fish are layers of suffocating wind, a veil of darkness, and mist. Other sources describe Behemoth as a layer in similar conceptions of Arabic cosmography.

According to Borges, Bahamut is the giant fish that Isa beholds on the 496th night of the *One Thousand and One Nights*.

In this story, Bahamut is a massive fish swimming in a vast ocean. It carries a bull on its head; the bull bears a rock, and above the rock is an angel who carries the seven stages of the earth. Beneath Bahamut is an abyss of air, then fire, and beneath that, a giant serpent called Falak.



Upon seeing Bahamut, Isa passes into unconsciousness. At this sight, Isa fell down in a swoon, and when he came to himself, Allah spake to him by inspiration, saying, "O Isa, hast thou seen the fish and comprehended its length and its breadth?" He replied, "By Thy honour and glory, O Lord, I saw no fish; but there passed me a great bull, whose length was three days' journey, and I know not what manner of thing this bull is." Quoth Allah, "O Isa, this that thou sawest and which was three days in passing by thee was but the head of the fish; and know that every day I create forty fishes like unto this."

Borges cites the idea of Bahamut as part of a layered cosmology as an illustration of the cosmological existence of God, which infers a first cause from the impossibility of infinite prior causes. He also draws parallels between Bahamut and the mythical Japanese fish, Jinshin-Uwo.



Nephilim

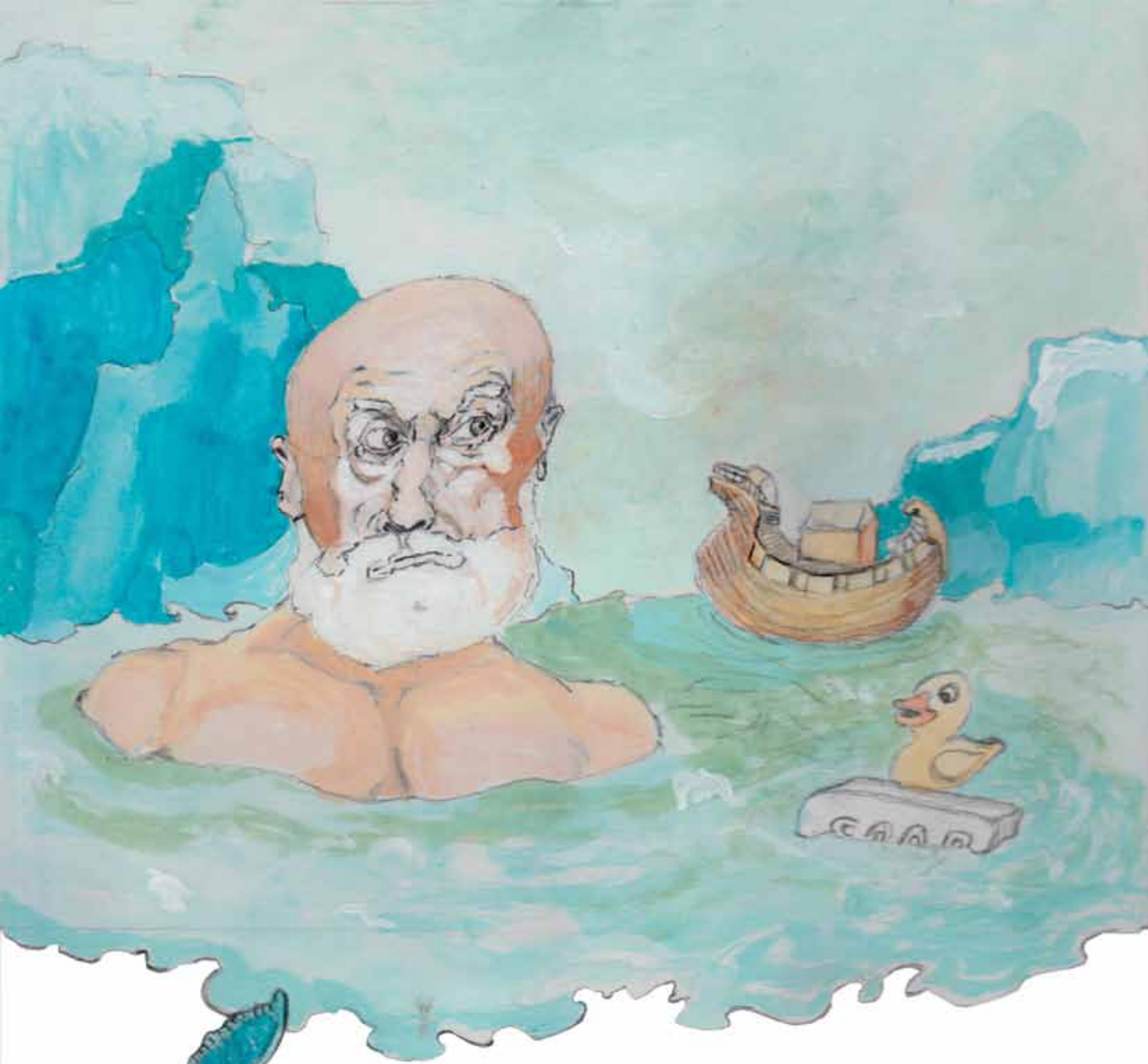
The Nephilim were in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bore children to them; the same were the mighty men that were of old, the men of renown.

~ Genesis 6:4

According to the *Book of Enoch*, Grigori, the Watchers, were angels sent to earth to chronicle the lives of men. This was their punishment for remaining neutral in the War in Heaven. Soon, they began to lust for the beautiful long hair of the daughters of Eve, and at the prodding of their leader, Samyaza, they were of one mind to marry and live among humanity. The children produced by these relationships are the giants called Nephilim. That is why orthodox Jewish and Moslem men order their women to cover their hair, to prevent this from happening again.

The Grigori taught the children of Eve and the Nephilim many arts:

"...And Azazel taught men to make swords, and knives, and shields, and breastplates, and made known to them the metals of the earth and the art of working them, and bracelets, and ornaments, and the use of antimony, and the beautifying of the eyelids, and all kinds of costly stones, and all coloring tinctures." And there arose much godlessness; they committed fornication, and they were led astray, and became corrupt in all their ways. Samyaza taught enchantments, and root-cuttings, Armârôs the resolving of enchantments, Barâqjâl, taught astrology, Kôkabîel the constellations, Ezêqêel the knowledge of the clouds, Araquel the signs of the earth, Shamshiel the signs of the sun, and Sariel the course of the moon..."



... Then said the Most High, the Holy and Great One spake, and sent Uriel to the son of Lamech, and said to him "Go to Noah and tell him in my name Hide thyself! and reveal to him the end that is approaching; that the whole earth will be destroyed, and a deluge is about to come upon the whole earth and will destroy all that is on it."

~The Book of Enoch

Soon the Nephilim and Man's power rivaled that of Yahweh. This troubled the god. He thought to destroy them all through a great flood. Similar to when Men built the Tower of Babel and Yahweh destroyed the tower and babbled their speech among nations. Yahweh's first sin against man was when he removed Adam and Eve from the garden before they realized the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life were one in the same. Some Kabbalists believe that, in truth, it was Yahweh who was banished from the garden. This might give rise to Christ saying the Kingdom of God is on Earth, but men do not see it.

The Grigori were cast into hell, and Enoch states that the Nephilim were returned to the earth in peace, but their souls were doomed to wander forever as wandering spirits...

According to the *Book of Numbers 13:33*, the Nephilim inhabited Canaan at the time of the Israelite conquest. Goliath is said to be one of their descendants.

Caligorant

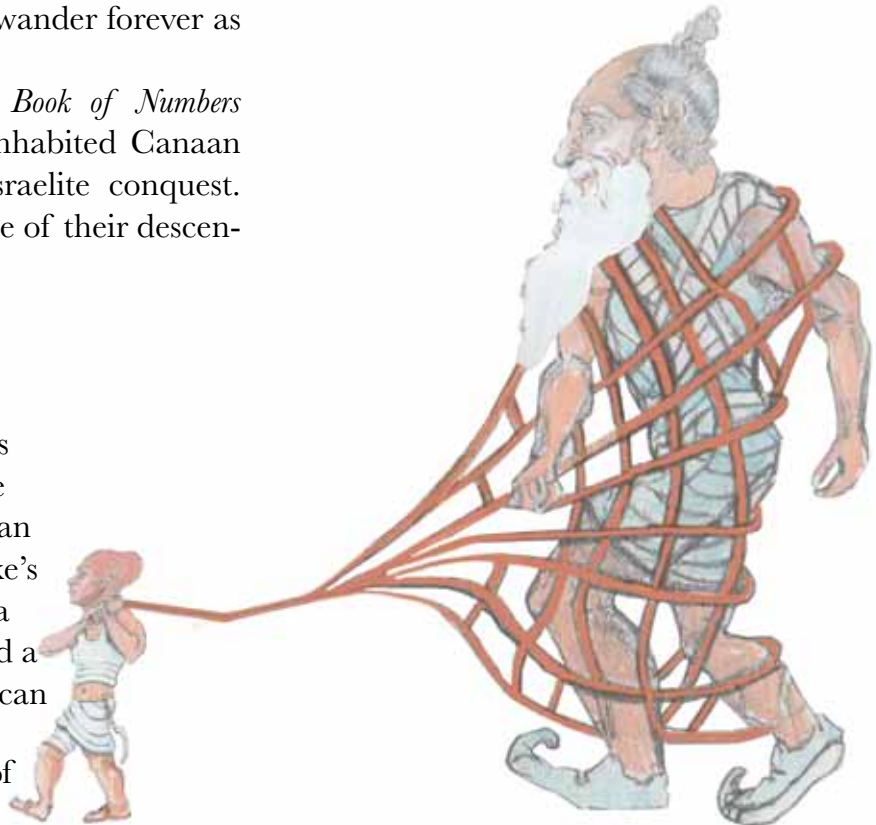
Young Duke Astulf was traveling along the Nile when he met a ferry man who feared for the Duke's life. He said there was a giant up ahead that had a net so fine that no one can see it, but it would slice anyone into thousands of little cubes. A magical net that was as large as an acre which cut

up any man or animal into fine little pieces for his soup. He plead for Astulf to enter his boat and not continue on up the road.

Astulf just laughed and continued on amidst the ferry man's pleas to join him in his boat.

Up ahead the Duke seen the giant hiding by his house with his large club. Caligorant was licking his lips since it was a fortnight since his last meal.

The Duke then took out his mighty horn and gave it a blow that made the most malicious sound that scared the giant to run away into his own net. So secure it bound him that the Astulf took pity on him after contemplating removing his head from his shoulders, and decided instead to bring him to the caliph in Cairo as a present.





*Trolli
Places*

Since time immemorial in Scandinavia they have been naming places and things after Trolls. Either it a mountain that resembles a Troll or a valley named after them.





Trolltunga: (“Troll Tongue”) is a rock formation situated about 1,100 meters (3,600 ft) above sea level in Ullensvang Municipality in Vestland county, Norway. The cliff protrudes horizontally from the mountain, approximately 700 meters (2,300 feet) above the north shore of Lake Ringedalsvatnet.



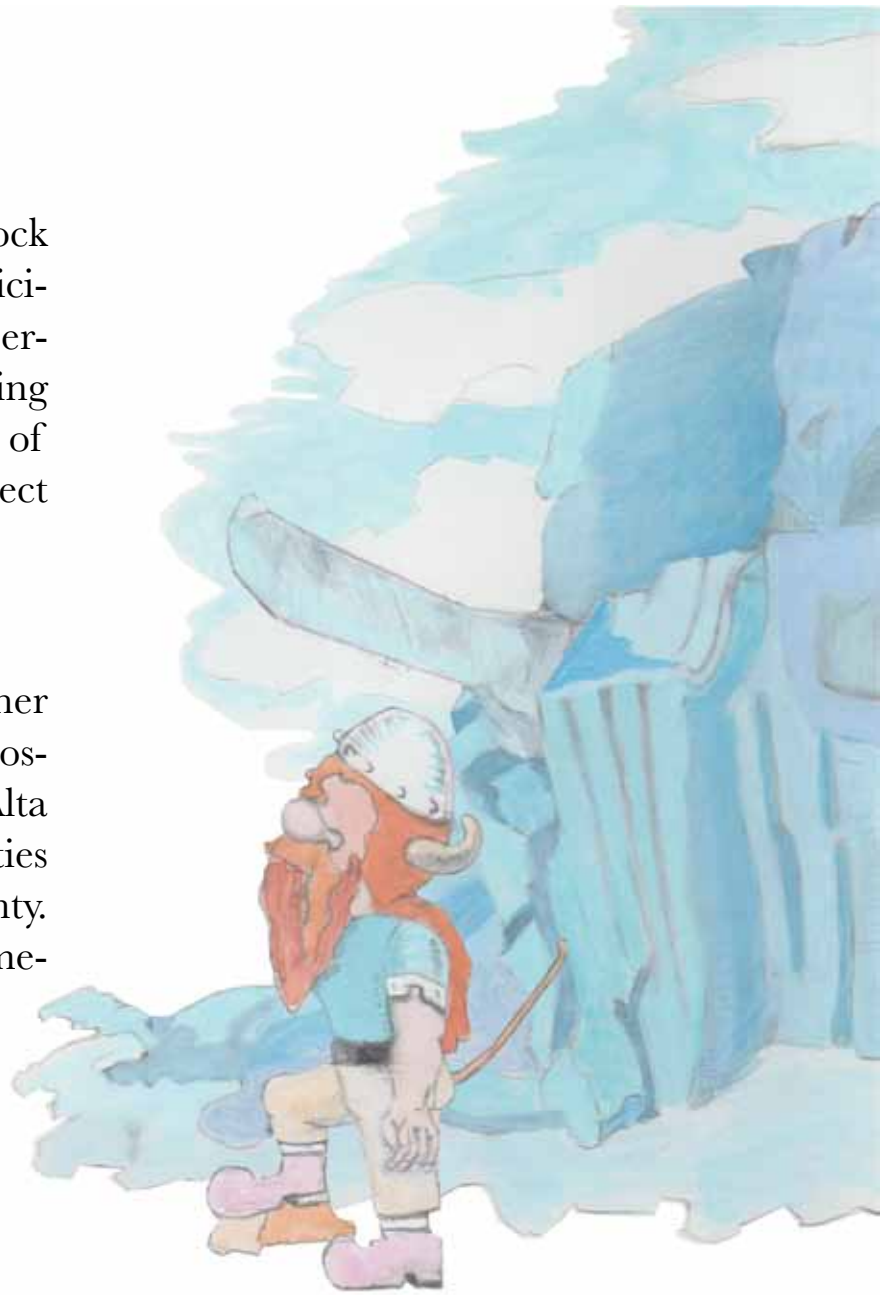
Swamp Maple

Pickered Weed



Trollpikken: is a rock formation in Eigersund municipality, in Norway, between Kjervall and Veshovda. A rock jutting out from a cliff face to a height of almost 39 ft resembles an erect penis.

Trollkuken: is another similar rock formation on Gosviktind Mountain between Alta and Hammerfest municipalities in Troms and Finnmark county. It stands proud at about two meters high.



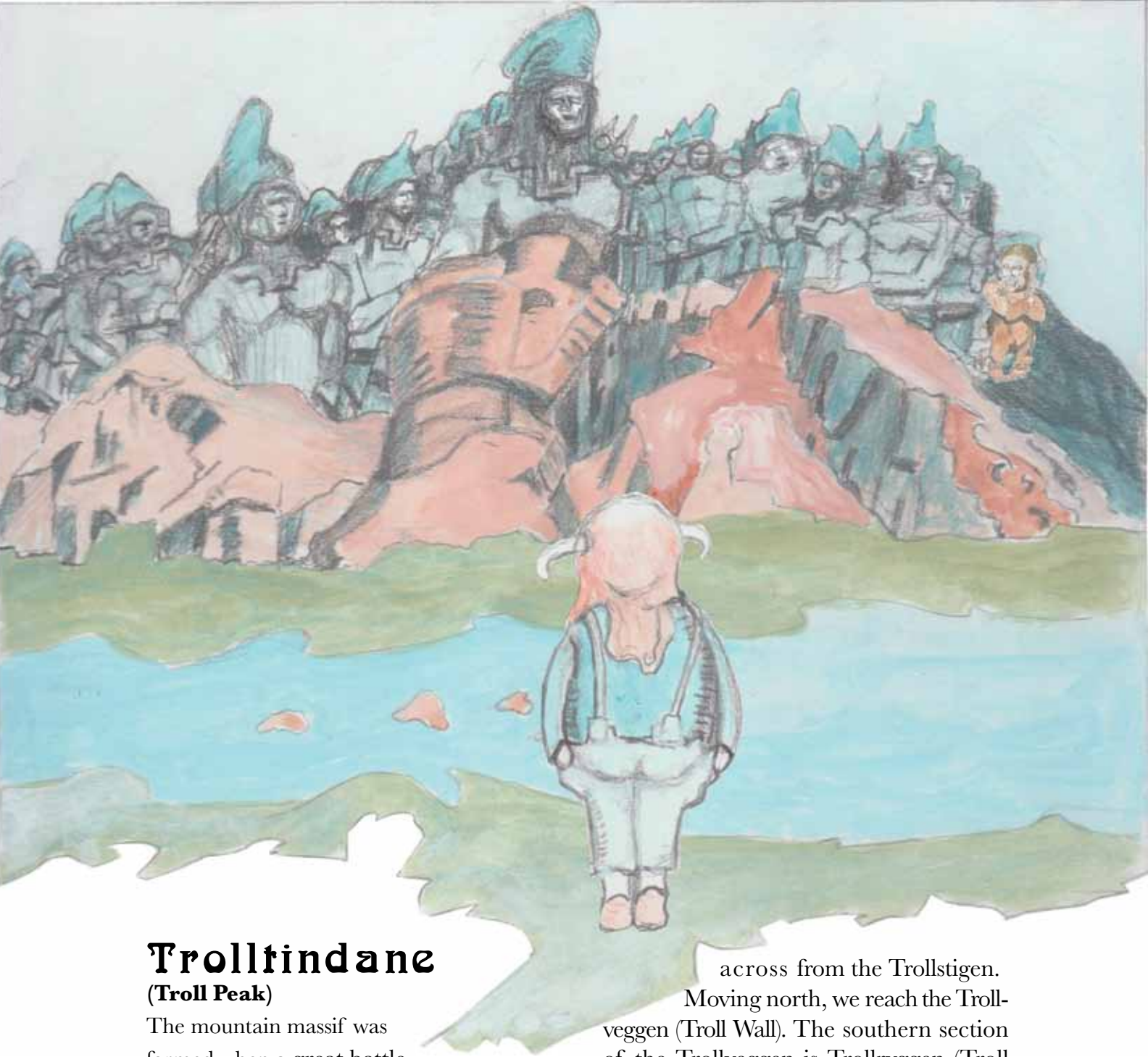
Cinnamon Fern



Fancy Aster



Bracken Fern



Trolltindane

(Troll Peak)

The mountain massif was formed when a great battle between two Troll armies raged so long that they were caught by the new rays of the morning and both sides lost as they turned to stone. Trolltindane is in the Rauma municipality in Møre og Romsdal. It consists of a series of pointed and steep peaks between Romsdalen in the east and Isterdalen in the west. The chain starts at the Trollstigen (Trolls Road). The highest peak to the south is Breitinden (Broad Peak), at 2,986 feet above mean sea level,

across from the Trollstigen.

Moving north, we reach the Trollveggen (Troll Wall). The southern section of the Trollveggen is Trollryggen (Troll Back), which rises 5,659 feet above mean sea level. The Trollryggen is the most well-known attraction in the mountain range. It is Europe's highest vertical rock wall and one of Norway's most dramatic rock formations. The northern section of the Trollveggen is Trolltinden (Large Troll Peak). It is Trollveggen's largest peak and it rises 5,866 feet above mean sea level.



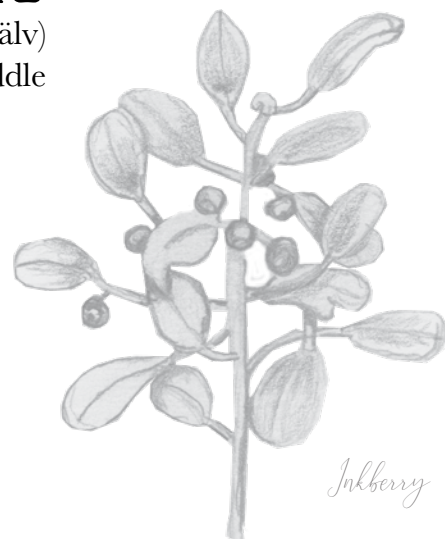


Trollhättan Falls

is a waterfall in the Göta river (Göta älv) in Sweden. The large rock in the middle is said to be an ossified Troll hat.



Sassafras



Inkberry



Calopogon



Jotunheimen National Park

in Norway is part of a mountainous area of roughly 1,400 sq mi in southern Norway and is part of the long range known as the Scandinavian Mountains. The 29 highest mountains in Norway are all located in the Jotunheimen mountains, including the 8,100 ft tall mountain Galdhøpiggen (the highest point in Norway). They straddle the border between Innlandet and Vestland counties.

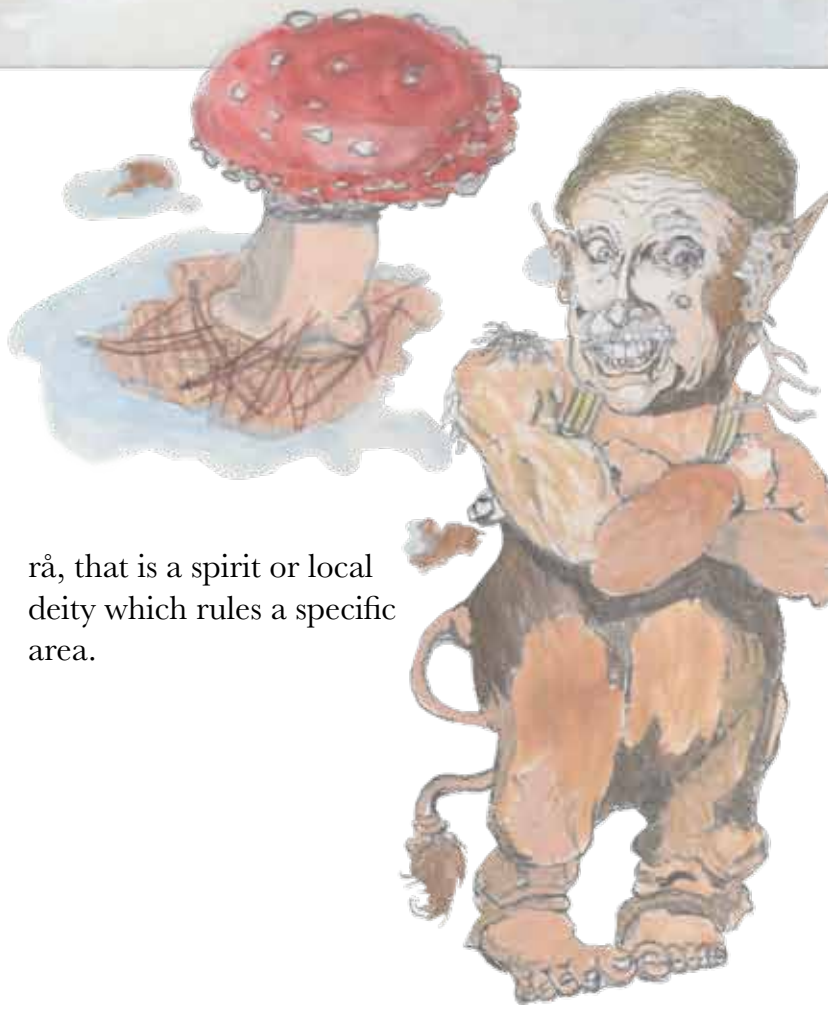
Bearberry





Ulddaidvárri

is at Kvænangen, Troms in Norway. Its name means “Mountain of the Hulders” in North Sámi. Ulddašvággi is a valley southwest of Alta in Finnmark, Norway. The name means “Hulder Valley” in North Sámi. The peak guarding the pass over from the valley to the mountains above has a similar name, Ruollačohkka, meaning “Troll Mountain”—and the large mountain presiding over the valley on its northern side is called Hálđi, which is a term similar to the above-mentioned Norwegian



rå, that is a spirit or local deity which rules a specific area.



Reynisfjara Beach, a black sand beach in the southeast part of the island. Legend has it that three trolls were hard at work trying to drag a sailing ship into the bay. They lost track of time; the sun came up, and that was all she wrote.



Toadflax



Honey Locust





Trollstigen ('The Troll Ladder')

is a mountain road in the heart of Romsdal and one of the most visited attractions in Norway. It took eight years to construct. It was opened July 31, 1936 by King Haakon VII. The mountains that encircle the Trollstigen road are enormous. Names like Kongen ('The King'), Dronningen ('The Queen') and Bispen ('The Bishop') echo the majesty of these giant land formations. With its incline of 9 percent, this narrow road with many bends and open drops is a challenge.



Hulderheim is southeast on the island Karlsøya, Troms, Norway. The name means “Home of the Hulder”. Hulderhusan is an area on the southwest of Norway’s largest island Hinnøya, whose name also means “Houses of the Huldurs”.



Þórisvatn, Iceland

The Skersl, strange crags north of Kirkjubær, was once the dwelling-place of the giant Þórir and his wife. Every year they put a spell on either the pastor or the shepherd in Kirkjubær that made them come to the Skersl.

One year a pastor named Eiríkur, was so strong in his faith he proved not to be affected by their curse. So they sat in their cave and they waited and waited getting hungrier each moment. In the end Þórir was forced to go ice-fishing on the lake named after , Þórisvatn, to feed him and his wife. He was catching so many salmon that he didn't notice he was slowly freezing to the ground. His wife found him frozen and as she went to leave with his fish she froze and turned into the Skessusteinn ("Giantess rock").



Hestmando Nordland, Norway



Far north in Hålogaland, two old Trolls once sat on opposite sides of Vestfjorden and stared furiously across the water at each other. To the west, it was Vågakallen – the Old Man of vågå – who sat on his throne high above the sea at Henningsvær. His kingdom comprised the entire mountain world of Lofoten as well as Vestfjorden. Across Vestfjorden, on the island of Landego, sat Landegomøya, the Maiden of Landego, gazing towards Vågakallen her lover. She was with child by him. Vågakallen had a son named Hestmannen (the Horseman). He was a wild, uncontrollable youth. After a row with his father, he ran away to Svolværfjellet with Svolvæргеita, the Svolvær Goat.

In the east sat Suliskongen (the King of Sulis). He was king of the mighty mountain plains and the wilderness of lakes and forests along the mountain border with Sweden. Below the mountains was his grand copper mines. Suliskongen had seven uncontrollable daughters. He sent them away to an island with Lekamøya their maid.



Troghatten. Brønnøysund Norway

Hestmannen had fallen in love with Lekamøya. The horseman sent several riders with love letters. Lekamøya turned everyone of them into stone. They still can be seen in the harbor. Even though their maid was not interested, the seven wild daughters were. So they bathed naked under the moon. No matter what the rider never noticed them. He was in love with their maid.

One night, his fervor ran high he rode to take Lekamøya. She ran. Frustrated about her indignation, he stopped his mount and took aim with his bow. The Troll king of Brønnøy threw his hat blocking the arrow which just dropped at her feet. The arrow still remains in front of where Lekamøya was standing;



HESTMANNEN, LURØY

Everyone was so captivated in the drama, nobody had seen the rising sun. They all turned to stone. The Seven Sisters at Alsten near Sandnessjøen. Troghatten near Brønnøysund is now the petrified hat with the arrow hole in it. The messengers and their horses are still seen in the harbor. Lekamøya at Leka. Hestmannen in Lurøy – right on the Arctic Circle. Suliskongen on the border with Sweden and Vågakallen high in his seat above the waters of Vestfjorden.



SEVEN SISTERS, SANDNESSJØEN



LEKAMØYA AT LEKA

Tröllkonhlaup, Ölfusá river in South Iceland

After seeing her father's horse begin to loose, Jórunn ran and ripped the hindquarters off of the competing horse. Afterward, she ran to the river and threw down a boulder so she could cross and ran to her cave. Öxará river: the River of the Axe in Þingvellir is where she found her end. An axe was driven between her shoulders and left to drift down the river. The site it came to a rest at became where Iceland's parliament, called 'The Thing', was formed.





Karl og Kerling

An old legend says that two night-prowling giants, a man and a woman, were traversing the fjord with their cow when they were surprised by the bright rays of day-break. As a result of exposure to daylight, all three were turned into stone. Drangey Island represents the cow and Kerling (supposedly the female giant, the name means “Old Hag”) is to the south of it. Karl (the male giant) was to the north of the island, but he disappeared long ago during an earthquake in the 8th century.

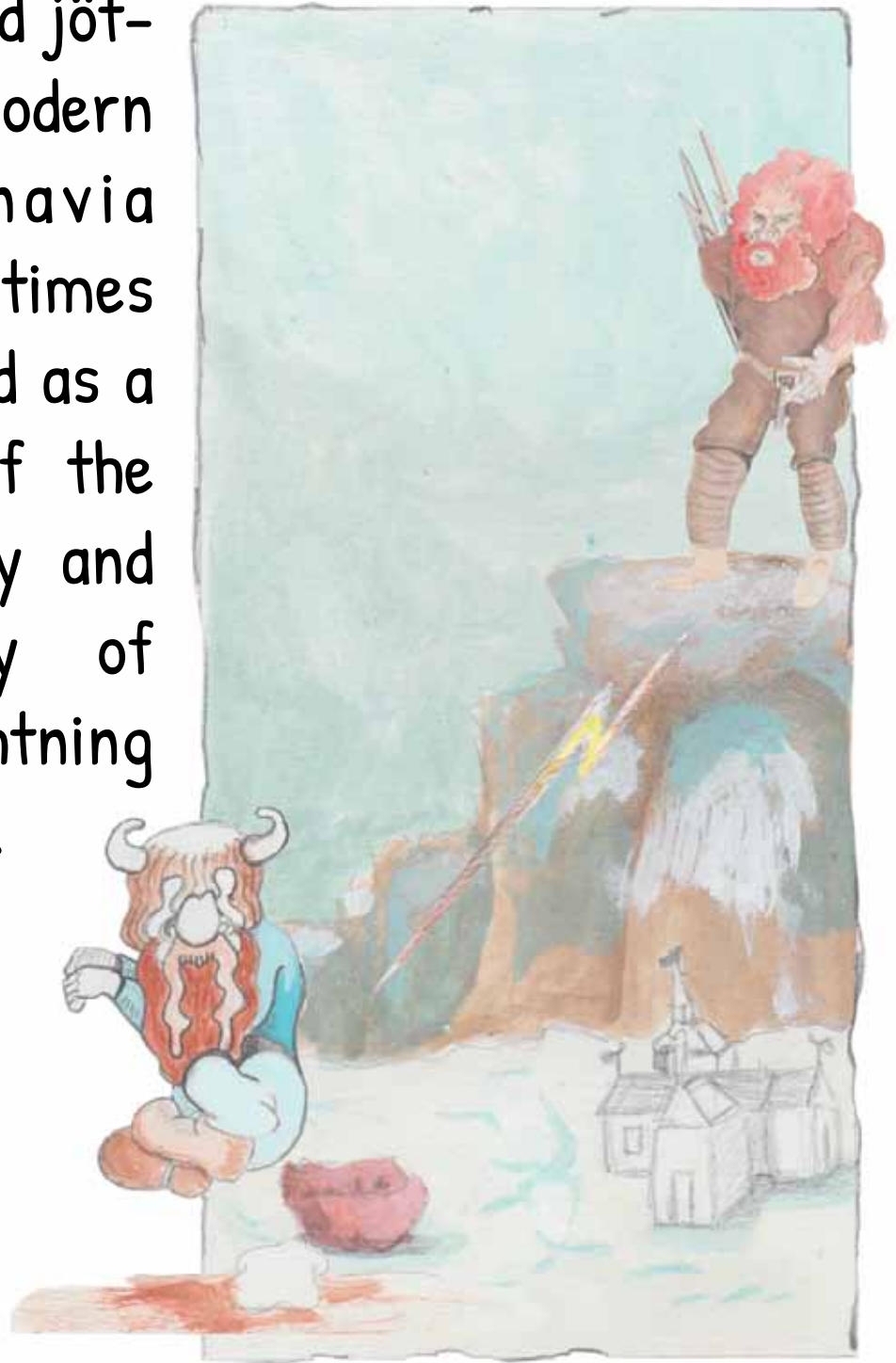


Queen Anne's Lace

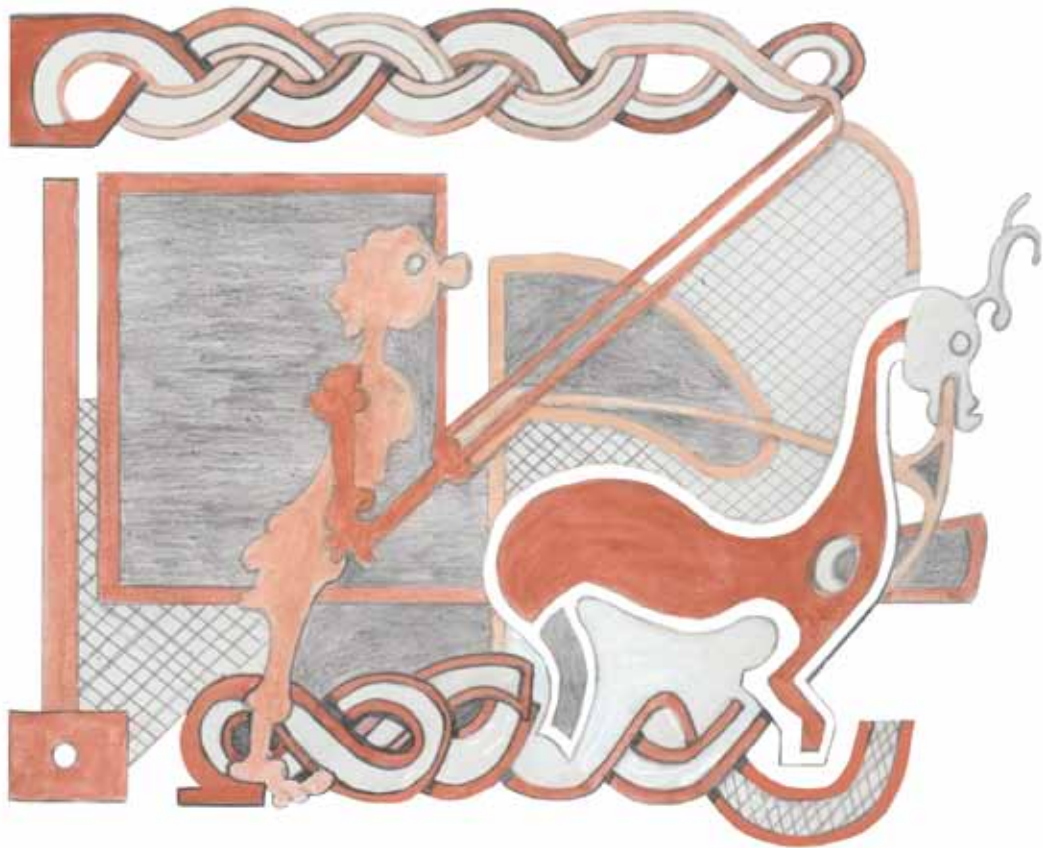


DRAGNEY AND KERLING (THE COW AND OLD HAG)

The lack of trolls and jötnar in modern Scandinavia is sometimes explained as a result of the “accuracy and efficiency of the lightning strokes”.



Traditions and Beliefs



Jólasveinar

The Yule Lads

Gryla is a giant Troll that lives in the Dimmuborgir lava fields in Iceland with hooves for feet (I wonder if she shops in the same stable for shoes that the Leeds Devil shops in?) and sports an impressive thirteen tails. This Lady-Troll is in a perpetual bad mood due to her insatiable hunger for—children!

Each Christmas, Gryla comes down from her mountain to hunt for bad children. She places them in a sack and drags them back to her cave where she

boils them alive for her favorite stew. However, any child which repents must be let go.

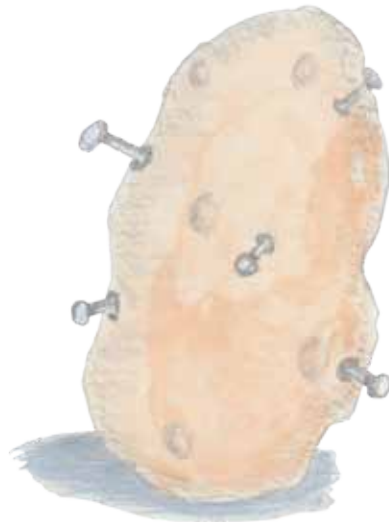
Gryla doesn't only hate human children—but even her own! By the way, she has killed two of her boring husbands as well. The first, Gustur, she ate for dinner one Christmas Eve and the other, Boli, she murdered after he impregnated her 85 times. All 85 children she ate with a nice Merlot. Now, she is on her third husband, Leppalúði. I hope he does not bore her too...

Leppalúði and Gryla parented the 13 Jólasveinar. Starting on the 12th of December, the Yule Lads come one by one for 13 nights and leave a little gift in the shoes, of all the well-behaved children, on the windowsills.



Naughty kids get a potato!

In return, children leave them some gift or snacks like leaf bread, a thin crispy flat bread made especially at Jule.



Their names are:

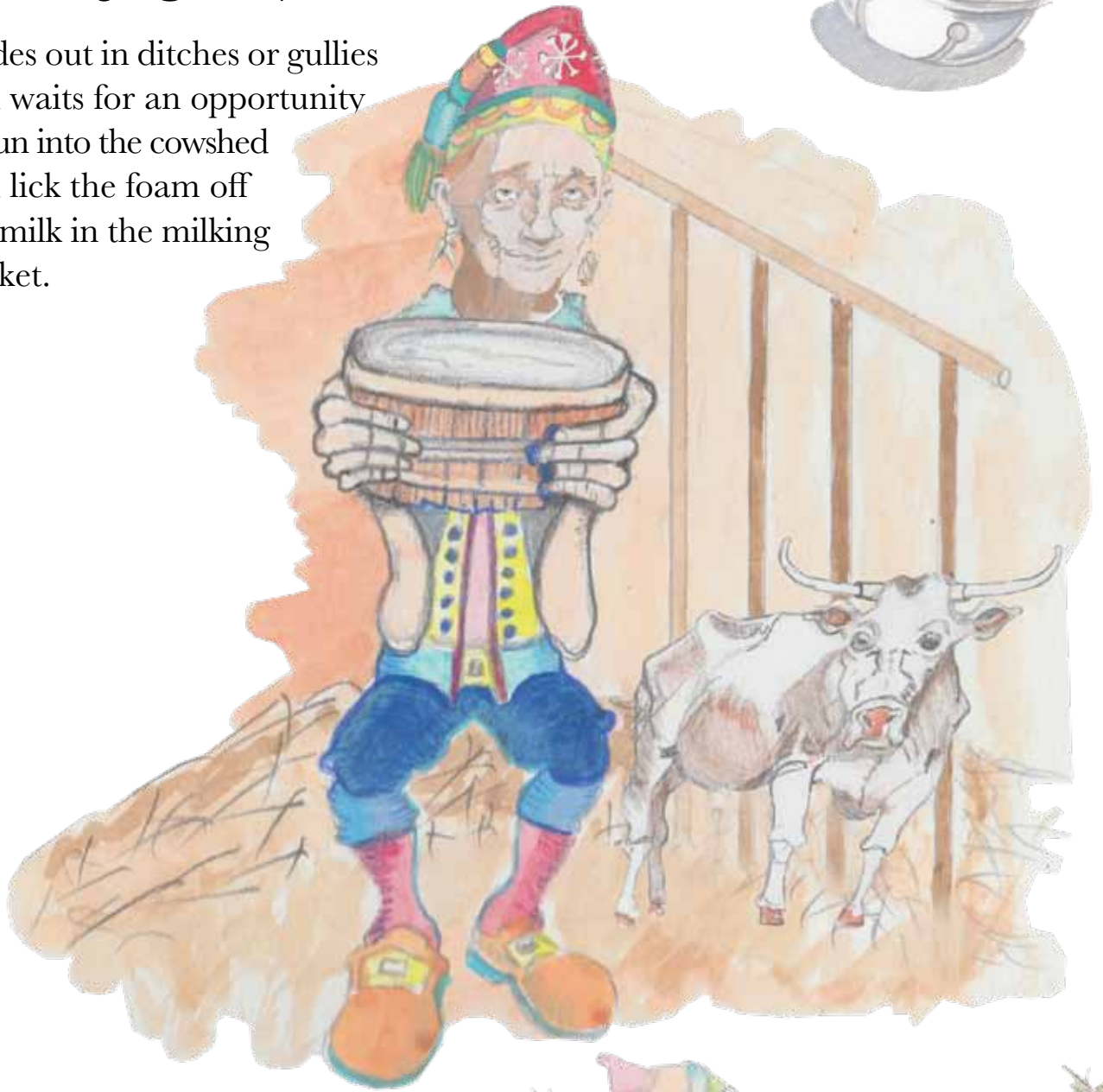
Sheep-Cote Clog (Stekkjarstaur)

He harasses your sheep, but is impaired from doing any real damage by his peg leg and the sheep easily out run him. He can only catch them when he finds those woolly beauties—counting sheep...



Gully Gawk (Giljagaur)

Hides out in ditches or gullies and waits for an opportunity to run into the cowshed and lick the foam off the milk in the milking bucket.



