

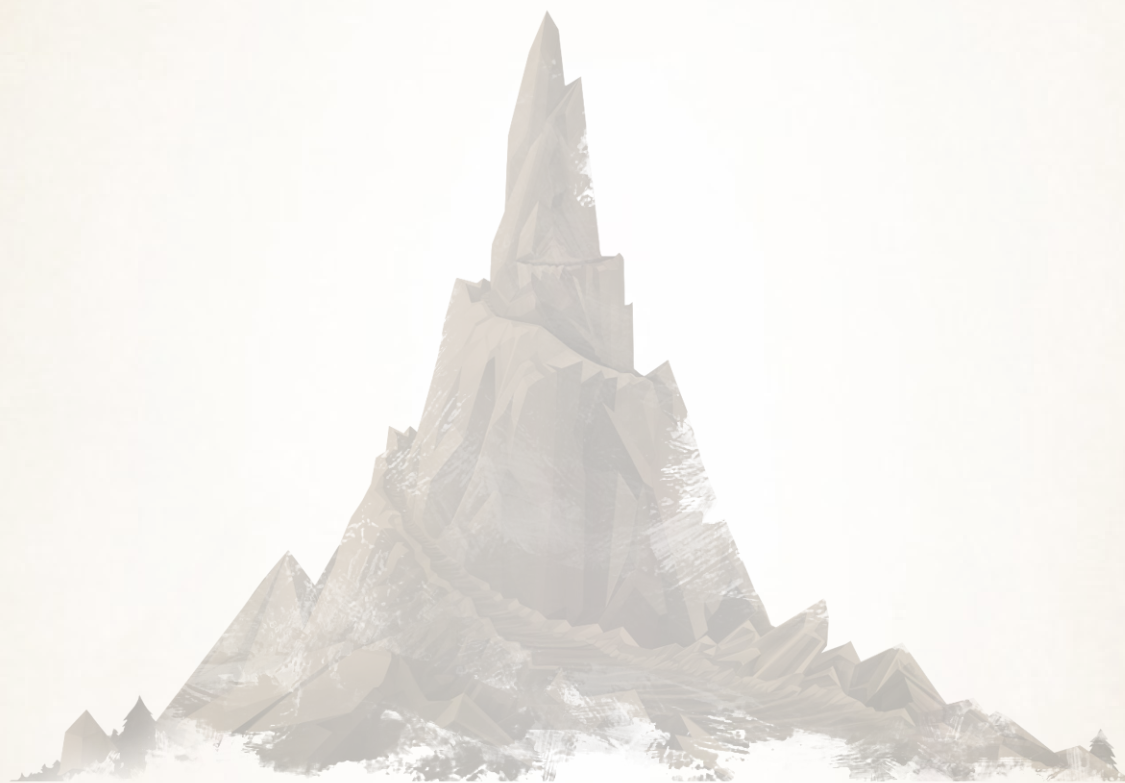
# DIGGY'S ADVENTURE



## SCANDINAVIAN - QUEST -

BY PIXELFEDERATION®

*DEAR DIGGY PLAYERS! OUR BELOVED ADVENTURER IS NOW  
8 YEARS OLD - HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DIGGY! SUCH A MILESTONE  
DESERVES A PROPER CELEBRATION, SO WE HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY  
THE BRAND NEW E-BOOK WE HAVE PREPARED FOR YOU. BUCKLE  
UP, AND IMMERSE INTO THE SCANDINAVIAN QUEST!*



**Pro tip:** All of the pictures you will see were originally published on Diggy's Instagram page (@diggyadventure). To enjoy them in a proper order, make sure to always start from the bottom right corner. However, you might find some lifts and ladders which will change the flow of the story, but no worries - just follow Diggy's steps, and you will be alright ;)









**P**erry's shriek cut through the cold Scandinavian wind: *"Brace yourselves! This is going to be a difficult landing!"* Diggy lost the track of time he has spent in the plane, it felt like forever since he first boarded it back in Egypt. Perry spotted a large clearing in the trees and directed the plane towards it: *"I am going to try to land there, but this is far from an ideal situation, folks!"* The plane started to descend, maneuvering between the highest treetops, and the wheels started to touch the snowy grounds. Suddenly, Diggy heard a deafening thud - the plane touched down on the clearing and bumped into a large pile of snow, which looked almost invisible from the skies. Strong impact hurled the crew out of the plane. Diggy soon regained his consciousness and spotted the debris scattered throughout the landscape: *"Where is everybody? I hope all of my friends are okay!"* Luckily, the plane was still in one piece, and it seemed that the snow absorbed all of the impact. Diggy started to explore the surroundings and noticed a set of tracks in the snow heading from the plane wreckage into the wilderness - bingo!

Soon enough, Diggy found the source of these tracks - it was Perry! The pilot was clearing his path through the heaps of snow with his head pointing down to the ground and shaking with confusion. Diggy quickly caught up with the aviator: *"Perry! I am so glad to see that you are okay! Have you found anybody else? And what are you doing here?"* Perry looked even more confused: *"Diggy, I am so sorry. I had no idea that bump is going to be there! I don't know if I will be able to repair the plane, and on top of that, I cannot find my compass! I have no idea where we are, it has to be somewhere here in the snow. Without it, we don't know which direction to choose to look for the rest of the crew!"* Diggy frowned - searching for a tiny golden compass in the snow is like looking for a needle in a haystack! But without it, he knew they are quite lost - Linda, Professor and Rusty could be anywhere. Perry looked around the frozen wasteland. Not a living thing in sight, just trees, mountains and more trees...

After a long time of wading through the snow, our heroes noticed a huge tree in the distance pointing towards the Scandinavian sky - it was bigger and taller than any other tree Diggy has ever seen. Suddenly, he noticed a tiny flash of light as the sun directed its rays to the area around the tree: *"Looks like there is something in the snow, next to that tree!"* And there it was - a small golden item was half-buried in the snow. Perry yelled out: *"My compass! My beautiful golden compass! That's amazi - wait, there are some metal things as well!"* The clearing around the tree was full of various items from the plane, and Diggy recognized some of them: *"These are Rusty's parts! He has to be*



*close!*" Perry pointed his finger to the thick column of smoke rising from the ground, just a few hundred yards away: *"Look, there is a small crater - hurry up!"* Among the charred debris in the crater hole, Diggy recovered Rusty's head and legs. After a long day, there were finally some good news: *"Don't worry, buddy. I think we will be able to put you back together. But first, we have to find Linda and Professor!"* Perry glanced at his compass. The red tip of the needle under the glass was pointing far away to the frozen plains...

