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In the weeks running up to the Autumn summit, you are filled with dreams of oaths and justice, keenly aware of all the bonds and responsibilities your position in society demands. You know that it is Right and Just that those who take sword in hand and face the Howling Abyss rule, and that those below you give up their rights in the knowledge that you will protect them. You know that to leave the fighting to others is to eschew your freedom in favour of a life of servitude, safe in the knowledge that the shield of the warriors protects you here and now, and serve content in the knowledge in your next life you will have the opportunity anew to make The Choice, if you so wish.

You know in your mind that this is the unmistakable thinking of the Jotun, and you know you are not one of them. Yet, you hear the call of those ancestors from the west, growing louder every day as the summit draws near. You see a throne in the forest, surrounded by the red banners of the *kirkja*, and a tremendous feeling of weight and responsibility of a crown on your head and a sword in your hand. You feel a burning desire for justice, for things wrong to be made right. The sacred bonds must be upheld, in blood if need be, or everything will fall to chaos and ruin.

For a few brief moments you let yourself slip, ever so slightly, and you think of yourself as a godhi, exhorting a group of warriors in the name of one of the great ancestors of myth. Then, for a split second, you hear them, at the periphery of your consciousness. Ulfur. Skaldi. Raðljóst. Ulven. As quickly as the contact comes, it is gone, but the sensation of hearing these champions of ancient myth lingers. Reverberating through your mind comes something - a series of words, repeating. "Thaneswillow. West Marsh. Kallavesa. 11pm. Saturday."

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