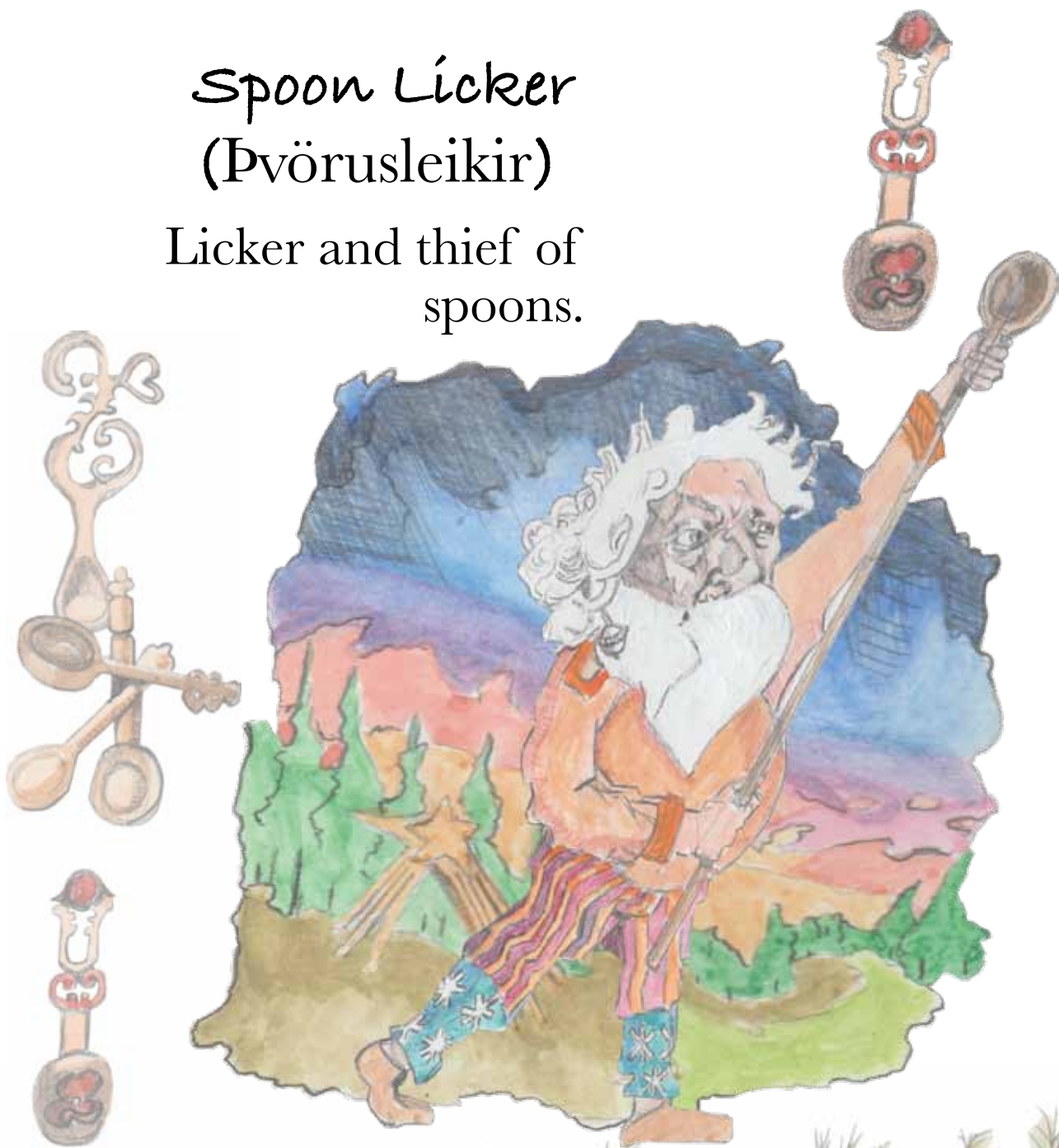
Stubby (Stúfur)

His name denotes his diminutive stature. If your pie pan is missing, you can sure bet Stubby has stolen it to eat whatever pie crust was left behind.



Spoon Licker (Þvörusleikir)

Licker and thief of
spoons.



Pot Scraper (Pottaskefill)

He scrapes your pots and pans for any leavings full of herbs and spice.



Bowl Licker (Askasleikir)

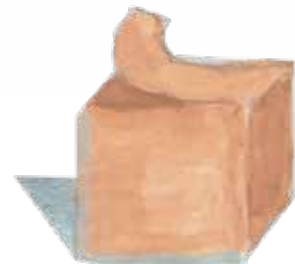
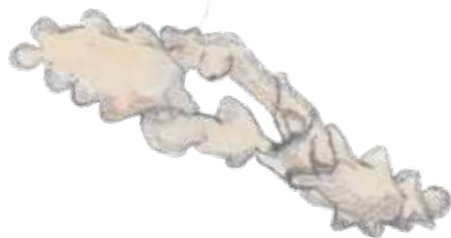
He hides under your bed and waits for you to absentmindedly put down your bowl so he can steal and— lick it!





Door Slammer (Hurdaskellir)

Just as you fall asleep,
he slams the door and
keeps it up all night
long!

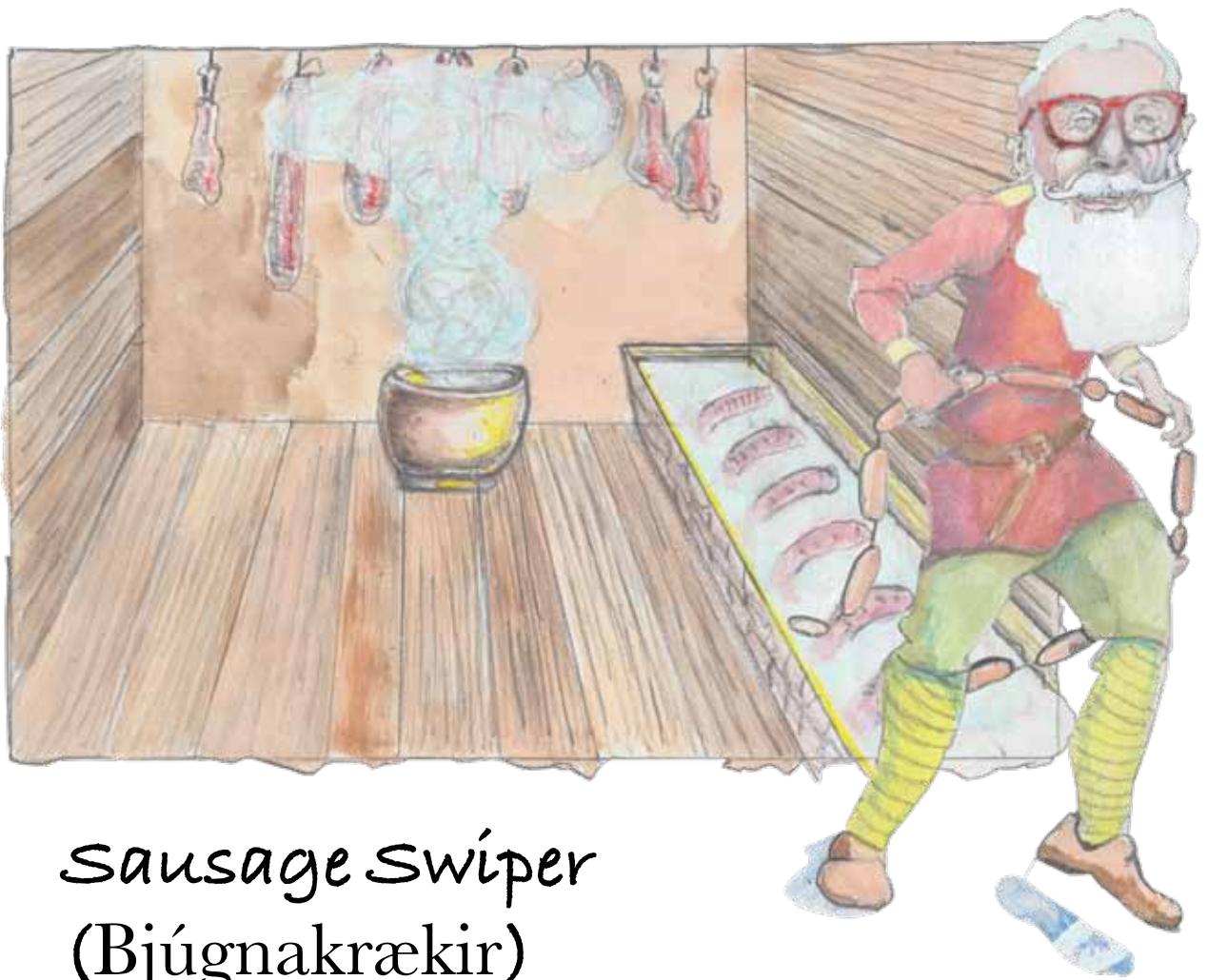




skyr Gobbler (Skyrgámur)

Yes, he gobbles all of
your skyr. A curdled
milk delicacy in Ice-
land...?





Sausage Swíper
(Bjúgnakrækir)

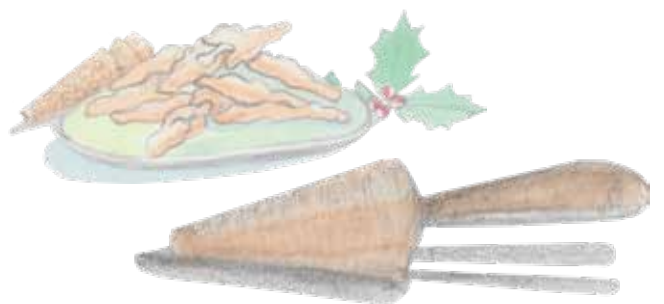
I hope you hid your
sausage.

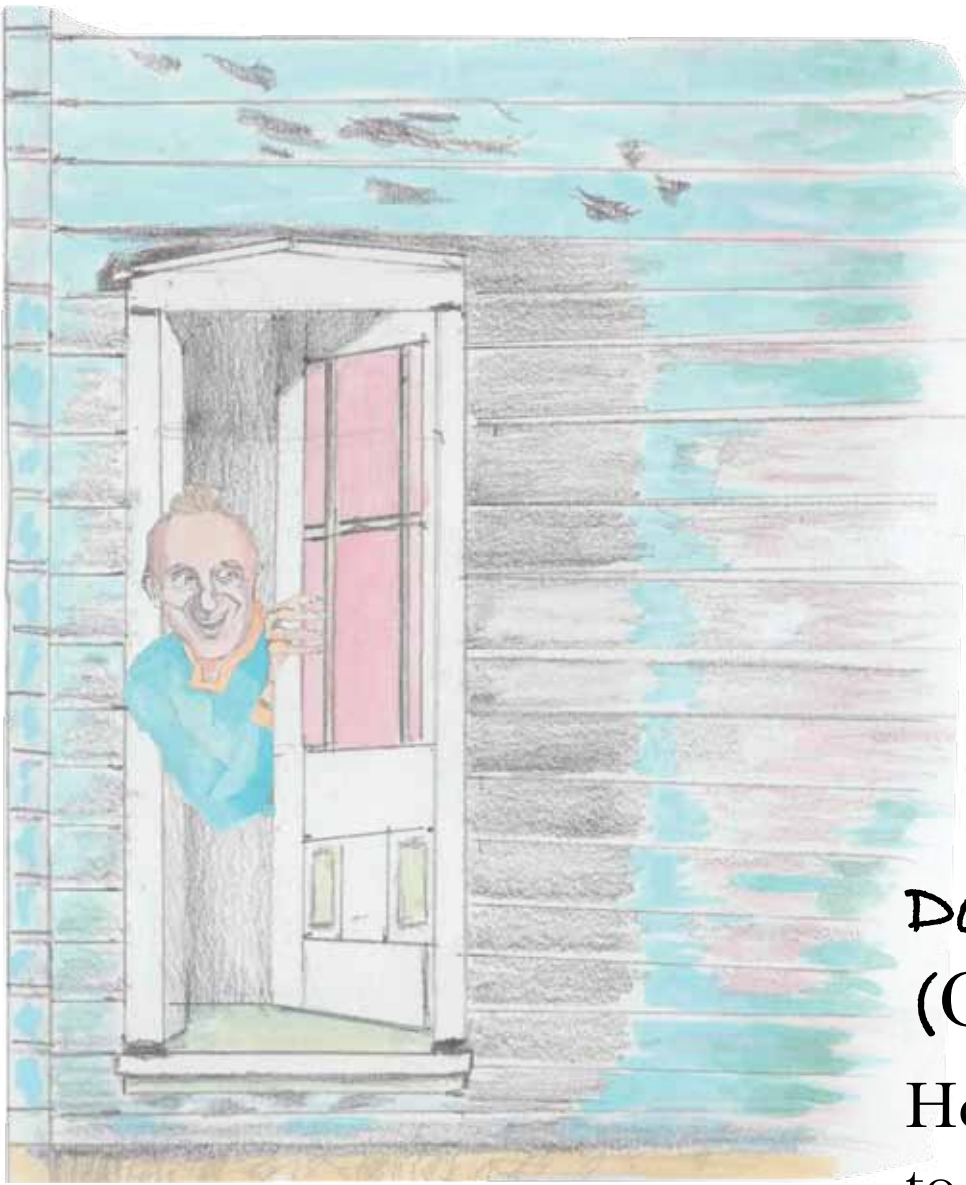




Window Peeper (Gluggagægir)

He's watching you
right now. *I hope your
behaving..*





Doorway Sniffer (Gáttapefur)

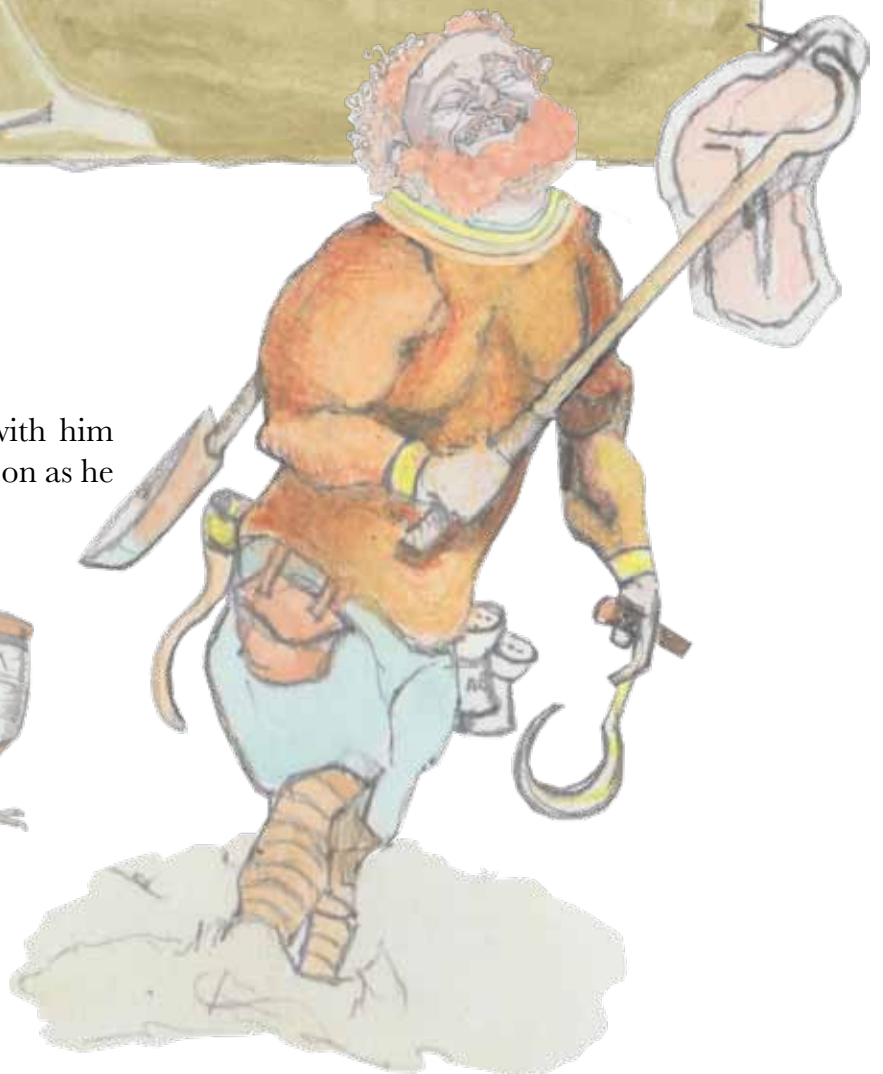
He uses his large nose to sniff out your lefse bread to steal.





Meat Hook (Ketkrókur)

This lad brings his own hook with him so he can hang your stolen meat on as he runs home.



Candle Stealer (Kertasníkir)

He sneaks up on children and steals their candles leaving them lost in the dark.



Gryla's Second Husband

(The first one she poisoned)

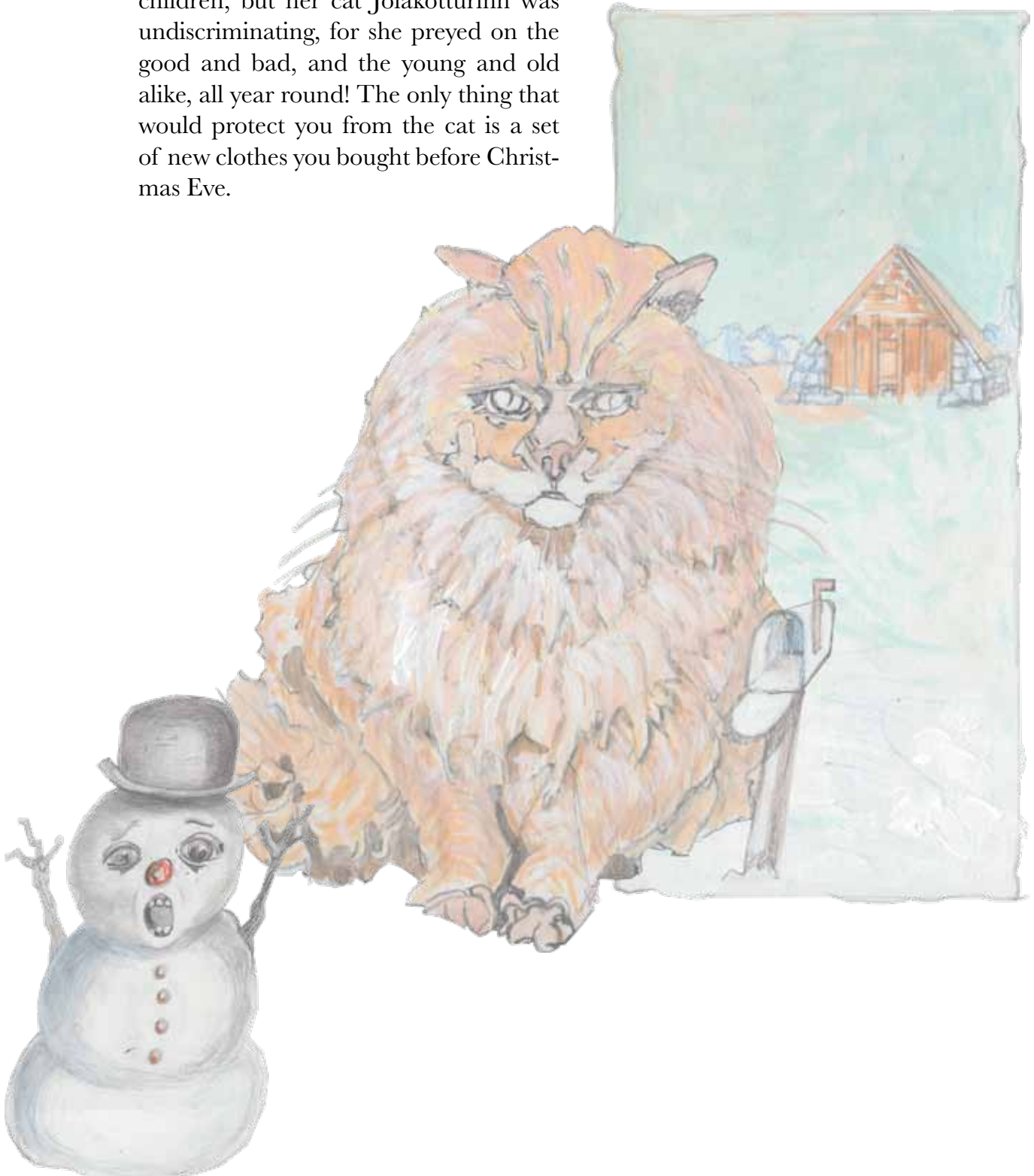
Gryla once fell ill many years ago, and her last husband, Lep-palúði, could not take care of her alone, so he hired the young, beautiful Lupá. After Gryla got better, Lupá continued on until her child began to show under her apron. Then Gryla chased away Lupá and her unborn child, Skröggur.

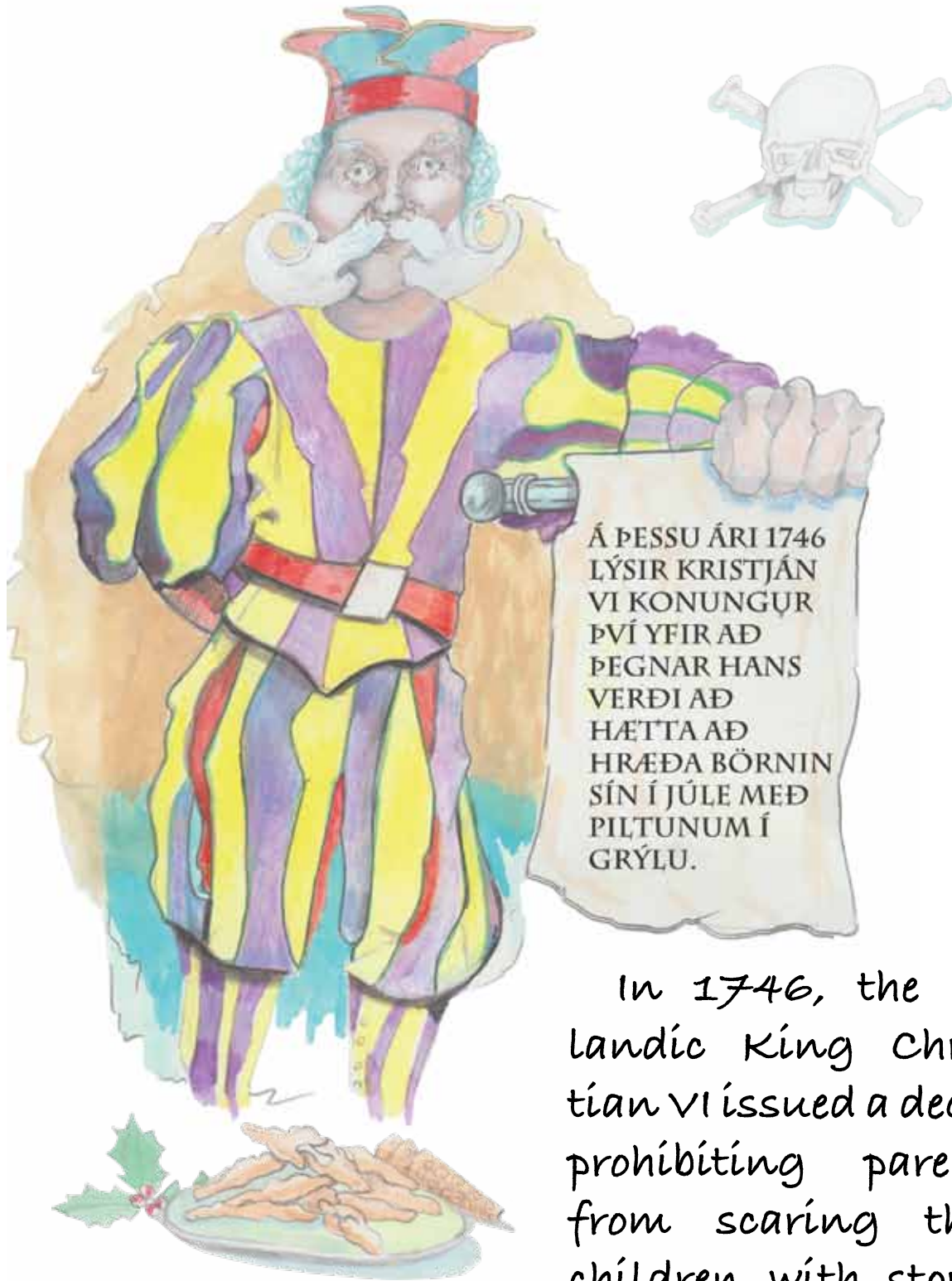


Jólakötturinn

(Gryla's Pussy Cat)

Gryla and her lads are safe for good children, but her cat Jólakötturinn was indiscriminating, for she preyed on the good and bad, and the young and old alike, all year round! The only thing that would protect you from the cat is a set of new clothes you bought before Christmas Eve.





Á ÞESSU ÁRI 1746
LÝSIR KRISTJÁN
VI KONUNGUR
ÞVÍ YFIR AÐ
ÞEGNAR HANS
VERÐI AÐ
HÆTTA AÐ
HREÐA BÖRNIN
SÍN Í JÚLE MEÐ
PILTUNUM Í
GRÝLU.

In 1746, the Icelandic King Christian VI issued a decree prohibiting parents from scaring their children with stories of the Jule Lads.

Nisse

They are generally described as being short, having a long white beard, and wearing a conical or knit cap in gray, red, or some other bright color. Originally called *tufte*, the *nisser* are called the dear little relatives. They have many kennings, like *Tomte* the homestead man, *Garvord* the farm guardian, and *Tunkall* the yard fellow. All names bear their association with the Norwegian farm. Very similar to the Scottish brownies



They live in the hearth and in the barns of the families who appreciate their fine gifts. For those tender families who love them, they will do chores on the farm and tend to the animals well-being.

If you drop something, give them a little heads-up so they can run out of the way.

Don't be rude or lazy, because they will start playing tricks on you until you straighten up. *Nisser* goes about the homestead, accomplishing various chores, expecting payment. Just make sure to pay them regularly and on time, or else they cause havoc about the place and bodily injury. They are very temperamental compared to the family *húsvæt-tir* (house spirit). They are angry dwarfs.

Nisser are as strong as a giant and can protect the family and farm quite well. *Nisser* are especially fond of horses. You can always tell their favorite by the way they braid their mane and tail and how well groomed and fed the horse is.

They are said to be shapeshifters who can be really big. Their eyes glow in the dark like a cat's and can become invisible at will. So who is to say that you don't have a few living in your home...

Changelings

If you fear your child has been switched by a Troll, this is what you do. Stick the child in the oven and turn the heat on. Then close the door. Soon the Troll child's mother will arrive with your true child and make an exchange.

Humens' Troll Wives

Never scorn a man's wife born to a Troll. One day, you might see a great mist rising from the ocean that engulfs your vil-

lage. At that point, hope you didn't abuse that man's wife too harshly— for she is the one who will catch you after her father in the mist throws you and the rest of your congregation over the church steeple.

Cats

Be careful of the stray cat you bring home. One day a woman heard a voice in the distance say that 'Knurremurre was dead'. When she got home, she pondered the strange message she heard and repeated it to herself out loud. Then her cat threw down the porridge pot on the stove he was eating out of, stood to a man's height, and walked out, saying, "Knurremurre the grumbler is dead; I must return and marry his wife before another snatches her."

The cat was, in fact, a Troll who was kicked out of his mound when Knurremurre caught him being too friendly with his wife...

Troll Blacksmith's

It's not uncommon for a man in Norway to ask a Troll in a mound to make some iron farm implements for him. Just don't be afraid to return them to the mound to be repaired. The mound Trolls are not like the Nisser of your hearth, who punish you for not paying them for the labor you didn't ask for. The mound Trolls

are quite selfless. Just say thank you and return the next morning, and they will have fixed them for you. If you bring them to your neighborhood blacksmith, they will just turn to charcoal.



Ale Barrels

If a Troll asks you for a barrel of ale for some celebration, give it, for you will be greatly rewarded. In one situation, a farm wife was paid in kind with a barrel that never ran out of quality ale for five generations. The only stipulation is to never look inside or question how it happened. Disbelief only turns into disbelief.

Nisser, though, if you catch one stealing your ale and you embarrass him, that night the rest of the village nisser will come and knock all your taps from your barrels.

Fiddling Around

Do not play for the Nisser on Saint John's Day for they will steal your music and make your fiddle dumb.

The Drummer

Troll's do not like the Drummer. In Troll-dom, Thor with his lightning is called the Drummer, who fought with the Jöt-nar, and his lightning is called drumsticks by them.

Protection

Troll's are as protective of their homes as we are. They have their own militia filled with sabres, cannons, muskets, and cavalry. They will help you defend your home under one condition: a Christian must fire the first shot at the invader, and then they will attack. Afterward, if you are very quiet, you can hear their celebration jubilee in the wind.

Troll's Porridge

In some villages, the Trolls protect the helpless children who are beaten. They will bring them down into their mounds and feed them a special porridge. This porridge will make them strong as an ox and fill them with confidence for life.

Though there is one stipulation: they shall never harm anyone. If they do, they will

become as weak and feeble as an old man. When in danger, they just have to set their eyes on those who threaten them and glow. Self-confidence and restraint have won many a fight. It also helps that these children grow up as big as a Troll too.

Huldu-Folk Gifts

Never thank a Huldra for gifts or good deeds done for you; in so doing, they gain the ability to cause you some mischief. Neither say aloud the name of your knife, axe, or boat in front of them, for they will claim them for themselves.



Dwarves

Dwarves are beardless smiths who live in the mounds and mountains underground. They taught man to harden their steel in water. At times, they have presented gifts to men and gods. Those with second sight can see their forges and tools, but they are so heavy that only the little dwarves with their magic belts can lift them.

Elves

Elves are as mischievous and chaotic as faeries. They have no conscious control either; they do you harm or good. To them, one is as good as the other that befell you. Nisser are slightly better; they are good

folk but can cause you great harm if you do not pay their wages for their chores. Nissen are easily insulted.

Though the chaotic-good elf feels bad when they have caused you some harm, their guilt overwhelms them, and they add insult to injury. The chaotic-bad elf does not feel guilt when they hurt you, so you are only injured by them.

The chaotic-bad elf feels bad and kicks himself when he does you a good turn. The chaotic-good elf feels happy when they do you a good turn, for now you owe them something thrice as large.

Never eat anything in the *Álfheimr*, unless you blow the froth off the top first. You can tell an elven home by the way all the iron tools are made of clay. Elves hate iron, and iron nails above your door will protect your home. Elven time is different from ours; hours are days, and weeks are years. When you return to mortal time, you will be old if you walk out, and if you ride out on a mount, never disembark, for you will turn to dust.

Merfolk

If a mermaid rises out of the sea and swims toward you, there will be a storm. If a merman rises next to her, there will be calm seas. Merman (*marmennil*) like to grab your fishing line and fasten it to the bottom of the sea after eating your bate. Mermaids have lovely long brown hair and short arms with scaly bottoms. Mermen have long arms, big heads, long black hair, and beards, with the body of a seal below. Their children are called *marmæler*.



Nightmares

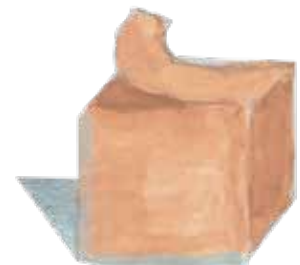
Never point your shoes at bedtime toward your bed. This way, the nightmare knows the path to sit on your chest and stick her fingers in your mouth till you suffocate. Always point your shoes away from your bed, and she will follow.

If a person is awakened by a bucket of water while the nightmare sits on their chest, their true love will be revealed to them.

Húsvættir

House spirits are benevolent people who protect the home and family. Unlike the Nisse, they bring no wealth or easy living to the home but protect all from harm. They bring cheer and gladness. Young children are known to talk to them until they reach puberty. Then they are referred to as their 'imaginary friend'. Naturally saddened by this turn of fate, *Húsvættir* still watches over friends and family who enter the home quietly, till one day a new child sees them once more. They are said to live with a family for many generations, bringing joy to the home.

No *Húsvættir* will ever let a nisse live in the homestead, for they cannot be trusted. The *Húsvættir* say, 'Trust no one who promises easy wealth without labor. Trust anyone who will offer a smile and joy for no cost at all'.



VELKOMMEN.



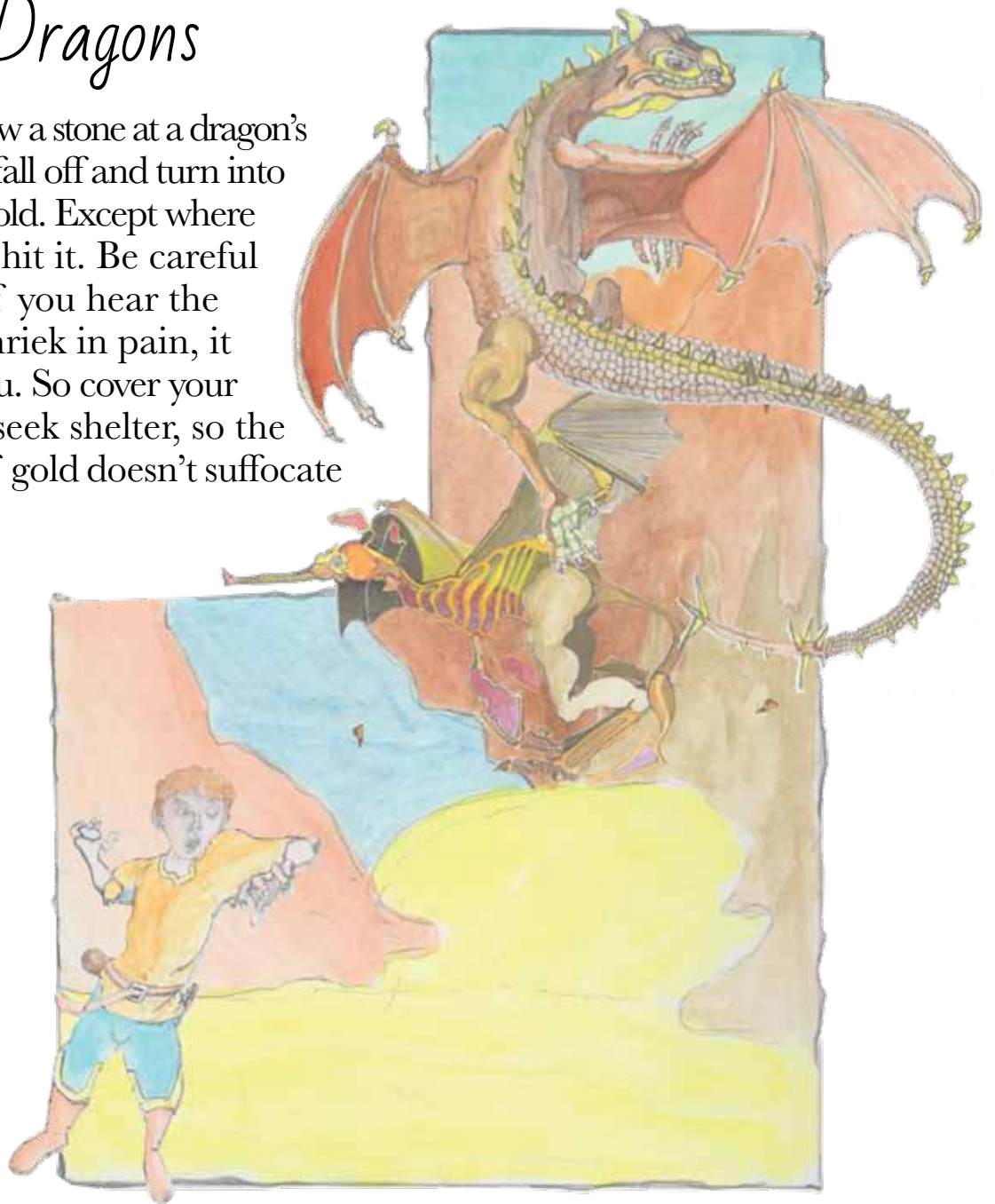
The Woodman

He is a tall fellow. During the cold months, he might just walk in. Sitting by the fire, his legs envelop you, and he ducks his head below the ceiling. If you let him sit there and warm his bones, he will bring you firewood all winter.



Dragons

If you throw a stone at a dragon's tail, it will fall off and turn into a pile of gold. Except where the stone hit it. Be careful though, if you hear the dragon shriek in pain, it will kill you. So cover your ears and seek shelter, so the mound of gold doesn't suffocate you.



Were-wolves

There was once a child born to a mother who sought out the devil next to a horse burial to escape the pains of labor. That child grew up with a hairy brow that met above his nose and a patch of fur in between his shoulders. At night, the fur would stretch forth and cover him until he was on all fours as a wolf walking through the forest with a thirst for blood that grew ever stronger.

In the morning, the remorse would almost overcome him. Many times he stood at the top of the cliffs, contemplating joining the sea below. One afternoon, he encountered a völvu. She informed him the only way to save his soul was to wait until the next time his mother began to show, he would wait until the day of her labor to rip the child from her womb, eat the child's heart out, and give her the pangs she avoided in his birth. This will free him from his lupine form.

So for nine months he waited, and it was time as her water broke—before the midwife could join her, he ripped the child from her body and ate its heart.

In a flash, the werewolf had no memory of its prior form, for it now lay in the arms of his mother, who almost died from the pain he had brought on. For the pain of the labor was so terrible, she imagined that it was caused by the devil, who had cursed her son to kill many and was driven by guilt to actually—eat out her own broken heart. Looking into her son's eyes, her heart grew two times its original size. In time, her son grew up and looked after her until many snows had fallen when fate finally came to take her from her loving son's eyes in her ninetieth year.

It is also said that if you ask with concern if someone is a werewolf in human form, you can save them. If you ask in scorn, they will be freed, and you will become one.

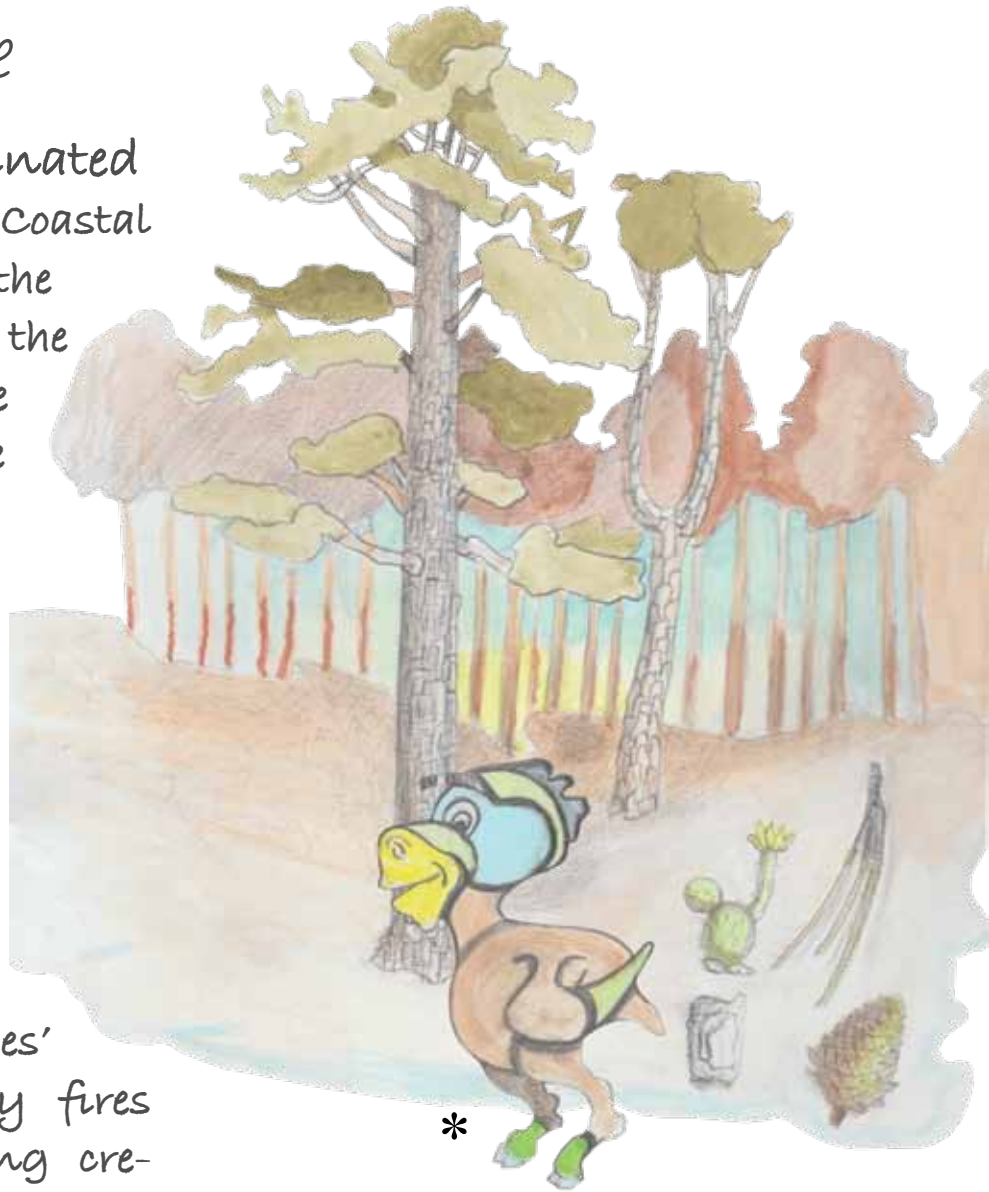


Pitch Pine

A tree first germinated on the Atlantic Coastal Plane of NJ during the Pleistocene epoch as the glaciers halted to the north, the Pitch Pine found a home here on one of four islands in the Atlantic Ocean

(Nantucket, Nova Scotia, and Scottish Highlands being the others).

This long period of isolation and the trees' resistance to many fires caused by lightning created their dominance here within the Pine Belt.



*

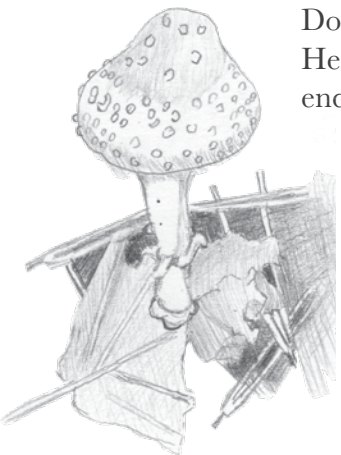
A Few Facts

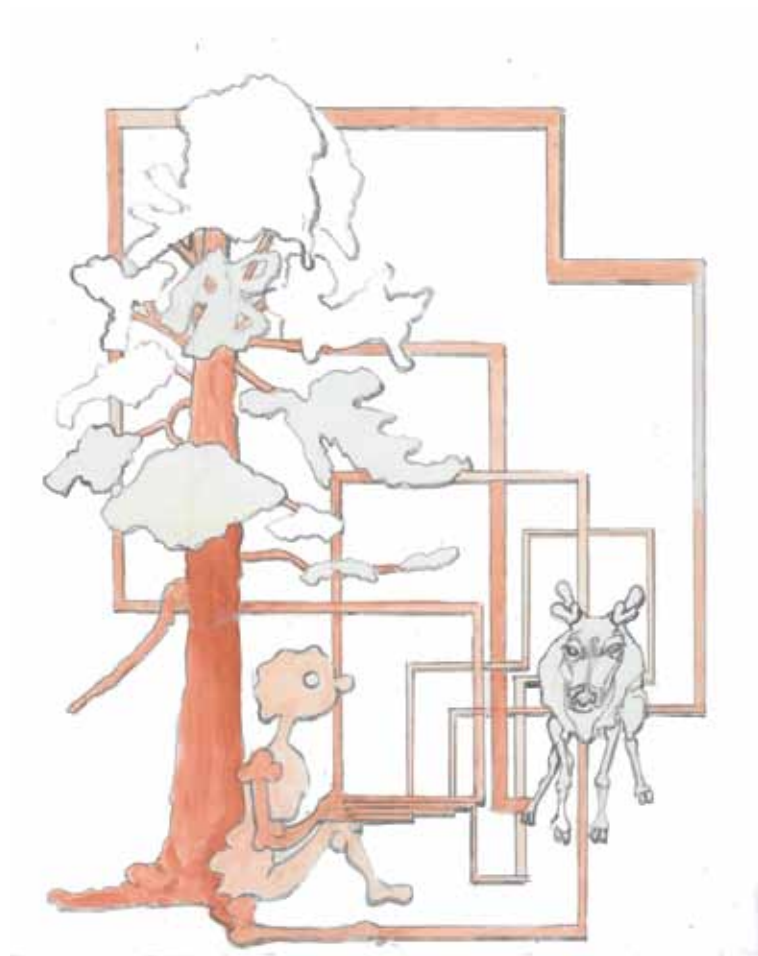
- Pitch Pine love fires. The bark is fire resistant and their cones germinate in heat.
- Their needles come in bundles of three.
- They can bend in the wind and almost touch the ground. Also if their trunk snaps, it can just grow a new one. They are a favorite tree to bonsai.