Hours have passed and there was still no hint of Linda or Professor. Diggy was slowly getting weary, as they still have not encountered a living thing in Scandinavia. All of a sudden, the bushes near the forest rattled. A small figure emerged from the woods, and Diggy could not tell how old this person was. The guy (or shall we say the boy?) was clad in a simple brown dress, wearing an old helmet and holding a tiny wooden sword. He was curiously sizing Diggy up: *"Hello there! I don't know what tribe you belong to, but I have never seen such a helmet for battle! Why is it yellow? To scare off the enemy, perhaps?"* Diggy laughed: *"This is no battle helmet, but I have to admit, it has saved me many times. I am a stranger to these lands, looking for my friends who got lost after our plane crashed."* That captured the boy's attention: *"Really? That was you up there in the sky? I remember some debris had fallen somewhere further to the north. By the way, my name is Hani, pleased to meet you!"*

Diggy was eager to get some more information about the crash from Hani. Unfortunately, all Hani could do was to talk about himself and about the deeds he has (not) done: *"I want to become the greatest warrior in the whole Scandinavia! It had been my dream ever since I learned how to hold my great sword. If I were to tell you about all the enemies I have defeated and all the beasts I have slain, you would not believe me, Diggy..."*

Hani was definitely right about the last part, as Diggy really did not believe him. However, he somehow admired his ambition and resolve to become a great warrior. The future Scandinavian folk hero was talking yet again about one of his adventures, when Diggy spotted something in the snow: *"Hani! Come here and check this out! There are tracks in the snow!"* This was by far the largest set of footprints Diggy has ever seen - his adventurous spirit has awoken once again. Full of excitement, Diggy looked at Hani; his face was as pale as the snow beneath their feet.



The footprints led Diggy and Hani into the thick forest full of snowy pines towering high into the sky. Suddenly, Diggy heard a faint cry in the distance, echoing through the woods: *“Help! Is anybody there? Please help me!”* On the top of one of the pine trees, a man was hanging on one of the branches, with the parachute gear still on - it was the Professor: *“Thank you Diggy, I knew you would find me here! My parachute got entangled in this tree as I was falling from the plane, it is a miracle that I am alive!”*

Diggy was relieved: *“We meet once again, Professor. The only thing left for us to do is to find Linda!”* Professor glowered at the trees in the distance: *“I am afraid Linda was taken somewhere against her will. One night, as I was hanging here, I heard a woman screaming somewhere under this tree. The sound soon faded out, as if somebody or something took her away.”*

Diggy and Hani relentlessly followed the huge footprints in the snow. After a while, the mighty pine trees grew scarce, and Diggy spotted small houses in the distance: *“Hani, look! It seems that we have reached a village!”* Ever since they saw the tracks in the snow, Hani was concerned and broody, as if some huge cloud of desperation was constantly following him. As soon as they arrived to the settlement, he began to be even more perplexed: *“This, my friend, is a village of Tordhan, and we are very close to the city! But the houses are empty, and there is no one in sight!”*

Our heroes gathered around a small campfire in the middle of the village - the fire was put out, and it seemed that the villagers left a few days ago. The wind was still, and the air was full of tension. The footprints were slowly continuing through the village and around the campsite, as if they were a silent witness to this odd situation. Hani was terrified: *“We have to get to the city immediately! The citizens are in grave danger, and I know the shortest way how to get there - follow me!”*

A small river had separated the village of Tordhan and the city since the dawn of time, slowly carving its way through the Scandinavian ridges and meadows. Hani knew his way around these parts of the country, and remembered there was a bridge spanning between the icy cliffs, in order to secure a safe passage through the river banks. Much to his dismay, the bridge was now gone: *“Oh no! The bridge is destroyed! What could have possibly happened here? We are so done! We just cannot bypass this icy river...”* Diggy gave him a hard stare. This feeble guy wants to be the greatest warrior Scandinavia has ever seen, and the first notion of an obstacle sends him into a full panic mode?!



He knew exactly what to do: *“Come on, Hani! There are forests full of wood, and we just left the village - don’t you think we will be able to find some planks there, so we can somehow repair the bridge? Well I do, so let’s find something to bridge this gap! I have not come this far just to be discouraged by some small creek, and I want to find Linda, no matter the cost!”* What a pep talk! Hani came back to his senses and yelled: *“You are so right Diggy! I am Hannevald the Mighty, and this river will not stand in our way!”* They soon found enough planks and logs which were long enough to extend to other river bank. A huge wooden gateway was looming on the other side, welcoming them to the city...

Diggy and Hani walked through the gate and entered the city. In the town center, Diggy walked up to an old beardy man with a giant helmet with horns, sitting on a throne. It looked as the man was waiting for him: *“Welcome to the city of Fjordheim, mighty adventurer! Words are travelling fast, and we have heard about your deeds. My name is Jarl Olaf, and I am the boss here!”* Diggy acquainted Jarl Olaf with the search for Linda and the footsteps in the snow. The old warrior did not seem surprised at all: *“The gods have indeed sent you to us, adventurer! Just last night, the city was attacked and raided by giants again, and they took few people with them! I am afraid your friend may have been kidnapped as well!”*

Diggy answered with a pant: *“Giants! So this is why Hani was so nervous and concerned - it was the giants that may have taken Linda! Do you know where they went?”* Olaf was quite amused: *“Leave my throne and go out of the city? I am too old for this stuff! But I know someone who might help. Look for our prospector Goldie in the Glittering Woods. She has been hanging out there lately.”* Diggy gritted his teeth to stifle any sharp retort. Jarl Olaf seems he could not care less about this situation, and now Diggy has to look for some lost villagers as well? He soon found more of the footprints at the Fjordheim outskirts, leading to the woods. The hunt continued...

Olaf’s assumption was correct, and Diggy soon found Prospector Goldie deep in the Glittering Forest. Her exuberant golden hair reflected the rays of the cold Scandinavian sun. The Prospector was standing in front of a large cave entrance, next to a large pile of gold: *“Greetings, adventurer! Not many folks venture into these parts of the woods, so I suppose that Jarl Olaf sent you to me. I have a feeling that there is some more gold to be found in this cavern, but ever since I have come here, I heard some strange sounds and rattle inside. Why don’t you go inside and check it out yourself? Getting*



*myself in danger is the last thing I want to do! If you find some gold down there, I will give you a fair share of the loot!"*

Strange sounds in the cave? Could this be the place where the giants set up their camp, with all of the kidnapped citizens? Is Linda still alive? Diggy's mind was racing, and each one of these questions was yet to be answered. Diggy unsheathed his sharp pickaxe. It was now or never! Diggy entered the cave and was immediately greeted with a strong stench. He continued fearlessly through the cave system, with his pickaxe ready in his hand. After few more steps through the corridors, Diggy froze and whispered: *"By the gods! I found them!"* As luck would have it, Diggy stumbled upon two large giants, but curiously enough, they were not moving at all.

