Plot:

I am Ulf.

I believe more than two years have passed since the beginning of this cruel winter, though I can’t know for sure. It has been becoming more problematic to follow time with each passing day when the sun being slowly dimmed by the jaws of Sköll. This land has been forsaken by the gods; abandoned while they relish in mead and gold, just waiting for the end to come… but I don’t trust the Aesir no more, I don’t trust the Vanir no more… I don’t trust anymore.

I do know what lies beyond, but I don’t intent to perish like the rest of my kind… no … I will **not** be sent to Helheim. I will **not** succumb to the desperation down under whilst Hela laughs on my face. **I will** open the doors of Valhalla and dance, and sing, and drink together with my brothers and sisters. I will survive this… so I toast for times to come, I toast for everyone I’ve lost, I toast… for me; for I am Ulf, son of Bodolf, and **I am alive**.

With these words begins the journey of our hero. Before the Ragnarök, a three-year winter called Finbul hit Midgard, killing most of life on earth as we know it. Our hero finds himself struggling for survival in a world without gods, in a world devoid of life, where only cold and death inhabit. Fighting against his own insanity, our hero embarks on a journey to reclaim what is rightfully his: the land. But he will have to be weary, because not only the world itself is confabulating against him… the twilight of the gods is approaching, and so are the dark forces who intent on destroying everything one holds dear…