* Gast- The Jersey Devil.

(*Gastornis gigantea*)

Don't ask him why his tail isn't longer. He is very self-conscious about his rear end...





THE HISTORY OF TROLLHEIM

Swedish Colony

Dutch merchant William Usselinx, a distinguished merchant of the Dutch West India Company, was the first to propose to the Swedish Government a scheme for planting a colony in America. In the year 1624, he presented to the Swedish monarch Gustavus Adolphus a plan for the organization of a trading company to extend its operations to Asia, Africa, America, and Tella Magellanica. By royal authority in Stockholm, the edict was issued on July 2, 1626. The plan was supported by the wealthy notables of the country. Ships and all necessaries were provided. Then Adolphus was killed in battle during the Thirty-Year War.

Dutch records at Albany of an official protest issued by Kieft, the governor of New Amsterdam, complain that the Swedes were there in the spring of 1638.

Peter Minuet, an ex-governor of the Dutch West Indies Company, conducted to the shores of the Delaware the Swedish colony made up of mostly Finns, Swedes, and their Troll slaves. Two ships, the pinnace Kalmar Nyckel (the Key of Kalmar, a pinnace ship made of pine, How appropriate for a ship to sail to the Pine Belt in...) and the transport Fågel Grip the Griffin Bird, left Gothenburg in December 1637 to begin the Swedish South Company, backed by German, Dutch, and Swedish investors. The Kalmar Nyckel suffered damage in a North Sea storm and sought repairs in the Netherlands. The two ships were laid up for a year, finally resuming their voyages

on New Year's Day, 1638.

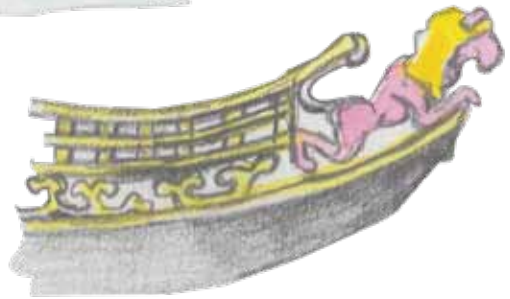
They landed at Henlopen, a point of land near modern day Lewes, Delaware. They called it Paradise Point. Minuet then purchased the land from the Capes to the Delaware Falls near Trenton, NJ. One area settled was New Stockholm, located on the Raccoon Creek in Gloucester County, NJ.

It is to be assumed that the building of a fort was their first undertaking. They built Fort Christina, named after Queen Christina of Sweden, east of present-day downtown Wilmington, Delaware, at the confluence of the Brandywine River and the Christina River, approximately 2 mi upstream of the Delaware River. This was owned by the Dutch, but they didn't have the military strength at the time to keep it.

Soon after, Minuet left for Stockholm with a second group of settlers. He stopped in the Caribbean first for a load of tobacco, but he was lost in a hurricane off St. Christopher. Over the next seventeen years, they made more than eleven trips without him, four of them with the Kalmar Nyckel, bringing about 600 Swedish and Finnish people to the colony.

Then the earthworks were strengthened in 1640 by Governor Peter Hollander Ridder. In 1643, Governor Johan Printz established two new forts on each side of the Delaware. The largest is Fort Nya Gothenborg (New Gothenburg) on Tinicum Island in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. This became their new capitol. He built a manor house, known as Printzhoff (Printz Hall), there for

Kalmar Nyckel



himself. On the Jersey side of the Delaware, he erected Fort Nya Elfsborg in the marshy lands between the Salem and Alloway Creeks near Salem. Often referred to as Fort Mosquito. To defend it and prevent Dutch ships from sailing north, he installed several 12 pound cannons aimed at the Delaware River.

In 1651, the Dutch under Peter Stuyvesant established Fort Casimir near New Castle, only 7 miles south of Fort Christina, in order to menace the Swedish settlement.

The Dutch and the Swedes did work together once to beat on the new English colony near Salem, but soon afterward the Swedes demanded the Dutch give up Fort Casimir. In 1654, Governor Johan Risingh ordered the Swedes to take the fort. Risingh added a wooden palisade around the earthworks of Fort Christina just in case he might have angered the Dutch.

Stuyvesant kept the Connecticut English at bay by building a wall at the northern border of New Amsterdam on what became Wall Street. He then led a squadron of ships down the Delaware River, arriving on September 9, 1654. An army of six to seven hundred men arrived, and one by one, the Swedish forts fell. Though Sweden was a powerful land empire, they were weak with their navy, and they were still engaged in the Thirty-Year War and could not provide support for their colony against the Dutch. Nya Elfsborg was burned and abandoned by the hopelessly outnumbered Swedes. Fort Christina held out for ten days before they surrendered. Stuyvesant re-

named it Fort Altena. Some of Rip Van Winkle's kin were at that raid. The last fort to fall was Nya Gothenborg, which surrendered on the 25th of September.

This ended the official Swedish colonial presence in North America, though most of the colonists remained and were allowed to continue their whaling, fishing, linguistics, and religious practices by the Dutch. New Stockholm continued to thrive, but by 1677 it was all but abandoned in favor of the inland settlement at Swedesboro, NJ, founded sometime after New Stockholm.

Because of the colony, the log cabin was introduced to America, and Swedish John Hanson was president of America when George Washington handed Cornwallis' sword to Congress after the battle of Yorktown. On a side note, not too far from Whitings the last battle of the Revolutionary War happened at Cedar Bridge Tavern a few years after Yorktown...



Cedar Bridge Tavern: Location of last battle of the Revolutionary War.



The Pine Belt

Or called the Pine Barrens, to some of the fashionable, is an area of about 1.1 million acres of Atlantic coastal pine barrens ecosystem, stretching across more than seven counties of New Jersey. The Atlantic coastal plain began to form around 170–200 million years ago. The Barrens formed in the southernmost and newest land area in New Jersey 1.8 to 65 million years ago, during the Tertiary era. During the Pliocene Epoch, the Pine Belt was one of four islands in the Atlantic, including: a piece of the Scottish Highlands, Nova Scotia, and Nantucket. All with their own pine barrens, which set roots to keep other hardwoods at bay many centuries later.

Part of the Pitch Pine Strategy that dominates this area is to call on the mycelium to attract a caterpillar like pine looper to bore holes in their bark, drying it out so it would catch fire and burn away all of the undergrowth and competing trees. This, in turn, frees up land and sun for the pine trees to drop their cones that open in the heat to germinate in that brand new fertilizer below. Plus, new pine needles will sprout on the Pitch Pine within weeks.

The Pine Barrens are home to at least 850 species of plants, including more than 20 species of wild berries, including wild raisin, red chokeberry, high bush blueberry, huckleberry, bearberry, and cranberry.

Did the Swedes know something when they moved here? The old Vinland Map does look like the Delaware River. In the sagas, the Vikings do tell of sailing west of land in Vinland. If they were mentioning the Atlantic, they would have been sailing east of the coast. Much later, a town named Vineland was created in New Jersey, where this new guy, a teetotal dentist named Thomas Bramwell Welch, decided to make non-alcoholic wine. He used pasteurization to prevent the fermentation of grape juice and encouraged it to replace wine within the church and later the synagogue...

There are Pygmy Pine or dwarf pine forests less than 4 feet tall and pine and mixed oak forests. Dark swamps of Atlantic white cedar grow along the waterways, and their high tannin and acidity make it a favored water for long sea journeys where it prevents bacteria from growing.

At least 39 species of mammals, over 300 species of birds, 59 reptile and amphibian species, and 91 fish species call this home. Most common are the Turkey, Turkey Buzzard, White-Tailed Deer, Eastern Cottontail, Northern Brown Water Snake, Eastern Fence Lizard, Raccoon, Screech Owl, Red-Tailed Hawk, Beaver, Red Fox, Squirrels, Chipmunks, Green Rough-Skinned Snake, Sunny Pickerel, Bobcat, Brown Bear, Bass, Perch, Pine Barrens Tree Frog, and plenty more.

Beyond the grape juice, we have had the nation's first winery, invented the Mason jar



out in our woods, forged rifles and ball for three wars now, built several fine ships, dug tons of clams, had a few paper mills, some terracotta, and burned a lot of trees for charcoal and pine tar.

Some of the famous people we have living here are the witch Peggy Clevenger, Fiddlin Sammy Buck Giberson, who outplayed the devil, and the Jersey Devil himself. All of which live in my home town of Whitings.

Peggy Clevenger, though her husband sends messages from hell up the well to her, keeps much to herself if she is not serving applejack at her tavern. They say she has made plenty of gold out there on the old stage road to Philadelphia in town. If you catch her by her home on Pasadena Road and disturb her privacy, it is said—she will just get up and turn into a rabbit and make away with herself!



Now the original people here, the grandfathers of all the tribes, are the Lenni Lenape. The clans in Whittings are both Pùkuwàнку the turtle and Pële the turkey. Of the Turkey we have the Koo-wä-ho'ke of the Pines and the Turtle the Lee-kwin-a-i' snapping turtles.

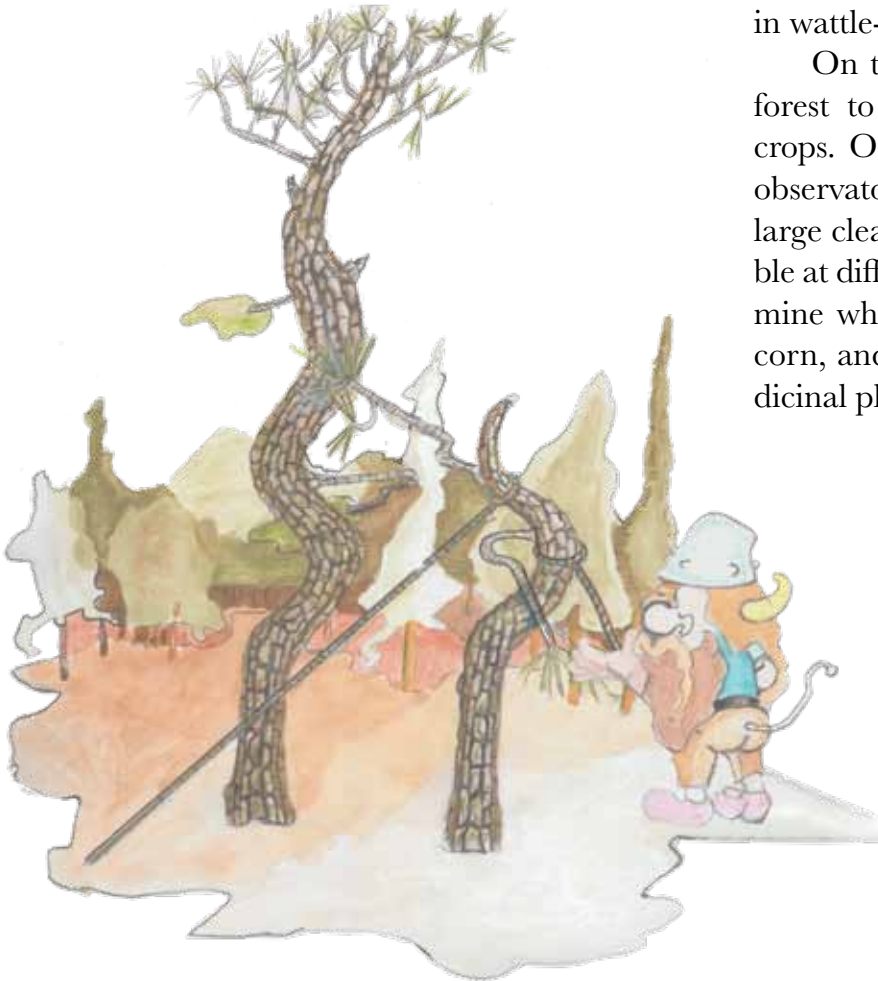
They build their gardens in the graveyards where their ancestors are buried, sitting up in round holes. Many of their important fellows have small mounds and sometimes circular ditches around them. These gardens are along the many river ways in the pines.

Here they bend the flexible pitch pine into lightning bolts and fork the tops of the pines when they are young. Many trees lean and point to important sites for them. The oldest and thickest pines lean

and point to their other large cousins in other gardens miles away. They also bend the trunks at 90 degree angles to direct themselves through the woods at the height of a deer's back. Many older bent trees have been allowed to have their trunks grow higher after the bend.

They live on acre lots with a single Scarlet Oak on one side surrounded by forked mixture of trees in a circle, and on the other perimeter, they grow post oak with triple trunks surrounded by similar forked trees as before. On these lots, they grow winterberry for tea, sweetgrass to keep the mosquitoes away, blueberries to sweeten their stomachs, and black jack oak for acorns. For decoration, they grow large hedges of mountain laurel. Their houses are made of pitch pine covered in wattle-and-daub with thatched roofs.

On the sides of hills, they burn the forest to clear the land to grow their crops. On these farms, they have three observatories for three seasons. Each is a large clearing to make the night sky visible at different times of the year to determine when to plant. They grow beans, corn, and squash along with many medicinal plants.



Lenape Myths

Mhuwe



Pronounced muh-hoo-way, is a giant within the world of the Leni Lenape of the New Jersey Pine Belt.

Mhuwe is an ice giant like the Windigo of the Ojibway and Cree tribes. It's a monster associated with starvation and cannibalism. They were once all normal men until they tasted human flesh out of desperation and hunger during the harshest of winters. But you only have to treat them kindly and give them a little bit of food, and they can be turned back into humans. So not many of them exist

anymore. It is amazing what a little bit of kindness can do.

Still, to this day, children carry a little maize in their pouches so that when their parents get a little hungry, grow a few feet in rage, and begin to yell, they can calm them down and make them smile again.

Thunder Bird

The Thunder Bird is the enemy of the Great Horned Serpent, which lives in the underworld and the ocean. Much like Thor and the Midgard Serpent. Not only does the Thunder Bird create thunder (with its wing-flapping), but lightning bolts, which it casts at the underworld creatures of the serpent.

The Jersey Devil

The Lenape have tales of the Horned Serpent, but I don't believe them to be the same as what some now call the Jersey Devil. He doesn't have any horns; I should know since he is my friend.

In 1677, Quakers founded Burlington, New Jersey. Soon, their meetinghouses were built from Tuckerton to Philadelphia. In the gap between the two was the Pine Belt. In Tuckerton was a man named Daniel Leeds, who was a counselor for Lord Cornbury and was much despised when he united West and East New Jersey into one colony, making the Anglican Church the official religion. Daniel Leeds was a Quaker, alright, but not a favored one by any means. He

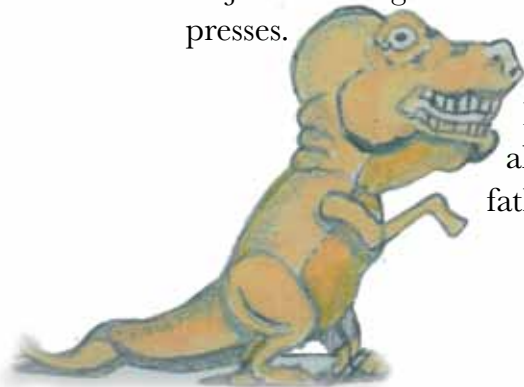


was well
intentioned
until he was not.

He sought to illuminate the locals through an almanac that not only would suggest when to plant in accordance with astronomical observations, but also sought to enlighten his brethren with new ideas fostered in Europe. Doing so was condemned as evil by the Quaker elite. They felt his mention of 'the stars' was fodder for the devil. Instead of folding up his paper, he just kept printing even more Christian occult works to get their goats...

By the time Benjamin Franklin started his Poor Richard's Almanac, the Leeds periodical was quite successful, even though the family was known as the Leeds Devils. To break into the market, Franklin wrote that Daniel's son Titan, who was printing the almanac by then, was going to die in October 1733. Franklin used astrology to come up with this date within his first issue. When Titan didn't die and continued printing, Franklin just said his ghost was still working the presses.

Titan, when he took over the almanac from his father, placed their



family crest on its cover, which depicted a wyvern, a two legged dragon with a long tail. Sometime after the Civil War a few years ago, stories of a horse face, bat winged, cloven hoof, a creature with a serpent's tail, started being called the Leeds Devil. To malign the Leeds family even more, a myth started going around about a Deborah Leeds, who wished her thirteenth child to the devil that flew up and out of her chimney during a lightning storm on the day of his birth. So their family crest took on a life of its own.

Many people tell tales now, since it has become fashionable to do so, about sightings of this devil everywhere in the Pines. They even got my mother to think she had seen him, but she had. Though he is no devil, he calls himself a gastornis after his father met a paleontologist from the College of New Jersey. He felt much better after knowing who he was, for Plato does say the secret to life is to know oneself. So he named his child after the man who discovered his ancestors who didn't know they were lost, Gaston Planté. Gast, for short.

Though his father said the paleontologist said the name meant guest, Gast always felt funny being a guest in his own home...

Othniel Charles Marsh, in 1894, found a single gastornithid toe bone in New Jersey. Marsh was the favored nephew of George Peabody, an awful man who started JP Morgan's fortune when he gave his bank to Morgan's father. Morgan's friends at Brown Brothers & Co. financed the railroads that created the town north of Whitings, where I live. Gast said it probably was his grandfather's toe they found that he lost during the 'Blizzard of 78'.

Marsh's competitor, Edward Drinker Cope, is still hunting for Gast and his family. They like buzzing him and his new Kodak camera. Which entails them mulling about, lazily browsing on the grass, while he sets up his camera on his tripod, and they run away before he can focus. Cope has only been able to present very blurry photos to his Academy of Natural Sciences.

The Pine Trolls of Trollheim

But my favorite people of all are Bjorn and his family of Nattrolls, who came over with the Swedish colonists on the Delaware River.

Now, in 1607, Christian IX of Sweden was raiding Lapland in Northern Norway, where we have seen many Trolls escape to leave King Olaf's abuses, the Danish king, who ruled all of Norway.

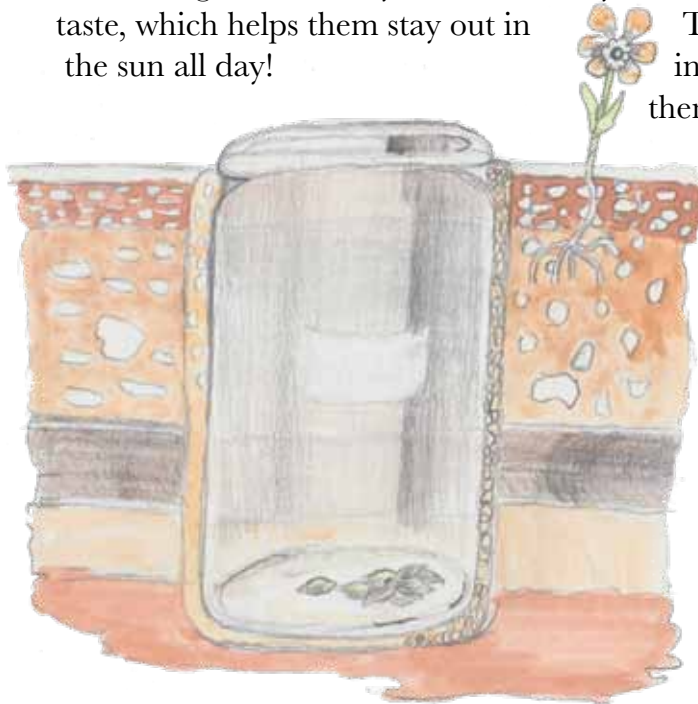


At the same time, the Swedes found it profitable to trap the Trolls, who lived with the Sami up in the mountains, and sell them off as slaves. Some Nisse fell prey to this, but the Nattrolls suffered the most.

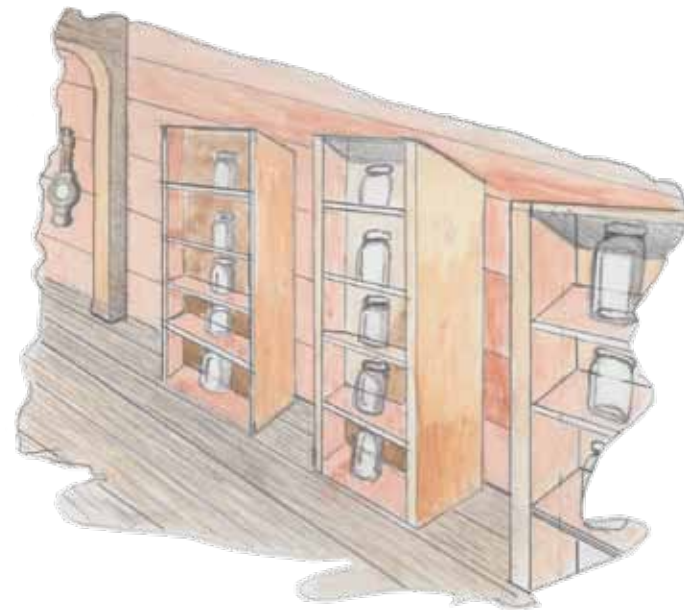
You might ask, “How would they capture a creature that could be as big as a house and the next moment be as small as an ant or nisse?” The Swedes would dig a hole and place a glass jar blown with lead inside filled with sunflower seeds. Nattrolls can not ever resist sunflower seeds, which remind them of their homes in southern Norway before Olaf’s reign. Plus, they love their oily taste, which helps them stay out in the sun all day!



They were placed on massive shelves in the holds of their ships and brought them to their colony in the Pine Belt.



So the Nattrolls would shrink down to fit into the jars, and they would trip a wire, slamming a lid on the jar. Then weekly, the Swedes would collect the jars just in time before the Nattroll could eat the last of the seeds.



The majority of them were interned at Fort Nya Elfsborg, where their slave market was held. The fort was named after another name for Trolls, elves. The Nissen, as elves are called in Norway, were the major merchandise at the fort.



Bjorn and his family didn't stay long, as they grew so tall that they just climbed over the fence and escaped into the Pines. The Nissen were stuck due to their diminutive size and were forced to work in their homes and stables, but little did they remember the scorn of the little ones when they were not treated fairly...

In time, Bjorn and his family fought with the Dutch Frisians to conquer the fort and set the rest of the Nattrolls and Nissen free. To this day, they all roam through the woods of the Pine Belt. Few fled to the Poconos across the Delaware, and few of them made it further north to the Catskills, which reminded them of the mountains back home in Norway.



FOLK TALES

LOPPA AND JON

Two Troll sisters kidnap Jon. They always kept him in sight and fed him up to be a good Troll. Several years went by, and Jon was sizing himself up to be a large Troll himself when one sister went out for food and never came back.

Later, John begged the remaining sister for a 12-year-old shark. The Troll was reluctant since she didn't have her sister to make sure he didn't escape, but she went fishing.

Jon ran away and broke three horses' backs in the process. By then, he was as big as the biggest Trolls himself. Just before John ran into the church, she found him and began chasing him with a 12-year-old shark and a 13-year-old shark in her hands. He was so tall that he barely fit in the church when they rang the church bells, chasing her away.

Trunt Trunt and the Trolls of the Fells

Two men went gathering moss. In the middle of the night, one awoke to find the other missing. He left the tent to search for him. The other man was seen running to a Troll who was calling him on. The Troll gathered him in her arms and left.

The next year, he returned on the same day he was abducted. He still

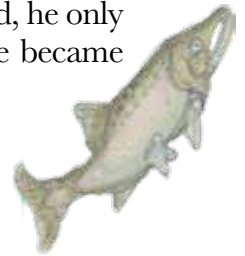


looked human and professed a love of the Christian god, but left after a few days because the Troll was calling him home.

The following year, he looked a little Trollish and did not answer when asked if he believed in God. The question startled him, and he went home soon after.

On the third year, he was the largest and meanest Troll in the area around the glacier peak where he was abducted. When asked if he believed in God, he only answered, 'Trunt, Trunt', and he became the Trolls of the Fells.

Hrema



She was a Troll-witch, who carried a bear on her back and walked through the bay with a whale calf swimming in front of her, that turned to stone one morning when a priest talked her ear off till the sun rose before she could step out of the sea.

The Three Princesses of Whiteland

There was a famine, and the sea had dried out of fish. A fisherman tried in vain to feed his family and, by the day's end, had nothing to show for his efforts besides this strange tale.

A head popped out of the water and asked the surprised fisherman if he was a betting chap.

"Not usually, but—"

"I see you caught nothing at all," teased the undine. "I'll bet you a fish for what your wife is carrying under her apron right now."

The fisherman walked home with a fine salmon, but found out his wife was pregnant.



The couple sought advice from the king, who promised to raise the child in his keep and protect it from the Troll in the water.

Years had passed, and the child grew into a sapping young lad. Then one day, he asked to go fishing with his father. The king granted him his wish, but once he placed his foot in the boat to row to his father, an unexpected journey began!

On the beach, the lad found an old man who informed him he had landed in Whiteland. The elder informed him that down the shore he would find three princesses buried up to their necks. He was to only speak to the third, who was the youngest.

The youngest princesses told him that three Trolls had buried them, and they could only be freed if the lad would choose to be beaten by the three Trolls overnight.

Confused, the lad just walked on, shaking his head. The princesses called him back and explained that there was a flask of healing ointment and a sword with which he could strike the Trolls heads off. He was still confused about why he should suffer in the first place, but being a good Christian in spirit, he agreed to help out his fellow Christians in need.

Soon he was captured by the Trolls, and they began torturing him in turn. The first Troll had three heads and three rods, with which he beat the lad. For his suffering, the princesses raised up out of the sand to their wastes. The second Troll had six heads and six rods, which he had beaten the lad severely with as the princesses raised themselves to their knees. The third Troll had nine heads and nine rods that nearly beat him to death. The lad was so weak that he could not reach for the flask

on the mantle under the sword. The last Troll lifted him high above his head and threw him above the fireplace, knocking the flask under him when he landed on the floor.

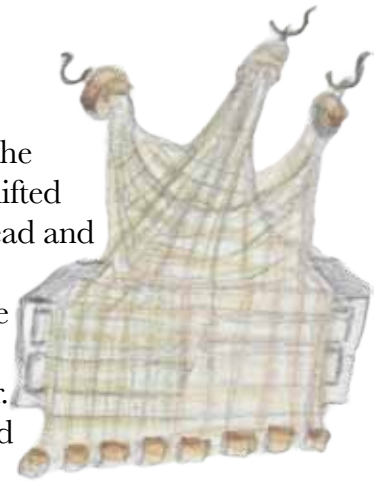
The lad was cured of all of his wounds and reached for the sword with which he took their heads off: three, six, nine, and the lad drank some wine.

Upon returning to the beach, he found the sisters free of their sandy prison. Soon afterward, he was married to the youngest princess. They lived quite happily and raised many happy children over the years. Then the lad remembered that he longed to meet his father.

His wife, in time, agreed to help him but warned him only to obey his father and not his mother. She also sent him home with a magical ring that would grant him two wishes: one to go home and one to return.

Soon after he found his parents, his mother wanted her husband to show him to the king. His father disagreed, but his mother had her way. So the lad wished they were in the presence of the king. While in the king's hall, the lad wished his wife was there to compare with the king's. His wife appeared out of Whiteland. Now both of the wishes were exhausted, and his wife took back her ring and left him with another, which she knotted in his hair with her name on it and vanished.

He decided to see if he could reach Whiteland on his own. On his way, he came to the King of all the Animals and asked him if he knew the way. Neither he nor any of the animals in this world knew





but the King gave him a pair of snowshoes to reach his brother, the King of All Birds.

The King of All Birds did not know either, nor did any of his followers. He gave him a new pair of snowshoes to refresh his first pair for his journey to the third brother, the King of the Fish.

The King of the Fish didn't know either, but the last of his subjects, an old pike, knew the way and warned him that his wife was getting remarried tomorrow.

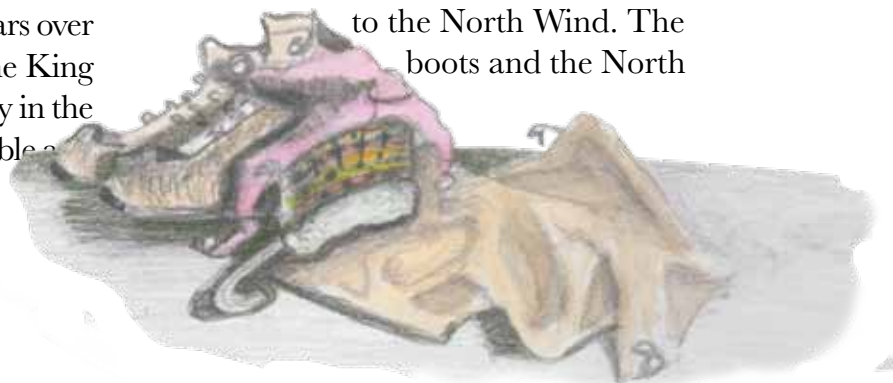
The King of the Fish sent him first to a field where another three brothers had been fighting for over a hundred years over a magical hat, cloak, and boots. The King informed him that the real power lay in the boots, which would make him invisible

bring him anywhere he wished.

The lad wondered why the King of the Fish waited for the old Pike to tell him where Whiteland was when he could have just wished to be there with the magical footwear (sounds like Dorothy's silver slippers...)!

Upon finding the field, the lad interrupted the feud and carried the brothers through a diatribe of logic as confusing as a Gorgon's knot as they were still fighting over who he was and where he came from. He got them to agree he could try the boots on, and off he went.

Along the way, the boots took a detour to the North Wind. The boots and the North





Winds being close friends, the wind agreed to storm the castle with him.

When the lad arrived at the wedding ceremony, the North Wind kept his word and blew the bridegroom away to places unknown. His wife walked up to him, saw he was still wearing her ring in his hair, and kissed him.

Bergthor

The Troll met a farmer who gave him a drink. Bergthor promised the farmer that if he would bury him when the time came in front of the church so he could hear the church bells, the farmer could have all that was in his cauldron. His wife was scared away by men a long time ago, and he had no one to bury him when he was ready. They would know he was dying when he left his giant walking staff at the farmer's door.

When they sought his body after they found his staff, they looked in the cauldron only to find leaves. One of the

farmer's friends filled a glove with them, and they carried Bergthor out to his grave. After burying him, they looked in the glove to see that the leaves had turned gold. They tried to look for his cave again but never found it.

ST. OLAF AND SIGGE

Saint Olaf wanted to build a stone church with a tower on his royal farm at Avaldsnes. A place of awful violence. But how? He had very little time after traveling around the country and baptizing all of those little pagan children. So he propositioned a Troll from one of the ancient



burial mounds on Blood Heights to build it.

He had bet the sun, the moon, the stars, and his everlasting soul that the Troll could complete it before Jule. Which was a little task for a giant who can do magic! King Olaf was indeed a very silly man indeed. How could he pull down the sun, the moon, and the stars? Such folly was soon going to cost him his soul as the winter solstice was approaching.

In the evening, the king rode up on the Blood Heights (the battle place of Håkon the Good and the sons of Eirik Bloodaxe) to listen in on the burial mound of Prinsahaugen. From within, Olaf heard a child crying. He stopped his horse and listened. Then he heard a woman singing:

*Silence, silence little child
your father Sigge will arrive
with the sun and moon to his baby.*

Now Saint Olaf knew the name of the Troll he had made his bet with. Sigge! The King's soul was saved! As well as the universe—imagine the catastrophe if the sun, the moon, and the stars fell on earth? For if a Christian man mentions the Troll by name, the Troll will turn to stone. To name your problems is to have control over fixing them, Rumples-tiltskin...

The King rode back to watch the Troll finish his church. When the Troll should put the last stone on the church tower, Olaf waited for the Troll to place the last stone in place before crying out, "Beware now, Sigge, the last stone will fall down."

In that moment, the Troll cracked; how was he fooled into building this edifice for this blaggard who thought he could best him! No better was this later-day marauding Christian than the earlier marauders of the Aesir, who would forgo their debts and leave him with an eight-legged horse.

Sigge, never believed he would win the sun, the moon, and the stars from Olaf—that's only an expression—but believed that Olaf was swearing on his very soul to be greatly in his debt for his labor. When he realized this was not the case, he walked away with that boulder, which he had chosen to be the first of many to be thrown at the church whenever the bells he installed would ring. For the bells reminded him of a debt that would never be fulfilled.

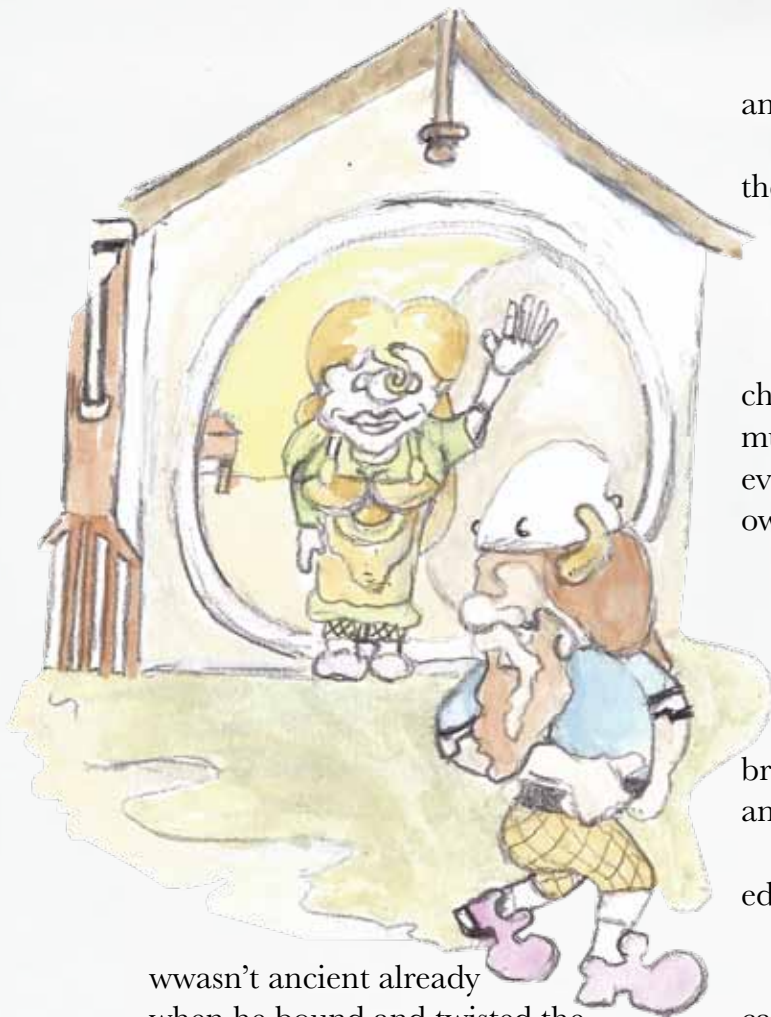
The Great Horned Serpent

Bjorn the Troll was leaving to collect a snack before his Troll wife made the evening meal.

"Now don't spoil your dinner; you know Gramps is coming over and I'm cooking a big pork roast for his birthday," said Helgi. Gramps was shedding another year of his life for a new one.

"I won't; I'm just going for some wintergreen and acorns."

Bjorn then headed off for the Fox Hollow Triangle next to the Lenape graveyard within the giant bonsai pitch pine garden that Gramps helped build when he was much younger. Not to say he



wasn't ancient already when he bound and twisted the trees, but much younger than he is today.

He walked down the ancient path past the crooked part and was ready to walk around the pond when he noticed it was quite dry. In fact, the only thing left in the pond was that scaly, light brown mud that curled in the sunshine. Bjorn thought this was great; he could just walk across and save himself a half mile.

Then all of a sudden the Giant Horned Serpent slinked from around the bend in what was the pond, "SSS-What are you doing in my SSSSpod!" asked the serpent.

"I am going over to get myself a little snack," responded Bjorn.

"SSSNobody croSSses my pond

and livesSSSS their old life!"

"It really is not much of a pond—there is no pond at all here!"

"Well, there waSSS..."

"Not anymore."

"Well there waSSS!"

"I think your honor would be kept in check if I just crossed over this cracked mud; you will still be able to say no one ever crossed your pond and saved their own skin...hey?" Bjorn said with a wink.

"I gueSS you're right?"

"I know you haven't been able to eat any salmon of late; this mud looks pretty dried," said Bjorn with a smirk. "If you just let me cross, I can bring us both back some wintergreen and acorns to share."

Well, I can't leave my pond unguarded..."

"Xpond," interrupted Bjorn.

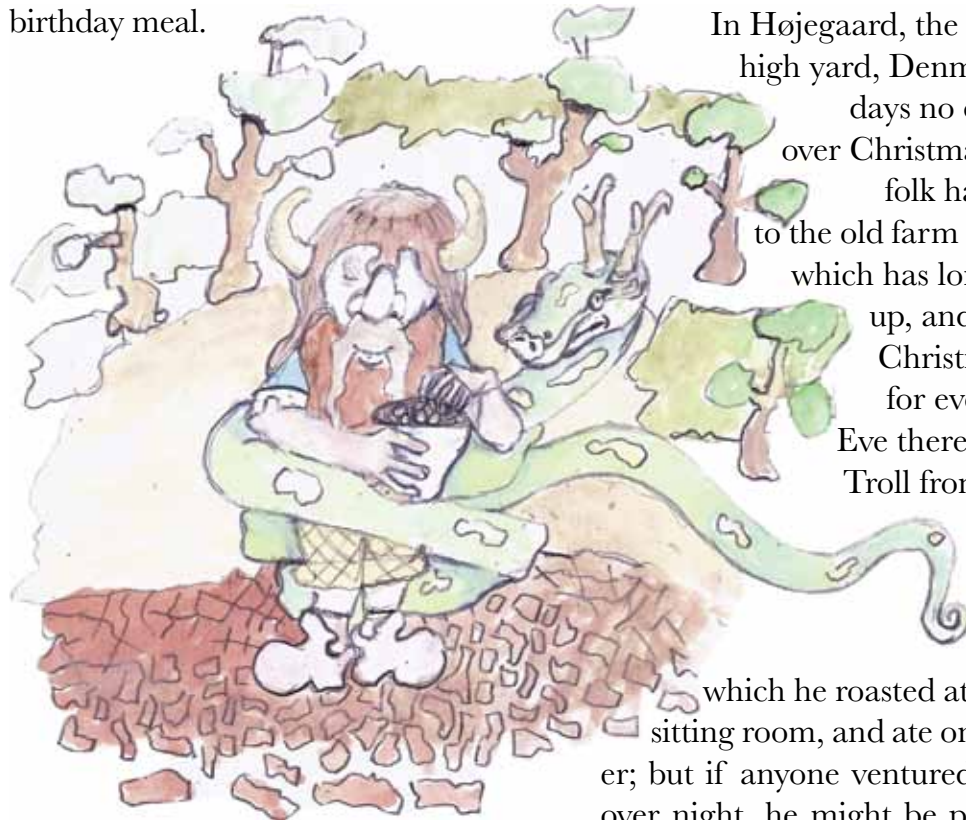
"Xpond unguarded, and my neck can't reach the plateau with the black jack oak, nor can it reach the top of the hill where the wintergreen growSSS."

"Your imagination has been quite empty for a long time I see," Bjorn said as he crossed to the other side and began to go up the hill. "Don't worry, I'll fill you up on the way back."

Bjorn took off his helmet and filled it to the brim with acorns from the black jack oak. Then he continued to fill in the empty spaces with the wintergreen berries that grew in the shadow of the holy tree. He walked back down and stood at the edge of what once was the pond, and the Great Horned Serpent coiled around his back and looked at Bjorn with a smile. Bjorn then offered him the helmet

so he could eat some of the bounty from it. Then Bjorn took a handful and began chewing away.

Now every word they said to one another after sharing a meal, it was sweet as Bjorn told the Great Horned Serpent the tale of how Ashlad herded hares in a kingdom so small you could barely see it and won a princess. Afterward, Bjorn got up to leave—not to disappoint his love by coming home too late for his father’s birthday meal.



As he walked back along the path, the sky crackled, and Bjorn gave a high wave to Thor as he passed with his goats and chariot above as Thor filled the Great Serpent’s pond once more.

When he got home with half a helmet full of snacks to share for desert, he found Bosco the bear sitting at the head of the table with Gramp’s opposite him. He sat next to his daughter, Angrboða

with Helgi opposite him next to Karl.

A giant oak-smoked pig roast sat in front of them all garnished with ivy. During the meal, they all laughed and cheered and ate their fill before Gramps let out the old air for the new and smiled...

The Troll and the Bear



In Højegaard, the place with the high yard, Denmark in the old days no one could stay over Christmas Eve. All the folk had to go down to the old farm in Rønnebæk, which has long been given up, and stay there till Christmas morning, for every Christmas Eve there came an ugly Troll from Dragehøi (dragon hay), with a sackful of toads on his back,

which he roasted at the fire in the sitting room, and ate one after another; but if anyone ventured to stay there over night, he might be prepared to be torn in pieces by the Troll.

One time, just as the folk were leaving the farm, there came a man who went about with a bear. They told him why they had to leave, but the man asked to be allowed to stay overnight, and the bear insisted.

Towards evening, the Troll sat down by the fire and toasted one toad after the other.



Then he noticed the man and said, “What’s your dog’s name?”

“Toad,” said the man.

The Troll took a roasted toad and held it out to the bear, saying, “Toad shall have a toad,” but the bear growled and began to rise.

“Yes,” said the man to the Troll, “just you take care, and not make him angry, or he’ll tear you in pieces.”

The Troll looked quite frightened and asked, “Have you any more like him?”

“Yes,” said the man, “this one has five young ones, which are lying outside on the baking oven.”

The Troll made haste to tie up the toads he had left in the sack, threw them on his back, and went out the door in a hurry.

The next morning, when the people came home, the man was lying all right in the bed and the bear was beside the fire, both quite comfortable. When the man told them how he had gotten on; they were

very glad and bade him come again next Christmas Eve, which he did, but the Troll did not come and has never shown himself there since.


Jöttnar in Heddal-skov



In a place up in Vågå in Gudbrandsdalen, there once, in the old days, lived a couple of poor folk. They had many children; and two of their sons, who were as good as half-grown, were always wandering around the village, begging. They knew, therefore, all the roads and paths, and they knew the way to Hedalen by foot.