As soon as Diggy's eyes got used to the darkness of the large room, it was clear why they were not moving - both of them were asleep, and their snoring was echoing through the tunnels and outside the cave! Diggy was curiously observing these two creatures, and it looked like not even a thunderstorm would wake them up. Just behind the giants, the corridor continued deeper into the underground, and its walls were illuminated by a faint light. Is somebody there? Diggy slowly tiptoed around the giants while holding his breath - oh, the stench was unbearable!

Linda was still thinking about the plane crash and things that happened immediately after it. Luckily, she was not hurt at all - as a matter of fact, the kidnappers were treating her quite well. However, she could neither fathom out this whole kidnapping situation, nor the rationale of it. The giants have taken some people outside of Fjordheim city, but released them after few days. Now, only Linda remained in their captivity.

Suddenly, she heard steps in the tunnel coming towards her. Wait, the pace was quite rapid, and no giant can walk this fast! Who could that be? The desperation and fear soon turned into shock and joy: *"Diggy! Is that you?!"* With the pickaxe still ready in his hand, Diggy felt a huge wave of relief: *"Linda! At long last, I have found you! You cannot imagine the perils I had to go through to save you!"* Linda was still in awe: *"Well, it was no bed of roses here either! As you can see, I am technically still kidnapped!"* Diggy chuckled: *"Not anymore, sweetheart! Your guards outside are sleeping like a log, so let's get out of here quickly!"*







**A**t first, it was really hard to distinguish whether Jarl Olaf was pleased to see Diggy and Linda coming back to Fjordheim or not - his majestic beard and eyebrows concealed every trace of joy or smile: *“You made it back, adventurer! I see you have found your charming friend, but what about our citizens who got kidnapped as well?”* Still amazed by his looks, Linda answered with her soft voice: *“There were no other people in the cave where Diggy found me, Jarl. But there were only two giants holding me hostage. They freed some villagers, but perhaps there were more giants who took your fellow Fjordheimers somewhere else?”* Olaf’s voice grew grim: *“I do not like this at all! What if the giants return for more of us? That’s it - we have to muster up our defenses and gather our warriors at once! Are you up to this challenge, mighty adventurer?”* Diggy knew that helping Olaf might prove useful in the future, in order to find his long lost father. His response was resolute: *“I will do my best, Jarl Olaf! What needs to be done?”* Olaf’s voice grew even more grim: *“Every helping hand is welcome, but this will not be easy - first, go check my lieutenant outside the city. He is in charge of our weapons storage and training. Second, as ill luck would have it, my best warriors have just recently left to participate at the annual Pillage the Village festival, and this feeble warrior Hani you have brought along with you will be no match for these hordes of giants! Go down to the Fjordheim Harbor and bring them back!”*

Diggy found the weapons master on the training grounds, just outside the Fjordheim city walls. The warrior greeted Diggy with axe and shield ready in his hands: *“Halt! I am lieutenant Olafson and I am in charge here! My fath- , ehm, I mean our Jarl has charged me with taking care of our weapons, so they are ready for battle anytime, anywhere! But I need help with one thing, and it is quite a pickle! I have found these strange long pointy sticks in one of our crates, and I have no idea how to use them... should I just throw them at our enemy?”* Diggy raised his eyebrows in disbelief: *“Do you mean arrows? You can shoot them with a bow, but I am sure you must have known that!”* Lieutenant Olafson blushed and stumbled: *“Of-of course, I knew that, ha-ha-ha...I just wanted to test you a bit. Well, there is nothing you can help us with, you are dismissed!”*

After he had educated lieutenant Olafson about the weapons, Diggy rushed down to the Fjordheim Harbor. Unfortunately, Diggy found the harbor completely empty, with only few ships far in the distance: *“Oh no, they are gone! I didn’t make it on time! We cannot repel any possible attack without them...”* Suddenly, a strange old man appeared out of nowhere: *“Hello there, lad! I overheard you lamenting about our fighters sailing away.*

*Fortunately, one of them is still here, and he is standing right in front of you!” Diggy looked at this weirdy-beardy man with sympathetic awe: “You? You were supposed to come with these elite soldiers? With all due respect, aren’t you a bit old for this stuff?”*

The old greybeard gave Diggy a subtle smile, deep black eyes sparkling under his eyebrows: *“Do not let my appearance cloud your judgement, lad! Yes, I was supposed to go with them, but my thirst got the best out of me. I stopped at a small tavern nearby to refresh meself. Only after finishing my fourteenth ale had I realized they were gone! But enough about me - I know someone who can be of a great help to your cause!”* Sailing through the sea and losing time with the search for warriors? Or choosing to trust the mysterious old man? After few seconds, Diggy nodded reluctantly. The greybeard seemed quite pleased: *“Splendid! But first things first - do you know what goes well with a nice pint of ale? A large plate of food! Follow me!”*

Greybeard’s thirst seemed to be unquenchable, as he was entering the largest tavern Diggy has ever seen: *“Welcome to my most favourite feast hall, lad! You can hardly find a better cook than Loggi here in Scandinavia!”* Diggy was mesmerized by the size of all of the rooms: *“The food stored here could feed all of the folks back in Egypt!”* The old man looked quite amused: *“Hah! This is merely a breakfast for us, lad! Let’s feast together!”* The tables were soon breaking under the weight of all delicacies - grilled cod, rye bread, meat pies, you name it! After the feast, Diggy started to feel the urge to loosen his belt a bit - the food coma was getting dangerously close. But the old man apparently did not have enough: *“Tasty indeed! Let’s wash it down with a pint of my most beloved ale! But my back is really aching today, can you roll down one of the barrels here?”*

It took an excessive amount of force, a lot of sweat, and a few grumbles until Diggy finally managed to roll and push the barrel to the old man. His eyes lit up with joy and satisfaction as soon as the first drops of beer started to pour into the large tankard. The old man enjoyed every single sip, and the barrel was soon empty. Diggy was utterly shocked: *“Unbelievable! How can you drink so much beer just like that?”* The greybeard remained unshaken: *“Because I do not go down easily, lad! And I am not just some random withered guy who likes good food and drink! I am the servant and warrior of Thor himself! Ever since I spotted you down in the harbor, I knew you could use my assistance, but I have decided to test you first. You have been a great companion, and you have proven yourself worthy to meet Thor and ask him for help. His strength*



