

A Travel Around Norse Mythology

By Archie J. Piatt



Chapter I

I paced around my diminutive settlement. The village-people greeted me fairly kindly, with a sense of homeliness and approval, but I took no notice of them today - I had an obligation. I was too engaged with completing my responsibilities and other customary problems. I had recently procured alchemy in my spare time, and so far it seemed to be going well. This was taken up because of my chemical framework from higher education, and I could explain to some of these pre-science individuals that 'believe themselves to be smart' some fundamental chemistry and physics.

I had experienced some weird feelings after the small time jumps I had done, but it could either be a placebo, or the large amounts of alcohol I have indulged my self toward. The years of the 750s are far distinct from my year of 2019. The small bio-matter time machine I had built in my spare time was done as a dare - I could not build a fully working time machine, whilst intoxicated! After doing a bit of research (as I knew little about Quantum Time before this) I had earned my 10 pound-sterlings. I wanted to test it on something more than non-biological matter, from rocks to rabbits. About a week after creating the greatest machine known to mankind (whilst hungover) I adapted my machine to work with organic, biological matter. I had taken myself to the time of the Viking ages. I have no idea how, but when I arrived, I needed to learn the language, so I downloaded Duolingo and managed to get a full 4G signal. I started learning Norwegian.

I had chosen this time era, as I had recently become fascinated with Vikings and Norse mythology. I wanted to test if the current facts I had about there beliefs were valid, and how I could slaughter their faith in any of their deities.

I immediately wanted to locate the whereabouts of my time machine, as it had not apparated along with me. I looked around for a bit. A bit more. I looked around even longer. I found not my machine, but a settlement of small stature than what my dragon-fighting, movie-inspired cognisance pictured it to be. Surrounded by two other settlements yielding other flags, this appeared the biggest. I introduced myself as a magician - biochemists were not prevalent before chemistry alone existed. The village had some sort of alchemy area. It was shit. Their entire belief was about turning lead, a common deposit around Scandinavian landscapes, into gold. Gold is hard to produce, in most mediums, but if you fused enough alpha particles into an isotope of lead, it turns into a radioactive element, that may decay via kaons to pions down to gold. Good luck trying to explain nuclear fission to people that have little understanding of what the ground is.

I had been in this village for about a year now, and the people had started to respect me more as a god than a human. I had introduced modern weaponry to there battles with other Norse communities, as I remembered how to make some quite high powered explosives. Nitroglycerin is easy to produce. Mix Sodium

Hydroxide with triglycerides extracted from fats or oils - this starts viciously breaking down to glycerol. After filtering off, and then purified, a suspension of nitric acid is added to titrate it. Then BOOM, literally. Insignificant fluctuations in stress or atmosphere could subsidise large quantities of explosive liquids.

My small flirtation with phytology helped the community overwhelm most horticulture quandaries, and I progressed the subsistence manufacturing in the settlement tenfold with my extraordinary Focaccia Pugliese loaf.

Chapter 2

I had started to like my people. My prolonged stay in search and creation of my time machine had me wanting more and more time around areas such as pubs, bars, etc. This had involved more than usual human interaction. There were several villagers that were quite interested in what I was doing - They had started to help me learn their language and mythology. Oh, and how not to get killed in a war.

My friends, as they were native to Norway, had Norse names. I had no idea what the English-modern-day equivalent was of these names, so I gave them names I could understand. The names were Felix, Max, Harry, and Ethan. These were names of some of my friends or aliases from my home, and I had gotten used to them around me. These friends, despite being stupid in comparison to a doctor of the modern-age, seemed quite a lot smarter than most of the other villagers.

The village I was in was quite a violent one. There were a few surrounding villages around mine, that often raided us, and took most of my research. I don't know why they did this, as they could not understand it. Despite being fairly fluent in the language, I still wrote my workings in my mother tongue, and that was not Old-Norwegian. Around my village was an area called the 'Marken', roughly translating to 'battlefield'. Guess what happens there. Correct - approximately every three days, a few people of the other surrounding tribes would run across the alpine borders so we would send a few to fight back. This would often result in both crowds stopping the fight, or a few people would return injured, or not dead.

Some warriors from the settlements were quite public about what they did, and some of the names of warriors were common knowledge. One of the warriors was named 'Reece' and was one of the strongest warriors. I have had several encounters with him in the (around one-and-a-half-years) time I had been here. He had incinerated a few buildings, turning them to no more than rubble and ash, whilst tearing down a few barriers - but he had mostly left my centre alone, and was more occupied with attacking the other tribe that was closer - 'Dalost'.