Once, they wanted to walk there. They had heard of a cabin by Mæla, so they would drop in on their way. When darkness fell, they lost the track and missed the hawkers’ cabin. And before they knew what to do, they were in the





midst of the densest forest of Bjølstad. They began to gather branches to build a fire and a lean-to, for they had a small axe. A while after they had retired, they heard someone snorting and sniffing loudly. The boys listened very carefully, to discover whether it was an animal or a forest jötunn. But then it sniffed even more loudly and said:

“It smells of Christian blood, here!”

Then they heard steps so heavy that the ground shook beneath them, and so they knew that the jötunn were out.

“God help us! What shall we do now?” said the youngest boy to his brother.

“Oh, you will remain standing beneath the pine tree, where you are, and stay ready to gather our sacks and run, when you see them coming; and I shall take the small axe,” said the other.

Immediately, they saw the Trolls charging with their heads up in the pine tops. But they had one eye between the three of them, and they took it in turns to use it. The one who went in front had to have it with the others holding on to the first.

“Run,” said the eldest of the boys, “but don’t flee so far, until you see how it goes; since they have their eye up so high, it is difficult for them to see me when I get behind them.”

Well, the brother ran away, and the jötunn went after him. Meanwhile, the eldest boy got behind them and chopped at the last jötunn on its ankle, so that it raised a terrifying scream; and the first one was so alarmed that it jumped, and let go of the eye. The boy snatched it.

The Trolls threaten everything that was evil, if he did not immediately return to them their eye.

“I am not afraid of jötunn, nor threats,” said the boy. “Now I have three eyes alone, and you three have none; and two of you must carry the third.”

“If we don’t get our eye back this moment, you will be turned to log and stone!” shrieked the jötunn.

But the boy said if they did not leave him be, then he would chop at them, so they would have to crawl along the ground like creepy crawlies.

When the Trolls heard this, they were afraid, and began to say good words. They promised him beautifully that, if he would give their eye back, then he would have both gold and silver and everything he asked for. Well, the boy thought that this sounded quite good, but he would have the gold and the silver first; and so he said that if one of them would go home and fetch so much gold and silver that he and his brother could fill their sacks and give them good steel bows, too, then they would have their eye. But for now, he would keep it.

The jötunn complained they could not see, so they screamed for their shared wife. After a while, there was an answer from a hill far to the north. Then one of the jötunn said that she should come with two steel bows and two buckets full of gold and silver. And it was not long before she came.

When she heard how things had gone, she also began to threaten with enchantments. But the Trolls were afraid and told her to be wary of the little wasp;





Skalle

There was a farm in which all the tenants failed on. A farmer who was so poor he had no other option than to take the lease. Upon entering the farm he said, "Hello good evening, Skalle!" Skalle in his tongue meant barren ground, but he heard a voice answer him back, "Good evening!"

Then the farmer said, "For anyone I can not see, I'm inviting you to a Christmas dinner."

Then on Christmas he heard the same voice again say, "Merry Christmas!" The two then sat down for a fine meal. As the plates were cleared the voice said, "May you meet me outside the stable on New Year's Eve and I will return the favor."

So on New Years the man waited not for long before he heard the voice once more. The voice invited him into his underground home below the stable. Skalle the Troll appeared before him for the first time holding two plates. As the farmer began to eat, Skalle grabbed his plate from him before the hole in the roof dripped on his meal. "If you move the stable to the east you will do fine and avoid the problems of the previous tenants."

The farmer did so and soon after only his friend was called Skalle anymore as the farm flourished!

she could not be certain that he would not take her eye, too. So she threw the buckets, the gold, the silver, and the bows to him and went back to the hill with her jötnar. And since that time, no one has heard that the Trolls have walked in Hedal forest, sniffing for Christian blood.





Dorfi the Troll

While King Halfdan sat in peace at home in the Uplands, much treasure and valuable things disappeared. The King was greatly troubled that he had things so arranged—with cunning devices and powerful spells—that would freeze thieves in place. He guessed the thief who robbed him must have been both big and strong, so he ordered ponderous fetters and twisted leaden bands to be forged.

One early morning, when they came to the treasury, they found there a huge Troll,

tall and stout. They fell on him in a body and put the fetters on him, but he was exceedingly strong; sixty-four men were needed to secure him. King Halfdan asked him his name; he said he was called Dofri and lived in the fell that is named after him.

The King asked whether he had stolen his gold; he admitted it and asked pardon, promising to repay it threefold, but the King said he should be condemned to a shameful death. The King said too that he would give him no food, and whoever did so should lose his life.

Soon after this, Halfdan's son Harald came home and learned all these tidings and what



his father had said. He was then five years old. Going to where Dofri was sitting with a grim and gloomy look. Harald spoke to him and said, "Hard stead are you: will you accept your life from me?"

"I am not sure," said Dofri, "whether, after what your father said, I ought to bring you into so great danger."

"What does that concern you?" said Harald as he cut off Dofri's bonds. Dofri, as soon as he was freed, thanked Harald for giving him his life and took himself off at once. He took no time to tie his shoes, laid his tail on his back, and set off so that neither wind nor smoke of him was seen.

When Halfdan discovered this, he was so angry that he drove Harald away, saying he could go and look for help from the troll Dofri. Harald wandered about for four days in the woods and on the fifth, as he stood in a clearing, worn out with hunger and thirst, he saw a huge fellow coming along in whom he thought he knew: the Troll Dofri. "You are in no good plight either, prince, as things are now," said Dofri, "and all this, one may say, you have fallen into my account: will you go with me to my home?"

Harald agreed, and the jötun, taking him up in his arms, took him to a large cave. In entering, he stooped rather less than he intended and struck the boy's head so hard on the rock that he was at once made unconscious. Dofri thought it would be a terrible accident if he had killed the boy, and he was so deeply grieved that he sat down and cried over him. As he sat shaking his head and pulling wry faces, Harald recovered, looked up at him, and saw his mouth distorted, his cheeks swollen, and the whites of his eyes turned up. "It is a true saying, foster-father," said he, "that 'few are fair that greet cry', but for now you seem to me

very ugly. Be merry, for I am not hurt."

Dofri fostered Harald for five years and loved him so much that he could not oppose him in anything. Dofri taught him about learning and feats of skill. Harald increased greatly both in size and strength. There he stayed until the death of his father Halfdan, when Dofri sent him to succeed him as king. "I charge you," said he, "never to cut your hair or nails until you are sole king over Norway. I shall be present to assist you in all your battles, and that will be of service to you, for I shall do all the more harm in that I shall not easily be seen. Farewell now, and may everything turn out for your glory and good fortune, no less than if you had stayed with me in my home. Forever after, Dofri was the invisible sword and adviser in all of Harald's battles.





Dyre Va an Totak Berg-Troll in Boat

*Dyre ferries a man he assumes is much larger than he appears.
Could it be a Troll?*

When Mother Troll Took in the King's Washing

There came a time when man began to encroach into Trollheim. When Father Troll was young, he could not see the smoke from any human hearths for thirty miles. Then people became more and more daring, building their homes closer to the Trolls so they could smell

the fine food they were cooking. Father Troll hated it, but Mother Troll loved the smell of bacon and coffee coming from the human houses. She loved it so much that she would sneak down to the human valley to look into their windows and smell their bacon and coffee.

Food had been getting scarce in the mountains. The humans had set up too many traps and scared away the remaining animals. Once, when Mother Troll was forced to steal sheep since the humans scared away the wild animals, she



nearly lost her tail in a trap. Even so, she would still go down to the human villages to try to steal a cow or two. Even when it got harder to sneak into town with all of the dogs barking.

Because of the changes, many Trolls were pushed further north into the mountains, looking for the animals that once provided an overabundance of food to the south. Plus, they were looking for woods where they could not hear the hammers and axes of men.

In time, only one Troll family remained, and they were set to live there forever. Father Troll refused to give up the land that his family had lived on for 3,000 years. He just grew even more sullen over time and refused to leave the mountains. Which put the burden of obtaining food on his wife and son.

Then the villagers found copper in the Great Mountains and began to blast. Father Troll got so angry that he actually exploded, leaving his wife and child behind. So the boy suggested they go further north into the wilderness. His mother disagreed. She wanted to figure out a way to get into the villages so she could smell the bacon and coffee and have the easy life she had seen while peering into their windows.

She decided they should move into an abandoned human cottage, tie up their tails, and wear some clothes she had stolen from the villagers. Once set up, she could fry her own bacon and brew some coffee. Only if she could find a way to make the money humans used to buy that stuff. She had seen a wife, not far away, wash clothes to make money to

send her children to town to buy bacon and coffee. Her big Troll pot and her magic powder would clean those clothes in a jiffy.

So she went to the parsonage to look for some work. It was good timing on behalf of Mother Troll; the wife had important guests arriving on short notice and was not able to finish the laundry along with all of her other chores in time. So Mother Troll brought their clothes home and began washing them. The wife was so impressed with how quick and clean she was, but she paid her very little. Mother Troll didn't know any better since she could not count, thanked the wife, and went on her way.

Word spread about how cheap and good she was; soon she was able to keep a pot of coffee brewing on the fire all day, and she began to gain weight from all of the bacon she was sharing with her son. She never felt hurt by the low wages that the people offered, for the work was so little. All she had to do was set the wash in her cauldron on fire and add a dash of her magic powder, and they came out pure as snow. If there was no wind, all Mother Troll had to do was wave her large apron at the clothes to dry them. They made so much money they could afford a horse-drawn cart to carry the laundry in, and her son got to buy a new suit.

In time, the king built a castle here. His baby daughter's lady-in-waiting had heard about the Trolls and their miracle cauldron. She was tired of the washing. So she called on Mother Troll. The Troll Boy didn't want to go and pick up



their wash; he was afraid of the royal hounds. His mother filled him with confidence, and off he went to get the washing.

Mother Troll fell in love with the royal infant's clothes. They were so fine and delicate. She wished her son could give his children the same finery when he grew up. Her son thought those clothes would look quite foolish on a Troll baby. She corrected him and hoped he would not marry a Troll but a woman. Her son thought she was crazy; how could he ever marry a woman? Even though Mother Troll was not going to give up her aspirations for her son that easily, she began to steal a little at a time of the infant's clothes for her own future grandchild. Her son was instructed to say a Troll rhyme as they counted the laundry, and the lady-in-waiting never noticed the missing clothes. Although another woman in the court did, they blamed a little orphan girl named Inga. Inga pleaded that she was innocent, but they sent her away into the woods, where she wandered hungry and cold for days.

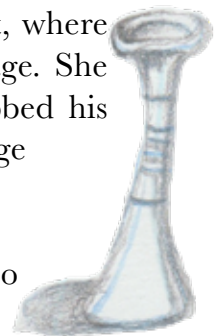
Then she came upon the Troll house. Right before the little girl could jump in the lake, Mother Troll appeared and offered the little stray hospitality. They got along so well that Mother Troll asked her to stay if she would help with the chores. Inga recognized her and offered to help with the washing, but Mother Troll refused. The real reason Mother Troll asked her to stay was that she hoped that in time she would concede to marrying her son.

Unfortunately, Inga found the Troll Boy repulsive, and he would do anything for her. Plus, she was finding the mother to be a little too strange to live with.

Then one day in the forest, she saw the page she loved from the castle. She was embarrassed and wanted to hide from him, who might think she was a thief. He confided in her that he knew she was always innocent and invited her to come live with his mother and him. She refused, knowing his mother would never accept a thief as a daughter-in-law.

Troll Boy, who had followed her like a love-sick puppy, was crestfallen to find out she loved another. When he got home, his mother saw his disappointment. Troll Boy felt he was so ugly that she would never love him. When Inga came back, Mother Troll asked if she would marry her son. She refused. Then Mother Troll showed her all of the fine baby dresses she had stolen, which would be used for her child if she agreed. Inga was not won over, but as Mother Troll bent over to put them back in her chest, her tail came free. Inga was petrified to have been living with what she now knew to be Trolls.

Soon as Mother Troll left to do the washing, she ran into the forest, where she bumped into the young page. She sought his protection. He grabbed his sword and began for their cottage to slay them, but she kept him from wanting to do them harm since they were so kind to her. So the page took her home to his mother, and his mother was gracious.



Troll Boy was so depressed when he delivered the clothes to the lady-in-waiting that he forgot to say the Troll rhyme. The Lady in Waiting had asked about the latest dress his mother stole. So he went home to bring it back. His mother was gone, and he could not ask which she had just stolen, so he brought a couple dresses back to the castle.

When he got there, he asked the woman if this was the right dress. It wasn't, so he produced another and another. Soon she realized that they were stealing the clothes and not Inga. The lady-in-waiting had called in the guards, but Troll Boy barreled through them and escaped in his cart. They followed the tracks to the cottage, but the Trolls abandoned it in a hurry.

Now the court realized Inga was innocent, and they sent the page to have her return to the castle. Once she got there, she amazed the queen with her story, and she won over her heart. The queen wished she would marry her page, who would be the new Royal Forester. Upon their marriage, the page and her were given a fine new cottage next to the Trolls on the lake.

Within a year, Inga was rocking her child on her lap when she heard a strange noise. She looked out the window and saw four Troll eyes. Her husband rushed out to find them, but all he found was the remaining dress Mother Troll had stolen. Left behind for her baby.

Mother Troll and Troll Boy had left for the wilderness beyond the mountains where the other Trolls went, but Inga still longed for their company from time to time.

Working for Bergfolk

There once was a girl working for a midwife who complained about being exhausted and drained. Even though her duties as a midwife were quite light and not taxing at all.

One night, the midwife was called to help a strange little man. She followed him into his cart and was taken on a harrowing ride that ended in the nether world of the Trolls. There she was brought to the strange little man's wife, who was pregnant. After she saw the new mother and her new child, she went to leave and saw her serving girl hard at work. The girl was grinding malt in her quern before a large pile still needed to be worked. The midwife cut a piece of fabric from her dress, which she had bought before the little man brought her home.

In the morning, the midwife woke up the girl, who was still exhausted after a long sleep. Having fallen asleep in her dress, the midwife checked to see if the piece of fabric she stole matched the hole in the girl's dress. It did so, and the midwife gave the girl an amulet of Thor's hammer to keep jötunn and Trolls away.

The Four Big Trolls and Little Peter Pastureman

A long time ago, when the Dark Mountains were a haven for Trolls every cave





that formed under the roots of giant trees held a Troll family. The caves held small and large Trolls alike, but the large ones felt they were far superior.

The four biggest Trolls counted themselves as the most important: Bull-Bull-Bulsery-Bull to the north, Drull-Drull-Drulsery-Drull to the east, Klampe-Lampe to the south, and Trampe-Rampe hailed from the west. They lived miles apart, but it was a short walk to visit each other for a big Troll. Since they didn't like each other, they didn't visit often. Each thought he was better than the rest.



Bull-Bull-Bulsery-Bull lived in the Bunner Mountains in front of a pond he dug out with one kick of his foot, which he filled with fish and used to bathe in. He cleared his land by wrapping a rope around the back of the forest and using his Troll oxen to pull it down. Then he called in an old favor with Old Whitebeard to provide water from his Snowfall Mountain.

Drull-Drull-Drulsery-Drull thought he lived even better on Steep Mountain, where he placed a large boulder on top to ascertain what happened in the forest below. Klampe-Lampe lived in a cave under the roots of seven giant spruces. Trampe-Rampe was a vagabond born in the West who traveled like the wind. With him followed rogue storms that only grew silent once he got distracted or bored of their roar. Now, little Trolls lived everywhere, and Peter Pastureman barely reached their knees.

Peter drove Bull's oxen, herded Drull's billy goats gruff, chased Trampe's rams, and rode Klampe's fastest horses. When he was done for the day, he would play his horn and flute. Also in the forest was an old, wise Troll woman named Uggie-Guggle.

Now all of the big four loved to play tricks on each other. Then one day, one of their tricks went too far. The Troll King had to come down from his Seven Mile Mountain to enter the gorge in Dark Mountain, never to be seen again.

The Trolls were forced to elect a new king. The big four desired his wonderful estate on Seven Mile Mountain, where they could rule over all of the Nissen and Trolls. Their animosity for each other only grew. The Troll Council that was called to elect the new king was stalled for so long that they sought help from Uggie-Guggle.

First, Bull offered the finest golden cow to the old wise Troll if she



would help him become king. Before she could answer, Drull knocked on the door, and Bull hid in the attic. Drull then offered her the finest golden cow. Before she could answer, Klampe knocked, and Drull hid in the cellar. He also offered her the finest golden cow. Before she could answer, Trampe knocked, and Drull hid in her oven. Trampe was the last to offer her the finest golden cow before he had to hide behind the veil of time.

The Troll Council had come to ask her advice. The old woman then went to her magic book and murmured in an old, forgotten Troll tongue that memorably awed the council. After awhile of long forgotten chants, the wise one said, "What I know, I know, and what I know is my secret. Many want to be king, including the one in the closet, the one in the cellar, the one in the oven, and the one hiding behind the curtain. Along with them, many Nissen and Trolls of various sizes want to wear the crown. What I know, I know, and what I know is my secret. The one who wears the crown has to keep his head if he expects to wear it."

Klampe heard none of this as he hid in the stove. He was afraid the flour that fell on his nose on the stove would make him sneeze. Bull thought he was going to fall through the attic. Drull kept bumping into the wine barrels in the dark. But Trampe just stepped out from behind the curtain after the council left, not knowing the other big three were hiding in the house. The bigger the Trolls were, the dumber they would seem.

Then Klampe sneezed, and his feet broke through the oven door. The trumpet sneeze scared Bull, and he fell through the attic into Trampe's arms as

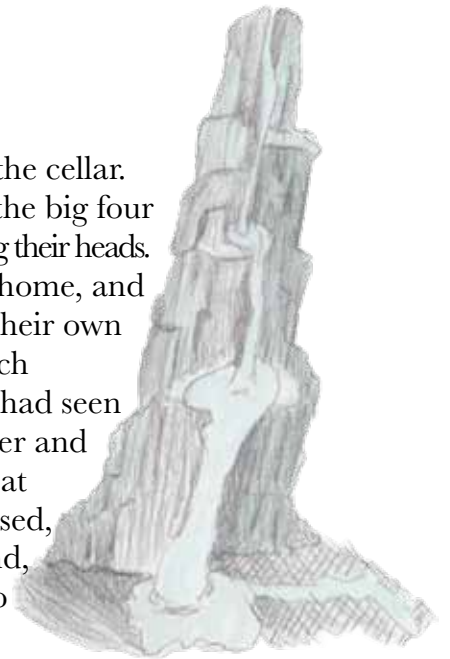
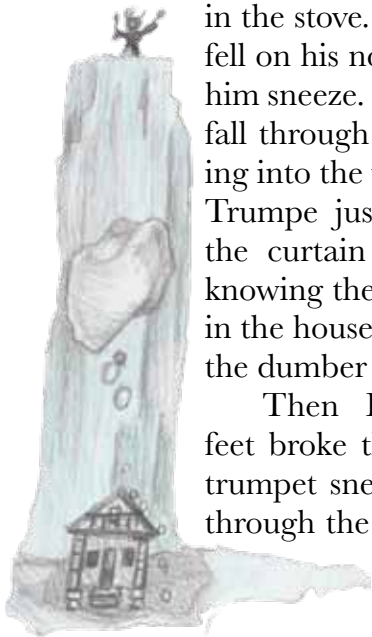
Drull raced out of the cellar.

Disappointed, the big four headed home, hanging their heads.

The four went home, and each pondered in their own way how to take each other's head. Drull had seen Bull from his boulder and decided to throw it at Bull's head. He missed, and it hit Bull's pond, which threatened to flood Troll's realm.

Bull was amazed to see his pond had vanished as it was now heading through the valley. Peter Pastureman was riding one of Bull's oxen when he quickly gathered all the Trolls and Nissen to dig a canal to divert the flood to the sea. The Troll Council praised him for his quick thinking.

Now that Bull had seen it was Drull's boulder, he threw it back and created a landslide from Steep Mountain, which ruined Drull's house. Now Drull had an awful toothache, and he howled all night long, moaning about his loss, which kept Trollheim awake. So Peter sheared his sheep, wrapped it around Drull's head, and stuffed it in the holes in his house to silence him as he lulled Trollheim back to sleep with his flute.



The Troll Council took notice of Peter once more.

Then Trampe saw Klampe carrying logs for his thousand-year fire. Trampe thought it would be funny to blow out his fire, but the harder he blew, the bigger the fire grew and spread through Trollheim. Peter took Klampe's giant horses and plowed a trench around the fire, which held it in place until it burned out. Peter played his flute and brought the horses back to their stable, where he brushed and patted them all for a good job well done.



The Troll Council noticed him once more and called him a real thunderclap of a boy for the third time. Then Klampe attacked Trampe, and they began to throw thunder and noise at each other as they wrestled back and forth, rattling Trollheim to its wits end.

Peter went to Whitebeard on Snowfall Mountain, who gave him his biggest sack filled with all the snowflakes from the last hundred years. Peter climbed High Mountain, where the two fools were still fighting. Peter opened the sack, and the two became snowblind and were forced to stop. When they cleared their eyes, they saw the Troll Council shaking their heads. The two who lost their heads ran away in disgrace.

It was then that the Troll Council realized the words of the wise Troll woman: Peter was the only one from east to west and north to south who had kept his head to hold the crown.

To this day, the water from Bull-Bull-Bulsery-Bull's lake flows down around the Drull-Drull-Drulsery-Drull boulder

that Bull threw back down to the sea through the trench Trollheim dug. Steep Mountain still looks lopsided from where Bull threw Drull's boulder, and nothing grows in the valley where Klampe-Lampe's fire blazed. On High Mountain, the snow has never melted after Peter the King opened Whitebeard's sack.

The Troll Ride

Peder Lars, the son of a farmer, was heading to town to get some fine duds for his date that night. Lisa was the daughter of an alderman, but she loved Peder never less. He was to meet her at six-o'clock.

On the way to town, he came across a strange woman. She had asked if he would perform an act of kindness for her. Peder said he would if he could. She had asked him to get her some resin from seven different pine trees to cure her limp so she might make it home. She had given five people a gold coin to fetch it for her, but she still found herself exhausted in this ditch after quite some time. Peder said he would help after she answered his question.

"How did someone so ugly get so much gold?" said the rude boy.

"My legs ache me so much, and my mother is looking for me; can you hear her?"

Peder said he could not, and she climbed up on his horse and whispered in his ear with her mother's voice:

"Where are you, daughter, sweet and fair? I'm looking everywhere."





Peder did agree that she had a face only a mother could love.

“I see you hate Trolls and laugh at me, but if you get me the resin so I can walk again, I will pay you this sack of gold,” she said, shaking her purse.

Peder just slapped her hand and sent the coins flying into the ditch, saying he despised her kind, and rode off.

After he bought his new suit, he passed the seven pines and heard the Troll’s mother calling for her again. He thought about helping the Troll, but he would be late meeting Lisa. Halfway home, his horse stopped dead, and he could hear Mother Troll calling again:

*“Where are you, daughter, sweet and fair?
I’m looking everywhere.”*

His heart grew warm as he thought about helping the Troll, but with a quick

breeze, it grew cold again as he headed for home.

The horse stopped again and once more the mother’s voice was heard:

*“Where are you, daughter, sweet and fair?
I’m looking everywhere.”*

By now, Peder thought he was cursed to hear the voice until he went back and fetched the resin. He delivered it to the Troll and wished he would never have to see her again after her quest had cost him his date with Lisa. Afterward, he rode on, never looking back.

Out of the blue, Peder had seen his brother on his horse all in a lather. He rushed Peder on because the rich Miller’s son had waited for him not to show. Peder spurred his horse on and left his brother behind as the forest scratched his face and tore his new clothes as he heedlessly stormed through. Soon, no matter how he spurred his horse, she got slower and slower, no matter how hard she tried. Then a miracle happened: the horse began to fly!

Peder thought someone or something else had sat behind him. When he turned, he only saw a gray blur disappear over the horse’s rear. Faster and faster, they went on a wild ride.

Lisa’s father and the Miller were ready to make wedding plans for Lisa, but Peder just made it on time. Lisa threw her arms around him in his tussled state. The couple was married.

Over the years, no matter how late Peder would start a journey, he always made it on time. That little gray being

who always sat behind him on the horse when he was not looking made sure of it. For even though he was a horse's rear, the Troll daughter appreciated his begrudged help and also granted his other wish: that he never see her again.

The Trolls and the Youngest Nisse

In a stabur on a small farm at the edge of the forest lived three nissen: Tjarfa, Torgus, and Tjovik. These ten-inch fellows were from an ancient line that lived on the farm for nine hundred years protecting several

families, the protection of the farm had passed from father to son in this Nisse family.

Now they were holding a feast for grandfather Nisse Tjarfa Jorikson on his five hundredth birthday this Christmas Eve. Grandfather was quite sly; never less, he just handed down the protection of the farm to his son, Torgus Tjarfason, who was three hundred years old and in his prime of life.

The youngest, Tjovik Torgusson, was only one hundred, had not grown as high as his father's shoulder, and was beardless. The stabur was in the middle of a pasture in the hills, on the edge of a forest. In the forest was a steep cragg of a mountain named Foxhall





where two ancient Trolls lived: Jompa the Troll King and Skimpa his Queen. Foxhall Mountain had been their family estate for four thousand years.

Now the nissen and the Trolls never seen eye to eye. The nissen protected the humans on the farm from the Trolls, who wanted revenge from the humans who had stolen their land and pushed them into the mountains. It was a battle of strength versus intelligence for almost a thousand years.

Tjarfa's party was in full swing when Tjovik climbed into his lap and asked for a story about the Troll King and his queen.

"Well, little one," said the old nisse, "sit and you shall hear about a time long past."

Now everyone gathered close and grew silent.

The ancient one began, "I will tell the tale of my grandfather Tarja Torgusson, when he was in his prime, and his adventures on Foxhall Mountain. The Christians came and pushed out the old faith and began to erect a church here in the valley, which greatly angered the Trolls. During the night, they would tear down the work the Christians did during the day."

But, Grandfather, the church was built, wasn't it?" asked Tjovik.

"Yes indeed, and my grandfather had helped them!" said the grandfather proudly. "See, he had a great bag of ash, which he would throw into their eyes every night before they could throw the boulders at the church. Then, lickety-split, the bishop came and blessed

the church, protecting it from all Troll harm."

"So what happened next?" said Tjovik as he tugged on his beard.

"The Trolls told the wolves and bears to eat the farm animals, so my grandfather had his hands full protecting the farm."

"Did the Trolls ever catch him?" asked Tjovik with concern.

"Sure, many times," answered Tjarfa. "They would imprison him inside the mountain, but he would come out all the time with a few scratches and hoards of their gold."

"Are the Trolls so rich?" asked Tjovik as the nissen laughed at his naivety.

"Their mountains are full of gold bracelets, rings, crowns, and jewels!" answered the old gray nisse.

"You think we should go and steal some," bravely asked the little one, "for the humans in the valley are quite poor and could use our help?"

"No little one," said Tjarfa, "Their gold only brings out the worst in people. By stealing their gold and giving it as alms, a human would only cut off one of his or his family's arms for more. Nothing good comes from tainted wealth."

The little one was not listening; he was hearing only what he wanted to hear when he asked, "Is it hard to find?"

The ancient one might have been setting up the poor little fellow, "Not on a night like this one, for every Christmas Eve the Trolls take their treasure out from their secret vaults to count it. They become



so affixed in this joy they would never notice a bee stinging them—right on their nose.”

“But, can anyone get into the mountain abode?” queried the little one.

“Their hall doors are swung wide open to get all their treasure in, but the bells on Christmas Day enrage them so much that it breaks the gold’s trance on them. Then beware, for they become hyper-vigilant in their rage.”

“So the doors are wide open...” repeats the little deaf one. “Did your father, Jovik Tarjason, have trouble with them?”

“I should say so!” exclaimed Tjarfa. “He almost lost his life there if he didn’t ride his ox down the mountain.”

“Tell us what happened!” begged the little nisse.

“Well, you see, Queen Skimpa stole that ox from our farm. So Jovik, in a rage, was able to sneak in the door; Skimpa had left it open, getting the ox inside just as her husband was lifting an axe to remove its head. Jovik, with great haste, climbed up the ox’s tale and pricked its hide with a pin, causing him to run down the king and rush out of the house with Jovik back home.”

The crowd roared with laughter, and a few fell off their seats.

“And you? Have you ever been in the mountain?” asked the curious little one.

“Many times, but I never stole from them what they didn’t steal from us first. Once, I lost my red tasseled hat and my finest wooden shoes and gained a coating of ash for my troubles. I am glad I didn’t lose more!” said Tjarfa.

“Why were you so dirty?” inquired Tjovik.

“I had to escape through the chimney because they locked me in their castle,” the ancient one answered.

“My brother had the same bad luck,” Rolfin Nisse interjected.

“What happened to him?” Tjarfa asked.

“He went to save a shepherdess, and he could not escape before the cock crowed and the doors closed on him,” answered Rolfin. “The two of them had to jump in the spring from their kitchen, which feeds our valley, and ride its torrents underground down the mountain.”

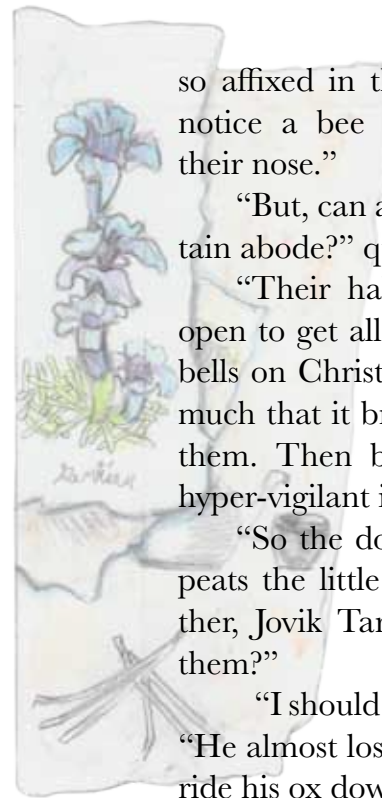
The little one was deaf to all of the danger and advice and only wished to steal a bracelet or two for the farmer’s daughter, Anna Lisa, who was about to be married to another. Foolish little one, the littlest Undragon. Only dragons horde princesses and gold; they can’t mate, and they can’t spend.

Tjarfa told his tales late into the night as many started to fall off and seek their beds. When everyone was asleep, the old man just fell asleep in his chair.

Oh, he would surely not be cursed, as the old man said, if he only stole a bracelet or two. So on that dark night, he put on his bright red tasseled hat and wooden shoes.

Within the hour, he was at the foot of Foxhall Mountain.

Even at its base, he could hear the tinkling sound of the gold being counted within the Troll’s chest. At the top, he found the door to the hall open, as Tjarfa had said. From there, he entered



To make a gentian tea or tonic, you'll need to purchase dried root and stems. Use about a half gram to two grams at a time, boiling the stems/root in water and then letting it cool before drinking. If you have dried gentian root powder, use about one teaspoon of powder per two pints of water.

The violet has been used for its antibacterial and antifungal properties, recently it's been shown to also have antiviral and anti-angiogenic abilities as well. (3) Gentian violet uses now include treating infections caused by *Candida* and *Streptococcus* and *Staphylococcus* species, trench mouth, oral thrush, impetigo, burns, pinworm, and a number of other cutaneous and systemic fungal infections.

through a copper door, which gave way to a silver door. Each hall was darker in feel and grander than the other. In the last hall, the Troll King and Troll Queen were mesmerized, counting their vast treasure.

It was then that he saw a well, which he assumed to be connected to the spring. There was a wooden shoe placed inside so it would expand to fit the Troll's bunioned foot. He could sail it home if he got locked in, he thought.

The little nisse tried to reach into the chest, but he was too small. Then the Troll King let out such a sneeze that it blew the little one right into the middle of the gold chest. He was so scared they would see him now, but their gaze on their gold was so strong—they didn't see him. Then he found a gold bracelet for his love.

It was then that the church bells rang, and the Trolls woke up in a rage with their fingers in their ears as they shut the chest on our little foolish friend.

"Now how will I trick the Trolls into opening the chest?" he thought. It was then that he began squeaking like a mouse.

The Troll Queen complained there was a mouse in the chest, but the Troll King suggested leaving him inside till next Christmas. The queen worried it might chew a hole through the chest, so the king opened it with his shoe in hand. There stood our little friend, staring up at them.

"Whatever you may be, my little friend, for sure you are not a mouse," said the Troll King.

"I am Tjovik Torgusson," answered the nisse.

"This little nisse will make a fine dessert after our Christmas ham," said the Troll King as he picked him up between his two fingers.

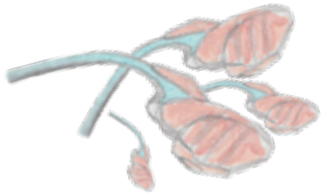
"But, you can't eat me before I have washed my hands," said our nisse friend.

So the Troll King placed him on the edge of the well and began to wash him with his hands, forcing him to drop Anna Lisa's bracelet. Quickly, he got over his loss as the Troll Queen berated her husband saying that was no good; he had to be scrubbed with a brush like you would



wash your apples and potatoes. When he was let go, he jumped into the other shoe he saw in the well and cut it loose. He just sailed down the spring underground and back to the valley.

When he got home, he told of his adventure and got a solid thrashing from his father, and grandfather! Ever since that day Tjovik sought out an honest living for the rest of his life and in time married a nisse more his size.



Fossegrim

Peer Gynt, knowing one day he will have to face the Button-Molder at the crossroads, ventures to find the Troll of the Falls. Everyone knows Fossegrim, the spirit of the gushing thunder falls, is the best fiddler in the world, and only a dolt knows not to bring a fiddle to the crossroads at midnight. Most also know that you need to be damn talented to outfiddle the devil. Some go there to exchange their souls for the devil to tune their fiddle, but Peer was not one of these hapless ash lads. He was going to find Fossegrim to tune his fiddle and teach him how to outplay anyone he finds at the moonlit crossroads.

Though the price for Fossegrim to teach you the Hardanger fiddle was a Thursday night diner of he-goat, stolen smoked mutton from your friend's yard was fine too.

Four Thursdays in a row...

If the mutton is skimpy with little meat on the bone, he will only tune your fiddle and not teach you to play. So steal the best!

Peer knew all of this.

First, he went to his middle brother's stabbur and stole a he-goat that was not completely to Fossegrim's liking.

Well, his middle brother had told how Peer had stolen his goat, and the older swore he was not going to steal anything from his smokehouse.

On Thursday afternoon, he found both of his brothers guarding the smokehouse. Peer took out his fiddle and played a song that lulled them to sleep. He went and gathered a supper meal that Fossegrim thought was slightly skimpy on the meat.

Next week, both brothers were wearing earmuffs and stuffed wool in their ears. Peer found a bee wolf sleeping under a hive. Peer knocked the hive free onto the bear, and it ran toward his brother's house, yelping. The brothers did not hear the bear until it was upon them. They jumped with such a start and kept running till next Thursday morning.

Fossegrim liked the mutton but complained that it was not peppery enough.

The brothers, after their Thursday afternoon nap, were well rested from running for the past week and stood vigilantly waiting for Peer.

This time, Peer stole his mother's big copper kettle. He banged it so hard that it resounded like thunder. Then Peer walked out with his hair dyed red from



cranberries and the hammer he banged the pot with. Knowing what his oldest brother likes, breaking his goats bones to suck the marrow out yelled, “You have been eating my goats marrow.”

All know of the siblings who were forced outside the walls of the world when one of them broke one of the goats that pull Thor’s chariot legs. For you can eat the goats and they will come back to life again, as long as no one breaks their legs...The brothers ran for their lives.

On the fourth Thursday, the brothers were still running away from Thor; so Peer just walked in and got some mutton Fossegrim liked so much that he taught him the songs of the wind, water, and forest.

Years later when Peer ventured to the crossroads, he was ready. But that is a tale for another time.



The Old Troll of Big Mountain

Once there lived a poor crofter and his wife with their child of five, Olle. Olle’s parents worked far from home and would lock him up in their small cottage with a bread roll and a mug of milk. They would leave the key hidden on the doorstep before checking the lock on the goat paddock.

One night, they came home to find their goats missing. Searching up the road, they found a neighbor who said he had seen the Troll of Big Mountain carrying them away.

Now they could only leave Olle with a mug of water, but what was worse was that they feared the Troll might steal—him.

So Olle was warned to never sit by the window where the Troll could see him. He was also told to yell for his fa-

ther, who was away at work, if the Troll tried the door, to scare him away. Olle prepared for an attack by nailing a nail in a log for a lance and sharpening his father's old seax.

One day, a man came to the door with a sack and prodded under the doorstep for the key.

Olle asked, "What are you looking for?"

"I lost a coin under your steps; will you help me find it?" said the man.

"I can't," Olle replied, "My parents locked me in to keep me safe from the bad Troll."

"Well, I don't look like a Troll, do I?" said the mysterious man.

"If you were, I have my seax and lance ready!" said Olle bravely.

"I can't see them too well with my bad eyes through the glass; may I come in?" asked the dangerous man.

"Sure, the key is under the first broken step, come on in!" said the dumb child.

So the man with a sack of candy came in and said, "I might know where the Troll hid your goats. If you venture with me, I'll show you."

"Please take me!" shouted Olle.

So Olle took his bread for the trip and offered the man a piece. The old man refused because Trolls could not harm anyone who offered them hospitality. Then Olle offered his hand so the man could lead him to the goats, but he pulled it away.

"My hand is injured; I'm sorry," said the devious man. "I can offer my left."

So Olle blew on it to see if he could heal him, but it did no good.

The man was thinking of putting him in his sack, but Olle was planning to walk alongside of him, and it would be much lighter. His back was getting weak and sore in his old age.

So they walked hand in hand with Olle with his seax and lance.

After awhile, Olle sat on a rock without a care in the world to eat his bread. The man felt strange; he would have enjoyed a little fear and yelling from the lad instead of his dumb smile.

"What would you say if I told you I was the Troll who wanted to steal you from your parents?" asked the man.

"I was told Trolls were ugly; you might be wizened, but you are not ugly," said Olle.

The man laughed so loudly that his mouth fell open, and Olle threw in a piece of bread and said, "That is for being so kind to me."

The old man began to choke on it as he tried to cough it up; for now, he could not mean any harm to this kind boy.

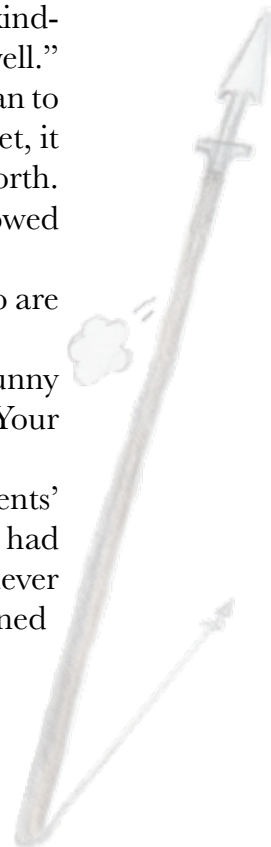
"Thank you; many people have called me ugly," said the man with kindness. "It is good to be thought of so well."

It was then that the old man began to play his flute. His medley was so sweet, it called to his parents' goats to come forth. It was then that a flock of kids followed their parents.

"I see my parents' goats, but who are all of these kids?" asked Olle.

"They are theirs; time passes funny in my mountains," said the Troll, "Your folks' goats are parents now."

Olle had looked up from his parents' goats to thank the old man, but he had disappeared into the woods. Trolls never liked to be thanked. Olle still remained





clueless as to who the old man was. When he got home, he placed the flock in the paddock, and the crowd that grew following him on the road stared in amazement at its size. Then his parents came home. Olle then told the tale of the man who returned the goats to him and his giant sack. His parents were terrified when they heard about the man's sack and his ability to return what he had stolen. They told him who the old man really was, and Olle just said, "I guess Trolls are not all that bad!"

The Boy Who Was Never Afraid

Once there was a poor farmer with eight hungry children. He had a magic cow named Lily White who could understand all of his children's ramblings during the day. She loved the children that bonded over her, and in the summer she always came back on her own from the pasture to see them again.



Then one day she did not.

The farmer went out looking.

The next morning, the family went searching. They found nothing but her footprints next to the Troll of Hulta Mountain. The family just hung their heads, for no one ever dared venture into the Troll's mountain.

Not only was Hulta Mountain home to the Troll, they would also have to pass the red-haired witch, the bellowing watchdog, and the shaggy Bear King of Hulta Mountain.

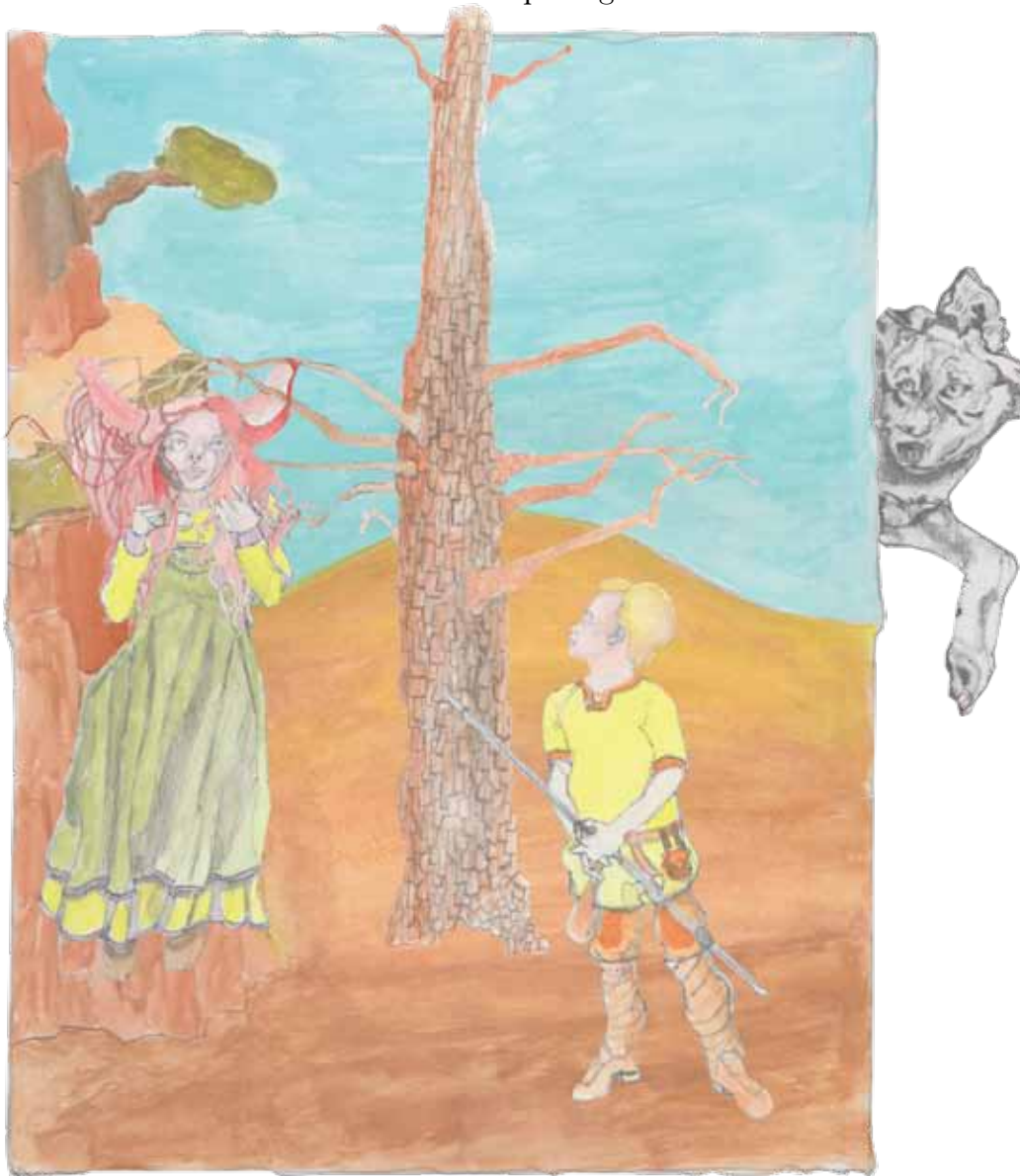
One of the farmer's sons was a red-cheeked boy named Nisse who was afraid of nothing!