*and wisdom will be needed in the fight against the giants! There is only one place where you can find him right now - I will show you the way to Valhalla!"*

The Halls of Valhalla were full of splendors, with beautiful stained glass windows and archways welcoming the ones who dared to enter. Diggy followed the grey-beard's instructions how to find it, and he soon found himself in front of Thor. A faint golden aura was surrounding Thor's steel helmet, and a large red cape was covering his broad shoulders, clad in the dark blue robe. The god welcomed Diggy with open arms: *"Greetings, hero! My battle-seasoned warrior has told me about you, and about your quest. It seems you are in dire straits!"* Diggy was aghast: *"The citizens of Fjordheim need your help, mighty Thor! Will you join us in the fight against the giants?"* Thor's response was swift: *"I am the god of thunder, lightning and storms, young one! No real battle can start without me! But....umm.... is it okay if you wait for a while? Because I am quite not ready yet. I have been roaming these large halls for a while, but one day, my favorite mittens went missing! I am sure you understand that my hands are quite cold, and I cannot wage wars without them!"*

Diggy was quietly muttering under his breath on the way to the Icy Chambers. The chilly rooms welcomed Diggy with a deep silence. In one of them, Diggy found a quite confused small penguin. After an intense exchange of looks, the penguin slowly nodded his head to a wooden crate behind him. A beautiful pair of blue mittens was resting on the very top of the crate - splendid! Diggy was already turning around and leaving the chamber, when the small penguin poked him with his flipper. That left Diggy even more confused: *"What do you want from me, little one?"* The penguin pointed his flipper to the side of the crate. Diggy leaned to the side and read the large inscription carved on the planks: *"D.A.D.? Dad! This is a sign made by my father! How did he know I would be looking for Thor?"*

Thor seemed to be quite surprised that Diggy made it back from the Icy Chambers in such a short time. The mittens fitted his hands perfectly: *"Thank you adventurer, you have found my mittens! I was really starting to think I would never see them again!"* No matter how weird his request was, Diggy could not abandon the thought of finding his father's inscription down in the chambers: *"I have found an interesting thing in the icy halls, mighty Thor. I am also looking for my lost father, and there was his sign on the crate where I found the gloves! Have you seen anybody venturing down there just recently?"* Thor's mood shifted from perplexity to irritation: *"Another tiny human like*

*you sneaking into the chambers? That's out of the question! No one would be able to do that on my watch!"* Diggy realized he struck a chord with Thor, and immediately changed the subject: *"My apologies, mighty one! I brought you the gloves as requested, will you join the fight now? If they fit, you cannot quit!"* The god looked like he wanted to avoid this topic for as long as possible, but Diggy's question pushed him to the wall: *"Yes! I mean...yeah, but...I do not know how to put this, but I kinda lost my powerful hammer, Mjölfnir...I was looking for it everywhere, but to no avail. Why don't you go and check my armory? It has to be there for sure! And don't you come back without it!"*

Diggy could not get rid of this nagging feeling - something is not right! Why would Thor be acting up suddenly? Thor's armory consisted of multiple dim halls full of weapons of all kinds. Rusty axes and blunt swords were hanging silently on the cold stone walls, standing tall against the test of time and remembering the long gone days of raging battles. A large stone pedestal was standing in the middle of one of the rooms. If there is any place where one can find Mjölfnir, it is here! Diggy's eyes slowly moved up from the bottom of the pedestal to the very top to find....nothing? The hammer is gone! Did Thor know about this? Or was he simply not aware of the fact that someone stole his most precious weapon from his armory? Diggy was thinking out loud: *"Without his weapon, Thor will not join the fight under any circumstances, that I can tell! I need to find out who stole this hammer, and recover it as soon as possible..."*

Diggy found his way out of Thor's armory to the surface, resolved to find any trace which would lead him to the thief. The hammer had just vanished into thin air, and somebody had to be responsible for this! Diggy's determination led him into deep woods. He had not been in this part of Scandinavia before, and soon found himself hopelessly lost. The night fell, and the sturdy pine trees stood silent, bending under heavy loads of snow covering their branches. A sudden movement on the left side of the grove caught Diggy's eye, and alerted him.

A blue-haired girl emerged from the shadow of the trees, with an elegant wooden bow in her hand: *"Hey stranger! You seem quite lost, are you looking for something?"* Even after Diggy told her about his struggles to find Mjölfnir, her smile was not waning at all: *"Looks like you are overworked! Maybe my proposition might fall kindly on your ears - I need to mark a slope close from here, so it can be used for skiing! I think that a bit of fun is exactly what you need right now!"*

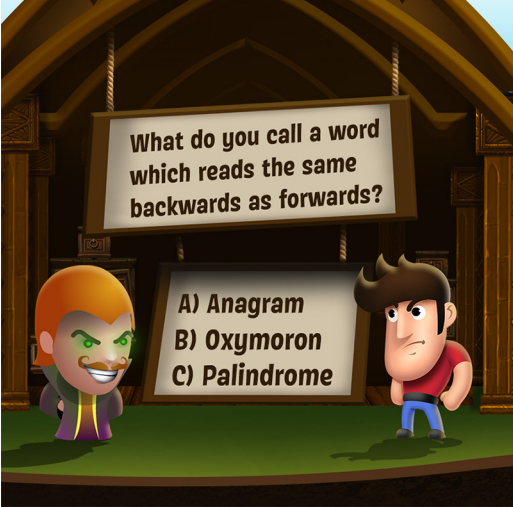
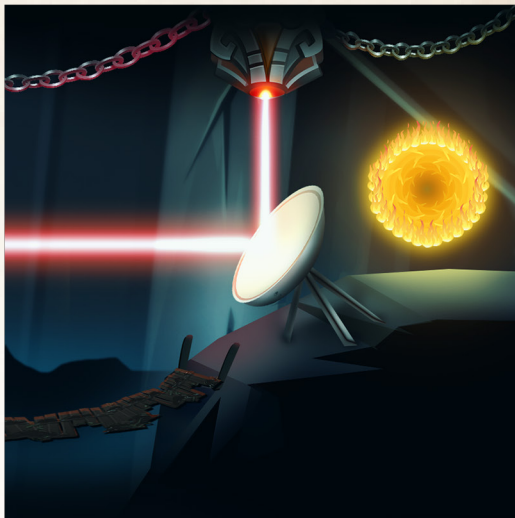


