

# Viking Sagas

 adapted by Nigel Bryant

## 2. Freya and the goblins - part 1

- LOKI: Time to introduce another character. A goddess, called Freya. Now Freya was beautiful, but she had one big problem...she knew she was beautiful! And she was proud of it. Odin gave her a special place among the gods in Asgard...I remember the day she first told me about it...
- FREYA: Loki – I'm so lucky!
- LOKI: Why, Freya? What does Odin want you to do?
- FREYA: To command the weather...and the seasons.
- LOKI: Mmm. Sounds an important job.
- FREYA: Oh yes! I am to make sure there is just the right amount of sun, snow, wind and rain.
- LOKI: Sounds great.



- LOKI: Get the picture? And then one day Odin invited Freya and her husband Odur to a magnificent feast at his palace. Well naturally, Freya's first thought was:
- FREYA: What dress shall I wear, Odur?
- ODUR: The green and the silver are most beautiful.
- FREYA: But everyone has seen them before. I need something new...like a new necklace...
- ODUR: You're so beautiful, Freya, you have no need of jewellery.
- FREYA: No! I want something new!
- LOKI: Oh deary me. So, off she went over the rainbow bridge from Asgard to Midgard, in search of a new piece of jewellery. She hadn't gone far before it started to rain...
- FREYA: Oh no! It'll ruin my hair! What am I going to do?
- LOKI: But Freya was lucky because right beside her was:



FREYA: A cave!

LOKI: Yes – a cave! But it was no ordinary cave – more of a tunnel...a dark tunnel. Very dark, in fact. You wouldn't have caught me going in. But Freya did...

Inside the air was damp...the walls were wet... everything smelled of worms and mould. And then...Freya heard a strange noise...the sound of hammering. Who could be making it? Then, further down the tunnel, she could see a shimmering light...

She groped her way down the slimy, dripping tunnel and the shimmering light grew brighter and brighter. Then she turned a bend, and found herself in a huge cavern, full of dazzling jewels! Diamonds...rubies...and emeralds. Then she saw the cause of the hammering. Beating at the walls with picks and shovels, to dig out gold and silver, were lots and lots of...

FREYA: Goblins!

LOKI: Yes, goblins! And these goblins were horrible.



LOKI: They had lumpy, greasy skin...and beards that smelt of mud and slime. And they hated us gods. But they were very good at one thing – they made the most fantastic jewellery! Freya could see a group of them huddled round something on a great stone table...and whenever they moved flashes – bright as lightning burst across the cave. Freya wondered what it could be...

FREYA: I must go nearer. I must see what it is!

LOKI: And as she approached the goblins all turned as if they'd been expecting her...and pointed to the object on the table.

FREYA: Ah!

GOBLIN: Welcome!

FREYA: What is it?

GOBLIN: You're a god from Asgard, aren't you?

FREYA: Please tell me what it is!

GOBLIN: It is rather beautiful, isn't it?



- FREYA: It's the most beautiful necklace I've ever seen.
- GOBLIN: It is the most beautiful necklace ever made!
- FREYA: I must have it. What's its price?
- GOBLIN: It's price?
- FREYA: I'll pay you anything.
- GOBLIN: Anything?
- FREYA: Anything at all.
- LOKI: The goblins huddled together and talked among themselves...and then one said:
- GOBLIN: The price -
- FREYA: Yes?
- GOBLIN: The price, lovely princess of Asgard -
- FREYA: Yes?
- GOBLIN: The price is...a big sloppy kiss for each of us!



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- LOKI: Freya was well shocked! The thought of kissing those revolting faces! But, she wanted the necklace more than anything else, so she went to the stone table and clasped it in her hands...
- FREYA: It's mine!
- GOBLIN: So you'll kiss us, will you?
- FREYA: Yes! Yes!
- GOBLIN: All of us?
- FREYA: Everyone!
- GOBLIN: Come on then, kiss us!
- GOBLINS: On the lips!
- LOKI: Yuck! Freya kissed each hideous goblin in turn... then...she ran...ran from the cave, down the tunnel and back to Asgard, home to her husband, Odur.
- FREYA: When he sees me in this necklace, he'll praise my beauty more than ever.
- LOKI: Oh dear - how wrong she was!

