I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 18:	Seven Davs	of Creation	(Part One)
-------------	------------	-------------	------------

From the endless outer chaos, Thalos expanded the world's boundaries,
pushing outward into the void. And with that done, he began the next critical
step—sealing it off.

Where the divine eye gazes, there shall the world's edge lie!

To completely separate this world from the boundless chaos beyond, what was needed above all was air—vast, endless air!

Ordinarily, this would be a tremendous undertaking. But thanks to the skulls of Ymir and Surtur, the two primeval giants, much of it could be done in one go.

By the time all this was completed, three full days had passed.

If one could zoom out far enough, beyond the world's veil, they would see a perfectly round globe glowing with blue light, wrapped around an unimaginably massive ash tree.

This tree stretched from the depths of the world all the way to the heavens. It had grown from the hearts of Ymir and Surtur, taken after they were slain.

Thalos couldn't help but smile at the sight.

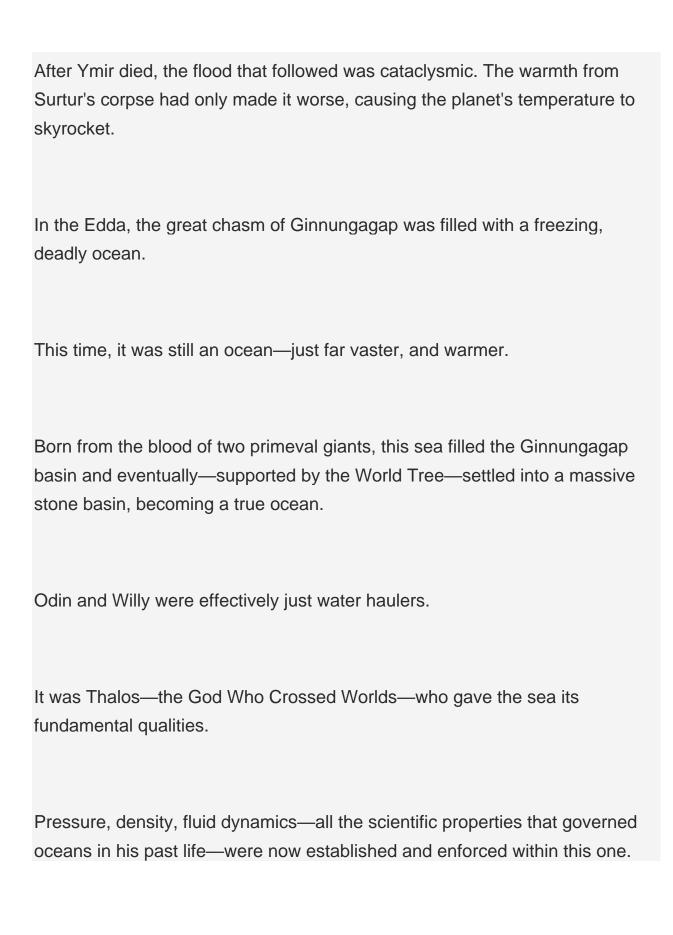
Perhaps... he'd call it "Yggdrasil"—the World Tree.

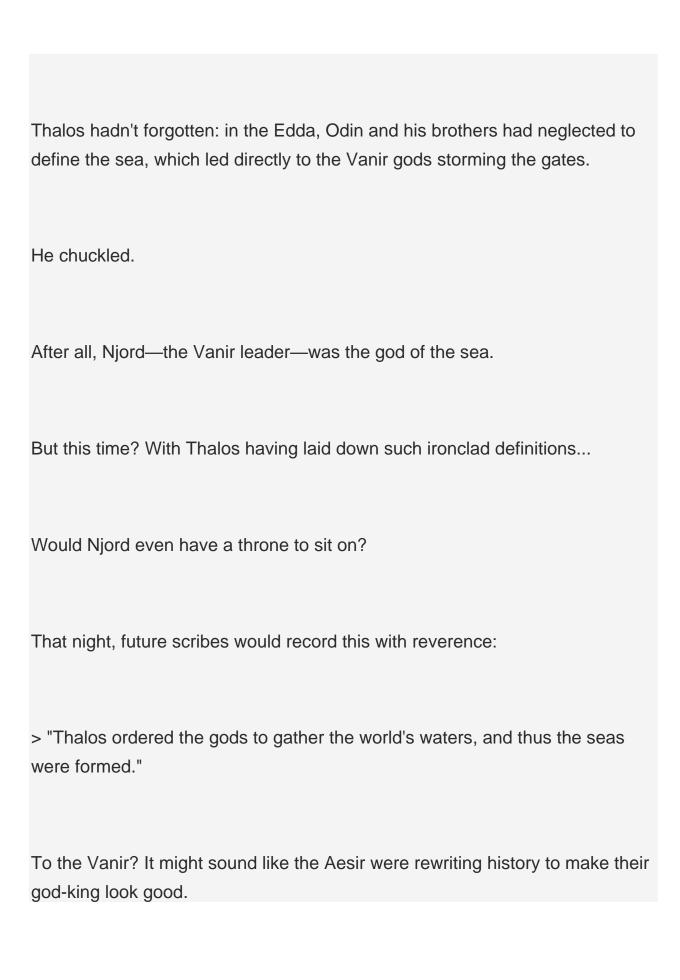
Within the glowing orb of the Ginnungagap world, Yggdrasil's fresh green branches shimmered with vitality. Countless elemental forces of earth, water, fire, and air floated around the tree's trunk, some in motion, others fixed in place, waiting for Thalos to reach out and reshape them with divine will.