Before Diggy could say anything, the huntress was already approaching the top of the hill: *“Come on, stranger! Let’s prepare this slope, so we can enjoy the skiing!”* Diggy still did not quite understand the concept of skiing. Why would anybody put some long planks on his feet to descend a hill? An hour later, he realized how narrow-minded he was. Our group of promising skiers worked tirelessly to mark the whole slope with tiny red flags. The huntress then ascended to the top of the slope, and swooshed down the hill, slaloming between the marks and reaching the finish line in a matter of seconds: *“Woohoo! That was fun! Grandpa Stenmark would be so proud of me!”* Diggy was amazed, and soon found himself on the top of the slope as well. It took a lot of falling, tumbling and sliding, but he made it to the finish line too: *“Thank you for showing me the magic of skiing! It really helped me to take my mind off this hammer I am looking for...”* The huntress looked at Diggy with the same enigmatic smile: *“Thank you for your help, stranger! I am in your debt, but not for long! I will show you where to look for my mistress, and she might have the answers to all of your questions. I think Skadi will like you!”*

The moonlight guided Diggy to the small slope in the middle of the forest. Skadi was already waiting for him, with the same smile on her face as her huntress: *“The stars are never wrong, and the echoes have been whispering to me about your arrival, young adventurer! Tell me, what brought you to this forest?”* Diggy retorted: *“The stars may be right, but they are not on my side, mighty Skadi! Thor’s hammer has been stolen, and I want to find out who did it! Without it, and without Thor’s help, Scandinavia may be lost forever...”* Skadi slowly shifted her head to the night sky: *“I am the goddess of bowhunting, skiing and mountains, but looking at the constellations is by far my most favorite thing to do. The night sky is like a giant parchment, and the stars are just tiny drops of ink, lost in the eternity of the deepest void...”*

Diggy looked to the stars, but saw just randomly scattered yellow lights somewhere in the distance: *“... aaand do they tell you where is the hammer?”* Skadi continued: *“Yes, the stars always know, and they never lie...at least they never lied to me! Look for the giant king, the stars are telling me he is also behind all of the kidnapping of Fjordheim people...this is where you will find the answers to your questions...there is only one place where he resides - the village of Garoton!”*







**T**he path to the giant settlement led deep under the ground. The village of Garoton was just a rumor in the minds of Fjordheim folks, an almost mythical place no one got back from, ever. At the end of one of the ridges, Diggy noticed a small wooden building - perhaps a house? In this forsaken place? The door on the tiny dwelling slammed open - it was two dwarves! Hospitality was really not a thing what the dwarves were known for, and the one with the helmet was just about to give Diggy the business: *“One more step, and I will show you what this axe is worth, intruder! Don’t even think about taking our stuff, just like those nasty giants did! They stole our most precious artifact, the legendary Dwarfsbane! It is nothing more than a toothpick for them, and yet they still took it away!”* Diggy was taken aback: *“I have no intention to do such thing, master dwarf! I am looking for Thor’s hammer, and it seems that the giants in Garoton village might know more about it...if they really stole the Dwarfsbane, maybe they took Mjöltnir as well!”* The second dwarf was much more calm in his answer: *“If that’s true, choose the path to the west. You will find this village just behind the fiery chasms. But beware, the lavafalls sent many adventurers before you to their doom...”*

The dwarves had been living in Scandinavia for ages, together with humans and giants. However, the relations between these three groups gradually formed a vicious circle - humans fear the giants, because they are large and ugly. The dwarves do not trust the humans, because of their way of life on the surface, and the giants are suspicious of the dwarves, their cunning and lust for gold...

Diggy ventured through a large complex of caves and huge halls under the earth surface. After few more turns, the tunnels opened into a large cave. Liquid lava was flowing over the ridge, forming two majestic cascades, falling deep down into the molten core. Diggy closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. The air was burning hot, full of sulfur and clouds of black, sticky dust. He ran into the edge of the jagged rocks and made the leap: *“Woaaaaaaah!”*

Diggy had successfully passed the fiery trial, and soon found himself in the middle of Garoton village. The houses were quite similar to the ones inhabited by the dwarves (apart from the size, of course). No splendid palaces, and no fancy thrones - the giant king was sitting in front of a shabby house, his golden crown and necklace glittering and capturing attention of every daring visitor: *“Dwarf! How did you manage to get past the fiery chasms in one piece? None of your kin was able to make it through the*

*falls!” Diggy remained unshaken: “I am no dwarf! I have come all the way from Fjordheim city for the hammer you have stolen from Thor, and I am not leaving without it!” The giant king lazily dismissed Diggy’s request: “Well, you certainly look like one of them...what hammer are you talking about? Is this some kind of a dwarf scheme? I mean, we like their shiny weapons, especially this magnificent golden toothpick that is so dear to them - I think they call it the Dwarfsbane! And as for your city, I am sorry for this mishap - we thought it was a dwarven village. Feel free to search our humble abodes, but you will find no such hammer! Take care, no-dwarf!”*

Long and arduous was the journey from the lava depths back to the surface. Diggy could not wrap his head around the current situation - it seemed that Skadi knew exactly where to find the hammer, she even said it was written in the stars! But Diggy found no trace of it down in Garoton village. Something was not right... The exit from the underground was located in a lush forest full of green pine trees. No trace of snow anywhere, just a clear sky with a few faint outlines of the mountains somewhere far-away. Diggy was slowly going down the green mountainside, when suddenly - POOF! A strong flash of light blinded his sight, and he covered his face with his hands: *“What is going on?!”* After the thick cloud of green smoke subsided, Diggy spotted a small man with red hair, clad in a purple robe: *“Greetings, young man! Sorry for the smoke and the flash, I cannot help it! I just love to appear out of nowhere, ha-ha-ha! They call me the Trickster, and I know exactly what you are looking for. My master might even help you with your petty quest! But, nothing is for free, and I have prepared a small trial for you...”*

The Trickster brought Diggy to a large hall in the middle of the forest: *“Welcome to the most legendary language institute! This is by far my top spot, since I like to play with words and their meanings.”* Diggy replied: *“Meh, I am not so good with words, I prefer action instead. Words can be deceitful sometimes!”* Trickster’s faint smile suddenly turned into a devilish grin: *“Well, well, well! Quite of a thinker do we have here! There is a special type of words I like the most, and you have to tell me what they are called... if you fail, forget about meeting my master! I have three hints for you – noon, level and racecar. There is something they have in common – what is it?”*

