

# I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

## Chapter 17: The Skull as the Sky

Odin's face flushed bright red. He wanted to argue—but after years of being out-reasoned and outwitted by his older brother, he knew better. Every time he spoke up, Thalos would counter with an even more profound truth, leaving him utterly humiliated.

So this time, he bit his tongue.

Argue less, and maybe he'd be scolded less.

Thalos, for his part, didn't want to keep crushing Odin in front of others either. After all, Odin was the second-born of the third generation of the Aesir. If not for Thalos, Odin would've been the unquestioned pillar of their people—a future God-King in everyone's eyes.

But a barrel filled to the brim or left empty makes no noise. It's the half-full ones that clatter most dangerously.

Odin was exactly that: dangerous because of his half-understanding. Whether or not he would one day drink from Mimir's well of wisdom, nearly every major decision Odin made in recorded myth was a catastrophic mistake—either digging his own grave or dragging the entire Aesir clan into a pit with him, usually hand-in-hand with Loki.

Looking at his obviously unrepentant brother pretending to yield, Thalos sighed and spoke:

"Root out evil completely. Strike down your enemies at their source."

"If you cannot conquer your foes, then destroy them utterly."

"Leaving a sworn enemy trapped in darkness only gives fate a chance to harden their heart, sharpen their mind, and steel their flesh. When they rise again in strength—what will we do then?"

Still unwilling to accept the advice, young Odin blurted, "If they won't submit, we'll make them! We'll fight until they do!"

"And if one clan resists?"

"I'll conquer them!"

"And if two rebel at once?"

"Well... brother, maybe you could—"

"What about three? Ten?" Thalos narrowed his eyes and delivered the final blow.

The very idea of endless revolts and burning borders made Odin fall silent.

It was like trying to hold down ten writhing fleas with ten fingers—one was bound to escape.

This, too, was the flaw of Odin's reign in the Edda: constant internal strife, even during the height of Aesir power. And the moment Odin weakened, every buried grudge rose in open rebellion.

But this life would be different. Thalos chose the path of kingly authority.

His voice once more echoed through heaven and earth:

"Light and darkness have always had their place in the world."

"To know hope, one must first know light."

"To understand fear, one must first know darkness."

"We, the Aesir, are born of tribulation—but must never perish in comfort."

"Thus I decree—"

"Asgard shall have day and night, and the four seasons. Our children must face wind, storm, and lightning!"

"And even in the darkest of lands, there shall be at least one day of sunlight!"

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One by one, requests were made. Each was judged. Each was fulfilled or refined.

The gods and giants alike were satisfied.

Then, at last, with Thalos' resounding declaration, the great reshaping of the world began.

To some extent, it felt as though the world itself had been waiting impatiently. The pulse of its will grew stronger and stronger—Thalos and his brothers could feel it beating beneath their very skin.

And Thalos did not keep the world waiting long.

As his vision expanded beyond the land itself, he looked from far above at the vast Ginnungagap and its surrounding chaos.

His gaze fell upon Surtur's ruined, terrible skull.

Raising both hands toward it, two gigantic hands made of cloud descended from the heavens. Over a thousand meters in length, these divine hands lifted the shattered skull of the fire giant high above the clouds.

Once, the world had entrusted its foundational essence to Ymir and Surtur, hoping they would guide its order. But their ignorance stifled the world's evolution.

Now, the world reclaimed what had been given—through Thalos' will.

To the onlookers, it appeared that Thalos, with divine grace, ground Surtur's skull to ash, scattering its essence. In truth, he was extracting the flame-origin infused into Surtur by the world itself—refining it and casting it back into the world's core.

Those flames—once concentrated—earned a new name:

The Eternal Fire.

With a majestic toss of the cloud-hands, the Eternal Fire burst into the sky like a wildfire, spreading at speeds beyond human comprehension.

No longer shaped like a skull, it fused with the sky, then surged outward, clashing against the outer chaos beyond the world's borders.

Order and chaos collided violently.

And where they met, unstable energy was born—neither order nor chaos. Its fate now depended on which side was stronger to claim it.

In the Edda, Odin had used Ymir's skull to form the sky.

But this time, Thalos had gone far beyond.

Sensing the Eternal Fire's expansion nearing its limit, another pair of colossal cloud-hands descended—this time from the frost-covered earth—and lifted Ymir's skull high into the heavens.

Hidden within it was the long-suppressed power of Eternal Frost.

It burst forth, joining the Eternal Fire in its conquest of chaos.

Ice and fire.

Two pure elements, perfectly balanced, guided by Thalos' divine will.

Together, they expanded, carving out a world three times larger than the one Odin created in the myths.

Once the borders were claimed, Thalos instilled in the sky the concepts of Sun and Moon—along with New Moon, Full Moon, Waning Moon...



With fire came day.

With frost came night.

As his thoughts became law, the world gained a true cycle of day and night.

"Let there be light." he whispered.

And with that gentle utterance, the hottest flame from Muspelheim was raised into the sky and became a great burning orb—the sun.

It was the first time the gods and giants had ever seen such a thing. Not just light, but gentle, warm, soothing light.

Thalos' voice followed:

"Light is day. Darkness is night. I now proclaim—this is the dawn of the first day."

After eons in the eternal night, even the slightest change in law was enough to inspire awe and trembling reverence.

But this?

This was world-making.

And no matter how humbly Thalos tried to insist he was merely "reshaping," the historians of ages to come would all agree on one term:

Creation.

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