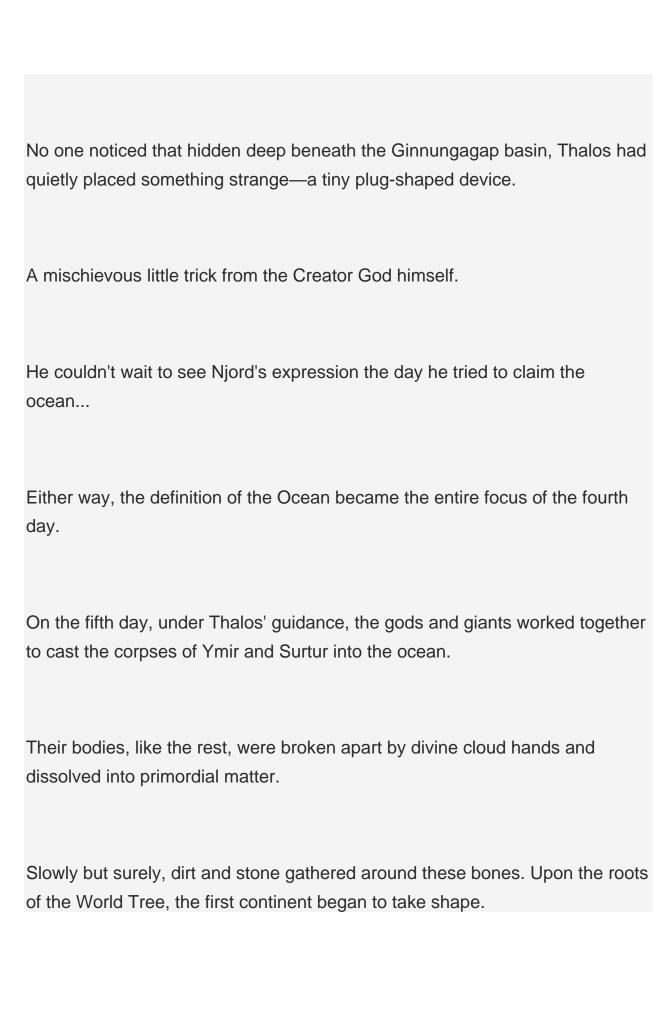
Beneath his enormous divine form, the gods and giants had already been watching for three days straight.