Diggy looked into the sky for a while, scratching his chin. After a while, he was sure he got the right answer: *“That has to be a palindrome! All of the words read the same backwards as forwards!”* It was obvious that the Trickster did not expect him to choose



the correct answer, and he was very reluctant to tell Diggy where to look for his master: *“You are full of surprises, young man! You can find my master...somewhere on the glade...nearby! No more hints or clues for you, ha-ha-ha! See you never!”* POOF! Diggy gritted his teeth with anger: *“He was just pulling my leg! Aargh, I need to find his master as soon as possible!”* Surprisingly enough, the Trickster did not lie about the glade. Directly in the middle of it, there was a person in a dark green tunic, meticulously scratching his beard while waiting patiently for Diggy to appear: *“So you have finally come...I am Loki, but I think you have already realized that! I hope my servant treated you well, little adventurer...”* Diggy’s instinct was correct once again - who else could have such deceitful minion for his servant? Loki, the god of mischief and trickery! Diggy looked him dead in the eye, and frowned even more. Diggy’s reaction was exactly what Loki expected, and his wicked smile got wider: *“A little bird told me about some missing hammer...too bad for Thor! If you thought even for a split second that dwarves are completely innocent of this theft, you should really think twice...I suppose you do not believe me at all, but that is completely up to you, tiny adventurer! But if you choose to trust my advice, Agemar village and the dwarven king are just around the corner...”*

On the other end of Scandinavia, severe winter storm raged throughout the Frozen Plains, draining the energy and warmth out of every living soul and plant. However, one person kept going forward, against all odds and all of the tempests. Two faint silhouettes began to emerge from the snowy fog. It was Diggy’s father, Diggerius A. Diggerson himself! He was accompanied by a huge yak, carrying all of the necessities one would need in the northern wilderness. At one point, Diggerius suddenly stopped and shifted his gaze towards a snowy hill in front of him: *“This is it, buddy! But I am afraid this is where I have to leave you for now...”* The yak kept staring numbingly into the snowy abyss...

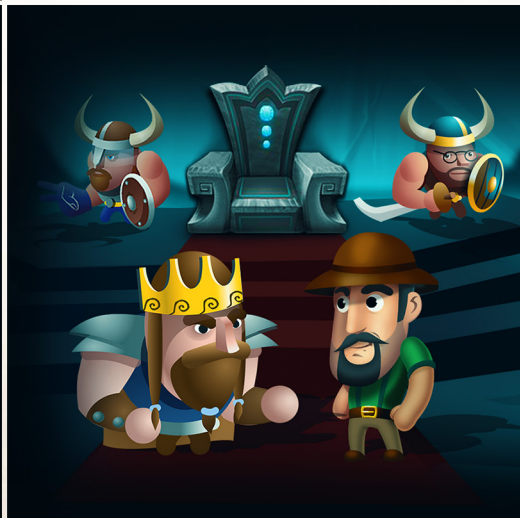
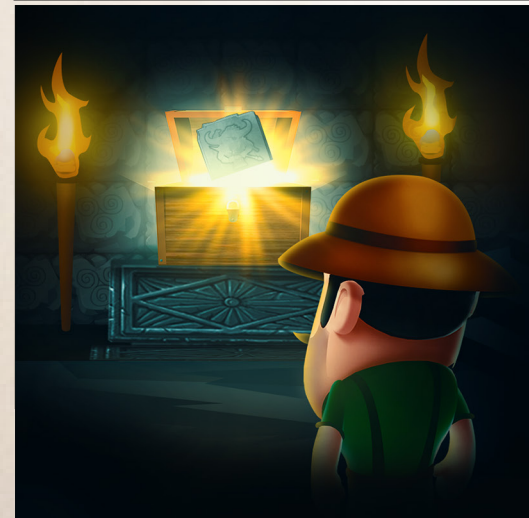
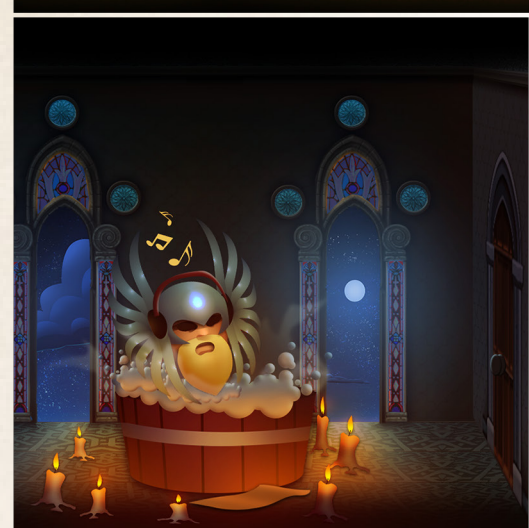
Diggerius started trekking to the top of the hill. All of this time he spent researching mysterious artifacts and myths, and he would soon face one of the biggest challenges so far! A large stone tomb-like structure was sitting on the very top of the mound, with runes and unknown symbols carved into the pillars. Huge flaming sphere was levitating in the air, directly in the middle of the cold, abandoned room. Diggerius frowned: *“This looks like a portal! And it seems that it is still active...I was right all along...this is the portal to the Hall of Singing Swords!”* The way back was not an option anymore. Diggerius slowly approached the portal and immersed into the endless void...

As soon as Diggerius entered the mysterious fiery portal, it imploded and disappeared into the abyss. A few seconds later, he found himself lying on a cold ground, with the other end of the fiery portal hovering above him: *“Where am I? Is this the place I was looking for?”* It was. The Hall of Singing Swords welcomed Diggy’s father with numbing silence. Right next to the portal, there was a huge mirror, larger than any other mirror Diggerius had ever seen. Right above it, a strong ray of red light emanating from a somewhat ancient device reflected off the glass surface, pointing somewhere to the dark. Sturdy chains holding this generator were ominously swinging, hypnotizing Diggerius’ glance.



The ray brought Diggerius to a small plateau, separated from other parts of the hall by few wobbly wooden bridges. Directly in the middle of it, it appeared as somebody was standing on a large gray pedestal. As Diggerius approached this strange statue, he realized it was a Scandinavian warrior, fully clad in his armor, deep-frozen in a huge ice block. The red beam was crashing into it from the right side, but it seemed to have no effect at all - the ice was standing still, and the warrior was standing even stiller. Diggerius frowned and mumbled: *“Maybe this fella can lead me to the tomb I am looking for! But the ice does is not thawing at all...why? If there is a laser coming from one side, maybe the other one will be further down the road!”* He looked at the shaky wooden bridge leading deeper into the tomb...

*“Just a few more steps, it has to be here...aaaand bingo! Another ray of light!”* Diggerius screamed as he approached another generator. Again, his instinct did not let him down. Unfortunately, the mirror on this side of the hall was half-buried in the ground, as if somebody had purposely removed it from its rack. This is why the block of ice did not melt - it needed a second ray as well! Diggerius frowned again: *“Oh my, I am really too old for this stuff!”* Growling and muttering, he slowly dug out the mirror from the ground, and lifted it: *“Woah, that’s heavy! Ungh!”* The red beam was emanating from the top of the hall, crashing into the ground. *“Just a bit more...yes!”* the light suddenly bounced off the mirror and zipped through the room, sinking into the block from the other side. The ice slowly started to melt...