The reason he was afraid of nothing was because of his rare, expansive kindness and affect. He set out to bring back their beloved cow with only a stick and a slice of butter bread.

In the forest, he found the witch sitting on a ledge, who just let her hair down when she saw him and asked, "What are you staring at?"

"At your beauty, but I'm on the journey to find my family's cow, which the Troll stole," replied Nisse.

"Wait right there," she said before she leapt down and got her hair stuck in the trees below. She just sat there, hanging a few feet from the ground, with her hair pulling on its roots.



Nisse just climbed the tree and swiftly freed her tresses.

“Now why would you help someone so maligned as I? Didn’t you fear the rumors?” she asked, confused.

“No, you looked like you truly had a kind heart,” said Nisse.

“Well, a good turn deserves, a good turn,” said the woman. “I will give you this magic herb that will teach you the secret language of birds. You will be able to communicate with all of the animals in the forest now.”

He thanked her for her kindness and went on his way.

Then he found the mighty watchdog limping and braying at him! The dog was even more dangerous now that he was wounded and scared.

“That is a nice doggy, where do you hurt?” asked Nisse as he kneeled down, making it easier for the dog to rip his jugular out.

“Why do you show me kindness?” asked the watchdog.

“Let me see your paw,” ordered the boy.

Confused, the dog gave it to him, and the boy found a thorn and pulled it for him. Then he dressed it with a little moss and wrapped it with the tall grass that grew by the stream.

“Where are you going, my friend?” asked the puppy.

“I’m going to free my family cow from the Troll of Hulta Mountain,” answered the kind soul.

“It is a dangerous journey, and I will protect you on your way,” said his new friend.

Hours later, they stumbled upon the Bear King sniffing for cranberries in the bog. The dog told him to beware, but the boy just walked on and waved at the bear. The bear stood up on its hind legs with his forepaws in the air—and roared!

“My, that is a beautiful and strong voice you have, my friend,” said Nisse as he went forward to shake his paw.

The bear only growled louder when the red-haired witch appeared and threw a log into his mouth. She followed the boy to be entertained when he met the Troll. “Now leave that boy alone; he is a bit...special,” said the woman.



“That was not that nice,” said Nisse as he pried the log out of his mouth with his stick.

“I am in your debt,” said the Bear King, “I will help you on your journey.”

So the group of friends traveled on. When they got to the Troll’s cave, there was only a small hole big enough for Nisse to enter. He would have to venture on alone. His friends were more worried for him than he was. Bear made him promise to call on him if he was in danger.

It had been a long time since Bear had a good fight!

In the cave, he had seen his cow and the Troll having their dinner.

“What a small surprise I find in my home tonight,” said the Troll in a threatening voice. “What might you want?”

“I see you were kind enough to feed my family’s cow who wandered into your home,” said Nisse.

The Troll was quite confused, “Aren’t you upset I stole her?”

“No, I believe she wandered here and you just didn’t know who she belonged to,” answered Nisse. “So I am here to help you return her.”

“Um, sure,” said the confounded Troll, “You’re not afraid of me?”

“No, many people have been maligned,” and with that, his friends made their way in, “like my friends here.”

It was then that the Troll saw this little boy’s army he had brought—the Troll then feared for his life.

“Really?” said the Troll in surprise.

He had noticed how the witch could seem ugly, the dog

scary, and the bear fearsome. This boy was truly not jaded by what the greater world would have said about them.

“Then may I call you....friend?” The boy just went up and hugged him, and a tear fell from the Troll’s eye.

Then the boy’s new friends walked him back down the mountain and through the forrest to his home, with his cow!

The Changelings



There was a king and queen who wished for children. After many failed attempts over the years, they were blessed with a beautiful daughter. Next, they had to find someone exceptional enough to raise her.

In time, they selected the woman who was both the Countess of the Realm and Mistress of the Robes, Esmeralda, to raise their child.

At night, to give Esmeralda a break, two nurses would watch over the beautiful little princess. If it were not for the two nurses, the child would most likely have perished. For Esmeralda might have come from the finest of royal families from several kingdoms and was raised by governesses much like herself; she was old, and more often than not, she would fall asleep while watching the child.

During the night, the child slept in an immense bed chamber, and during the day, she slept in her cradle in





a beautiful acacia grove near the fountain, surrounded by rose bushes. The white petals of the acacia tree would fall upon the princess coverlet as white doves flew from their cote to admire the child.

Beyond the forest, a Troll couple lived within the mountains. They had just given birth to their beautiful, swarthy little girl. One day, the father went down to fetch some water from the fountain near the palace for his family when he spied on the little princess. Esmeralda just snored away. The Troll father has now set his mind to make the princess his daughter.

Now he went back to the mountain and told his wife of her beauty. His wife admonished him, "You dolt you have a daughter, why would you want to exchange her for a human? We are Trolls and supposed to have Troll babies!"

The idea festered in the old Troll father till one day he could not stay quite no longer. "Dear, that old governess, who watches the princess, sleeps all day long; it would be easy for me to switch our baby for the King's and Queen's. With the amount of time they spend with their child, they would never know the difference."

The Troll wife just hit him in the head with her frying pan and went to rock her baby.

The senile old Troll father could not get the idea out of his head. No matter how his wife felt, he was going to switch the children. So he grabbed his baby and ran down the mountain

before she woke up. Once he got to the acacia grove, he switched the two within a blink of an eye as Esmeralda snored on. Safely back in his home, he placed the princess in his baby's crib.

Within the week, the child was brought from her giant bed chamber to the acacia grove at least seven times, but no one noticed the switch. Then on the eighth day, the Queen finally...came to look upon her child. At first, she didn't notice any difference, even though the child's giant feet were sticking out of the blanket. The mother took a glance. Then a second. Then a third before she realized that her princess had fairer skin than this swarthy child bundled in gossamer. Still, she was not sure if her child had been switched; in truth, she had not seen her child enough to really know... She woke up Esmeralda, who was still snoring, and asked where her child had gone.

"Not your child; I have only nodded off for a second; whose else could it be?" Esmeralda had said while she was yawning.

"Someone's who would not think it strange that their child wears a size twelve shoe!" scolded the mother.

Her husband was called down to the groove. The husband, who had only seen the child once after she was born, said, "What is the problem? She looks beautiful.

"Our daughter was as fair as snow; this child is as swarthy as the people from the Mediterranean," replied the mother.





“Maybe she got some sun lying in the grove?” answered the husband. “It is wonderful she has such a fine tan so young!”

The mother just left for the grove, leaving the husband to deal with the child.

Now back up in the mountain, the wife woke up and went to feed her daughter. To her surprise she found the princess in place of her daughter. She ran to the bed where her husband was, and smacked him awake with her frying pan. “Where is my daughter!”

“In the crib, my dear,” said the old and tired Troll, “Why do you ask?”

It was then that all of the yelling woke up the princess and she made an awful loud din.

“I’m going to my mother’s and I’m sending my brothers over to fix your wagon,” yelled his wife as she smacked him once more for good measure before she left.

“Where are you going my love,” asked the husband.

“To plan on how to get our daughter back!” yelled the wife before she slammed the door.

This only made the princess scream louder, which made the old Troll’s hang-over worse.

In the castle, the blue-eyed King asked his Queen, “Where did the princess get her black eyes?” as he looked into her blue eyes.

“Yes, who can explain it,” said the Queen as she rolled her eyes, “When she was born, she had blue eyes like us...”

Now it was impossible to ignore the child in the castle. The child would have tantrums on the floor, ruin her new dresses for sport, and poke holes in the walls with the fire poker. All the time looking out of the corner of her eye to see how angry she made the Queen. She

did whatever she could to get the attention that once belonged to the princess.

If she was evil to the Queen, she was merciless to Esmeralda. She would light her hair on fire while she snored, place pepper under her nose, and hide behind a bush to watch her expression when she awoke to find her missing.

The King tried to beat her, but the Troll child would just rip the switch out of his hand and whack him on the nose with it. In time, the Troll child trained him well, but the queen knew better about the child.

Eight years had passed, and the King began to call her his little Troll child. The Queen just depended on her cook's supply of valerian root.

The Troll wife was perplexed; with all the help from her family, they could not find a way to get into the castle to get her daughter back. So she was forced to live with the princess for the last eight years. Most of the day, she would send her into the forest to get her out of her sight because she was a constant reminder that her daughter was missing from her arms.

Within the forest, the princess made friends with all the animals and trees.

The old Troll husband just slipped further and further into senility as his love for the princess grew.

Now the Troll child was seventeen and, strangely, grew into an exquisite young woman with raven black hair and eyes as black as opals. As her looks grew, so did her temper. The knowledge of her beauty only made her more dangerous. It was then that the King and Queen

thought it might be a good idea to marry off their problem.

So they found an upwardly mobile young duke who believed marriage was an excellent career choice. Though it was not long till her beauty could not hide her animosity for all those in her life.

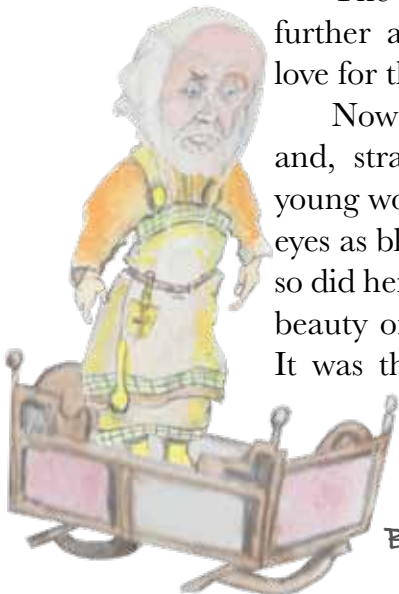
She made his life hell, but he thought that one day he would be made king! Then the next day, she was so kind and sweet that he felt that the horrible days were worth it. Then one day, after a horse ride in which she ran him through brambles and over fences trying to keep up with her, only to be called a fool once they arrived back at the castle, he had enough!

So he went to his father, Esmeralda's brother, and asked if he could get out of the marriage. The father boxed his ears and said, life is an obligation and not a choice. The marriage would be within the week.

Back in the mountains, the princess had only grown fairer and kinder when the old Troll husband felt it was time to present her to the Troll court. It was time she married.

It was then that the Troll wife reminded her husband that the princess was quite short for a Troll. The court would probably notice something was wrong...The senile old husband went to make his plans for the princess.

A few days later, the Troll King and Queen held their yearly ball. Their son was the same age as the princess, and he was looking for a bride. The party had some of the sweetest music as the Trolls from the mountain jumped, cavorted,



Babe not appearing in this book...

and danced the night away. The senile old Troll was hoping the prince would notice her; how could he not? She was the fairest and shortest one there that night, and he fell in love. Tall women in his court were a dime a dozen; she was a rarity!

When he made his intentions known to the senile Troll husband, the princess worried if she would be squished under the prince in bed. So she began to make plans to run away from the mountain.

Back in the valley, the Troll child had met the duke's parents. They were so dull without a personality. She felt so odd compared to how tame they were. She almost felt sorry for the duke. The Troll child felt she was too loud, too uncouth, and too tall among the duke's family! It was then she felt she had never fit in anywhere her whole life. It was time for her to plan to leave the world she had known.

Now the Troll child's wedding was coming up, as was the princess'. Both felt it was the right day to run away. They did manage to pass each other in the forest, but they both hid from each other as they went by.

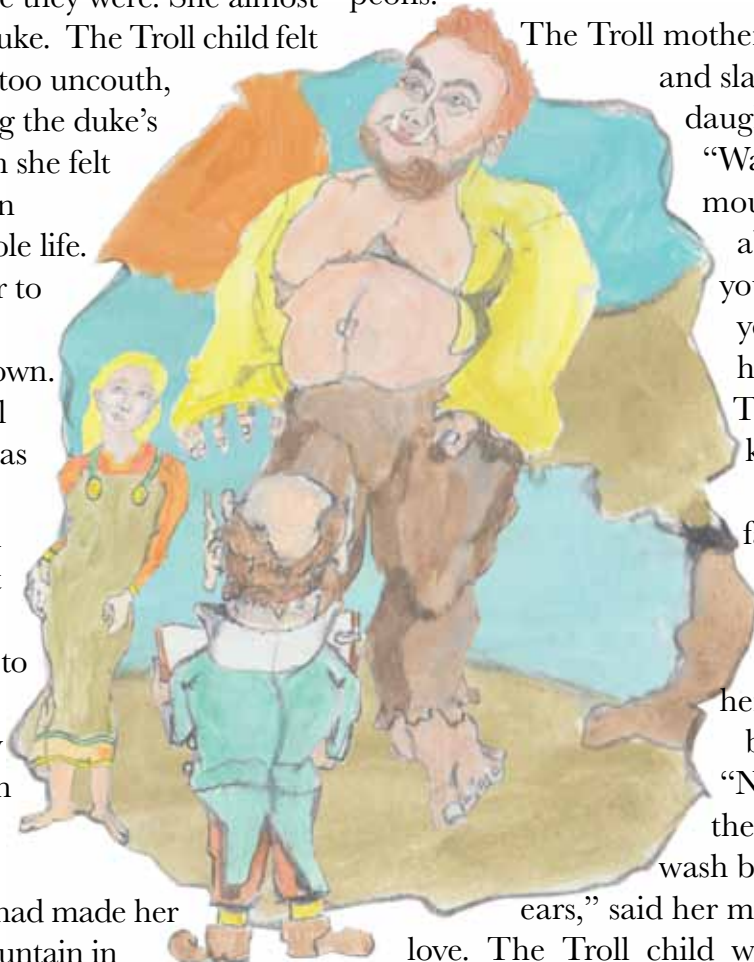
The princess had made her way back to the fountain in the acacia grove, where her mother was pining for her lost daughter. She had a lot

of time to reflect on how she could be a better mother than her mother was, but only if her daughter was returned to her.

It was then that she looked up and thought she was still staring into the fountain, for the girl who appeared in front of her looked so much like her twin.

She opened her arms so wide, and the princess fell into her embrace with the biggest smile you had ever seen and felt!

It was then that the Troll child found her mother cutting wood in the forest on the mountain, saying, "Oh, the work of peons."



The Troll mother stood up and slapped her daughter.

"Watch your mouth; it is about time you found your way home!" The Troll mother knew her own by the familiar slur in her voice and embraced her in a giant bear hug.

"Now off to the house and wash behind your ears," said her mother with

love. The Troll child went to talk back, but the mother just smacked her in the rear with a piece of firewood and sent her off.

Both weddings were already paid for, so the new brides were introduced to their potential grooms, and it was love at first sight. After the wedding, the Queen went to live with the new couple, and the Troll mother went to live with her mother once more, next to the cave her daughter and her husband moved into.

Dag and Daga, and the Flying Troll of Sky Mountain



Dag's and Daga's parents died, leaving them orphans to live only off the milk from their goat and the mushrooms and berries around the house.

Soon Dag was selling the berries to buy flour so Daga could bake bread for them. He also proved to be a fine hunter. He would catch a hare, a grouse, or a deer when he was lucky enough for Daga to cook.

One evening, Dag didn't come home. So she went searching for him and saw his feather sticking up from his hat above a grove of rose bushes. When she went into the grove, she only found his hat. She went deeper through the thorns to only find his bow and arrow. When she made it to the other side of the grove of thorns, her brother was nowhere to be found.

She searched for weeks while sleeping under the firs. Not once was she bothered by any wild animals along the way because the house nisse had followed her and kept her safe. On the third day

of her search, she heard the barking of dogs coming closer. Behind them was a marvelous prince. Upon seeing her, the prince sent his squire back to the castle for his carriage to carry her back home. He was to marry her.

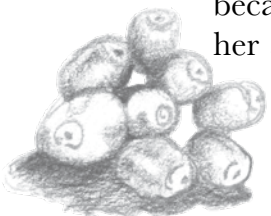
"Who are you?" asked the Daga, "Anyway, I must find my brother, excuse me."

The prince detained her so long that the carriage was able to arrive, and they kidnapped her.

She was dressed in the finest ermine and silk and was given jewels and a crown to wear. When she had seen the prince again, she inquired when she would be set free to find her brother.

"I will send four of my swiftest ships, um, men, to find him," said the prince. It was only later that she overheard two of his men talking. One was complaining about being sent into the forest to hunt some whelp. The other suggested he get a room in the tavern for the night and come back in the morning and say he could not find him. The prince believed the boy had been stolen by the Trolls already.

So she escaped in the gown with the jewels and the crown. Her little nisse followed along in his new suit and jewels from the palace nisse. The gown was very impractical for walking through a forest, so she changed back into her own clothes. It was afterward that she met a deformed little girl about her age. She had asked if she had seen her brother, but the girl said she would only tell her if she could be dressed like a princess.



Cranberries

Well lucky for Daga, she had a princess gown.

“Well, OK...the Flying Troll of Sky Mountain caught him,” said the girl not expecting her to produce a gown.

For three days she wandered until she got to the base of Sky Mountain. She walked for hours and could not find a way to start up the mountain. Then she met a dwarf.

“How can I get up the mountain?” she asked.

Being a smart ass, the dwarf said, “If you can give me the prince’s largest emerald.”

“Why here it is,” said Daga as she dropped it to him.

“Why, Um, just follow that path behind the boulder behind the pine,” said the puzzled dwarf.

So she went to the top.

At the top she found her brother who was stuck in a rock up to his neck.

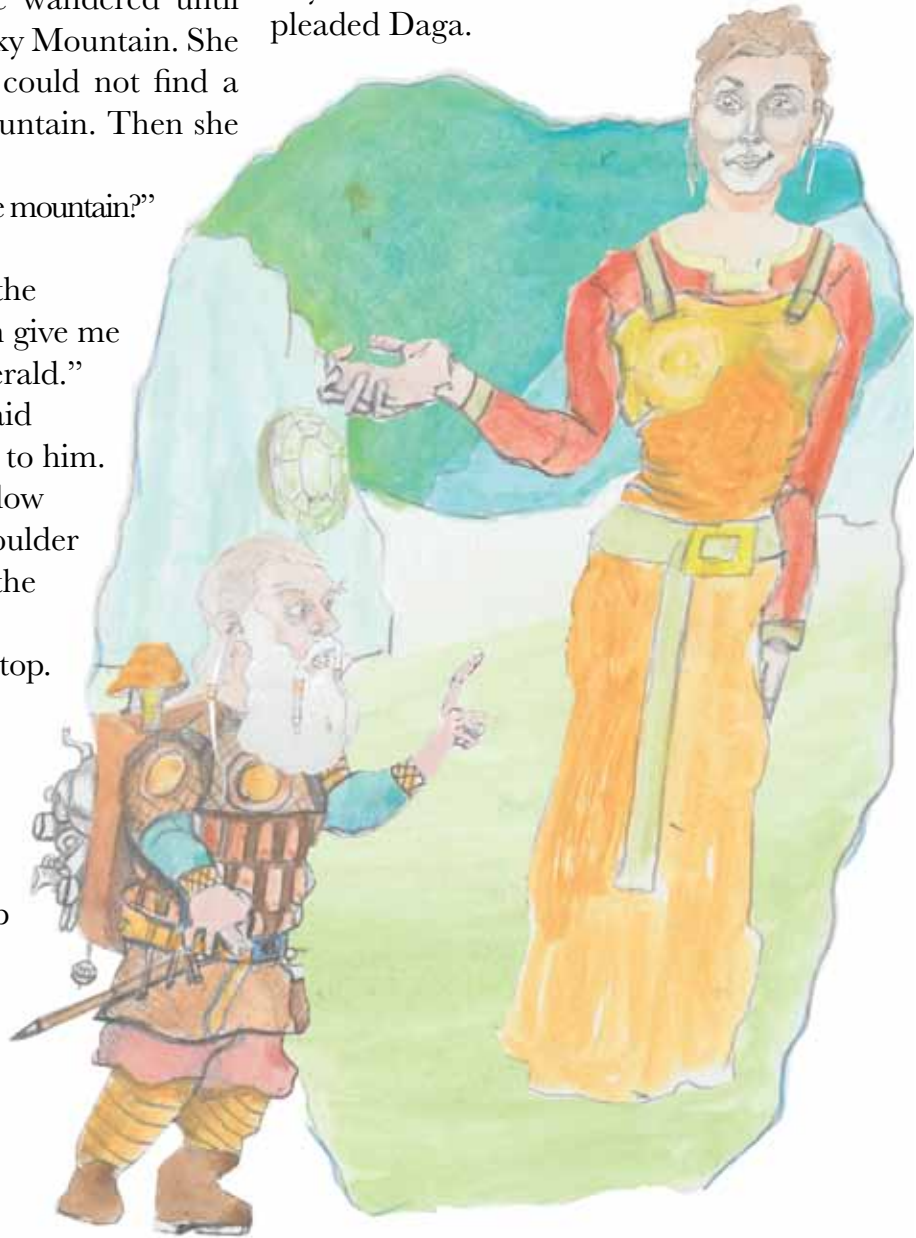
“Please sister, run away before you end up in a rock next to me!” pleaded Dag. “The Troll placed me in here after I refused to hammer gold for him. Now leave quick!”

“I did not walk for a hundred miles and climb some awful mountain to go home, you fool!”

Further she went till she came to the Troll castle filled with sprites, goblins,

and pixies hammering gold for the Troll. When they saw her walk in, they just stopped in their tracks. Then the Troll had seen her.

“Please Flying Troll, release my brother from the rock?” pleaded Daga.



“Ha, you thought all you had to do was climb my mountain and ask for me to free him!” laughed the Flying Troll. “Only if you could produce a crown fit for a queen would I.”

Herbal Remedies of the Pine Barrens

It was then he was cut short when Daga produced her crown.

So they went to her brother, and the Troll set him free, and they went home.

The little nisse, once they got home, was able to sell off the jewels he received from the palace nisse and leave them on the steps of their cottage for them to find. At which point the little family was set for life.

The Boy and the Trolls, or the Adventure

Once there was a clever and lively boy who wanted an adventure, so he took the shortest route: right through the dark and dreary forest.

"Hello," cried the boy, hoping to call a dragon or two to his attention. "The village is quite boring, except that the queen has died and everyone is mourning, and the princess has to deal with a new horrible stepmother, which everyone thinks is a witch. The same old troupe..."

No dragon popped up to eat him, so he ventured deeper into the gnarly woods.

"Hello," he cried again. "Hello!" he yelled once more in case the hobgoblin didn't hear him. "Where can I find an adventure! My mother gave me seven sandwiches, and now I'm down to two; I really need to get this adventure thing going before I run out of food."

It grew late in the day, and the sun began to set.

"Come here adventure, adventure, adventure," the boy teased. "I will not bite. It is really, really getting boring at home. The princess is missing, and everyone is in a panic, thinking the witch took her."

Then the boy sat down on a rock to eat his last sandwich when he heard a rustle. From behind him, a large Troll came through the trees. It was Big Brother Troll, the oldest of three in these woods.

"Good evening, Uncle," greeted the boy.

"My what do you have here? A little dwarf?" asked the Troll.

"No, I am a boy!"

"You have horrible little knobs for horns..."

"I have no knobs," exclaimed the boy. "we don't grow horns."

"Why did the princess turn me down due to my knobs?" said Big Brother disdainfully, "How could she like one like you with no knobs or horns?"

"What is in your sack, Uncle?"

"There is a snake for the princess to nibble on and a horde of silver to win her heart over."

"What princess is that?"

"Wouldn't you like to know..." answered Big Brother with a side-looking leer. "I could change you into a raven if I had half a mind, but I don't. Just tell my brothers if you see them that I have gone into the mountains."

"Good-bye Uncle," The boy said.

He sat there long enough hoping another adventure would come by, which it did.

It was the middle brother Troll who came into the glen.

"Good-evening Uncle!" greeted the boy.

"What do we have here, a little nisse?" asked the Troll.

"I am not a nisse nor a dwarf, but a boy."

"How could the princess turn me down with my long, flowing beard? She could never fall in love with someone who has such a clean-shaven face like you, boy!"

Native Americans used the herb Boneset to treat colds and rheumatic pain. Europeans learned of its benefits, and by the 18th and 19th centuries, it was regarded as a virtual cure-all. The common name derives from its ability to treat "break-bone fever" (or dengue fever), an illness once common in wet places in North America. The herb was also used historically to treat malaria.



Boneset ~
Leaves and flowers cooked and reduced to a syrup, used for fevers, colds, pain and stomach aches.

Place dried herbs in jar with a lid. Use a ratio of 1:5 dried herbs to 5 parts 80-proof vodka to cover the herbs. Place the jar in a warm place for 4-6 weeks, shake it well every couple of days. Strain the liquid through muslin. Pour your tincture into a dark glass bottle and label. Store in a cool, dark, dry location.



“What do you have in the bag, Uncle?”
“I have a fine green frog for the princess to eat for desert and my booty of gold to win over her heart.”

“What princess is that?”

“You think I would tell a dolt like you? Have you seen my older brother?”

“Yes, he said to tell you and your other brother that he went home to the mountains.”

“Thank you, boy. If I had time, I would have to change you into a cow, but I don’t!”

The boy sat on the rock again, expecting the third Troll. Not too long afterward, the youngest of the Trolls.

“Good-evening, Uncle,” the boy said.

“My what a hobgoblin of a little critter you are!” said the Troll.

“I’m no hobgoblin; I’m a boy.”

“Boy, your nose is small, how could the princess turn down my long, beautiful nose? She would not probably like your measly little nose.”

“What do you have in the sack, Uncle?”

“I have a toad for the princess to have as a midnight snack and a treasure of gems to win over her heart.”

“What princess is that?” asked the boy.

“You think I would tell the likes of you? Have you seen my brothers?”

“Yes, they both have gone home into the mountains.”

“If I had time, I would most likely enjoy turning you into a magpie, but I must be off, said the Troll.

Hmm, thought the boy. If he followed them, he thought he would have an even greater adventure.

So he followed them to a gray castle on the mountain, where they held some my story princess. (What were the

chances it was the princess from that boring story from the village with all of that mourning and stuff..)

In a chamber in that castle sat a princess, who might not be the princess that was kidnapped from the village. In front of her was a bunch of Troll food, but she preferred vegetarian elven fare. The princess sat in her chamber, tapping her foot and staring out the window. The Elven Grub-Bus was late.

Then Mother Troll came in. “Don’t you like our tenderloin?” she asked.

“Oh, it’s delightful, but my stomach is a bit sour today,” said the princess.

It was then that the three Troll sons walked in with the delicacies. They emptied them on the table, and she just stared out the window and hoped the elves would come soon with a nice forest salad.

“Now after dinner, you have to pick one of my sons as your husband,” said the old mother.

It was then that the princess spied another Troll out of the window, but he was quite small...

What is wrong with these people—if it smells like a boy, tastes like a boy, and looks like a boy, it must be a boy.

“They are all healthy and can provide for you for many years to come,” said the mother. “My youngest here is 947 years old, he has many years left in him. There is only one thing that can kill any of my sons.”

“What may that be?” asked the princess.

“Well, I thought I told you already easily said the mother.



“Now boys, all in tune.”

*“Come, fresh winds, and blow away
Long horn, huge beard, big nose.
Come, west wind, and sweep away
All these pretty Trolls from
mountain grey.”*

This they tell! This...but they wouldn't tell who the princess is?

“Though it stings, it can only kill us when a boy is not afraid of Trolls or darkness. Though it is easy to turn him into something else, besides a boy, before he can sing it.”

“I had seen a boy in the forest who was not afraid of Troll or darkness,” said the youngest Troll and the others nodded in agreement.

“Why didn't you use some magic on him!” yelled their mother.

“Well, we were in a hurry to get back to the princess so she could choose one of us,” said the oldest.

They all nodded in agreement as they smiled at the mystery princess.

“Well, deary,” asked the mother, “have you chosen yet?”

Then she looked out the window, and the little Troll actually looked like the gatekeeper's son she used to play with, but who is to say if she was from the boy's village...

“I want to go home!” yelled the princess.

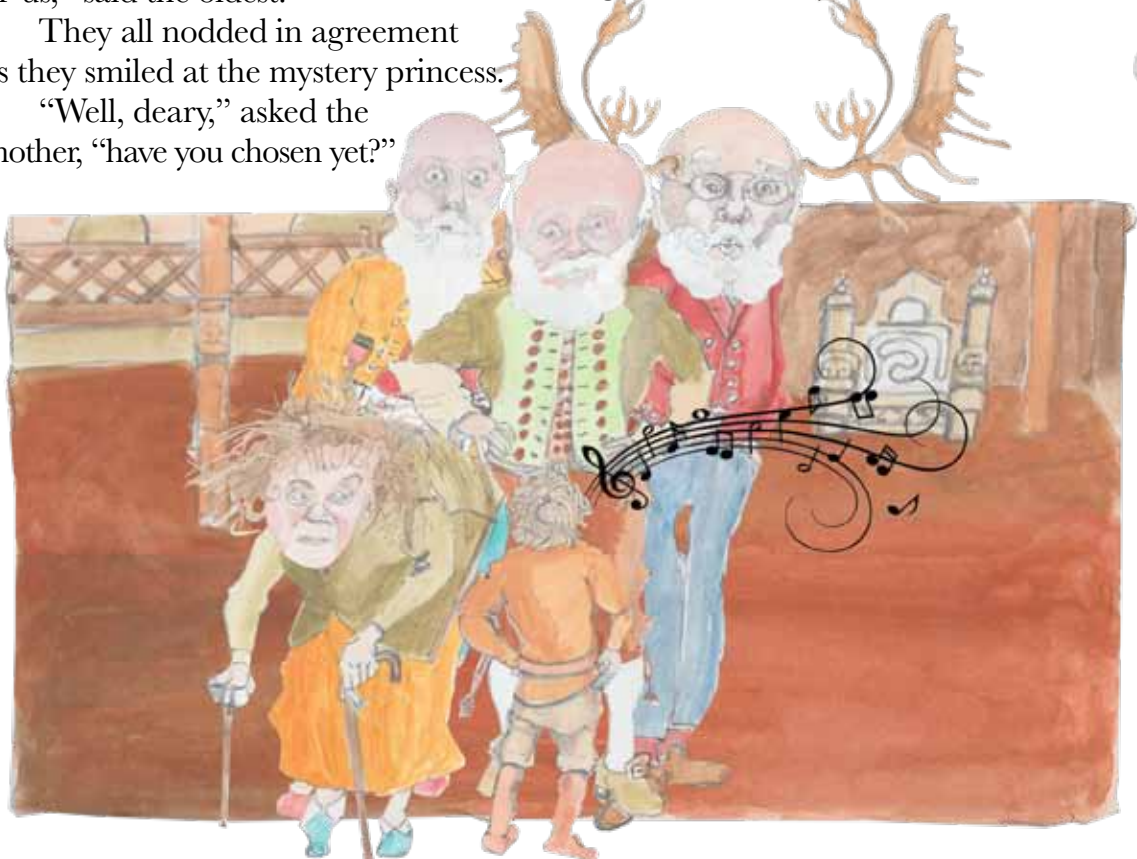
“Sorry, my dear,” said the mother, “my sister is the Queen now and your stepmother, and we will put a Troll princess on your throne.”

It was then that the boy began:

*“Come, fresh winds, and blow away
Long horn, huge beard, big nose.
Come, west wind, and sweep away
All these pretty Trolls from mountain grey.”*

Then a big wind came and blew the Troll family away.

“Come, my princess. I was so bored with all of the mourning of your death, so I went on an adventure. And look, here you are! All that wailing for nothing,” said the boy.





The princess just stared there, dumb founded.

“Now help me carry these three bags of gems, silver, and gold,” said the boy. “I get to keep the frog, snake, and toad..”

So the two of them made their way home. In the castle in the village, the Troll sister was preparing her daughter to be the new princess.

After some time, the couple made it to the gates of the castle, where the boy’s father saw him with the princess. He knew from the start that his son had come back with the missing princess. Though he was not sure what was in the sacks. The boy showed him the toad, snake, and frog.

The princess shook her head and continued into the keep with the three bags of treasure.

When the boy saw the Troll and her daughter standing near the king, he chanted:

*“Come, fresh winds, and blow away
Long horn, huge beard, big nose.
Come, west wind, and sweep away
All these pretty Trolls from mountain grey.”*

The Troll and her daughter just blew away. Well, the usual troupe happened: the boy got the girl, and as one adventure ends, another always begins...

The Troll’s Daughter Andrew Lang’s Pink Fairy Book

There was once a lad who went to look for his place in the world. As he went along, he met a man who asked him where he was going. He told him his errand, and the stranger said, “Then you can serve me; I am just in want of a lad like you, and I will give you good wages—a bushel of money the first year, two the second year, and three the third year, for you must serve me three years and obey me in everything, however strange it seems to you. You need not be afraid of taking service with me, for there is no danger in it if you only know how to obey.”

The bargain was made, and the lad went home with the man to whom he had engaged himself. It was a strange place indeed, for he lived in a bank in the middle of the wild forest, and the lad saw no other person there than his master. The latter was a great Troll and had marvelous power over both men and beasts.

The next day, the lad had to begin his service. The first thing that the troll set him to was to feed all the wild animals in the forest. These the Troll had tied up, and there were both wolves and bears, deer and hares, which the troll had gathered in the stalls and folds in his stable down beneath the ground, and that stable was a mile long. The boy, however, accomplished all this work on that day, and the Troll praised him and said that it was very well done.

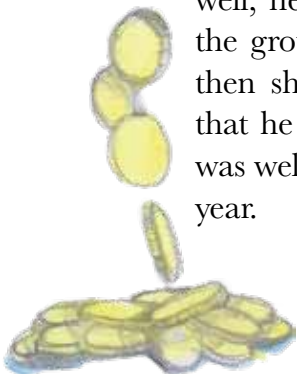
Next morning, the Troll said to him, “To-day the animals are not to be fed;

they don't get the like of that every day. You shall have leave to play about for a little, until they are to be fed again."

Then the Troll said some words to him that he did not understand, and with that, the lad turned into a hare and ran out into the wood. He had plenty to run for, too; though for all the hunters' logic, they could not shoot him, but the dogs barked and ran after him wherever they got wind of him. He was the only wild animal that was left in the woods now, for the Troll had tied up all the others, and every hunter in the whole country was eager to knock him over. But in this, their logic met with no success; there was no dog that could overtake him and no marksman that could hit him. They shot and shot at him, and he ran and ran. It was an unquiet life, but in the long run he got used to it when he saw that there was no danger in it, and it even amused him to befool all the civilized hunters and their pet dogs that were so eager after him.

Thus a whole year passed, and when it was over, the Troll called him home, for he was now in his power like all the other animals. The Troll then said some words to him that he did not understand, and the hare immediately became a human being again. "Well, how do you like to serve me?" said the Troll, "and how do you like being a hare?"

The lad replied that he liked it very well; he had never been able to go over the ground so quickly before. The Troll then showed him the bushel of money that he had already earned, and the lad was well pleased to serve him for another year.



The first day of the second year, the boy had the same work to do as on the previous one—namely, to feed all the wild animals in the Troll's stable. When he had done this, the Troll again said some words to him, and with that, he became a raven and flew high into the air. This was delightful, the lad thought; he could go even faster now than when he was a hare, and the dogs could not come after him here. This was a great delight to him, but he soon found out that he was not to be left quite at peace, for all the marksmen and hunters who saw him aimed at him and fired away, for they had no other birds to shoot at than himself, as the Troll had tied up all the others.

This, however, he also got used to when he saw that the hunter's logic could never outwit him, and in this way he flew about all that year, until the Troll called him home again, said some strange words to him, and gave him his human shape again. "Well, how did you like being a raven?" said the Troll.

"I liked it very well," said the lad, "for never in all my days have I been able to rise so high." The Troll then showed him the two bushels of money which he had earned that year, and the lad was well content to remain in his service for another year.

Next day he got his old task of feeding all the wild beasts.



When this was done, the Troll again said some words to him, and at these, he turned into a fish and sprang into the river. He swam up and he swam down, and thought it was pleasant to let himself drive with the stream.

In this way, he came right out into the sea and swam further and further out. At last he came to a glass palace, which stood at the bottom of the ocean. He could see into all the rooms and halls, where everything was very grand; all the furniture was white ivory, inlaid with gold and pearl. There were soft rugs and cushions of all the colors of the rainbow, and beautiful carpets that looked like the finest moss, and flowers and trees with curiously crooked branches, both green and yellow, white and red, and there were also little fountains that sprang up from the most beautiful snail shells, fell into bright mussel shells, and at the same time made a most delightful music, which filled the whole palace.

The most beautiful thing of all, however, was a young girl who went about her business all alone. She went from one

room to another but did not seem to be happy with all the grandeur she had about her. She walked in solitude and melancholy and never even thought of looking at her own image in the polished glass walls that were on every side of her, although she was the prettiest creature anyone could wish to see. The lad thought so too while he swam around the palace and peered in from every side.

“Here, indeed, it would be better to be a man than such a poor dumb fish as I am now,” said he to himself; “if I could only remember the words that the Troll says when he changes my shape, then perhaps I could help myself to become a man again.” He swam and pondered and thought over this until he remembered the sound of what the Troll said, and then he tried to say it himself. In a moment he stood in human form at the bottom of the sea.

He made haste then to enter the glass palace, and went up to the young girl and spoke to her.

At first he nearly scared the life out of her, but he talked to her so kindly and explained how he had come down there that she soon recovered from her alarm



and was very pleased to have some company to relieve the terrible solitude that she lived in. Time passed so quickly for both of them that the youth (for now he was quite a young man and no longer a lad) forgot altogether how long he had been there.

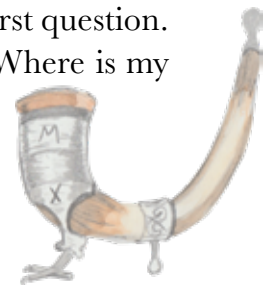
One day the girl said to him that it would be time soon when he must become a fish again—in a few days, the Troll would call him home, and he would have to go, but before that, he must put on the shape of a fish, otherwise he could not pass through the sea alive. Before this, while he was staying down there, she had told him that she was the daughter of the same Troll whom the youth served, and he had shut her up there to keep her away from everyone. She had now devised a plan by which they could perhaps succeed in getting to see each other again and spending the rest of their lives together. But there was much to attend to, and he must give careful heed to all that she told him.

She told him then that all the kings in the country round about were in debt to her father the Troll, and the king of a certain kingdom, the name of which she told him, was the first who had to pay, and if he could not do so at the time appointed, he would lose his head. “And he cannot pay,” said she; “I know that for certain. Now you must, first of all, give up your service with my father; the three years are past, and you are at liberty to go.

You will go off with your six bushels of money to the kingdom that I have told

you of, and there you will enter the service of the king. When the time comes for his debt to become due, you will be able to tell by his manner that he is at ease. You shall then say to him that you know well enough what it is that is weighing upon him—that it is the debt that he owes to the Troll and cannot pay but that you can lend him the money. The amount is six bushels—just what you have. You shall, however, only lend them to him on condition that you may accompany him when he goes to make the payment and that you then have permission to run before him as a fool. When you arrive at the Troll’s abode, you must perform all kinds of foolish tricks, see that you break a whole lot of his windows, and do all the other damage that you can. My father will then get very angry, and as the king must answer for what his fool does, he will sentence him, even though he has paid his debt, either to answer three questions or to lose his life.

The first question my father will ask will be, ‘Where is my daughter?’ Then you shall step forward and answer, ‘She is at the bottom of the sea.’ He will then ask you whether you can recognize her, and to this you will answer ‘Yes.’ Then he will bring forward a whole troop of women and cause them to pass before you in order that you may pick out the one that you take for his daughter. You will not be able to recognize me at all, and therefore I will catch hold of you as I go past so that you can notice it, and you must then make haste to catch me and hold me fast. You have then answered his first question. His next question will be, ‘Where is my



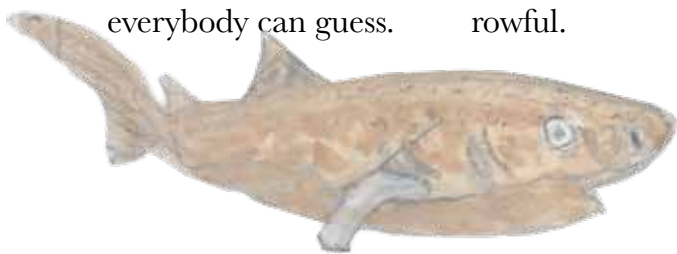
heart?’ You shall then step forward again and answer, ‘It is in a fish.’ ‘Do you know that fish?’ he will say, and you will again answer ‘Yes.’ He will then cause all kinds of fish to come before you, and you shall choose between them. I will take good care to keep by your side, and when the right fish comes, I will give you a little push, and with that, you will seize the fish and cut it up. Then all will be over with the Troll; he will ask no more questions, and we shall be free to wed.”

When the youth had gotten all these directions as to what he had to do when he got ashore again, the next thing was to remember the words that the Troll said when he changed him from a human being to an animal, but these he had forgotten, and the girl did not know them either. He went about all day in despair, and thought and thought, but he could not remember what they sounded like.

During the night he could not sleep, until towards morning he fell into a slumber, and all at once it flashed upon him what the Troll used to say. He made haste to repeat the words, and at the same moment, he became a fish again and slipped out into the sea. Immediately after this, he was called upon and swam through the sea up the river to where the troll stood on the bank and restored him to human shape with the same words as before.

