Text 16 – Thor’s Missing Hammer Pt.1.

Thor, God of Thunder, mightiest of all the gods, the strongest, the bravest, the most valiant in battle, was not entirely awake yet, but he had the feeling that something was wrong. He reached out a hand for his hammer which he always kept within reach while he slept. He fumbled around with his eyes closed. He groped about reaching for the comfortable and familiar shaft of his hammer.

No hammer.

Thor opened his eyes. He sat up. He stood up. He walked around the room.

There was no hammer anywhere. His hammer was gone.

Thor’s hammer was called Mjollnir. It had been made for Thor by the dwarves as a present for saving them from an invasion by the giants. It was one of the treasures of the Gods. If Thor hit anything with it, that thing would be destroyed. If he threw the hammer at anything, the hammer would never miss its target and would always fly back through the air and return to his hand. He could shrink the hammer down and hide it inside his shirt and he could make it grow again. It was a perfect hammer in all things but one; it was slightly too short in the handle, which meant that Thor had to swing it one handed.

The hammer kept the Gods of Asgard safe from all the dangers that menaced them and the world. Frost giants and ogres, trolls and monsters of every kind, all were frightened of Thor's hammer. Thor loves his hammer and his hammer simply was not anywhere to be seen.

There were things Thor did when something went wrong. The first thing he did was ask himself if what had happened was Loki's fault. Thor pondered. He did not believe that even Loki would have dared to steal his hammer. So he did the next thing he did when something went wrong, he went to Loki for advice.

Loki was crafty. Loki will tell him what to do.

“Don't tell anyone,” Thor said to Loki “but the hammer of the Gods has been stolen”.

“That,” said Loki making a face “is not good news. Let me see what I can find out.”

Loki went to see Freya, the most beautiful of all of the Gods. Her golden hair tumbled about her shoulders; and it glinted in the morning light. Freya had two cats that prowled around her room. Around her neck, as golden and shining as her hair, glittered a necklace, made by the dwarves of the underground, the same dwarves that made Thor’s hammer.

“I would like to borrow your feathered cloak” said Loki, “the one that lets you fly”.

“Absolutely not,” said Freya. “That cloak is the most valuable thing I possess. It is more valuable than all the gold of Asgard. I am not having you wearing it and causing mischief”.

“Thor’s hammer has been stolen and I need to find it,” said Loki.

“I’ll get you the cloak.”

Loki put on the cloak which transformed him into an eagle, and he flew out of Asgard. He flew deep into the land of the giants. The giants were the enemies of the Gods. Beneath him, he saw a giant, sat stroking a gigantic dog. He was the biggest, ugliest giant that Loki had ever seen. When the giant saw Loki, he grinned a sharp toothed grin and waved.

“What’s up with the Gods, Loki? What brings you into my land?”

Loki looked at the foul creature. “There is bad news from Asgard, Thor’s hammer has been stolen. Is this something you know anything about?”

The giant scratched his armpit and chuckled. “I might know something about it, how is Freya doing? Still as beautiful as everyone says?”

“I suppose so” Loki seemed confused by his question.

“I have Thor’s hammer. I have hidden it beneath the earth so nobody will be able to get it. I am the only one who could bring it up again. And I will return it to Thor, if I can marry Freya. Bring her here, eight days from now and I will return the hammer to Thor.”

“Who do you think you are? Freya will not marry you! You disgusting ogre of a giant!”

“I am Thim, lord of the giants” he said with a gigantic grin on his face.

“I will see what I can do” Loki said, and he drew Freya’s cloak around his shoulders and flew away back to Asgard.