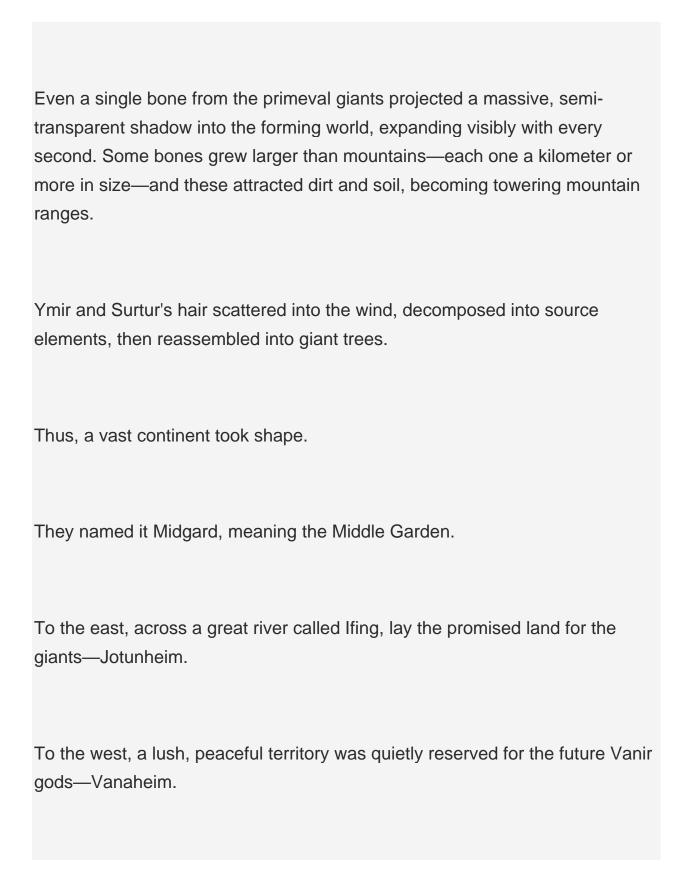
From the corner of his eye, Thalos noticed Odin practically squirming, desperate to help but unsure how to ask. He chuckled and called out:



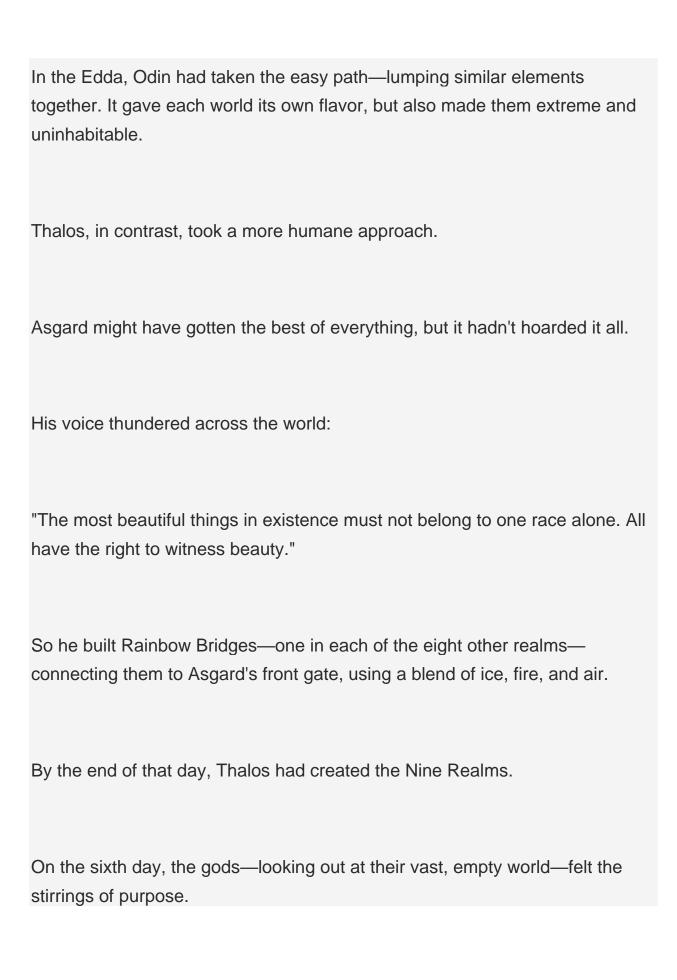








Above Midgard, connected to the World Tree's trunk, Thalos blended earth and air elements to form a lighter yet equally solid continent: Asgard.
It was roughly 90,000 square kilometers in size and divided into 12 reserved zones for the Aesir gods and their kin.
Just below Asgard, a slightly lower layer would be reserved for the light elves—Alfheim.
As for the roots of the World Tree, four realms were anchored there:
- Svartalfheim – home to dwarves and gnomes.
- Helheim – the cold, misty realm of the dead.
- Niflheim – the primitive land of eternal fog.
- Muspelheim – the lawless fire realm, now leaderless after Surtur's fall.



Urged on by the will of the world itself, they decided to create mortal beings.
Thalos casually plucked a branch from Yggdrasil and cast it toward Midgard.
It broke apart mid-air, and from it formed countless mortal men, all modeled in the image of the Aesir, each about six feet tall.
Bor, the creatively barren father of the Aesir, named the first man:
"Ask."
Then Thalos flicked a second branch—this time from an elm tree. It split and became the first mortal woman. His mother, Bestla, named her:
"Embla."