“Well, how do you like to be a fish?” asked the Troll.

It was what he had liked best of all, said the youth, and that was no lie, as everybody can guess.



The Troll then showed him the three bushels of money that he had earned during the past year; they stood beside the other three, and all six now belonged to him.

“Perhaps you will serve me for another year yet,” said the Troll, “and you will get six bushels of money for it; that makes twelve in all, and that is a pretty penny.”

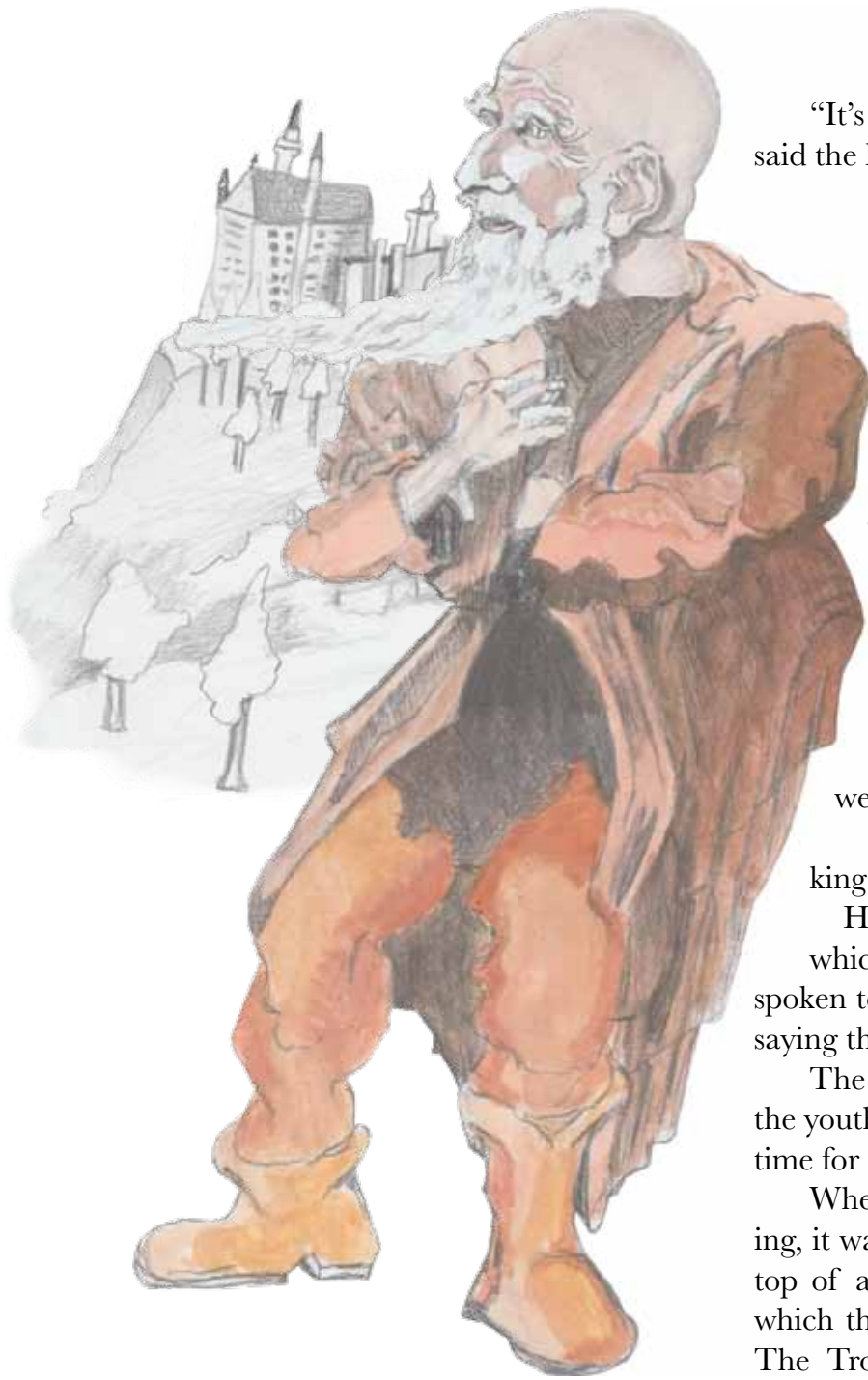
“No,” said the youth; he thought he had done enough and was anxious to go to some other place to serve and learn other people’s ways, but he would perhaps come back to the Troll some other time.

The Troll said that he would always be welcome; he had served him faithfully for the three years they had agreed upon, and he could make no objections to his leaving now.

The youth then got his six bushels of money, and with these he betook himself straight to the kingdom that his sweetheart had told him about. He got his money buried in a lonely spot close to the king’s palace, and then went in there and asked to be taken into service. He obtained his request and was taken on as a stableman to tend the king’s horses.

Some time passed, and he noticed how the king always went about sorrowing and grieving and was never glad or happy. One day the king came into the stable, where there was no one present except the youth, who said straight out to him that, with his majesty’s permission, he wished to ask him why he was so sorrowful.





“It’s of no use speaking about that,” said the king; “you cannot help me, at any rate.”

“You don’t know about that,” said the youth. “I know well enough what it is that lies so heavy on your mind, and I also know of a plan to get the money paid.”

This was quite another case, and the king had more talk with the stableman, who said that he could easily lend the king the six bushels of money but would only do it on condition that he should be allowed to accompany the king when he went to pay the debt and that he should then be dressed like the king’s court fool and run before him.

He would cause some trouble, for which the king would be severely spoken to, but he would answer for it by saying that no harm would befall him.

The king gladly agreed to all that the youth proposed, and it was now high time for them to set out.

When they came to the Troll’s dwelling, it was no longer in the bank, but on top of a mountain stood a large castle, which the youth had never seen before. The Troll could, in fact, make it visible or invisible, just as he pleased, and, knowing as much as he did of the Troll’s magic arts, the youth was not at all surprised at this.

When they came near this castle, which looked as if it were made of pure glass, the youth ran on in front as the king’s fool. He ran sometimes facing forwards,



sometimes backwards, stood sometimes on his head and sometimes on his feet, and he dashed in pieces so many of the Troll's big glass windows and doors that it was something awful to see, overturned everything he could, and made a fearful disturbance.

The Troll came rushing out and was so angry and furious that he abused the king with all his might for bringing such a wretched fool with him, as he was sure that he could not pay the least bit of all the damage that had been done when he could not even pay off his old debt.

The fool, however, spoke up and said that he could do so quite easily, and the king then came forward with the six bushels of money that the youth had lent him. They were measured and found to be correct. This the Troll had not reckoned on, but he could make no objection against it. The old debt was honestly paid, and the king got his bond back again.

But there still remained all the damage that had been done that day, and the king had nothing with which to pay for it. The Troll, therefore, sentenced the king either to answer three questions that he would put to him or have his head taken off, as was agreed on in the old bond.

There was nothing else to be done but try to answer the Troll's riddles. The fool then stationed himself just by the king's side while the Troll came forward with his questions. He first asked, "Where is my daughter?"

The fool spoke up and said, "She is at the bottom of the sea."

"How do you know that?" said the Troll.



"The little fish saw it," said the fool.

"Would you know her?" said the Troll.

"Yes, bring her forward," said the fool.

The Troll made a whole crowd of women go past them, one after the other, but all these were nothing but shadows and deceptions. Among the very last was the Troll's real daughter, who pinched the fool as she went past him to make him aware of her presence. He thereupon caught her around the waist and held her fast, and the Troll had to admit that his first riddle was solved.

Then the Troll asked again, "Where is my heart?"

"It is in a fish," said the fool.

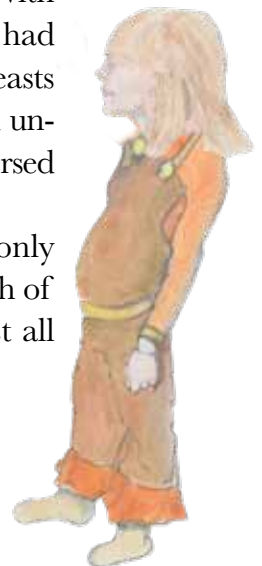
"Would you know that fish?" said the Troll.

"Yes, bring it forward," said the fool.

Then all the fish came swimming past them, and meanwhile, the Troll's daughter stood just by the youth's side. When at last the right fish came swimming along, she gave him a nudge, and he seized it at once and squeezed it so hard that the Troll's heart popped out of it before the fish swam away.

At the same moment, the Troll fell dead and turned into pieces of flint. With that, all the bonds that the Troll had bound were broken; all the wild beasts and birds that he had caught and hid under the ground were now free and dispersed themselves in the woods and in the air.

The Troll sat up from what only seemed to be a swoon. After the death of his wife, the princess' mother, he lost all



control of his emotions. The Troll locked up all the creatures of the forest, ruled by their instincts, which were not bound by logic. The kingdom fell prey to his justice, devoid of all mercy for the universe he felt gave him none.



The pain in his heart was so intense, swimming in circles in his mind day and night, that it just manifested itself into a fish and swam away. He buried his daughter deep in the sea of his emotions, for her smile only reminded him of his love for his wife, and that pain was too great.

Only a fool of the heart could break through the Troll's logic, acting as the trickster of the land, air, and sea to force him to feel once more. Only when he saw his daughter's love for the fool did he remember the love he felt for her and her mother, and he smiled once more. No longer did this Troll king lose his head with his subjects.

The three of them entered the glass castle that turned hard as flint and held their wedding; and all the kings round

about, who had been in the

Troll's debt and were now out of it, came to the wedding and saluted the youth as their emperor,

and he ruled over them all, kept peace between them, and lived in

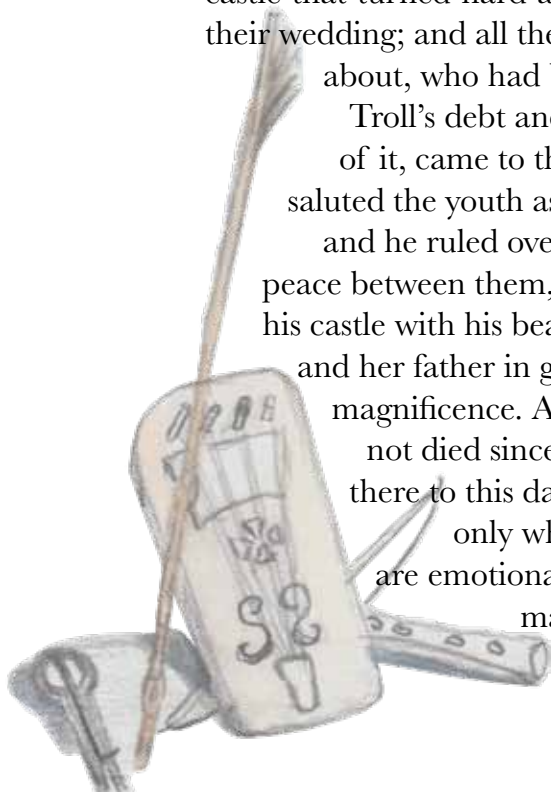
his castle with his beautiful empress and her father in great joy and

magnificence. And if they have not died since they are living

there to this day, wisely. It's

only when our leaders are emotionally burdened,

many since child-



hood, do they miss rule and abuse their subjects. These rulers were never healed by power or money, but only by regaining their true hearts, which were swept away by fear and pain.

About Ash Lad, Who Stole the Troll's Silver Ducks, Coverlet, and Golden Harp

Up in Stavanger, there were three sons who lived alone after their parents died. When the food in the cupboard was gone, they decided to go to the castle to seek employment. The two older brothers soon distanced themselves from the youngest, whom they thought was only good enough to poke and blow at the ashes. They had filled their sacks full of what they thought were their parents riches before leaving their home. The youngest brought a kneading trough, the only thing their parents had left behind, which his brothers had not bothered with.

His brothers got places under the coachman and gardener at the royal castle, and the ash lad found a job in the kitchen. Soon he was cooking for the king's royal banquets and for numerous weddings of countesses and dukes. This ash lad, whom they thought had wasted away his childhood in the kitchen, had surpassed them and worked his way into the king's privy.



This ash lad did so much better than they did that they became envious. The oldest brother told the coachman that his brother bragged he could steal the Troll's seven silver ducks, which the king had long dreamed of. So the king asked Ash Lad to steal them for him.

So the cinder boy took wheat and rye from his parents' kneading trough into his boat to the Troll's Island. There, he lured the ducks into the trough using the grain and rowed back to deliver them to the king. For this, the king gave him the finest chambers in his castle, outside of his own, of course...

Furious, the middle brother told the gardener that his brother said he could steal the Troll's bed quilt, and the gardener told the king.

Ash Lad asked the king for three days to think it over.

As Ash Lad sat confused on the hill, thinking about how to get the Troll's quilt, he spied the Troll's wife putting it out on the line. So he rowed back across the lake and stole it for the king. The king gave him the finest mahogany bed in the land.

Then his brothers told the coachman that their brother could steal the Troll's golden harp, which made everyone who heard it glad, and the coachman and the gardener convinced the king.

Ash Lad asked for six days to think. Then he rowed over with a nail, a birch pin, and a taper end in his bag. Once on the island, he danced and played a jig on his flute. Soon the Troll came running and seized him at once. He needed entertainment for his daughter's wedding.

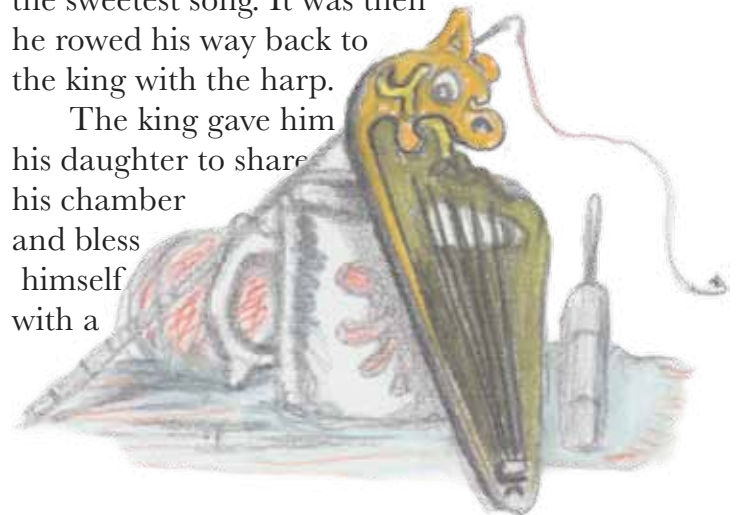
The Troll was inviting the best Trolls of the mountains to his daughter's wedding and wanted to know if the ash lad was talented enough to impress them. So Ash Lad said he could nail any tune. So the Troll asked for him to play an obscure old Mountain Troll lick. He asked for the sheet music and nailed it to the tree with the birch pin. With his flute, he brought the Troll to tears, but the Troll wanted further proof of his talent.

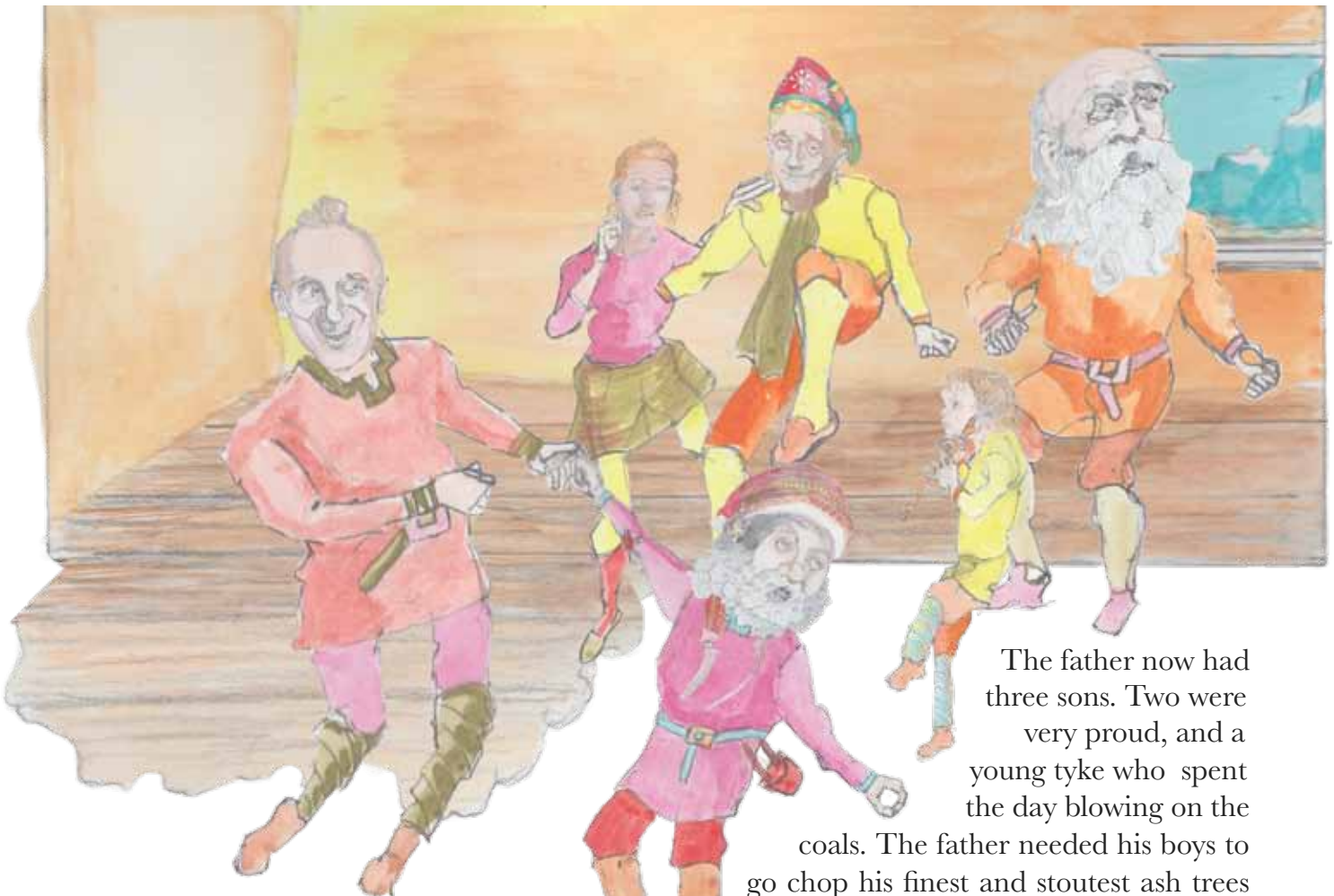
So the ash lad said he could burn through any song they could dance to. So the Troll produced some Forest Troll music, and the ash lad used the taper end to set it on fire, for he knew the old song by heart already.

Now Ash Lad told the Troll that every wedding needed a good harpist that could swell the coldest heart to sweetness to bless his daughter's special day, but he was too poor to have bought his own. It was then that the Troll went out to fetch his magic harp.

At the wedding, Ash Lad nailed all the Mountain Troll licks and burned through all the Forest Troll dance songs. Then, after the plates were cleared he asked to play the Troll's harp once more to warm their hearts and bless his daughter's wedding. When he received the harp, he lulled them all to sleep with the sweetest song. It was then he rowed his way back to the king with the harp.

The king gave him his daughter to share his chamber and bless himself with a





grandchild in their bed. Not only that, but the king let him keep the harp to play many a lullaby to the future king.

The Boy Who Had an Eating Match with a Troll

One day the tax collector came to the door to ask the father to pay the new tax so the king could invade the neighboring kingdom. The father asked for three days to come up with the sum, and the collector agreed. If he could not pay, he would have to join the army and be sent off to war.

The father now had three sons. Two were very proud, and a young tyke who spent the day blowing on the coals. The father needed his boys to go chop his finest and stoutest ash trees to pay off his taxes. So the boys set off, with the little ash lad lagging behind. The ash lad was the last one to set off because his mother stalled him long enough to gather a lunch of bread, cheese, and grapes.

When Ash Lad had gotten close enough to their father's forest, he had seen his brother's running away.

He continued on with his axe and found a Troll taller than the ash trees.

"Ah, look at this puny little lad," what are you planning to do with that axe.



“With my great strength, I was going to cut down this forest of ash for my father to pay his taxes,” said Ash Lad.

“Ha!” the Troll laughed. “A puny little boy like you could not fall a scrub oak.”

“Could you squeeze water from a stone like me?” asked the child.

“I would like to see you try,” teased the Troll.

It was then that the boy took his mother’s cheese and squeezed it till it dripped down his arm. Then, with his other hand, he squeezed a handful of grapes, pretending they were granite. “I’m a bit lazy now from overexerting myself with squeezing these stones; I think you should cut down these trees for me.”

The Troll was scared of this ash lad, he cut down enough ash to pay his father’s taxes and dragged them to the house.

Now Ash Lad only had some of his mother’s bread left, his stomach began to rumble. Then he remembered tales of the huge Troll feasts they held in the mountains. “I am hungry,” said Ash Lad. “How about you cook us up a good Troll soup?”



“OK,” said the Troll, “You go and fill the cauldron of water, and I will begin the fire.”

It was then that Ash Lad saw the buckets that were twice his size, round, and tall. “Those buckets are too small; I will go and bring back the spring in my mother’s huge buckets.”

Fearing he might lose his spring for

one meal, the Troll said he would fill the buckets if the ash lad started the fire. This was the one thing Ash Lad was good at.

When the soup was done, the Troll challenged the boy to an eating contest. During the match, the boy ate till he was more than content and spilled the rest of the soup into the bag his mother gave him to carry his lunch in. The Troll was amazed by the boy’s prodigious stomach, when the boy opened his belt to make more room. The Troll thought this was a good idea, but when he opened his belt, the soup that had been damned up above his waist flooded so fast to his toes that the Troll fell on his face. Then the boy walked home as the Troll slept off one hell of a case of indigestion...

The Troll Who Had No Heart in His Body

A king sent off his six sons to fetch themselves six brides keeping his youngest sitting on the hearth, poking the ashes. Though, when they found the finest princesses in the land, they left the king’s seventh daughter behind, playing in the cinders.

As the new couples headed back to the princes’ land, they passed a Troll’s castle, which got them all stoned at the everlasting ball. Now the ash lad’s father feared for his other sons, for it had been over a month without word from them. The ash lad said he would ven-

ture off to find them, but his father forbade him. He didn't want to lose all of his sons. So the ash lad put the fire out after everyone had gone to sleep and left to find his brothers, who had forgotten about him. Only bringing with him a loaf of bread.

On the way, he found a raven that fell from his tree from hunger. It had been a long, cold winter, and spring was late to come that year because the snow had covered the worms for too long. Ash Lad took some of his bread and fed the raven after setting him back in his tree. The raven thanked him and said all he had to do was call him when he was in need, and he would return the favor.

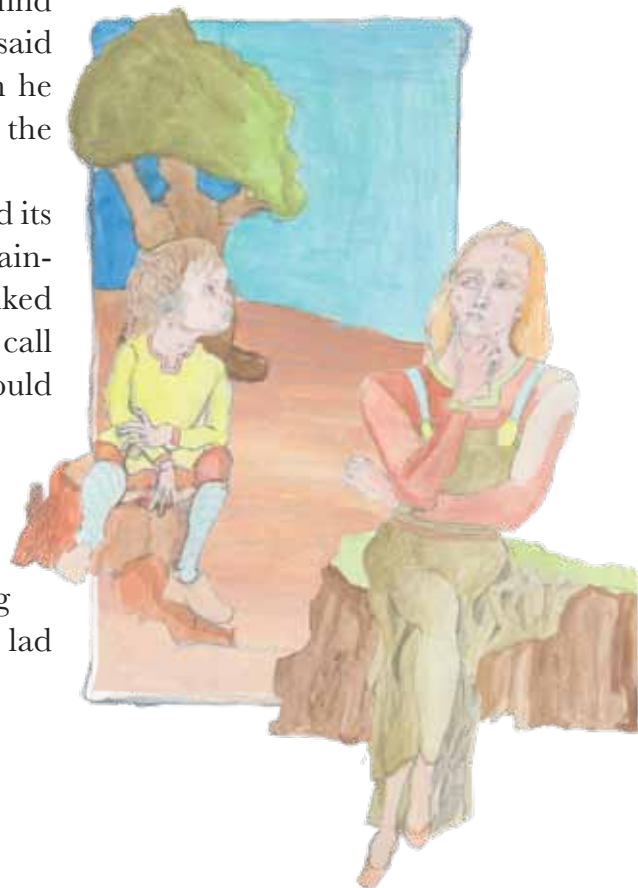
As the boy continued, he came to a river. It was spawning season, and he had seen a salmon jump upstream. A strong wind blew the fish onto a rock. The boy went over and placed the fish in the water before the bears could find him. The salmon thanked him and said all he had to do was call him when he was in need, and he would return the favor.

Further, he found a wolf that had its ribs showing. Ash Lad gave his remaining bread to the wolf. The wolf thanked him and said all he had to do was call him when he was in need, and he would return the favor.

Ash Lad said he could use his help now to find his brothers. The wolf had seen what happened to his brothers and was willing to bring him to the Troll's castle. The ash lad

knew first hand what smoking could do to his health from sitting by the fire too long, he feared the Troll might get him stoned too. The wolf told him not to fear; Ella, the cinder girl, had also left her father's kingdom to look for her sisters. She too knew the dangers of smoking and could help him if he would set her free first.

Within the castle, Ash Lad met Cinder Ella. They soon planned on finding a way to free their siblings, who had lost all of their memories outside of the everlasting ball. They had to find out where the Troll's heart lay. So Ash Lad hid and the Cinder Ella asked the Troll over to dinner that night. The Troll said his heart and soul were captured inside this good egg that was guarded by a certain magical duck that swam in a well in a church. Cinder Ella had trouble understanding him because he insisted on talking with his mouth full.



So the ash lad had set off to the church to find the duck. Once he got there, he saw a good egg of a Troll being harassed by some dumb, duck...

Well, the Troll was answering her with his mouth full and meant this person who was keeping him from her was a magical **ck. (You adults will understand.) This Troll, attacked the bells that were keeping him up all night and was never right afterward. It was here that he locked the good egg inside until she married him, and the bells rang for their wedding day. Ash Lad called to the raven for help. He asked the raven to fly inside and get him the key, which he did. Then he needed the salmon's help once they made their escape. Ash Lad then made his way into the church and called for the good egg to make her escape.

As they ran past the river, the salmon was leading a giant bear up river when it jumped into the Troll's face, and the bear smacked the Troll while reaching for the fish. The Troll fell over, and the wolf was waiting to carry them back to the castle with the good egg of a Troll running beside them.

Once the good egg got back to the Troll, she got him to end the everlasting ball and send his guests home. The only thing that mattered was that the Troll got his heart back once he embraced his love once more.

Later in the end, it was the cinder girl and the ash lad who kept the hearths warm within their subjects hearts once they governed over the two realms.

The Cat on the Dovrefell

Havlor from Finnmark was traveling with his large white bear to see the King of Denmark. They came upon a woodcutter and asked if they could have lodging for the night.

The woodcutter begged them to continue on to find a more proper lodging for the night since he was harried every St. John's Eve by a family of Trolls.

Most Trolls are good, but some are bad.

Havlor told the woodcutter that if he was allowed to stay, he would make sure the Trolls would never

return. Then the woodcutter offered him the feast he had prepared for the Trolls, fearing they would eat them once their bellies were full.



Havlor agreed and settled in the home for the night with his friend Bjarki as the woodcutter and his family went to live with his brother's family for the night.

Soon after they got settled in, the Trolls made such a commotion on the front porch Havlor hid in the oven. They threw the door open and went to look for their feast, but Havlor and his big bear had already eaten it. They raised such a ruckus that they woke up Bjarki, who was sleeping under the table.

Then one Troll said, "Look at the woodcutter's fine cat!" as he tried to pet him.

Bjarki came out growling and almost slashed the Troll's nose off before the rest of the family ran back into the wilderness.

On the morrow, the woodcutter found Bjarki and Havlor sleeping soundly and had his wife cook them a hearty breakfast. Afterward, the two thanked the family for the lodging and meals and continued on their way for their meeting with the King of Denmark.

The next St. John's Eve, the Troll still bearing the scars from Bjarki, asked if the woodcutter still had his large cat. The woodcutter said yes indeed, and that she has five new kittens that are larger than herself.

The Troll wished him a good day, and his family never bothered the woodcutter's family again.



(The Lenape have a much more violent version about slaying a raven for not clearly telling them that the only way to kill a monster is by stabbing the monster's heart in its hand.)



Around the campfire deep in the Pines where Bjorn lives, he would tell me tales he learned in Norway before he was captured. Tales from many centuries before, mostly forgotten by men, filled with sagas, faeries, Nisse, Jotuns, and many other super-

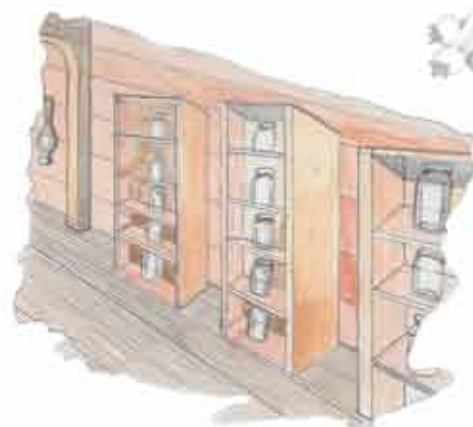
natural phenomena. He also imparted on me the legends and herbal remedies of his friends, the Lenape, who have been within the Pine Belt since time immemorial.



Through sharing his stories, I will try to reveal the wisdom he imparted on me. Lessons full of wisdom on the nature of man (from an outsider's perspective) and his psychology of the pursuit of happiness. In his youth, he traveled the world, learning from Mencius, Buddha, Krishna (they shared a zeal for Milk and the beautiful maidens that attended them), Nasreddin, and many common folk never written about whom he met who were more kind than wise.

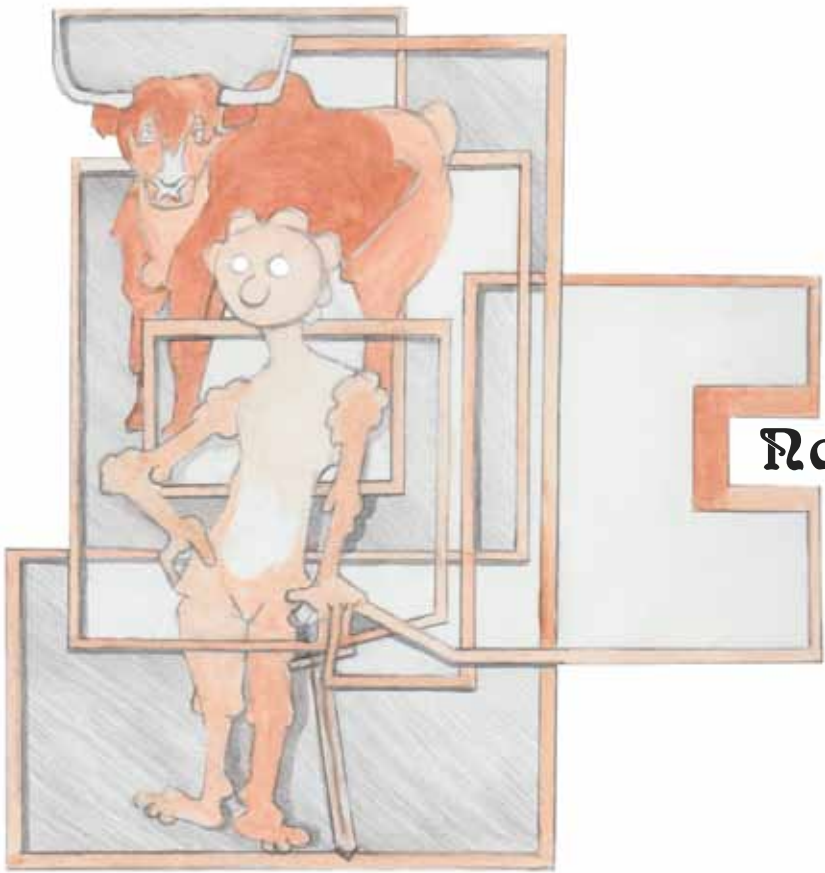
He even mentioned in passing that he was able to grow enough, for a short period of time, so Emmanuel Bar Joseph (Manni, as he knew him) could rest his feet on his shoulders so he could get a few breaths of air before he asked him to step aside so he could die on the cross. See, Bjorn can travel as far and wide because he can hide his horns, shrink down to the size of a man, and grow as large as a tree when he needs to travel long distances at night. Also, he can just turn invisible, as when the Christ rested his feet on his shoulders.





In the adventures of Trollheim, I will write down the stories of the Nattroll as he illustrates them. He does have a sense of humor, as you can see from his interpretation of the two of us...

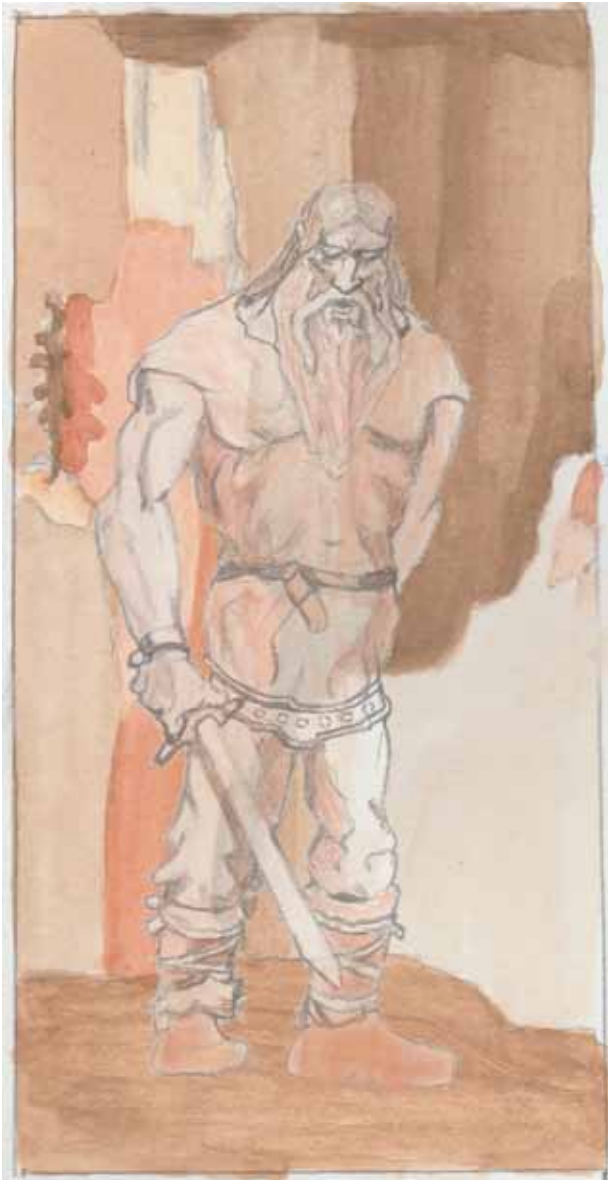




Norse Myths

Skáldskaparmál

*"They call me a troll,
moon of the earth-Hrungnir
wealth sucker of the giant,
destroyer of the storm-sun
beloved follower of the seeress,
guardian of the "nafjord"
swallower of the wheel of heaven [the sun].
What's a troll if not that?"*



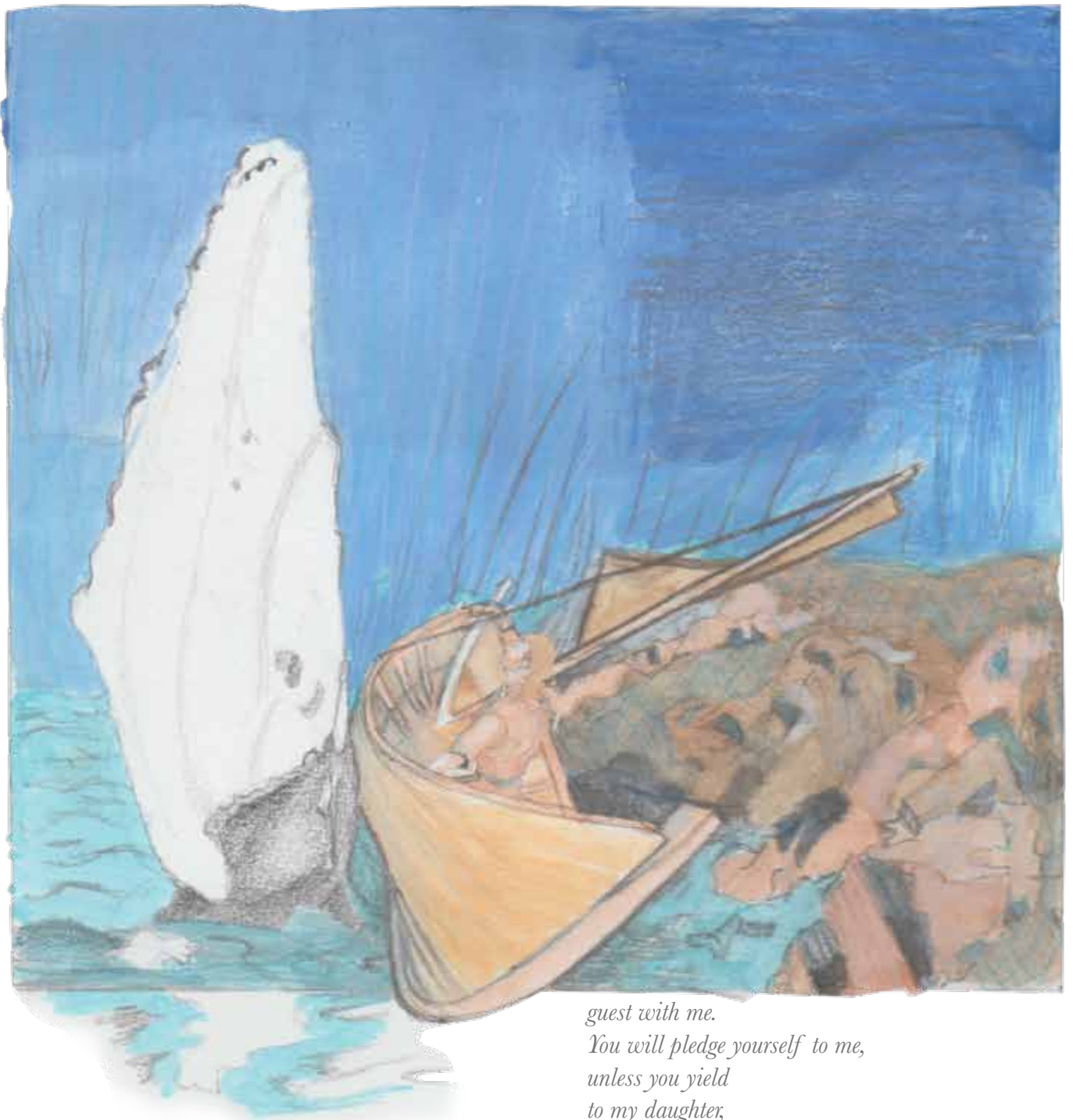
Sagas

Ketil and Hrafnhild

One autumn, Ketil Salmon (fish cauldron, a kenning for the sea) decided to sail away for the winter. Hallbjorn, his father the half-bear, asked what he intended to gain from such a fool hearty decision. Ketil said he was going fishing. Hallbjorn complained that he would be needed in the fields, “—and you do this without my leave!” Ketil just departed without looking back.

When he had gone as far north as a certain firth, a violent gale seized his ship and dragged him away out to sea. Far from any harbour! He was swept away north to Finnmark, before he could make any beachhead. There he dropped anchor and went to sleep. While he was sleeping, the ship began to violently shake to and fro. The waves were so strong it felt like the Troll woman of the sea had taken hold of the prow. Ketil ran across the boat, grabbed his butter chest, then struck the fastenings of the ship tent, and went outside. The most violent gale was blowing. A whale was blown into his side that pushed his ship out of the storm onto a reef.

He sailed safely away from the reef and weighed anchor. There he rested until night. Afterward, he went ashore and found a farm.



On the farm was a shepherd on skis.
Bruni the brown Troll, welcomed Ketil
and recited a verse:

*“You are welcome, Trout!
Here you will be well received
and in all winters*



*guest with me.
You will pledge yourself to me,
unless you yield
to my daughter,
before the day comes.”*

Ketil said a verse:

*“Here will I be well received!
I think the power
of the Sámi’ magic
caused that terrible wind.
And throughout the day*

*I baled once against three waves.
But the whale calmed the ocean.
I will be received in your house.”*

Then they went inside to greet his wife and daughter. Bruni asked Ketil if he wanted to sleep with his daughter Hrafnhild or by himself. She was very big and brave and had hair as black as the battle raven. Ketil said he would lie beside Hrafnhild.

So Ketil laid down next to the raven haired beauty and Bruni spread an ox-hide over them. Ketil asked why he had to hide under the hide with his daughter? “I have invited here some Sámi, friends of mine,” said Bruni, “and I do not want them to see you. They caused the winds to rise against your ship; they want your butter chest.”

So Bruni gave the Sámi his butter chest and they left thinking they had drowned Ketil S'almon.



Afterwards they went away, but Ketil remained there and entertained himself with Hrafnhild. Over the months he grew fond of Hrafnhild. They often went to the archery range and sometimes they went hunting with Bruni. About winter, after Yule, Ketil wished to go home, but Bruni said he could not because of the severe winter, “—and Gusir, king of the Sámi giants, lies out in the forest.”



About spring, Bruni and Ketil prepared to go out on a journey. They passed many firths. When they were about to part, Bruni said, “Journey well, as I showed you, but do not go into the forest.” He gave him some arrows, including one with a spiked head. Bruni had told him not to use it unless he was in extreme danger.



Afterwards they parted, and Bruni went home. When he was alone Ketil said: "Why should I hide from Bruni's bugbear?"

So Ketil descended deep into the forest. Soon he saw a great sledge pulled by two reindeer. Ketil hailed him with a verse:

*"You, skiing in your hand-sledge,
quiet with your reindeer,
out late in the evening,
tell me, how are you named?"*

Guisse droned:

*"Gusir they call me,
honoured by Sámi,
I am the leader
of all that tribe.
Who is that man,
who I meet as I sledge,
who skis like a wolf
of the woods?
You will be afraid to speak,*



*if you go away
off to the drone of the firth,
to say that I spoke poorly."*

Ketil replied with this verse:

*"Salmon I am named,
I come from Hrafnista,
land of Hallbjorn.
Why do you ski here, wretch?
Must I speak peaceful words
with a cowardly giant?
I would rather bend the bow
that Bruni gave me."*

Gusir had heard of this great hero.

