The Mead of Life

*Aegir sitting in a dark damp brewery staring directly into the camera, heavily bearded and evidently old.*

*He tries to recollect how he made the mead, so the recipe he gives isn’t very correct as he was drunk.*

*Aegir is, however, not a god, but a mere giant that had made friends with the great Gods such as Odin due to his exceptional mead brewing skills.*

*He has a strong accent and scars litter his skin indicating a battle-ridden life. In the eyes of the gods this is a great life to live.*

“Ahh, you've arrived on this here website. So… you’d like to know about the greatest feast ever thrown? All the gods remember this feast, and all the gods have a different telling but only I remember how it really went. Only I can tell you this story.”

“A great feast requires 3 things: great alcohol; that’s my speciality, great guests; the Gods, and an amazing location; Valhalla. For me to explain best it's probably wise to take you way back, way back.”

“Tyr and Thor knocked on my door carrying a cauldron as big as Jörmungandr’s gob. The Feast of the Gods was 3 days away and preparations were taking place all across the village. They placed the cauldron in the middle of the floor and I began to pour pond water into it. Wait… that’s not right. Preparations were taking place all across the village. Tyr and Thor placed the cauldron to the right of the building and I began to pour water into it bringing it up to a boil.”

“Once the water was boiling and steam was rising, making the sky a fluffy grey, it was time to add the barrels of honey Freyjas had brought me earlier in the day. I couldn’t help but have a taste of the sweet honey but got my hand stuck and nearly fell into the cauldron itself before Sindri came and yanked me out. No… it wasn’t Sindri, it was his brother Brokkr!”