

In those days, as the end of times drew nigh, there dwelt a mighty lord, Jorgumåndr son of Harald, who was also called the Demon King of all Midgard. He dwelt within a lofty mead hall called Hjijkøk battered by the fierce winds of the north, where he would dispense justice to all who cared to listen and many who did not. It was told of King Jorgumåndr that he was a just and noble lord; it was his wont to rise early and dine on thanes who displeased him. Many displeased him, and consequently his retainers were always well fed.

But now our story turns westward to the Snællian dales, the dwelling of Tod Isenstadt, Dark Lord of Isengard. It was often whispered in hushed tones that to speak his name was to know death itself. The lord of Isengard made himself known among the Hjijfolk, and entreated them to read and discuss great books, display his likeness in the halls of Hjijkøk, and hand over the One Ring. His wickedness and cruelty was thus made evident to all, and this was a time of much discontent.

When news of this reached King Jorgumåndr, he mounted his favorite roan Fbibû, donned his armor, and hastened hence to his mead hall to consult all his thanes about what would be done. So they convened the “Thing,” and many among them spoke their opinions.

“Let us command that he submit to the thane of Hjårk,” suggested thane Gråhåm.

“Nay, give him but the ring he seeks,” squealed the diminutive jester Lëvī, who stood upon a table to speak on account of his lack of stature. Thane Kjüllæn cut him short, as he had so often cut short the lives of bold Norsemen on the fields of war.

“As I ween, it is best to meet him in honor on the battlefield,” the mighty warrior answered him boldly. “Give the command, and I can have my finest zealots ready to storm Isengard on your command.”

By the door of the mead hall there stood a stranger, gripping a spear inscribed with potent runes. At this point he spoke:

“Tod Isenstadt is not the true threat to Hjijkøk. As you bicker and quarrel amongst yourselves, the end of times approaches!”

“What ho, stranger? Thou art not of the Hjijfolk. What business have you here in Midgard?”

“I am but a wanderer. I have come to deliver my warning. Know ye that Ragnarök is imminent, and band together as men, as mortals! Defy the gods!”

King Jorgumåndr snarled and said “And what makes thee say that Ragnarök is imminent?”

The wanderer answered “Well, the narrator said so in the very first paragraph, didn’t he?”

“Oh, he always says that. It makes the story more exciting,” Lëvī explained. “He’s been saying that for as long as we can remember.”

When the wanderer heard this, he scratched his head, much in puzzlement.

“So it’s not the end of the world.”

“No.”

“Oh. When am I, then?”

“In the present.”

“Yes, but when is the present?”

“Right now, of course.”

The wanderer threw up his hands in despair and departed from the mead hall. As he walked onwards on his journey, Lēvī ran after him, carrying a small table over his head. When he reached the wanderer, Lēvī set the table down, stood on top of it, and began to speak.

“After our tablet engraver stopped carving things that make sense, King Jorgumāndr had him eaten, and we have not kept any sort of records since then. But I hear the Robo-Muslims have a very advanced society. Seek them out, and maybe you will find the answers you seek.”

Stay tuned for an exciting and possibly nonsensical adventure in Mecha-Mecca!