

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 19: Seven Days of Creation (Part Two)

Thalos bestowed upon these mortals life and souls; Odin gave them reason and form; Willy granted them loyalty and motion; and Bor gave them speech.

Thus, the first ancestors of humankind were born.

What none of the gods—Thalos aside—had expected was this: on the vast lands formed from the corpses of the two primeval giants, strange worm-like creatures began to emerge.

Bored, Thalos casually granted these beings spiritual awareness. Bathed in sunlight, some of the creatures—though appearing like maggots, were more akin to silkworms—transformed into beautiful light elves. With their elegant, slender forms and radiant appearances, they immediately won the affection of both Aesir gods and giants alike.

Without hesitation, Thalos granted them residence in Álfheim, assigning them the task of serving the gods closely.

The others—those born from the darker recesses of Ymir's corpse, drawn to the shadows—became the dark elves, and were grouped with the dwarves and gnomes, created also from the primeval giants' remains.

And with the surviving fire giants still around...

The nine realms of the Ginnungagap world were now fully populated with intelligent life.

Yet from the very beginning, Thalos had resolved not to follow in Odin's mythical footsteps by using the other mortal races solely as resources to be exploited by the Aesir.

Even the dwarven realm of Svartálfheim, cloaked in endless night, would receive one month of sunlight. Even the deathly cold realm of Helheim would experience a month of spring.

Odin muttered disapprovingly, "Brother, you're overcomplicating things."

Thalos shook his head. "You don't get it. As a god-king, you must never shut off the lower world's path to ascension. I left rainbow bridges in all eight other realms specifically so that the elite of each realm might one day rise to Asgard—and rule the Nine Realms with us."

Odin clearly wasn't convinced. "What if mortals just keep multiplying? What if one day Asgard gets too crowded?"

Thalos's gaze seemed to transcend time itself, as if he saw a future so distant none could imagine it.

"My foolish brother... A world has a fixed ceiling for how much divine power and how many deities it can hold. One day, the Aesir will stop expanding. When that day comes, we'll simply implement a bottom-rank elimination system."

"Bottom-rank what?"

Thalos didn't explain further.

The World Tree was still in its youth. During this phase of expansion, the "pie" could always grow larger.

But where there is life, there is also death. Thalos suspected that Yggdrasil might carry a built-in destruction protocol.

If that day ever arrived, and he didn't want to be swallowed along with everyone else in Ragnarök, he'd probably have no choice but to invade the unknown world beyond.

Before that time, maintaining relative unity among the Nine Realms was vital.

As the sixth day gave way to the dawn of the seventh, the sun rose again.

On the seventh day, Thalos and the gods felt exhausted.

Truly, there was nothing left to be done.

Thalos and his brothers could clearly feel the world's will reclaiming their right to shape it.

The Aesir had already rewritten this world from top to bottom. If anything had remained untouched, it was the colossal primordial cow: Auðumbla.

Thalos's eyes pierced space, gazing at the cow now relocated to Jötunheim.

It was the size of a stadium holding 50,000 people.

Its movements were repetitive and mindless: endlessly extending and retracting a tongue large enough to swallow an Aesir whole, as it licked at the ice-covered ground.

To Odin, this ridiculous cow was simply a joke. "Pfft. What's so special about Auðumbla? It could lick for ten thousand years and still find nothing new."

Thalos, however, couldn't laugh.

He shook his head. "No. It licked Ymir into being... and then our ancestor Buri. That means you can never know what it might lick out next."

"Uh..."

"Assign some people. I want it watched. If it ever licks out something new, I want to know immediately."

"Fine, you're the god-king. Your call."

Odin wasn't convinced. But Thalos knew all too well: that cow—without regard for friend or foe—was very likely to soon start licking out new frost giants, mountain giants, and most crucially... the Vanir gods.

Thalos couldn't be sure how the Vanir came to the Ginnungagap world.

In the Edda, both mythic and prose versions differ—some claim they were licked out by Auðumbla, others say they simply migrated here inexplicably.

Either way, their arrival would mark the beginning of a long and brutal war with the Aesir.

But that was for the future.

For now, after six days of tireless creation, the Nine Realms stood complete—harmonious, teeming with life.

Thalos withdrew his gaze and reviewed everything once more, mentally checking for any unlaidd traps or missing pieces.

When he was sure there were none, he finally smiled.

"On the seventh day... we rest."

Thus, the seventh day became Sunday, the world's day of rest.

The weary Thalos made to return to Asgard, the divine realm set aside for himself and the Aesir.

But the moment he took that first step across the sky, every intelligent being in the Nine Realms felt their hearts skip a beat.

The Creator had completed His work—and now retired.

That connection between their lives and their god, that deepest thread tied to soul and spirit, quivered like a stone cast into a still lake.

All across the realms, the people looked upward—their faces turned toward where Thalos stood.

Somehow, beyond the limits of sight, they could all see him—his radiant figure glowing like the rising sun—ascending the rainbow bridge, stepping into the heavens.

No one had taught them. Yet in perfect unison, they began to chant prayers.

Even knowing that the great Aesir God-King, Thalos Borson, might never respond, they still fell into a shared, joyful dream.

And in that moment of silent rapture, they heard His promise:

"Those who serve the Aesir with loyalty shall ascend to Asgard and share in our immortality and joy."

"Strive! Battle! Prove yourselves in blood and valor!"

"Then rise across the rainbow bridge—"

With that solemn decree, they saw him become a streak of divine light, like a rising sun blazing across the world, illuminating all Nine Realms before settling in the divine halls of Asgard.

And in one mighty wave, every being in the Nine Realms dropped to their knees.

The motion was so unified, it looked like rippling waves.

Overwhelmed with awe and reverence, and using the language gifted to them by Bor himself, they spoke their first words in life:

"We obey the command of the God-King!"