Gusir said this verse:

*"How was your breath
at the beginning of the day,
eager for battle, fierce in your heart?
With that shall you be tempted*

*to redden your arrows
in the breasts of others,
unless you pause to
consider."*



Ketil said:

*“Call me Salmon
by half my name,
I will give you
my full name soon.
You shall certainly know,
before we part,
what churls will be
bitten by the arrow.”*

Gusir said:

*“Go now into
the bitter sword-clash,
hold your shield before you,
I will shoot hard,
I will turn you into raw meat.
You will die,
unless you yield to me
all of your wealth.”*

Ketil said:

*“I will not yield
any of my wealth
and I will never run
away from you.
Before you hew
the shield over my breast,
let us see
how dark arrows fly.”*

Gusir said:

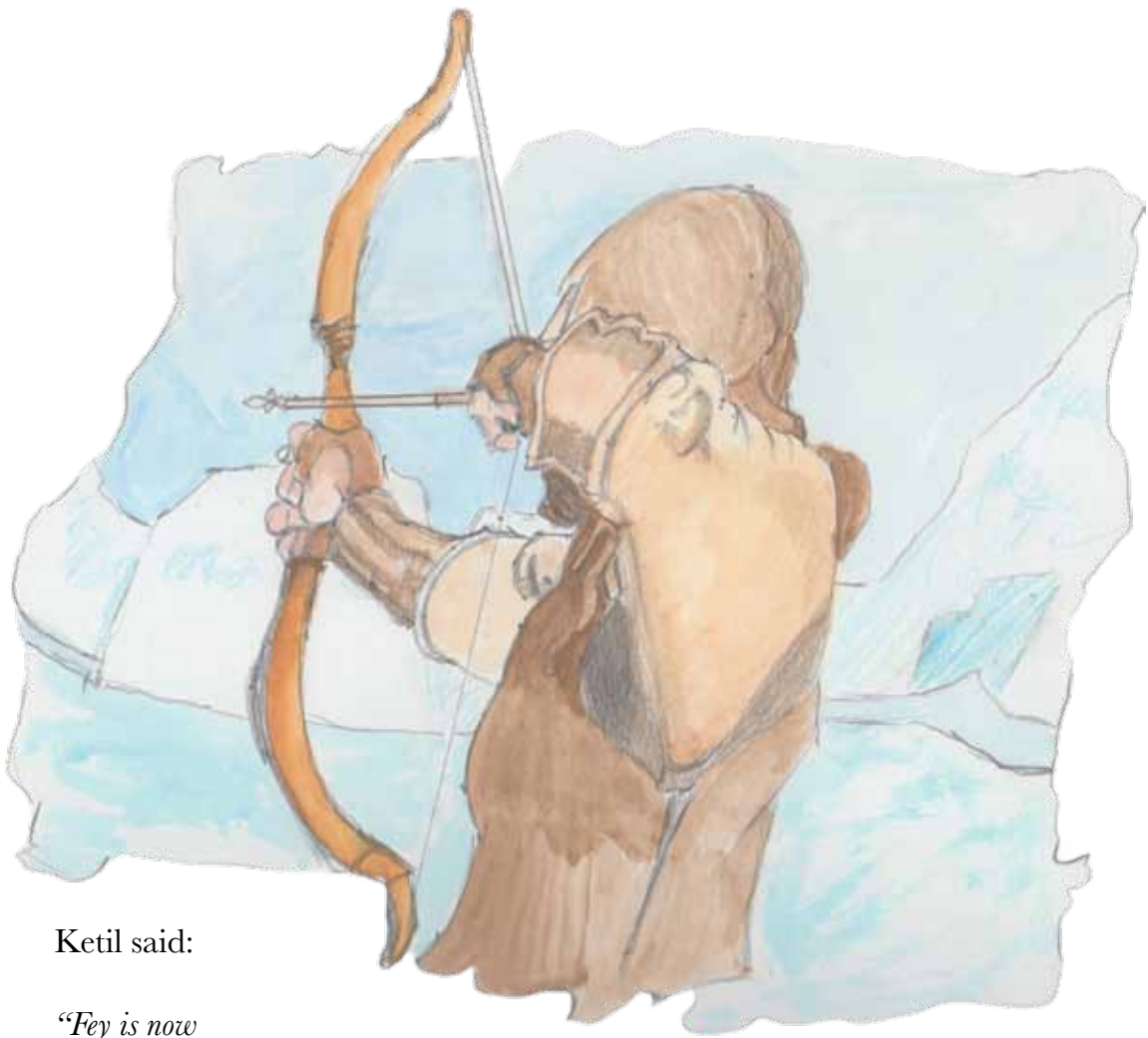
*“If you do not give butter
or treasure,
you shall not ride home
with a whole heart.
Your death will come
quickly to hand,
if you go out
in the spear game.”*



Ketil said:

*“I shall not deal
butter with Gusir,
and no more than previously
speak of peace.
It is much better
and more courageous
that I slay you
when you come here.”*

Ketil bent his bow and put the arrow to the string and shot, and so sent twelve arrows that missed. Then Gusir shot at him. Then Ketil took out his spike-headed arrow. Then Gusir took out a shaft that had a stone tip, and stepped on it.



Ketil said:

*“Fey is now
found the coward,
that he tramples under foot
the shaft that wrongs him.”*

The spike-headed arrow entered Gusir’s breast. There he took his death. Bruni had discreetly suggested to Ketil to hunt down Gusir by hinting at his cowardliness. Bruni had given Gusir stone-tipped arrows instead of steal and given Ketil the Troll arrow. Bruni was the king of the giants that bordered Gusir who had domineered over him for far too long.

The Salmon child had burrowed himself in the earth in Bruni’s den at

Yuletide and spawned a man with the return of the sun.

Ketil gained Gusir’s Dragvendill, best of all dragon slaying swords. A sword not so short to cut the legs off a stampeding horse, but a dragon’s! Ketil took that from Gusir’s corpse and the arrows Flaug that was embarrassing, Hremsu and Fífu that was first out of the quiver and first into the flesh.

Then Ketil went to Bruni and told him what had happened. Bruni was overjoyed that he killed his evil brother. Bruni took over Gusir’s kingdom. That night they celebrated!



Nothing is said of Ketil's sea journey before he came home to the shore opposite the island Hrafnista. Walking on shore he met a farmer and asked where the great fleet sailing black sheets were heading. The man said they were sailing for the island to drink the funeral ale for Ketil.

Ketil sailed home and entered his funeral and shared a round with his merry men! Now the funeral ale turned into greeting ale as they mourned the death of the child and celebrated Ketil's, the man's, return. He stayed home for three winters preparing for the next cycle in his life.



Then a ship came to the islands, and in it were Hrafnhild Brunisdaughter, and Ketil's son, who was named Grim; that Hallbjorn thought was ugly. Ketil was overjoyed to see his ravenhaired beauty again and—his son! He invited them to sit with him and his father for dinner. During the dinner his father could not keep his feelings to himself.

His father was furious. Hallbjorn said, "Why did you ask this Troll to come here?"

Hrafnhild was aghast, "—I'm leaving, I will not put up with your oaf of a dumb ass father! Because of him, this half-breed bear, our son, Grim, shall be called Hairy-cheek, and be looked upon by all as only a half-breed Troll." Hallbjorn in a rage lashed out against his



grandson with his axe which had no effect on him. He was impervious to iron.

Ketil apologized to Hrafnhild with all of his heart. She said they would see little of her anger, for she was heading for home. In spite of his father, She still thought their son would do well with Ketil's care. Upon leaving she told Grim she would be back for him in three years on his sixth birthday.

On Grim's sixth birthday, Hallbjorn ordered Ketil to marry a woman named Sigrid. Hallbjorn felt this marriage to be a beautiful victory over his son's love of that Troll!

Hrafnhild, Bruni's daughter, came to meet Ketil. He asked her to stay with him. But she heard from Hallbjorn of his engagement, "You have now lost all chance of us living together, through your looseness of mind and willy-nilly knees in the face of your father. You who had killed Gusir and won the 'Thou-Shalt' Dragon slaying sword!" Then she went to her ship very deep in thought and heavy in mind, and it was clear that she felt her heart was cleaved in two. Grim's heart broke too, as he watched his mother sail away.

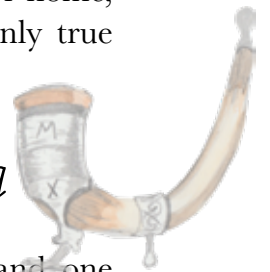
Ketil sailed for Finnmark, to visit Bruni and Hrafnhild and to apologize. Once moored, Ketil told Grim to look for water. Grim went into the forest where a Troll appeared and called him a half-breed and went to kill him. Grim was afraid and he ran back, and told his father. Then Ketil went to meet the Troll and said this verse:



*"What does this bode,
when the mountain stands
and gapes fire above?
Relations between our neighbours,
I think, will improve
little in this way."*

The Troll said, there was no love loss for those who won't stand up for his own kin against his own and he was no longer welcome after he broke their princess' heart. It was then Ketil sailed for home, knowing he lost his one and only true love for good! Or was it...

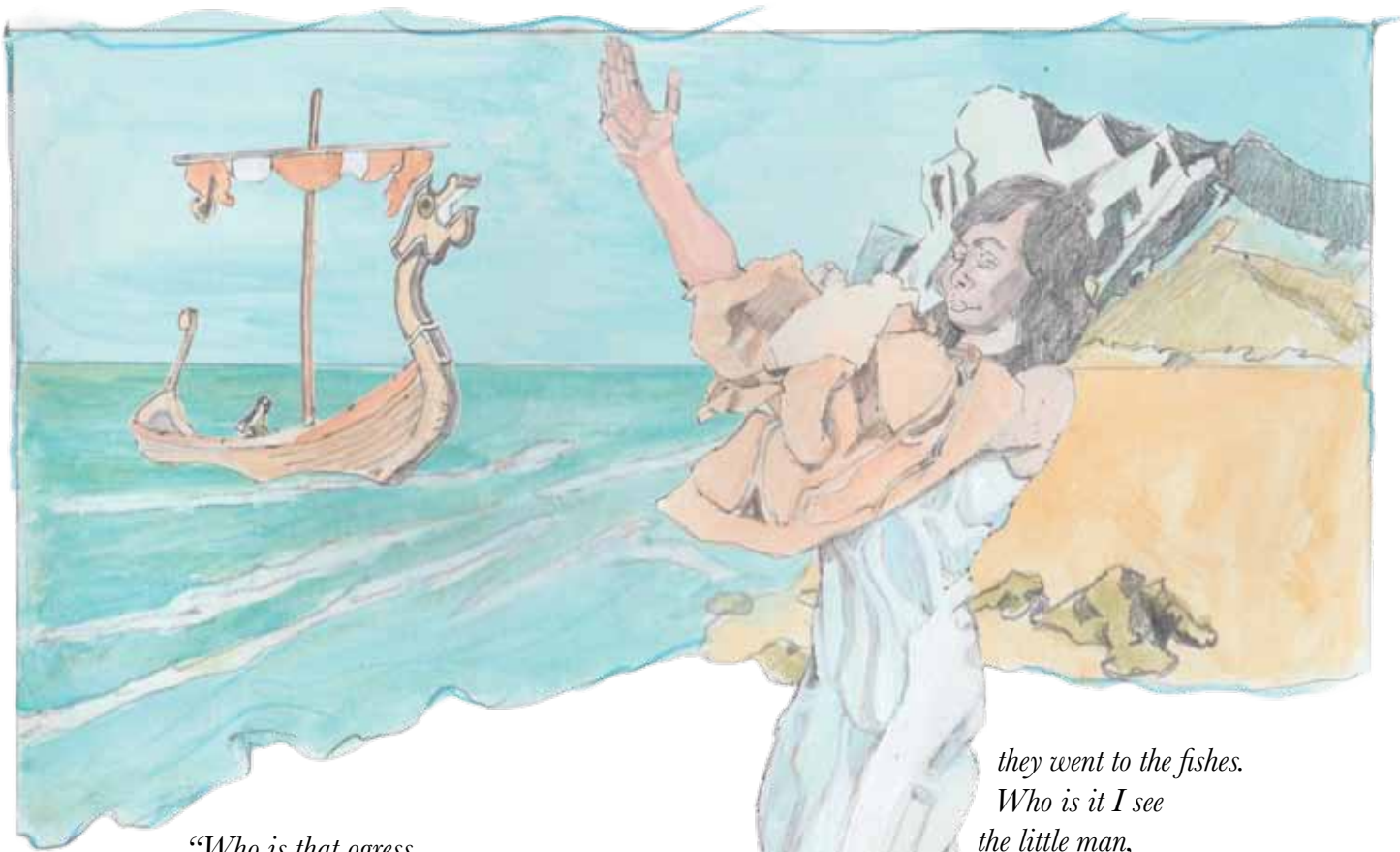
Ketil Goes Fishing



A famine appeared over the land one autumn; even the fish furthest from land grew scarce, and the crop failed. Ketil's farmers were starving. Sigrid browbeat him over the wolf at the door. Ketil said he wanted no more of her lip, and he went to his ship. There might have been a time she gained victory over his body from her beauty, but she was a great loss due to her heart—that all beauty fades. The Vikings asked what he intended to do. "I shall go fishing," he said. They said they would go with him, but he told them to watch over the farm.

Ketil came to the place named Skrofum because of all the shearwaters. And as he reached the shore, he saw a Troll-woman in a bearskin kirtle on a peninsula. She had just risen from the sea and was his ravenhaired beauty. She sneered beneath the sun.

Ketil recited this verse:



*“Who is that ogress,
on the far peninsula
who sneers at men?
Under the rising sun,
over the straits, I see
a loathsomely looking one.”*

She said:

*“I am called Forat the past love,
I am seldom seen any longer
in my home in the north
I am brave in Hrafnsey,
the land of Ravens.
detested by your farmers,
who attack me with arrows.
They blame me for every evil
under the sun.”*

And then she said:

*“Many man
have I sent to hell,*

*they went to the fishes.
Who is it I see
the little man,
who sails through
the reefs?”*

He spoke:

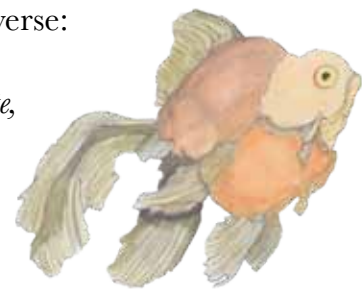
*“Call me Salmon, who once swam up-
stream for your love!”*

She said:

*“You are near to your home in Hrafnista
where the raven is forbidden, but I will drag you
to the outlying reefs.”*

Ketil recited this verse:

*“I thought it adequate,
before I came here
that of all men
I had travelled far.
Now a monstrous
ogress confounds me,*



*the evil one will drag me away,
drag me as a captive.
The noise that I hear,
what Forat, my only love, says,
I would need no assistance,
if aid was near.
I would risk nothing
in the island with seals,
if in the islands
there were eagles.
For I trust you still love my dear!"*

She said:

*"I will not refuse,
wandering man,
that you have a life
longer than others,
if I find you
unafraid of me,
little boy;
but I see your heart shakes."*

Ketil said:

*"I was young at home.
Often I went alone
across the outer seas.
I groped my way
through many murky woods
I am no longer afraid of my father the half-born.
Though you have a long face, mother of my child,
with your nose in the air
in disgrace of my cowardliness;
like that of a monstrous ogress.
Please be my beautiful dark
hairedraven beauty once more!"*

She came closer to him and said:

*"I went to a sorrowful banquet up in Angri.
Then I went to Steigar to hide f
rom my emotional torrents,
The short-sword
clattered tinkling thinking.
Then I went to Karmtar to see
where fate would bring me.
I took fire to Jadri and all of its vitrol
and melted men's stones at Utstein.
Then I went east to Elfi to wake up
from this nightmare to begin again,
before the day shone,
it was I who upbraided the bridesmaids
and insulted the earl, your father."*

She had been all along the length of
Norway in her sorrow.

She asked:

"What shall you do now?"

He answered:

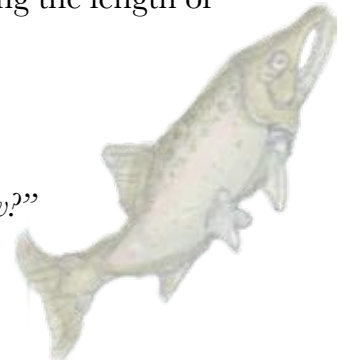
*"I will get meat to replace my stores,
for without you my land was barren,
and ask you to come home!"*

She said:

*"I will turn your cooking-fire,
and stroke your body,
until you come home to your wife,
and she will come
with the din of the sea."*

He thought to himself:

"This is now her only hope,"



She moved up to him. Then Ketil recited this verse:

*“My arrow of my heart is true,
and so is your strength,
the shaft will meet you,
unless you wriggle away.”*

She recited this verse:

*“Flaug and Fifu,
embarrassing to be your first conquest
in and out,
I think to be no longer,
and I am not afraid
of Hremsu’s true love bite.”*

These were the names of Ketil’s arrow. He put an arrow to the string and trained it on her.

GRIM FREED LOPTHOENA FROM SPELLS

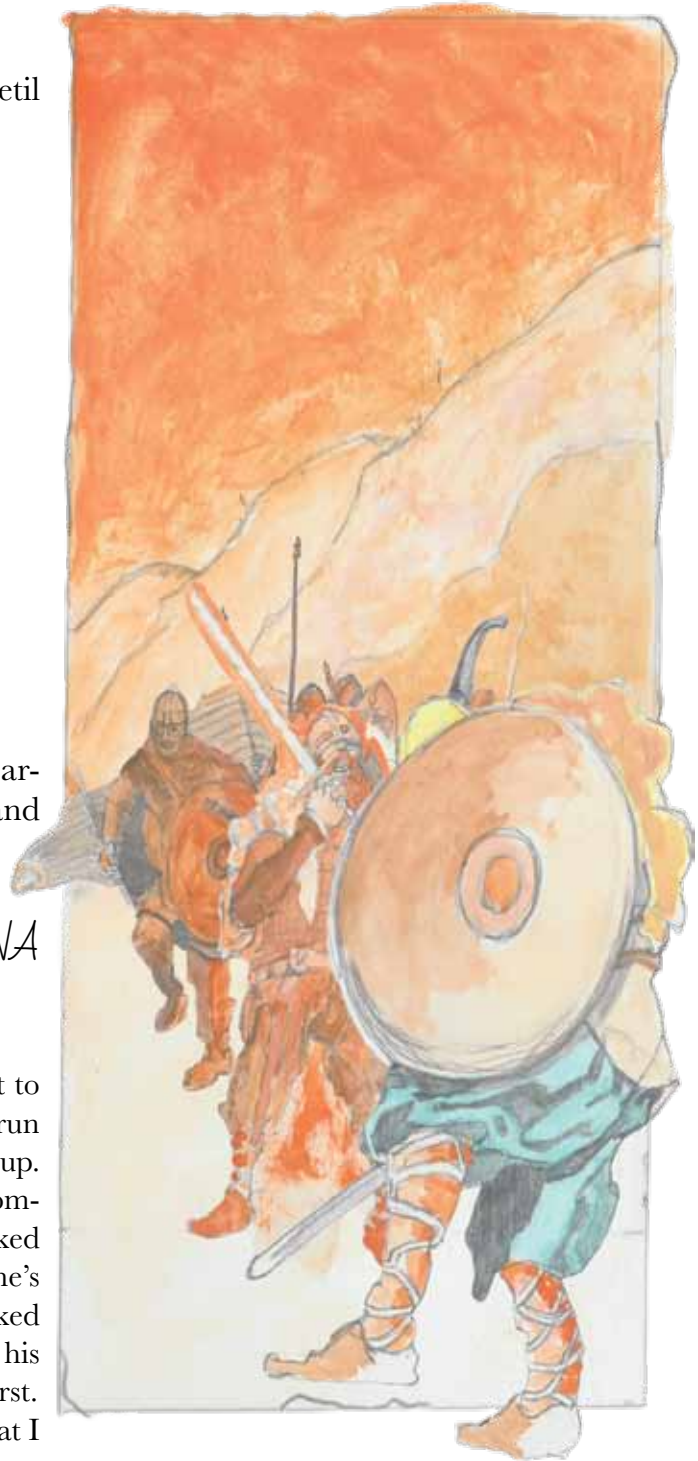
Years later, as Grim was a man, he went to the shore and saw that a big whale had run aground. The village began cutting her up. After a while, Grim saw twelve men coming. They approached at speed. Grim asked their names. Their leader answered he’s Hreidar from the Rash house, and asked why Grim was trying to make off with his property. Grim replied they found her first.

“Don’t you know,” said Hreidar, “that I own whatever drifts ashore here?”

“I don’t know about that,” said Grim, “but be that as it may, we’ll still take half.”

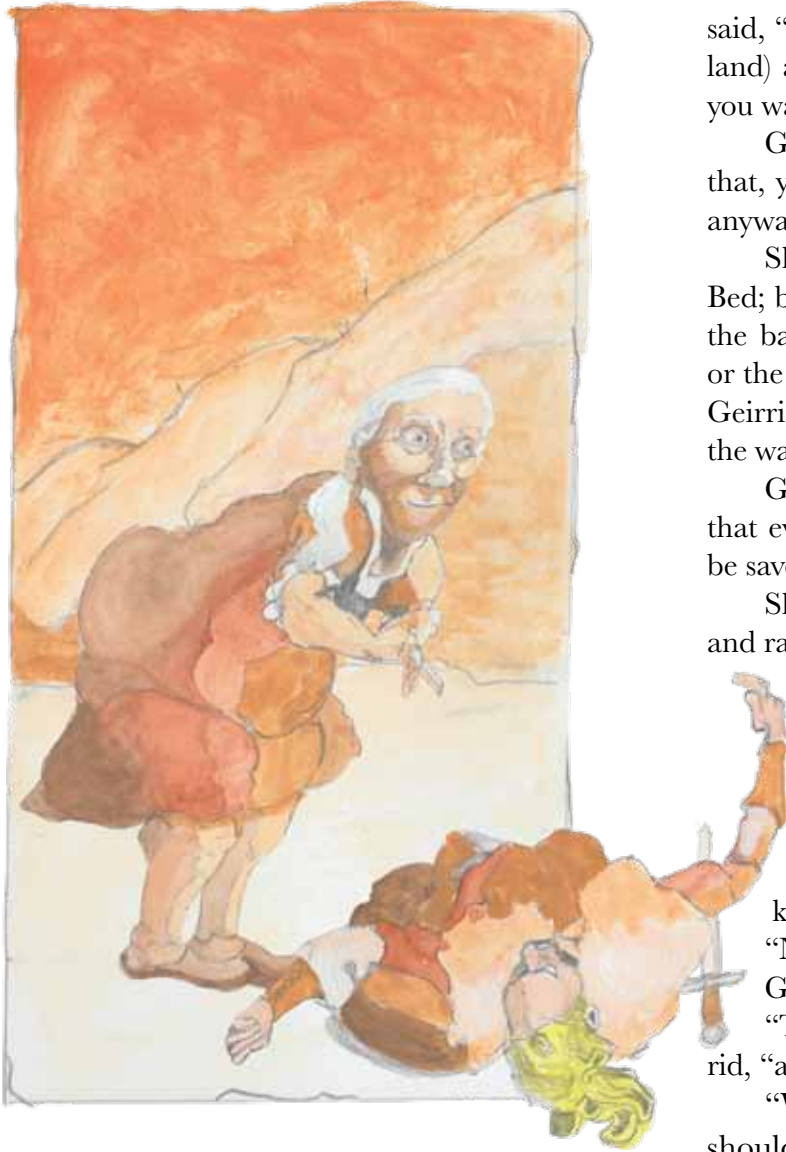
“I don’t think so,” said Hreidar, “You’ve got two choices: leave the whale, or we’ll have to fight.”

“We’d rather do that,” said Grim, “than lose a whole whale.”



So they got to it, and fought, and that was the toughest set-to. Hreidar and his men dealt out heavy blows, and were nifty with their weapons too, and it wasn’t long before both of Grim’s men fell dead. Then a mighty battle ensued, but in the end, Hreidar fell and all his men. Grim fell too, from

the sheer weariness of parrying an army's worth of blows. He lay there now among the dead on the beach, expecting nothing but death for himself too.



But he didn't lay there long, when he saw a woman coming—if you could call her a woman. She was no more than seventy, going by her hunched height, but so fat, Grim doubted he could have got his arms around her. She was long-faced, hard-faced, hook-nosed, with hunched up shoulders, black-faced and wobbly-jowled, and filthy-faced. Her hide of was black with soot. She wore

a shriveled leather smock. It barely reached down to her buttocks. Hardly kissable, he thought, as she had a big bogie dangling down in front of her chops.

She went over to where Grim lay, and said, "The chiefs of Halogaland (salt or sea land) are in a bad way now, unless, Grim, you want to be saved by me?"

Grim answers, "I'm not sure about that, you being so ugly. What's your name, anyway?"

She says, "I'm called Geirrid Gandvik-Bed; be aware that I have some say around the bay. So make up your mind, one way or the other." She was once a jilted lover of Geirrid whom Thor killed. She had given the warning to Thor about his ill-intentions.

Grim answers, "There's an old saying, that everyone's greedy for life. I'll chose to be saved by you."

She snatched him up under her smock and ran with him like a baby, and so hard the wind filled it. She didn't stop till they came to a cave in a big cliff, and when she let him down, she seemed to Grim just as ugly as before.

"Now you're here," she said, "and I want you to pay me back now with a kiss."

"No way, I barely know you..." said Grim.

"Then you're on your own," said Geirrid, "and as good as dead."

"Well, OK," said Grim, "but I shouldn't."

So they kissed. She didn't seem as bad to touch as she was to look at. Evening fell upon them. Geirrid made up a bed and asked a similar question (that his father had heard once before Grim was conceived) whether he wanted to lie on his own or with her.

Grim said he'd prefer to lie on his own. Very different from his father's answer. For if Ketil answered differently, Grim the half-Troll would of never heard her question.

She said she could really heal his wounds... Grim gave in with a smile.

First she bound all his wounds, and he felt neither pain nor burning. He was amazed at how soft-fingered she was, how gentle she was. And the moment they were in bed, Grim the novice fell asleep from fear.

But when he woke, he saw such a beautiful woman lying naked in the bed beside him. He was surprised at how much she looked like Lophoena the ugly wino, his betrothed. Down on the floor at the foot of the bed, he saw that hideous troll-husk Geirrid Gandvik-Bed had worn. It was like the skin of a selkie or mermaid. He got up quick and threw it on the fire. Then he went over and revived the woman with a cup of water, "A life for a life...First I saved your life, and then you rescued me from this."

"Who put the spell on you?" said Grim.

She answers, "Not long after you left my father Harald in Oslo Fjord, my stepmother Grimhild met me and said, 'Now I'm going to pay you back, Lophoena, because you've shown me nothing but strop and stubbornness ever since I came to this country. This I do solemnly pronounce: May you turn into the ugliest troll-woman and vanish north to Gandvik and live there in a side-cave right next door to Frosty, my brother the cold hearted drunk, and quarrel long



and hard the pair of you, and may whoever is least able to keep in wine, come up off for the worst. You will be detested

by all, trolls and men alike. And what's more,' she said, 'you will be in this plight for the rest of your life and never get out, unless some human man agrees to: to let you save his life, to kiss you, and sleep with you.'"

"Now," said Lophoena, "you've done all this for me, even though you were dying; I want now is for you to take me home to my father in the south and then drink the wedding feast with me, as was intended."

"Did you learn nothing from your drunken Uncle? Though your pretty on the outside once more, if the wine holds your heart any longer, you shall never be pretty on the inside," he said caring fully.

He had married the maiden and now he and the land were one and it would flourish under their care. He loaded his boat and when he was ready, put out from land, with the two of them on board, Grim and Lophoena. He then began to use that trick that Ketil Salmon, his father, had had—and other Hrafnista men too—of hoisting sail in calm weather, and a fair breeze began to blow. And he sailed home to Hrafnista, and people felt they'd got him back from the dead. They went back to Grim's shack, and there was plenty of game to be had now. A whale lay in every bay.

How Oddr Became the Orvar

In the mountains along the shore, covered in a mist, gathered an army of Trolls.

They had seen Oddr and Asmund rowing their mighty Viking ship with their crew to come and kill them.

Then the chief Troll said on the headland, "I am amazed they have lived this long!" before he tossed a boulder at them. It just bounced off their ship.

Oddr and Asmund just kept rowing.

Then the chief Troll said to his comrades, "We have tried to kill these two many times, but now I have a plan."



“What is it?” Say his comrades.

“I see,” he tells them, “These child sized men have come here to spy on us, so I will make up a story they can share.”

Oddr and Asmund ducked another boulder.

Then the chief said, “Why aren’t they dead? I will throw another stone and a fourth, to keep them at bay till I fulfill my plan in my head.”

The fourth stone was so large that Oddr and his men suffered great setbacks. Then they rowed ashore, but the giant said, “They are still whole, and so is their boat, but now I am so sleepy that I can not stay awake. When I wake my plan will be finished.” And the giants went home.

Then Oddr said, “Now it will make sense to pull up our boat.”

“What do you want now?” Said Asmund.

“Now I want to find them sleeping in their beds.”

Oddr was able to triangulate their lair from the four boulders they had thrown.

They went ashore and came to a cave alone with a mighty fire. They observed that the Trolls were divided on two benches. In front of them sat the smallest of them on a throne. He was both great and evil. He had long hair and was black as a raven. He was quick-nosed and had poor eyes. A woman sat next to him, with beautiful raven black hair.

It was then the Chief Troll said, “I gather Oddr, the son of Grim, was sent here by the Finns to do us some harm, but we are your cousins. Is this not your

grandmother next to me? Much is foretold of Oddr! Shall you not bander with the Finns instead who sought to split families asunder?”

Then Oddr said to himself, “Give all men and Trolls an arm’s length...”

“I also see that Oddr has the arrows called Gusionautar, and therefore I will give him a name and call him Orvar-Oddr (the arrow point), the third generation half-breed.”

Oddr made peace with them and returned to his father’s palace with his grandmother after she ended the Finns lies which threaten to tear asunder those two families.

Grim was glad of them, and invited them home with all his army, and they accepted. Ketil Salmon’s, the son of a half bear, and the Ravenhaired Troll’s kin were now reconcilled

Vignir came to Oddr’s

Now Oddr had come back from the war and had three well-equipped ships. Ten winters had passed since Oddr first seen Risaland, when one evening, while Oddr lay in his tent he sees a man sailing a schooner alone who rammed into his finest Viking ship.

“Who is in charge of the ships?” demands the man.

“Who are you?” answers Oddr.

Vignir asks, “Are you Oddr, the one who went to Risaland?”

“It’s true,” said Oddr.

“Lets talk in private,” said Vignir.

“Why so?” Said Oddr.

“Because,” said Vignir, “that I can scarcely suppose that you are a father to me, as small and filthy as it seems to me you are.”

“Who is your mother?” Said Oddr, “or how old are you?”



“My mother’s name is Hildigunn, the battle catapult.” said Vignir; “I was born in Risaland, and I grew up there, but now I am ten years old. She told me that Orvar-Oddr was my father, and I thought he would be brave and strong,

but now I see that you are the poorest man to be seen.”

Oddr said: “Do you think you’re greater than I? Did you think I would welcome you with open arms with that introduction?”

“I will accept that,” said Vignir, “and yet I think it most humiliating to be mixed with you and your men, for I think they are almost more like maggots than men. I shall forever be ashamed to be related to you, if I live long.”

In the morning they prepared to sail. Then Vignir asks where Oddr wanted to go. He says he wanted to look for Ögmund Eyþjófsbani.

Oddr planned to impress his son by hunting down the largest and strongest Troll the world ever seen.

“Oh, he will kill you,” said Vignir, “because he is the greatest Troll and monster that has been created in the northern half of the world.”

“Are you scared!” said Oddr, “That you dare not see or find Ögmund Eyþjófsbani.”

“I’ll lead you to him,” said Vignir, “He lives in a fjord called Skuggi in the wilderness of Helluland, with his nine sons. They are afraid of no one, especially some puny man!”

Oddr said it should be so.

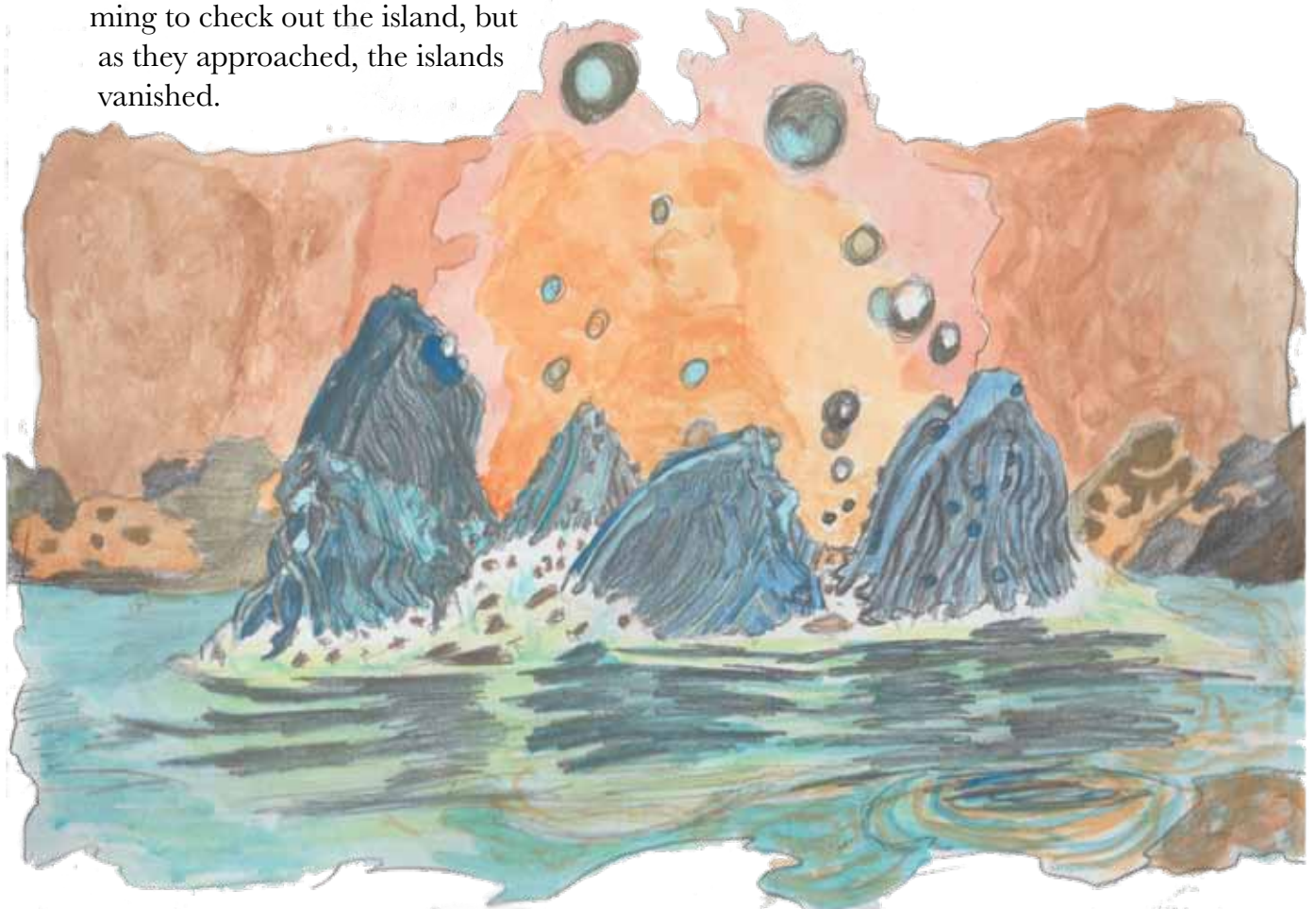
Örvar-Oddr the point of the arrow, the son of Grim, and his crew were sailing southwesterly through the Greenland Sea. They were hunting for the troll Ögmundr Floki with the angry mound of hair, slayer of Eythjof the easily yoked. Vignir the vigilant knew this area would



be dangerous and pleaded Oddr anchor the ship to morning. Oddr told Vignir to sail on.

Soon they spotted an island and some rocks that rose out of the water. The island was covered in heather and the rocks were in its harbor. Curious, Oddr anchored and sent five men swimming to check out the island, but as they approached, the islands vanished.

Vignir explained to Oddr that, had the swimmers landed sooner, they would have surely drowned. The “rocks” and “island” must have been two sea monsters—Lyngbakr, the greatest whale in the world, and Hafgufa, who bore all the monsters in the sea. The rocks had surely been the nose of Hafgufa. The island



was Lyngbagr the heather backed. He said Ögmund Floki had sent this swarm towards him with his witchcraft to kill him and all of his men. He hoped Hafgufa the ocean vapor should have swallowed us all. You have showed great bravery, but I do think Ögmundur will kick your ass.”

Tale of Jötunn and Gygjar

Mead of Poetry

At the end of the war with the Vanir and Aesir, the two parties mixed their spittle in a cauldron. From this, the Aesir mixed the liquid with clay and made a man named Kvasir.

Kvasir ended up being a man of much knowledge who could answer any questions offered him as he traveled the world, helping many. When he happened on Svartalfheim, which is the home of the dwarves, he had the misfortune of meeting the evil brothers Fjalar the sly rutting rooster and Galar of the evil hexes. They offered him hospitality in their home, but they

slit his throat and watched his blood fall into the tubs Son and Bodn and into a kettle named Odrerir. In this mixture, they added honey and created the mead of poetry.

Now, with the thirst of murder in their mouths, they invited Jötunn Gilling, who swallowed a vat of mead in one mouthful, and his wife to their home. During their visit, they suggested the husband row out to sea with them, where they drowned him. When they returned to the waiting wife, they informed him about his accidental death. She wept so much that they planned to have Galar drop a stone on her head as Fjalar was pointing to her the location in which Gilling drowned to quiet her incessant sobbing.

Then Suttungr of the giant lapping tongue came looking for his parents.



When the brothers denied any knowledge of his parents deaths, he set them upon a rock at low tide in the harbor. To save their lives, they offered him the



Mead of Poetry, which he took with him with three licks of the tubs and kettle.

In time, the gods heard about Kvasir's blood, and they decided to return him to Asgard. Odin sets off to Jötunheim in disguise of Bölverk of the evil deeds.

Bölverk ventured upon Suttungr's brother Baugi's nine slaves. They were cutting hay in the field when Bölverk offered to sharpen their scythes with his whetstone.

They were all so impressed with the edge the stone made that they offered to purchase it when Odin threw it in the air toward them. They carelessly ran in and slit each other's throats as their empty hands reached for the stone. No good deed goes unpunished.

Baugi later found his men dead in the field and went home and mourned for them. This is how Bölverk found Baugi of the bowed lips as he knocked on his door. Odin heard him tell of the deaths of his nine slaves, and Odin offered to kill John Barley Corn for him if he could have a taste of his brother's mead. Baugi could not offer what he did not have, but he offered to travel with him to his brother to ask.

Before the beard could grow on John Barley Corn in the fall, Bölverk traveled with Baugi to ask Suttungr for a taste to

take both of them over. When they got to Suttungr's, he just laughed at them. Then the two planned on stealing a taste.

Odin decided to use the auger Rati to bore into the mountain Hnitbjorg, which preserved the mead. As Baugi drilled into the mountain, Odin occasionally would blow the stone dust into Baugi's eyes. As Baugi was cleaning his eyes,

Odin turned into a snake and snuck through the hole to

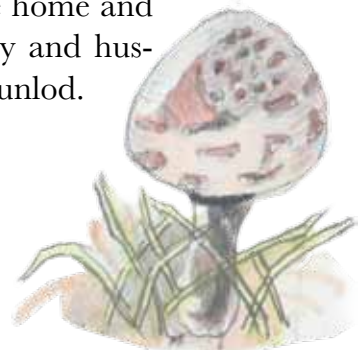
reach

Suttungr's daughter, Gunlod the plain tired, who guarded the mead. Odin resumed his original attractive form and offered three

nights of lust for three sips of mead, which she jumped on. On the third morning, he took three sips, emptied the vessel, and flew away in the form of an eagle as Suttungr gave chase in similar form.

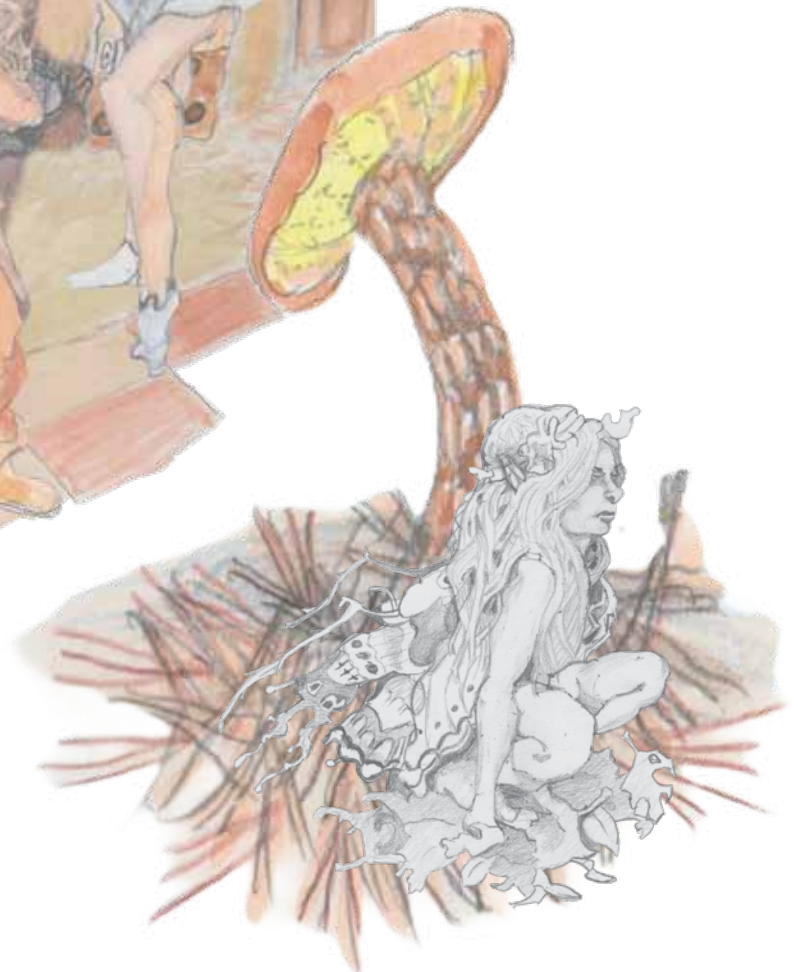
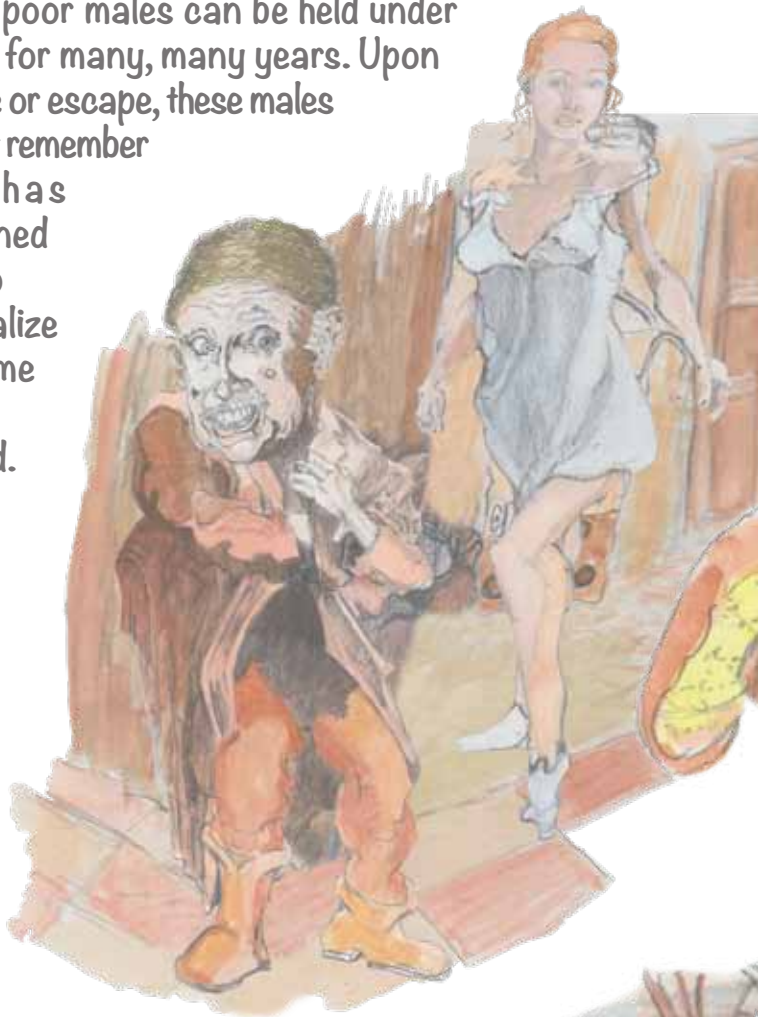
Now Odin called to the gods as he approached to set up three vats in which he could spit the brew, as he was safe in Asgard. On the way, Suttungr scared him so much that he pissed himself three times. Now the men who have drunk from his urine have become poetasters.

