

# I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

## Chapter 4: Five Thousand Years of Wisdom

Whether in the Poetic Edda or other Norse mythological accounts, the records about Bor are extremely scarce.

Ever since Odin established Asgard, there's barely a mention of Bor.

As to when Bor disappeared from the Aesir, scholars are divided.

Some say he died during the war against the giants, while others claim he was seen during the later conquest of the Nine Realms.

The most widely accepted theory is that Bor sacrificed himself to elevate Odin.

Thalos found this interpretation fairly reasonable.

No matter what, if Bor had to face over a hundred giants on his own, the odds were heavily stacked against him. Even if he didn't die, he'd at least suffer permanent injuries or be left crippled.

If Ginnungagap were the only world, Bor's exit might actually help Thalos take full control of the Aesir. But this was only one of two parallel worlds—the other still in a slower process of forming order. Thalos had chosen Ginnungagap simply because he couldn't afford to wait.

And if gods were also to arise in that other world? Then Bor's belief would prove truer than ever—every Aesir life was invaluable.

Having lived together for years, how could Thalos not understand his discount father's courage and sincerity?

Bor was genuinely willing to sacrifice his life for his children and for the future of the Aesir.

Just then, Odin's face flushed red. "Big Brother, why are you opposing me? What's wrong with killing Ymir?"

"Strategically, Odin's plan isn't wrong. Our conflict with most of the giants is beyond reconciliation. That means our only path to victory is to kill the progenitor of the frost giants—Ymir. As long as he lives, he can keep spawning new giants. We can't kill them faster than he can produce them."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Mother Bestla added anxiously, "Ymir is very powerful."

"We're even stronger!" Thalos declared firmly. "As long as we're not facing the entire horde of giants, the three of us brothers are confident we can slay Ymir."

Odin looked puzzled. "Then why did you oppose me, Big Brother?"

Instead of answering directly, Thalos turned to his discount father. "Father, if you were surrounded by the tallest giants, how many could you hold off at once?"

Bor thought for a moment. "Ten... no, twenty."

Thalos didn't need to look at anyone else. If their strongest warrior Bor couldn't manage more than twenty, the others certainly couldn't either.

He said loudly, "That means under normal conditions, if you face a hundred giants at once, you're dead."

The room fell silent with a collective shudder.

Bor nodded. He didn't think he'd survive it either.

Nine pairs of burning eyes turned toward Thalos, waiting for his next words.

"I'm not opposing Odin's goal, but the method—having Father charge in alone to distract the entire giant horde."

Bor might be willing to sacrifice himself for his children's future, but that didn't mean he wanted to throw his life away needlessly. "Go on," he urged.

Thalos used his stone axe to carve a hole into the ground. "Let's assume this is Campbell Basin. We all know there are only two exits here. If we lure most of the giants into the basin from this side, then Uncle Farbauti seals the entrance with a huge boulder, Father only needs to guard the second exit. That way, we trap over a hundred giants inside."

Odin instantly caught on. "And we take the opportunity to rush over and ambush Ymir, who's left unguarded!"

"Exactly," Thalos nodded, digging another small hole beside the 'map.' "This represents the Amans Snow Pool. Once the giants are inside the basin, Mother and Aunt Laufey, along with Helblindi and Býleistr, can shatter the pool's edge, flooding the basin."

Even Bor's eyes lit up—so did everyone else's.

Just imagine—an entire horde of giants rushing in, only to be drowned or bogged down in the mud, easy targets for Bor to crush with well-placed boulders.

This plan was brilliant!

Bor thumped his chest and shouted excitedly, "If that's the plan, I can take on a hundred!"

The others erupted in cheers.

For a transmigrator blessed with five thousand years of wisdom, this level of tactical planning was child's play.

But in the primitive world of Ginnungagap, this was a revolutionary concept!

The first to invent it was, of course, a genius.

"As expected, you're the smartest among us!" his mother beamed and slapped Thalos hard on the shoulder in pride.

At this moment, Loki got annoyed and shouted, "Wait! Everyone has a job. What about me?!"

Thalos patted Loki's shoulder and gave a mysterious smile. "Relax. I've saved the most important job for you."

Loki lit up. "I knew it! I must be the key to this whole plan!"

"That's right. You're the key."

But seeing Thalos so confident somehow gave Loki... a bad feeling.

Just a little... nothing more.

Then Aunt Laufey suddenly spoke up. "Actually, if Bor's willing, I might be able to persuade some of the giants to support us."

"Oh? How?" Bor perked up.

Laufey leaned in and, at full volume, conspiratorially shared her idea right in front of Thalos.

Thalos's face turned dark immediately.

He wanted to shout, 'Father, please let me explain!'—but Bor had already spoken. "It's settled! You and your sister spread the word: any giantess who supports the Aesir in this war will have first pick at marrying my sons—including my eldest, Thalos."

By "them," of course, he meant the female giants.

At that moment, the so-called "god of wisdom," Thalos, stood frozen in the cold wind, stunned.

Victory always came at a cost.

No one said the cost had to be him.

Ever since transmigrating into this god's body, Thalos hadn't exactly been a prude, but he had never imagined ending up in bed with a skyscraper-sized beauty, playing the role of sky-for-a-canopy and earth-for-a-mattress.

But in his parents' eyes, this was just common sense.

Bor had taken a giantess as his wife—what right did his son have to be picky?

Thalos really wanted to say, At least wait for the humans to appear—or maybe until the Vanir show up.

But he couldn't get a single word out.

To make things worse, the excited Odin and Vili rushed over, faces full of "reluctant sacrifice for Big Brother" expressions. "Big Brother, just let us know which giantess you like. You get first pick!"

Thalos's lips trembled. In that moment, he really wanted to slap his two idiotic brothers to death.

In the end, he voiced no objection.

This was the first major crisis in Aesir history.

Uniting every ally possible was non-negotiable.

And paying the price... included himself.

Thus, Aunt Laufey happily skipped back to the frost giants to play matchmaker in secret.

The giantesses were very interested.

This was an extremely primitive world.

All female giants instinctively admired strength—and Bor's four sons were all famous warriors.

Not only that, the Aesir men were all handsome. Their looks outclassed male giants by miles. More importantly, the Aesir could enlarge themselves, so there were no "technical" obstacles whatsoever.

Laufey didn't even need much effort—most of the female giants either chose to remain neutral or outright joined the Aesir cause.