

These were the six things the dwarfs gathered:

For firstly, the footsteps of a cat.  
For secondly, the beard of a woman.  
For thirdly, the roots of a mountain.  
For fourthly, the sinews of a bear.  
For fifthly, the breath of a fish.  
For sixth and lastly, the spittle of a bird.

Each of these things was used to make Gleipnir. (You say you have not seen these things? Of course you have not. The dwarfs used them in their crafting.)

When the dwarfs had finished their crafting, they gave Skirnir a wooden box. Inside the box was something that looked like a long silken ribbon, smooth and soft to the touch. It was almost transparent, and weighed next to nothing.

Skirnir rode back to Asgard with his box at his side. He arrived late in the evening, after the sun had set. He showed the gods what he had brought back from the workshop of the dwarfs, and they were amazed to see it.

The gods went together to the shores of the Black Lake, and they called Fenrir by name. He came at a run, as a dog will come when it is called, and the gods marveled to see how big he was and how powerful.

“What’s happening?” asked the wolf.

“We have obtained the strongest bond of all,” they told him. “Not even you will be able to break it.”

The wolf puffed himself up. “I can burst any chains,” he told them proudly.

Odin opened his hand to display Gleipnir. It shimmered in the moonlight.

“That?” said the wolf. “That is nothing.”

The gods pulled on it to show him how strong it was. “We cannot break it,” they told him.

The wolf squinted at the silken band that they held between them, glimmering like a snail’s trail or the moonlight on the waves, and he turned away, uninterested.

“No,” he said. “Bring me real chains, real fetters, heavy ones, huge ones, and let me show my strength.”