

# YOUR WORLD

The world as you know it is small. Of course you have heard tales of the mountains and the midnight sun in the further north, or of the great wall, the Danevirke, built to keep out the ungodly Franks in the south. Across the mountains lies the kingdom of Norvegr and you've all heard stories of the vast, green lands to the south east, and the mysterious, mist shrouded isles across the western seas. But tales and stories is all these are. The world you know is the village of Stafern, the harbour village of Nevlunghavn off to the west, and the Jarl of Vestfold's town of Sandefjord, off to the north east. And you know the woods, the fields, the bays, the brooks and the wide, clear waters of nearby Lake Farris.

Beyond this, you know a little of the kings - King Asbjorn of the Clan of Odinn's Eye in Heil Hofn, on the western seas; Sigurdr, of the across the mountains, in the ancient town of Uppsala, Queen Thorunn of the Gallahorn, in Jutland to the south.

But humans are not the only ones who walk this middle world. By virtue of being in the middle of creation, Midgard touches other worlds. Where worlds touch, crossings can happen. And where crossings become permanent, the wise or lucky or unlucky can find their way from one world to another.



The huldu, the forest folk, have dwelt in the woods of Midgard for so long, none now remember if they came from elsewhere, or were here always. They are a quiet, secretive, magical people, dwelling under the trees and singing under the stars. Though they watch human affairs with a moderate interest from afar, they rarely interfere with great events, having their own lords and wars and prophecies to consider. But on an individual level, it is not unknown for huldu and human to befriend each other, or even fall in love. Not unknown, but still rare.

The dwarves call the world of Nidavellir their ancestral home. Gothi and volla can debate whether Nidavellir is the depths of Midgard, the uppermost part of Niflheim, or the border between them and a realm in itself. But for the dwarves, craftsmen, spellsmiths and warriors of renown, it is to be defended at any cost. The great and storied dwarven bastions of Stannasha, Tansrgard and Thonnirberg are all reputed to guard a passage into Nidavellir.

The ljosalfar and svartalfar, light elves and dark elves, are neither native to Midgard. The ljosalfar, like the dwarves, have established a settlement here and there to guard a possible conduit to Alfheim. Others wander through when our world touches theirs, and return home when next they find a crossing. The svartalfar have their own designs, as the plot and plan for power, their schemers never being shy of using mortal men to further their aims. But both are more rarely seen than the huldu, their distant cousins (according to the runes cast by some seers, at least).

But other beings there are, as well. Giants, trolls in all sizes, draugr and dragons, and the fierce beasts of the wild. And the worst monsters of all, those we cannot tell are beasts, because they look, and maybe even are, just as human as the rest of us.

Into this world, the mead halls of jarls and the forgotten places in the wild, across the seas and under the ground, your journey will take you.

Spear and shield, axe and helmet, the favour of the gods and your skills of trickery and magic are all you have to keep yourself alive. That, and the trust of your companions.

Show honour, respect hospitality.

Accept a fair challenge, but never an insult not made in jest. Win silver, renown and perhaps even lands of your own.

But never forget your people.

Never forget your home.

*I remember yet the giants of yore,  
who gave me bread in the days gone by;  
Nine worlds I knew,  
the nine in the tree with mighty roots beneath the mold.  
Of old was the age when Ymir lived;  
Sea nor cool waves nor sand there were;  
Earth had not been, nor heaven above,  
But a yawning gap, and grass nowhere.*

**Voluspá, (2-3) Ljóða Edda**