**S**urviving for such a long time in an ice block is really not an easy feat, but our tall warrior seemed to be perfectly okay. Just as the last shards of the icy cage had melted, the warrior turned his head to Diggerius, and started to run deeper into the tunnels, waving at Diggerius to join him. After a while, the warrior stopped and looked at Diggerius with a grin: *“Thank you for freeing me, man! I have no idea how much time I have spent there, but it was awful! My name is Zdensson the Boastful, and I owe you a big one!”* Diggerius was still surprised that the icy prison had not left any marks on Zdensson: *“I am looking for an ancient myth which is supposed to be somewhere around this part of the country. Have you noticed anything strange in these halls?”* Zdensson froze for a while (again, how ironic): *“I have no idea, man! I don’t even know who did this to me, all I remember is a flash of light, and then BOOM! I was in a block of ice. But since you have helped me, I will take you to my king - I am sure that Eric will help you out!”*

The large halls took Diggerius’ breath away. Zdensson was slowly leading him through a maze of corridors and larger passages, until they found themselves in front of a large dome: *“That is the Hidden Temple of Uppsala! I have never thought I would see this place with my own eyes!”* Two guards were patiently standing on each side of a massive stone throne, and a small man in front of it was nervously walking back and forth. The visit caught him by surprise: *“Zdensson! Is that you? By the thunder, I thought you were gone for good!”* Zdensson explained the situation to King Eric, which left him even more surprised: *“Adventurer! You have saved my best warrior, and you have earned the gratitude of me, Eric the Victorious! Zdensson told me you are looking for some kind of artifact... Take this map, and claim what is rightfully yours - you have earned it!”*

The only source of light illuminating the chest was coming from two large torches. Diggerius shivered when he entered the dim room - was it because of the cold air? Or just pure excitement? Diggerius’ heart was racing. What is hidden in the chest? Was the map telling the truth? There was no lock on the chest, and it looked quite intact. All his life, Diggerius kept discovering places which had already been visited by the grave robbers before. The feeling of rising expectations was usually quickly battered down by disappointment, frustration and anger: *“No, I don’t want to keep such high hopes right now!”* But this was not one of those days. The mechanism clacked, and a sudden burst of light exploded through the room. A small stone tablet was resting peacefully at the bottom...



The journey to the dwarven village of Agemar was tedious, but Diggy did not pay any attention to his aching legs - his mind was too occupied, as he still did not know what to make out of this situation. Could Loki be right? At first, it was the giants who were supposed to be the bad guys. But now, Diggy doubted this with every next step he made towards the dwarven settlement. Diggy soon found the first inhabitant - a rather sturdy dwarf was rhythmically hammering on an anvil, just outside a small forge. Diggy quickly approached the dwarf and did not wait for any small talk to unravel: *“Greetings, master dwarf! I am looking for an ancient hammer, and I was told it can be hidden somewhere around here. Your forge is full of weapons of every kind, can you help me out?”* The dwarven smith did not expect such a stranger to appear in front of his abode: *“Hammer, you say? Hmmm, I have seen lot of hammers in my lifetime, but an ancient one? Not really, no. Why don’t you check our lager storehouse? It is full of our beloved beer, Kleineken! The thing is, I have just recently had a nice pint after a long day at work, and it tasted rather funky, like metal, or stone...”*

Diggy soon found out that the dwarven smith had probably conned him. The *Kleineken* storehouse was not really a storehouse, but a huge pit in the middle of the village. Inside of this hole, there were barrels and barrels and barrels of beer, stretching far away to the horizon. Diggy was stunned: *“Wow! That is a lot of beer! They even have ladders going down to the pit! But searching for Mjölfnir will be like looking for a needle in a haystack...there are thousands of barrels!”* Endless sea of kegs were just sitting on the bottom of the pit, and Diggy soon started to feel quite desperate. As he was slowly eyeing each barrel, a subtle flash of light from one of them captured his attention. Diggy started to squint at it, and yelled out: *“HA! There it is! I knew it!”*

It was supposed to be just a normal day, a day like any other. King Andvari woke up in his lavish mansion, washed, took a short refreshing shower, and broke his fast over a nice cold pint of *Kleineken Zero*. *“Oh! Time to go and attend to the fellow dwarven subjects!”* Andvari quickly donned his best robe, put on his lucky socks, walked out of the mansion, and assumed an upright position on a simple wooden throne. The very first audience of the day has not been granted to a dwarf. It was a rather young lad, and oddly enough, it was clear he was not in a mood for a friendly chatter. He started off with some tale about a hammer (which Andvari has never heard about before), continued with a tirade about some kind of betrayal, and topped it all off with a rather sinister grimace. This was the last straw for Andvari: *“I do not know what you have come here for, but you have crossed the line, young one! How dare you to come to our peaceful*

*village, prance around and spread lies and accusations about some stolen hammer?! That's it - I do not want to hear none of this nonsense anymore! You and your kin will soon feel the wrath of the dwarves! Get out of my sight, and leave in peace, before I change my mind!!!"*

Although Diggy was leaving the Agemar Village on not the best of terms, he seemed not to care at all. He had finally recovered Mjölfnir, and that is what mattered the most! But that was probably the last good news of the day, as Diggy soon realized that he cannot pick up the hammer at all! Somehow, he forgot to realize that Thor is the only one who can wield it, and did not really think about how to get it back to him... Think, Diggy, think! All this effort to find the Mjölfnir, only to find out that it cannot be carried away? On his way out of Agemar, Diggy stopped at a leatherworker's workshop, and bought a long, sturdy strap. He quickly wrapped it around Mjölfnir's hilt, and dragged it out of the village: *"Ungh! What is this thing made of? It is insanely heavy! Alright, it seems that I can move it, so let's get back to Valhalla!"*

Much to Diggy's surprise, the fastest way to Valhalla from Agemar led through narrow dwarven tunnels. How come the dwarves had such an exclusive access to the gods? Steam was coming out of Diggy's ears, as he was slowly dragging the hammer through the corridors. His face was gleaming with sweat, and each next step seemed to be ten times harder than the previous one. Few eternities later, Diggy spotted a massive wooden door at the end of the tunnel. This arduous journey has finally come to an end! He quickly grabbed the rusty door knob, but it was locked: *"I hope somebody is home!"* Few gently knocks had gradually escalated to an enraged banging on the wooden door, but nobody came to open it. Hours passed by, and Diggy felt more desperate than ever before. His quest and vision of helping the folks in Fjordheim were eroding with every next minute spent in front of the door...