That is how Kvasir came home and how Bragi, the god of poetry and husband of Idun, was born to Gunlod.



Huldrefolk

Females of this species, called huldras, ensnare human males through their lovely singing and beautiful appearance. Huldras then use the entranced men to do their bidding or simply keep them as mates or pets. These poor males can be held under a spell for many, many years. Upon release or escape, these males cannot remember what has happened and do not realize that time has passed.

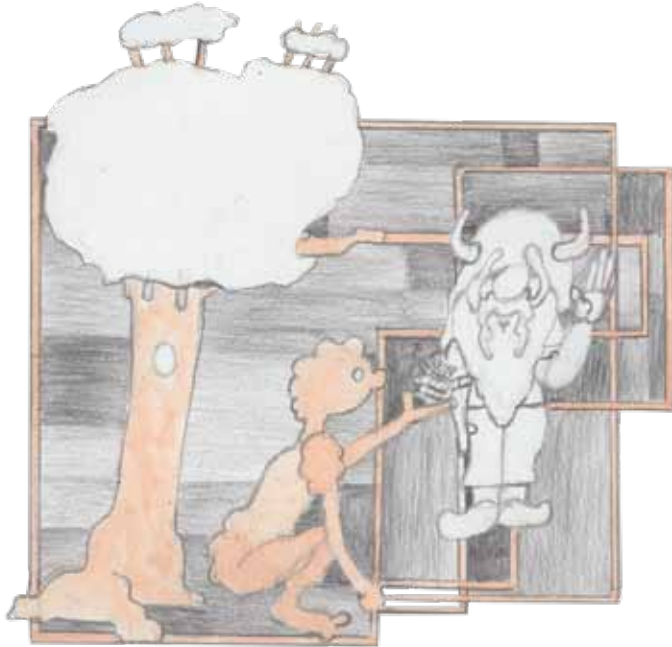




Peer Gynt

Peer kidnaps the young bride for the night, and becomes an outlaw. He flees to the mountains, where (after a night of heavy drinking) he meets a huldra, daughter of the Mountain King. He considers turning into a troll himself to marry the Mountain King's daughter, but refuses to take an irrevocable step.

Peer remains human and builds a life for himself as a settler, when a young girl named Solveig comes to the mountains to stay with him. Peer is now so happy and confident in the future that he barely eaves the house he shares with Solveig. But while he is out to cut timber for the new house he is planning, he is overtaken by the past. The green-clad huldra comes with a young troll, whom she claims is Peer's son. Instead of facing the possibility, Peer flees.



Nattrolls

Nattroll Physiology

Eyes: Hidden behind a thin membrane developed from living in dark caves for centuries with dwarves that protect their eyes from sunshine. The membrane is similar to brille or adipose eyelids on fish and reptiles. In the past, it was believed they avoided sunshine and it created the misomer that nattrolls (right trolls) would turn into stone when the sun rose.



Horns: They are grown in a child's fifth year and are cervid through puberty to adulthood, where they lose their velvet coating to be covered in keratin, similar to bovines, and they retain them for life, no longer shedding them annually.

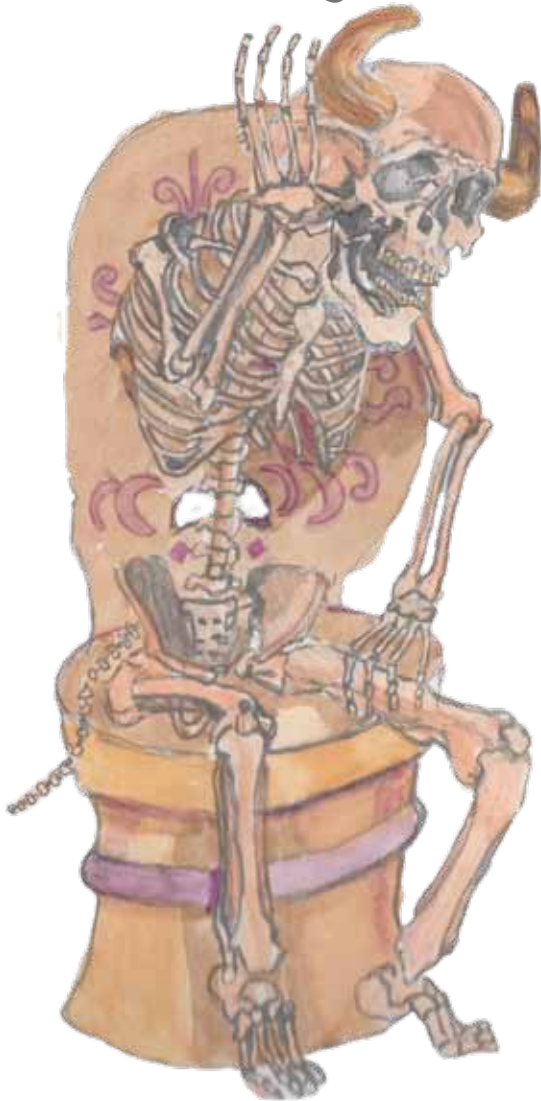
Size: .5" to 125'
(Depending on mood and necessity)

Musculature: Nattrolls tend toward bulky muscles without much definition or tone like those male corset models, though have more resemblance to Scandinavians, Lithuanians, and Scots who throw anchors, tura, and cabers.

Agility: Quick enough to drop a fig leaf in time for the painter, repeatedly.

Tail: An appendage that creates magic when it is waved. The tail wags the most and trolls about when they are open to the magic of happiness. Though Bjorn thinks his real magic ward is under the fig leaf and he believes, that is how he gets his tail...

Skeletal System:



Unlike in mammals, the trabecular bores in rattrolls and dinosaurs do not increase in thickness or density of collagen as their body size increases. Trabecular bores increase the density of the occurrence of spongy bore surrounded by collagen. The bores remain lightweight when they shrink to the size of a mouse and do not become too heavy when they grow to the size of a mountain to limit their speed. This spongy nature in their bores helps them free-fall from great heights as well.



*In advanced ages over 5,000, the males of the species horns tend to slip and rotate. Sometimes they can take them off and use them as hearing horns that sometimes need to be tapped on the table to knock the letters out of (this is at least what Gramps says when he ignores his daughter-in-laws commands).

The Ladies of Trollheim



Bog Iron Troll Pendant



Quartz Stone Bracelet

Pine Cone Earrings



Pitch Pine Bark Necklace



The ladies thought the men were nuts and wouldn't be caught dead being as cheap as those gnomes who just flashed all they had for the world to see. Its of their opinion that those Dutch Gnomes better stay to the west of the Delaware...

Map of New Jersey Pine Belt

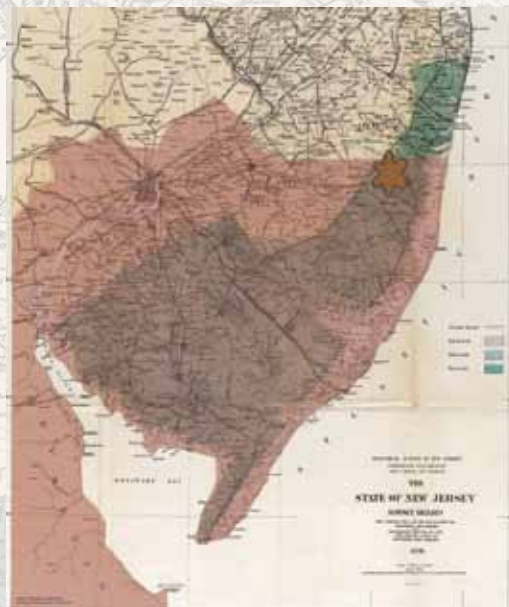
(Area in green is the Pine Belt.)



Ten Thousand Acre Wood



Whittings Station



New Sweden
(1638-1655)

Trollheim encompasses most of New Sweden's old territories. They agreed to the Lenni Lenape border to the north that the Swedes agreed to. There is some debate about whether the border is to the north or south of the Toms River, but as of late, with the urban sprawl in Dover Township, most Nattrolls tend to stay in the woods that extend north from Giberson Mills in Whittings. Especially since Gramps in the spring of 1868 was seen walking down Water Street (at the height of 16 feet) on the way to his latest paramour.

The New Jersey Courier printed that many people reported seeing the Jersey Devil stalking through their yards. Gast was much put out for the unwanted attention toward him, a Gastornis that didn't live this long to end his species' line for who he calls 'that old fart'. Some Nattrolls would venture past the river, no taller than a mouse, but after Pillbrook was almost stomped to death as a parade of elephants walked down Main Street with Bailey's Circus, most Nattrolls did not venture into town.



Gastorni first appeared in the Pine Belt at the end of the Pleistocene Period, as the forest was just rising out of the Atlantic. Over the centuries, the Lenni Lenape passed many myths about them being a great dragon. Old Ben Frank-

lin, who used to ride the old stage coach road in town to visit the various taverns and women on his way to Clam Town on the shore, jabbed his almanac competitor, Titan Leeds, calling him the Leeds Devil. It was only recently, soon after the recent war, that some drunk at the tavern in Brownsmill—probably some city slicker in his cups said he had seen some monster?. The Quakers are still looking for blood after Daniel Leeds retaliatory actions took it out on Deborah Leeds and created the current myth of this deformed monster of a child roaming the woods. Gast has not been the same since. Don't ever mention the Leeds family or his posterior..

Here in Whittings, we have plenty of myths and legends. Our founder's family was one of the founders of Connecticut and Yale. His great-great-grandfather was even a priest in that spectre-filled town prior to the Witch Hysteria of 1692. He built a train station to move his lumber out of town. Also, Dow Gun Powder utilized those rails leading to Manchester, where their proving ground is. During the Civil War, the railroad in Manchester won the contract to deliver soldiers through New Jersey. In Whittings, they had to disembark to load into train cars that ran on older narrow gauge rails than the current Cattle Car gauge that runs from Massachusetts. William Hurry was making ball and cannon for the war in Bamber Lake in the old Ferrago Forge of the old general from the Revolution.

In another mill in town, the Gibersons cut cedar to make crates for the cranberry and blueberry industries.

Down on Lacey Road, before the dead man's curve, was the home of Sammy 'Buck' Giberson. It was said that he almost lost to the devil on an old bridge. The devil played three tunes and outdanced old Sammy Buck. He was just extending his hand out to take old Giberson to Hell when he pulled a tune out of the air so sweet that the devil just hung his head and vanished. Sammy played all the taverns throughout the Pines, including Peggy Clevenger's and Cedar Bridge Tavern, where the last battle of the Revolutionary War was fought. Clevenger was an old witch who could shift into a rabbit to avoid unwanted attention. Her husband sent up a message from Hell by boiling the water in her well to let her know he was OK. She burned to death just up the road from the terracotta factory that caught fire a month later.

General John Lacey of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, originally purchased from the Lenni Lenape the Ten Thousand Acre Wood to establish enough property and all of the ponds and lakes within it to supply bog iron for his Ferrago Forge. See, once you mine the bog iron from under the peat in the water, you must let the bacteria do their magic for three years to make more iron. So you need plenty of lakes and ponds to rotate your crop, per se.

At each pond, he would set up a bloomery built into a hill so wheelbarrows of ore, clam shell flux, and charcoal could be poured in from the top and set afire. At the bottom, the slag is allowed to run out, and later, the pig iron pours out into channels built in the sand. The

channels resemble a rake with its tongs or a bunch of piglets sucking on their mother's teats—pig iron. They are still moving pig iron through these woods to Lacey's Forge on Forge Pond, where the hammers powered by a wheel on the river pound out the steel after it comes out of the furnace.

It's even rumored that General Lacey might have boarded the Commander-in-Chief of British land forces, General William Howe, in secret on the southern portion of his land near the old stage road from Philadelphia to Clam Town. See, Lacey and Howe met each other in a tavern after the Battle of Brandywine (an old custom where opposing gentlemen met each other and shared a drink), talking to Lafayette, who was the brother-in-law of the King of France.

The London bankers wanted the war to end sooner than later so they could receive payment for the goods they sold and the loans they granted to the Colonialists. Howe was a member of the Whig Party (the party that created the Bank of England) and was helping them achieve that goal. He received informal letters about General John Burgoyne's desire for him to join him to pincé the Yankees at Saratoga. Now he told Lafayette, who was looking for a good battle to convince the French King to support the rebels, about how Burgoyne was soon to be left out to dry, and rushed to the battle to see it firsthand. Which he did and scored the French's aid afterwards, which culminated in the French winning Yorktown for us, in which the British surrendered.

Well, truth be told, Yorktown was not the last battle of the Revolutionary War. In fact, Spain and France continued a naval battle for us for a few years, and the last skirmish in America was just outside of the Ten Thousand Acre Woods. Pine Robbers were harassing the residents of the Pine Belt throughout the war with the support of the governor of NJ, Ben Franklin's son. They had just massacred some locals at Barnegat Light. The local militia had spotted them crossing Cedar Bridge when they left the tavern and opened fire, killing some before the rest escaped. So the last skirmish was called the Battle at Cedar Bridge Tavern.

Bjorn says he caught most of those who were escaping and hung them in trees just outside of Whitesbog. In fact, after they were set down from the trees and put in prison, one left his hat in the tree. Ever since, that area has been called Ong's Hat.

The Turtle and Turkey clans of the Lenni Lenape shared this region. My friend Grandpa shares plenty of the mythology and wisdom of his family with me and Bjorn. Grandpa and Gramps just prefer lying about women, smoking their pipes, and sharing a few braces of mead. Lenape have built beautiful gardens along the rivers where they bury their dead. They place the bodies sitting up within circular holes that leave dimples on the land after the ground settles. Mountain laurel, full of pitch pine they have forked or shaped into lightning bolts, and many clearings full of stunted, low-hanging pines among fields of lichen flank these beautiful gardens. They

also plant the most fabulous flowers that smell just wonderful.

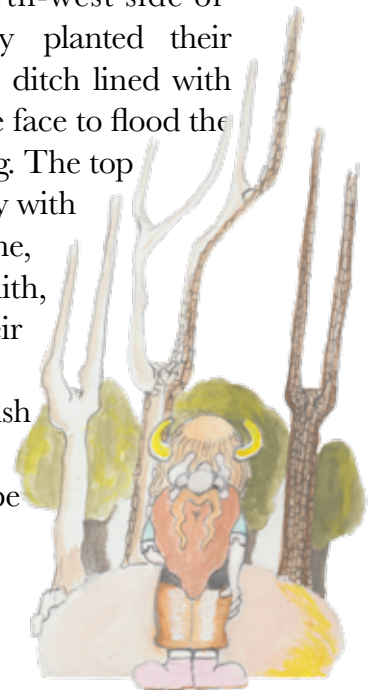
On rare occasions, you meet a taller, fairer-skinned Lenape who claims he descended from the Welsh Prince Madoc. Every good Norwegian knows Leif founded North America for the Europeans (the Asians founded it centuries prior). We just laugh at these folk...

Some Lenape say they have seen a Great Serpent out in these woods. They keep praying for the Thunderbird to protect them from seeing it out in the Pines. The Swedes named a few rivers Drake after their word for dragon, but what do the Swedes know...

Each Lenape family owns an acre bordered by mountain laurel on the sides, one single trunk of Post Oak surrounded by forked trees of several species around them in a circle on one side, and a Post Oak with three trunks on the other side surrounded once again by forked trees. In the middle, each family has a grove of scrub oak to harvest the acorns and a patch of wintergreen (medicinal) and sweetgrass to keep the mosquitoes away.

Then, on the north-west side of Halfmoon Hill, they planted their farm, with an irrigation ditch lined with seashells going down the face to flood the bottom plain for farming. The top of the hill shines brightly with crushed seashells, silicone, and quartz. From its zenith, heading southeast, is their hunting ground, with a clearing at the end to push the deer into.

They don't just shape



the trees for ornamental effect; they use trees bent at 90-degree angles at the height of a deer's back to mark directions on trails and point to safe crossings on rivers. You probably have seen them all over and never knew what they were.

Nattrolls used to get in trouble with the Pineys (us locals of the Pine Belt) here a few years ago. It was the practice of some of my friends to let their pigs run wild through the woods and come back at night. Well... a few Nattrolls would eat them as trail mix as they trolled about. An accord has been settled, and now only Gramps steals the occasional boar.



Beyond the bog iron workers we have riding their carts down our dirt roads, we also have teams of colliers who lumber the pines to make charcoal in huge fires and process turpentine. You can see their shacks on rails, which they can pick up and move to the next forest after they have exhausted all of the trees in an area. Good folk, but not well respected.

Many trains cut through the area. The main one is the Tuckerton Railroad. It runs from Whiting to Clam Town (Tuckerton) and provides plenty of flux for the bog iron. My uncle is an engineer on that line. He has met Bjorn and thinks he is a fine fellow. My Uncle Vern just doesn't understand how he shrinks down small enough to ride in the freight car with me with our legs hanging out.

Nattrolls can live for thousands of years. Some Nattrolls are half dwarf like Karl and half god like Helgi. These Nattrolls do not have horns. In advanced



age, the horns tend to droop in opposite directions. Some vain Nattrolls will tie strings in between them to keep them aligned, but Gramps could care less. After living in caves with the dwarves for so long, the Nattrolls developed a thin membrane from living in dark caves for centuries with dwarves that protected their eyes from sunshine. The membrane is similar to brille or adipose eyelids on fish and reptiles. In the past, it was believed they avoided sunshine, which created the misnomer that Nattrolls (night trolls) would turn into stone when the sun rose.

They build homes into the sides of hills in isolated places or tunnel into the ground with special pine trees they have bent over to serve as a handle on large round doors that are hinged on the forest floor. In Norway, they have carved spectacular ice palaces into the sides of the mountains, like Al-Khazneh in the desert kingdom of Petra.

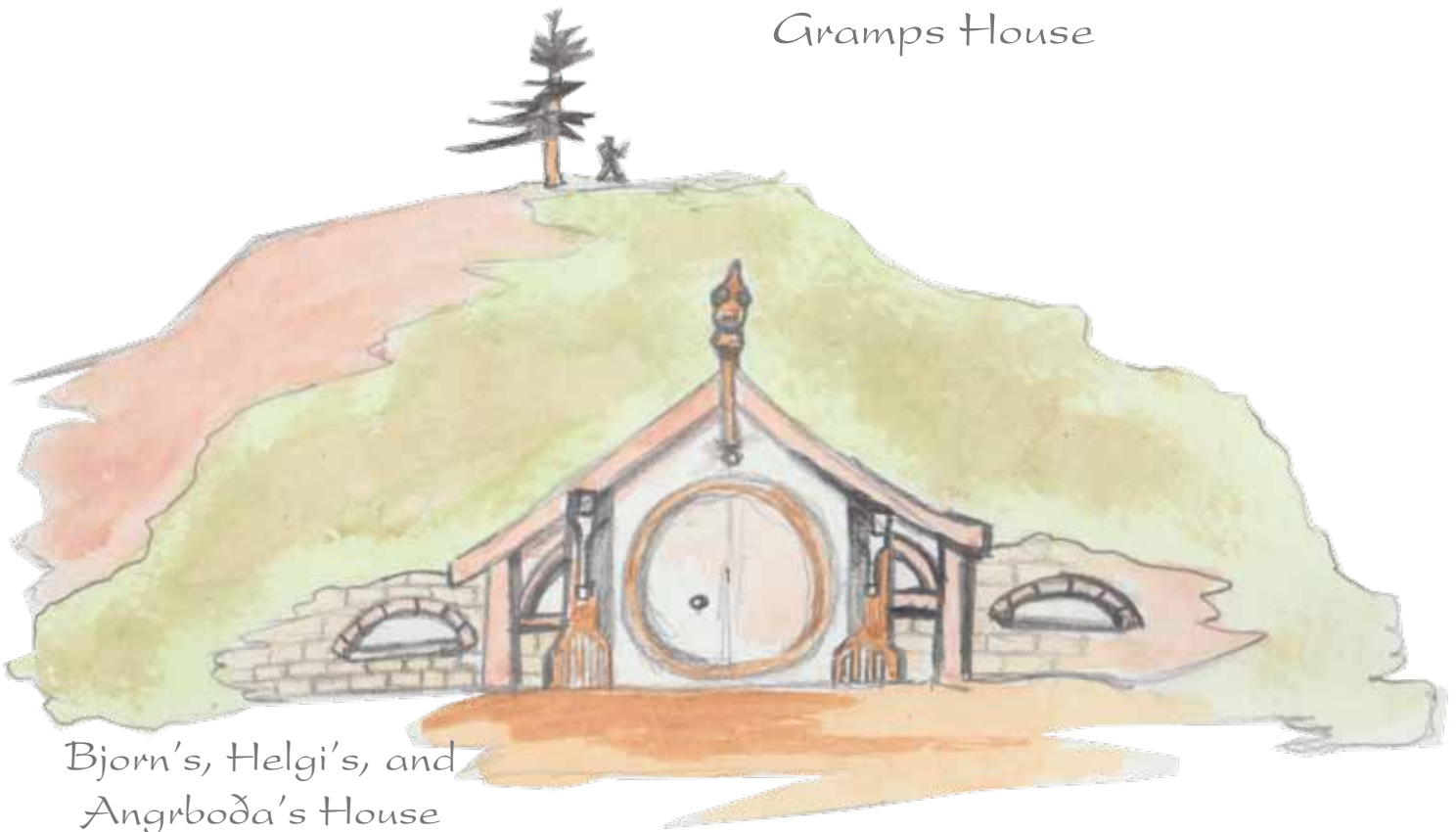
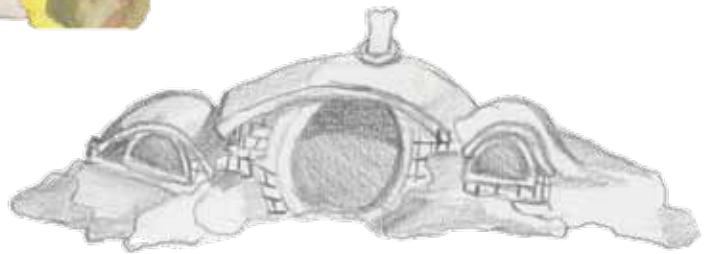
Karl's Home



Troll Door



Gramps House

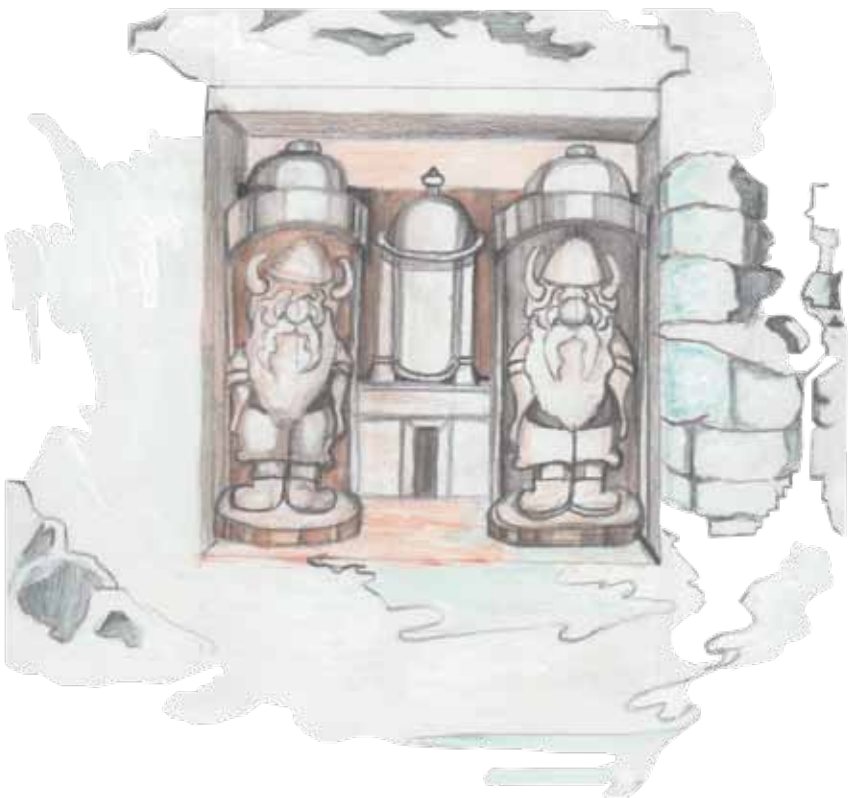


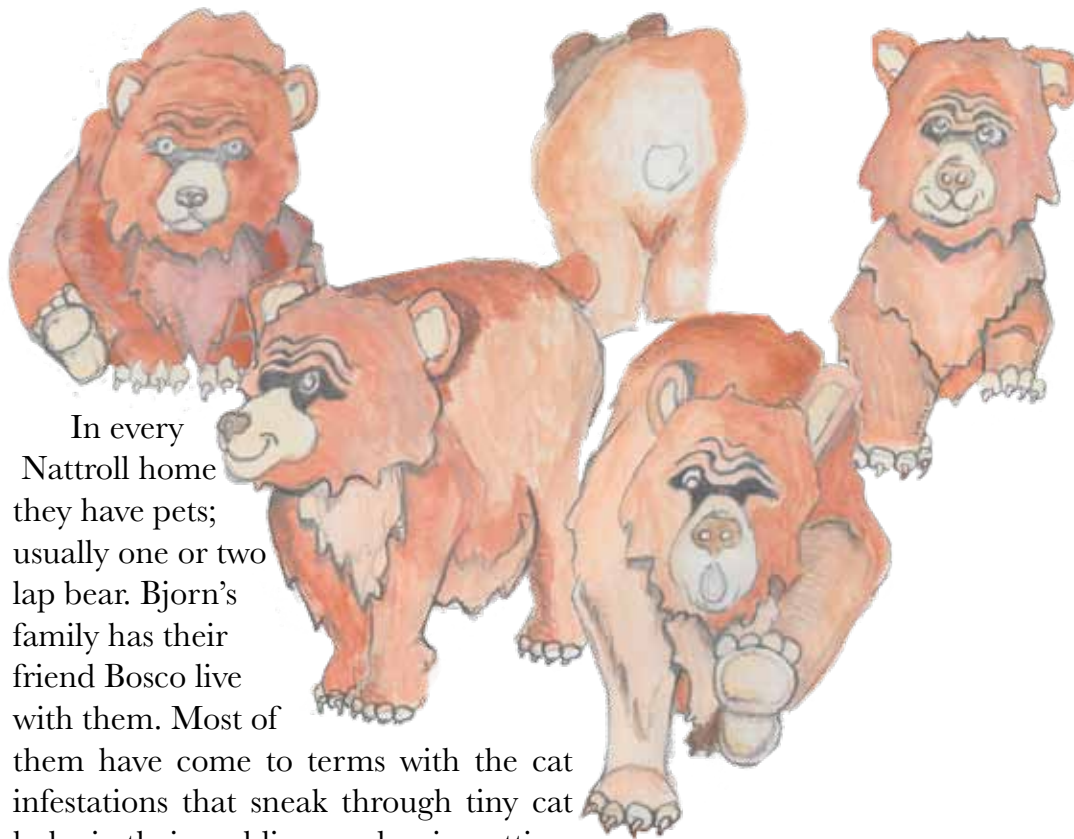
Bjorn's, Helgi's, and
Angrboða's House



Vingolf Temple Finnmark Norway

Nattrolls are some of the finest architects, masons, and carpenters. In olden days, they would lend out their skills to the local Sami populations, making many of their sacred grottoes in the mountains, mostly lost to time. Many oral stories remain about these places, which you will only hear over the fire. None have ever been written down to protect the Nattroll's anonymity.





In every Nattroll home they have pets; usually one or two lap bear. Bjorn's family has their friend Bosco live with them. Most of them have come to terms with the cat infestations that sneak through tiny cat holes in their moldings and wainscotting. Bjorn enjoys their company, but his wife Helgi has a hell of a time shooing them out with her broom.

See, most people have never seen a Nattroll. Oh yes, the Lenape have been living with them for centuries. The average person of European descent has never seen them. If they do, it is easier for their brains to convince themselves they are looking at a hill or a boulder. Even though there are few hills and absolutely no boulders in the Pine Belt, the glacier ice stopped much further to the west and north.

So how did I get to see them? Well, that is a total different story...



Christopher Jonathan Hulton

Nattrolls Spirituality and Magic

Divine Council of the Secret Onion of Paradise

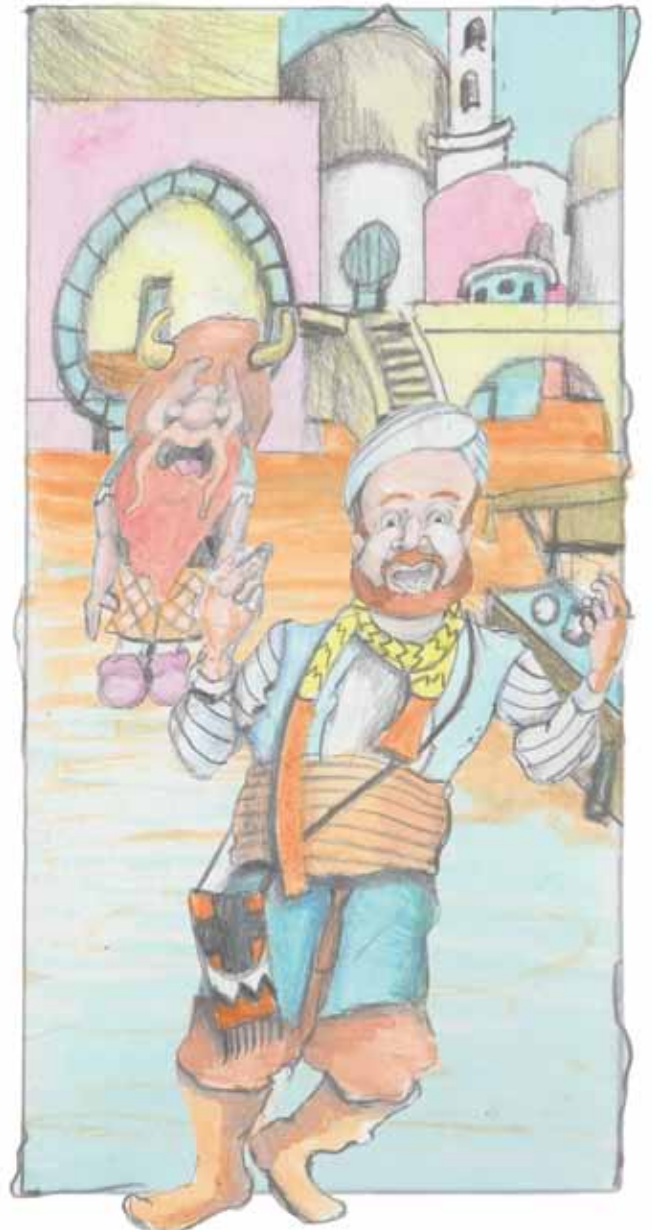
p=simple
r=hint
d=dollop
s= hidden

From the Mullah Nasruddin, did Bjorn learn the secret of the Divine Council of the Secret Onion of Paradise. Passing through Akşehir, Turkey he met this mullah riding backwards on a donkey. Taken by his strange nature he asked him what he was doing. He said his foresight into seeing the future has compelled him to look from the back of his mount since he already had seen the travel ahead, but forgot where he came from. Then Bjorn grew to his full size and placed him and the donkey on his shoulder and crossed the river before them, "Saying I bet you didn't see this coming?" Which the Mullah responded, "Yes I did, but I was dreading the day for I am afraid of heights; at least the ones people place you upon."

They became fast friends and co-learners in life.

The Divine Council of the Secret On-

ion of Paradise delves into the mystical understanding of the four levels of interpretation of stories: Parshat, Remez, D'rash & Sod. These ancient Sufi teachings not only passed through Bjorn to Norway but also from Ahmad ibn Fadlan who taught the Varangians on the Volga he encountered. Bjorn ran into Ahmad on the caravan road heading west through Bulgaria where they shared tales of their mutual friend the Mullah. The four penultimate layers of the onion are P'shat,



Remez, D'rash, and Sod. The first letter of each word: P-R-D-S is taken, and vowels are added for pronunciation, giving the acronym PARDES (meaning "garden" or "orchard", paradise). Each layer is deeper and more intense than the last, like the layers of an onion.

1- P'shat

(pronounced peh-shaht' – meaning "simple". Other spellings include P'shat, Peshat.)

The p'shat is the plain, simple meaning of the text. The understanding of scripture in its natural, normal sense using the customary meanings of the word's being used, literary style, historical and cultural setting, and context. The p'shat is the keystone of Scripture understanding. If we discard the p'shat we lose any real chance of an accurate understanding and we are no longer objectively deriving meaning from the Scriptures (exegesis), but subjectively reading meaning into the scriptures (eisogesis). The Talmud states that no passage loses its p'shat.

Note that within the p'shat you can find several types of language, including figurative, symbolic and allegorical. The following generic guidelines can be used to determine if a passage is figurative and therefore figurative even in its p'shat: When an inanimate object is used to describe a living being, the statement is figurative. Example:

Isaiah 5:7 – For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant; and he looked

for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry.

When life and action are attributed to an inanimate object the statement is figurative. Example:

Zechariah 5:1-3 – Then I turned, and lifted up my eyes, and looked, and behold a flying scroll. And he said to me, What do you see? And I answered, I see a flying scroll; its length is twenty cubits, and its width ten cubits. And he said to me, This is the curse that goes out over the face of the whole earth; for everyone



who steals shall be cut off henceforth, according to it; and everyone who swears falsely shall be cut off henceforth, according to it.

When an expression is out of character with the thing described, the statement is figurative. Example:

Psalms 17:8 – Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of your wings ...

2 – Remez

(pronounced reh-mez' – meaning "hint")

This is where another (implied) meaning is alluded to in the text, usually revealing a deeper meaning. There may still be a p'shat meaning as well as another meaning as any verse can have multiple levels of meaning. Example:

Proverbs 20:10 – *Different weights, and different measures, both of them are alike an abomination to the Lord. The p'shat would be concerned with a merchant using the same scale to weigh goods for all of his customers. The remez implies that this goes beyond this into aspects of fairness and honesty in anyone's life.*



3 – D'rash

(pronounced deh-rahsh' also called "Midrash")

This is a teaching or exposition or application of the P'shat and/or Remez. (In some cases this could be considered comparable to a "sermon.") For instance, Biblical writers may take two or more unrelated verses and combine them to create a verse(s) with a third meaning.

A D'rash understanding can not be used to strip a passage of its p'shat meaning, nor may any such understanding contradict the p'shat meaning of any other scripture passage. As the *Talmud* states, "No passage loses its p'shat." Let scripture interpret scripture. Look for the scriptures themselves to define the components of an allegory. The primary components of an allegory represent specific realities. We should limit ourselves to these primary components when understanding the text.

4 – Sod

(pronounced sewd or sood – meaning "hidden")

The hidden, secret, or mystic meaning of the story; some examples of this would be the dragon (dominating par-

ent), water (the subconsciousness), the moat (way into the mind across the water brain barrier), and the castle (compartments of one's psyche). This is the realm of the dream and the dreamer. The place where the Shaman guides us with our own fairy tale to figure out; the deepest levels of the onion that takes lifetimes to grasp what we knew when our souls were first born into this universe upon universes. Sod is where we learn to ask questions correctly to reach the answers that are presented to us from the beginning. The **42**.

The four levels of understanding each have a layer diving deeper than the last, like onion layers.

Peshat = literal meaning; the contextual, philological level.

Derash = moral meaning; midrashic level.

Remez = allegorical level cross-referencing other stories. The rational or philosophical level.

Sod = mystical meaning.

These are the teachings of the Divine Council of the Secret Onion of Paradise, as taught by Bjorn, who has traveled the world throughout the centuries looking for sages and fools. The truth is one, but sages know it by different names.

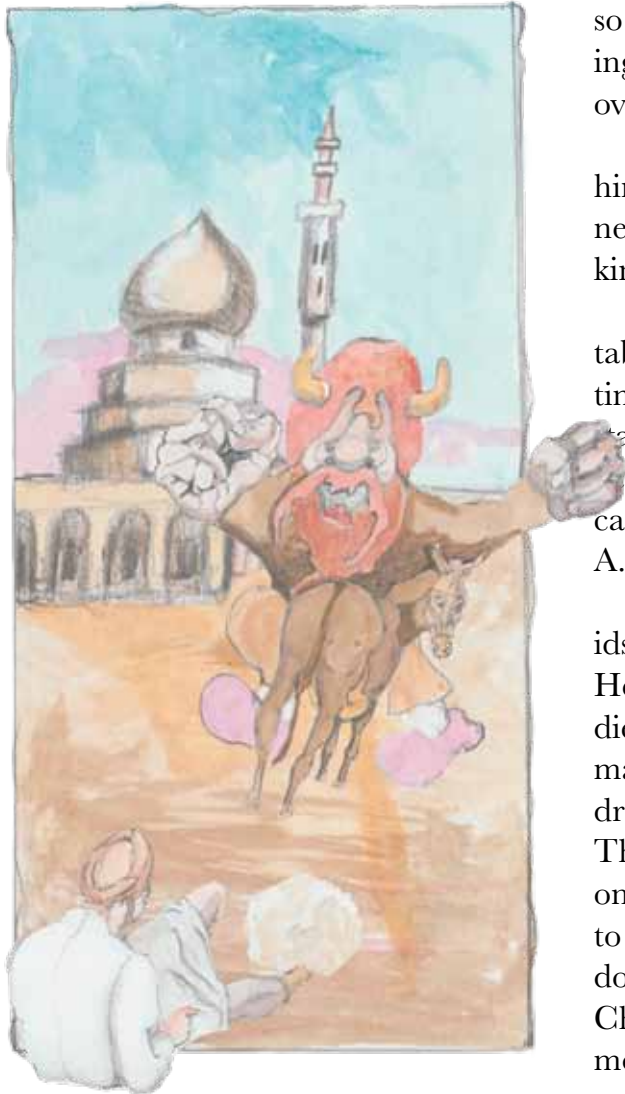
Trolls and Magic

'Trol' within Scandinavian languages means magic. Trollkarl in Swedish refers to a magician. Trolmand in Danish is a sorcerer and Trollman in Norwegian. The Christians were afraid of the old religion and made Trolls ugly and stupid when they once were magical in all the meanings of that word.

Bjorn would like you to know he has nothing against the Christ, he says Manni brewed a fine wine, but not as good as his mead which he would agree with Bjorn—on many occasions. Nor with most of the 12 apostles or 72 disciples. Peter, the tiny stone—well...In fact Manni was the best friend he ever had. He learned a lot from him. Many things he interpreted which he didn't grasp from the first time a Buddhist or Hindu teacher taught them. He even went beyond what many of these teachers declarations were and taught them instead. Usually on the sly, just dropping seeds for them to grow after he left.

Now Bjorn tells me that Paul, who passed through Akşehir too, never saw Christ, but after he heard that story he did stand in front of his donkey growing from three inches and a half to thirty feet tall with his arms out; Paul in truth did fall off his donkey that time. The Mullah took it much better.

After escaping from the Levant, Manni and him did travel to back to England, but the weather was damp all the time. Then they traveled east once more through to Japan by way of Kashmir. Learning and teaching the whole way.



There he left his friend who lived to over 100 and had a fine family. The only complaint was, even after teaching the locals, they could not make a good yogurt. Till this day a yogurt factory remains outside his farm.

Before he met Manni, he sat under the Boddhi tree with Siddhartha. Bjorn says he was the one who suggested sitting in front of a wall for weeks at a time and then changing your angle to sit for a few

weeks more. He understood Siddhartha's reluctance for teaching man once more; so he thought he should get good at talking to walls from various viewpoints to overcome man's ignorance.

He still quotes Mencius, he praises him for trying to educate rulers to be benevolent to the people who lived in the kingdom. He loved his turtle soup.

Bjorn sat at Constantine I's dinner table when his wife went on for the last time about those 'Arians', when Constantine lost his cool and threw a knife across the room. This prompted him to call the Council of Nicaea. Since 325 A.D. Christianity was not the same.

He shared his mead again with druids and Sidhe on the mounds of Ireland. He taught Merlin card tricks. He almost died when he helped Marduk slay Tiamat when she let out her last fart. He drank water with Enki. He left Cyrus The Great, when he was told that anyone who urinated standing up was going to Hell by Ahura Mazda's decrees. He does praise him for the Human Rights Charter he created though. He had the most fun with those Siberian shamans and their mushrooms...

Most Nattrolls, besides Bjorn, just avoided humans for centuries. If it wasn't for those damn sun seeds...

Troll magic is mostly shape shifting, misdirection, and the control of their size. But their real magic is their kindness from their hearts.