Chapter 3

Almost all of my town died. I recently found out that the mythology that these morons believe, is not legend, but history. It is not entirely accurate, there is no Yggdrasil or 9 realms, but there is a hell and an Asgard. Asgard is not a 'golden haven', but closer to a richer village. I did a bit of experimentation with resurrection around the 1-year mark of being in the village. If I can find any DNA from a being, I can clone it in a petri dish, as you would fungi or bacteria. As the clothing of the apparently real titans is considered 'of great importance', I could get to the clothing with a bit of difficulty, but I could get it in good condition. I then summoned a smaller, almost baby-like titan, 'Hel' - goddess of the underworld with the same name (that part is true, look it up). Hel then went bat-shit crazy trying to figure out how to get back to death (or in-existence), and then summoned in a mini dragon-bear, that, in its stunned arrival, killed almost all of my, now fellow friends and town people. The dragon-bear was called 'Jörmungandr', roughly translating to 'Great beast'.

I was fine, and then it flew away, which I found funny, as its little paws were flapping around in the wind. The oversized wings fluttered like a butterfly, as it made cute bear-cub noises (with fire). I shot the dragon-bear with a poisoned crossbow I had ready, due to the raids by the two other villages. Being unprepared to summoning a LITERAL FUCKING GOD is not an immeasurable thing.

Chapter 4

The bear cub nearly died, but instead came falling down to the village, killing a few of my others. The dragon-bear then scampered away, which was quite funny, despite all the blood. It was everywhere. I ran after it, of course, but by this time, I have to admit I was quite intoxicated, so I am not quite sure what happened! All I remember is waking up in a puddle (more of a small lake) of magical blood, and a severed head in my right hand, with a bottle of Vodka in my left. I collected as much of the blood as I could, with the test tubes I kept in my left pocket. I don't remember why they were there, but I never took them out.

The blood was rather odd. It seemed to be growing in volume at a linear rate. I have no fucking idea why. If it was exponential, then the cells would be dividing, but this grew at the same amount each hour. It was not changing in density, as I constantly measured the growing weight of it. What I believe I had found was a way to create matter from nothing.

Chapter 5

There are still a few more problems I had to deal with. 1) I was stuck 300 years before I was born. 2) I had summoned a crazy murdering god. How to fix 1) make a time machine. How to fix 2) find, and kill a literal god. I feel like I am becoming Nietzsche. So I made a time machine in about 2 hours, that is quite bad as I had done it before, but I had to make the materials myself, so fuck you. I jumped to 2019 to collect my 10 pounds from Dan, and tell him about my year before the Norwegians counted in years. He did not believe me, so I sent him back in my improved time machine, grabbed a gun that was on the floor (i don't know why) and joined him in my village.

I explained that I had broken the fundamental law of physics that all students can recite from memory, and then punched him in the face, like nothing matters anymore. I now realise that this is quite a bit like Nietzsche. I then adapted the blood with a bot of quaternion maths to produce anything I needed. I won't explain how, because this is just a fucking story, Dragon-bears are not real. I mass produced a literal metric ton of explosives and mixed it with thermite to make some pressure sensitive boom things to kill Hel. I sent dan with a tracing dot to go find Hel, so if he died, I could find out where Hel had killed him, and get a good idea what Hel could do. Dan is dead, so I guess the plan worked?

I came after Hel with my explosives and launched them with a trebuché pencil sharpener. When they hit Hel, they exploded, and she was becoming a little agitated. turns out that explosives do not do much for titans. I launched all in one go, killing Hel, and wiping out an entire continent. I teleported away and remained fine. Hel is now dead. I had one-upped Nietzsche, I had actually killed a god.

Chapter 6

Now back home, in the correct year, I had sold my magic blood solution to a group of scientists, along with my workings out, for the price of a doughnut and a Nobel prize nomination, that I promptly won. I did not need it, as the remaining litre had become about 20 pretty soon. All extra workings out were owned by only me so I could do what I wanted with them. Extraction of 'etto-particles' was insanely difficult, taking me about a week to get only a few millilitres. With my nobel prize money, I had hired a small team around me working with the chemicals. We had adapted the etto-particles to bond to hydrogen ions so it would have the same mass-production effect. Within a week, my team could make gallons of malaria vaccines, that would be shipped across the world. We could, by ourselves, save the world. All we needed was a little bit of help from friends.