The evening bath became Thor's ritual long ago, and he did not intend to miss it today. As soon as the sun went down, and the first rays of moonlight touched the archways of Valhalla, Thor grabbed his favorite ducky, lit the candles, filled up the bathtub and slowly dipped into the hot water: *"Aaaah! That's it!"* After a few minutes of chilling and contemplating, Thor grabbed his headphones to put on his most favorite bath time playlist. First track: *Riders On The Storm!* Thor then skipped to the next track (*Thunderstruck*), when he suddenly heard a faint slam. It was coming out of this huge wooden door, but it was long time ago when somebody actually used it. No, this simply could



not be! There was no chance that this sudden noise would spoil Thor's evening, as he resumed the song and put his headphones back on: *"Probably just some bats flying through the tunnels...oh, my favorite song coming right up!"*

Many hours later, Diggy finally gave up and left Mjölfnir at the doorstep of Valhalla, hoping that Thor would eventually pick it up one day. But where to go now? It seems that the giants are not a threat anymore, since they have mistaken Fjordheim for a dwarven village! But, speaking of dwarves - their king Andvari was quite upset, and promised revenge...what to do? Again, Diggy managed to find the way to the surface, and soon entered yet unexplored part of Scandinavia. This particular region consisted of beautiful green meadows, and the only hint of snow was hiding on the mountain snowcaps somewhere far in the distance.

Diggy was walking through the meadow, when he suddenly noticed a long fence separating one piece of grove from the other one. A mighty warrior was behind it, practicing his fighting skills on an already battered dummy. This warrior looked quite familiar. Diggy squinted a bit at him, and his jaw slowly dropped, eyes bulging from the sockets: *"HANI?! Is that really you?!"*

The warrior turned around, and smiled: *"Diggy! Long time no see, my friend! I hope you are doing well, because I am doing just great! Not that long ago, I was not able to wield a tiny sword, and look at me now!"* Diggy was happy to see a familiar face again, and told him about his unsuccessful quest. Hani was never a great listener, but this time, he listened very carefully: *"I think I know someone who might be of help to you! Go to the west, and look for a bard and a cottage. But be careful, he is quite a weirdo..."*

As per Hani's instructions, Diggy ventured further to the west. This part of Scandinavia was truly mesmerizing, and a narrow dusty path had soon led him to a shabby wooden cottage. Just in front of it, there was a golden-haired man, desperately trying to put his musical instrument in tune. A horrible cacophonous sound was still coaxing out of the instrument, as the bard kept frowning on the strings, and Diggy was forced to cover his ears: *"This is horrible!"* The bard did not stop, and welcomed Diggy with a smile:

*“Greetings, stranger! So young and bold,  
can you help this man of old?  
Aid me in this time of need,  
and from my sorrows I’ll be freed!”*

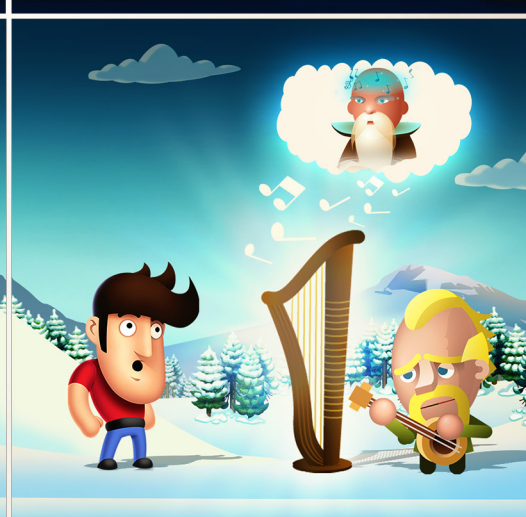
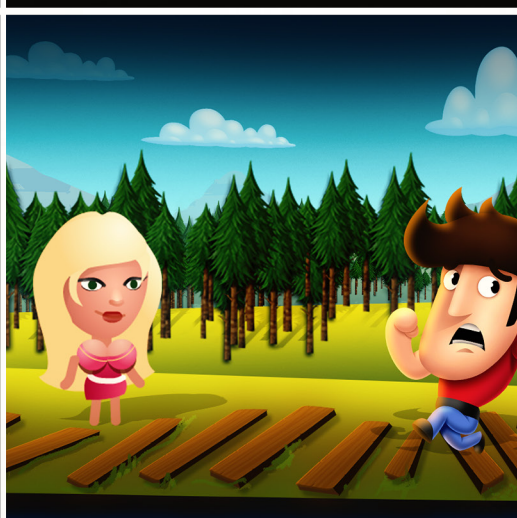
Oh my...does this guy really speak in rhymes only? Diggy retorted: *“I heard you know someone who can make peace between the dwarves and humans! Will you reveal this secret to me, once I have helped you?”* The bard continued:

*“Look at me! My limbs are saggy,  
but I still serve my master Bragi!  
He can help you with your task,  
but first, I need a magic flask.  
You know, my throat grew quite sore,  
that’s something I simply abhor!  
Give me back my precious voice,  
and I shall help you, there’s no choice!”*

It took few more strophes full of poor-quality rhymes, until Diggy realized that the bard needed a potion infused with honey, chamomile and lavender. Diggy soon found a beautiful meadow full of herbs. In the back, swarms of bees were peacefully flying around a large beehive. Just as Diggy was about to approach them, he sneezed: *“AAACHOOO! Ugh, I forgot about my allergies! Gotta hurry, before I swell up completely!”* Diggy quickly gathered some honey into the jar, picked a handful of herbs, and ran back to the cottage. The bard was ecstatic. He grabbed his mortar and pestle, mashed the herbs and prepared a small vial. Its effects were fast, and miraculous:

*“Thank you, lad! All is well,  
I can feel the healing spell.  
My voice is back, strong and sharp,  
let me grab my favorite harp!  
I’m forever in your debt,  
so let’s face this dwarven threat!  
I will take you to my master,  
hurry! This way - we’ll be faster!”*









Diggy accompanied the bard to a small frozen plateau in the wilderness. In the middle of it, there was a beautiful wooden harp, standing idle in the snow. Our avid poet took a deep breath and started:

*“Whenever I am out of town,  
this is how I fool around!  
There is no more need to travel,  
play it, and things will unravel!”*

As soon as Diggy’s fingers hit the strings, a small cloud with a face appeared out of nowhere. It was Bragi! His image was as bright as a daylight, speaking from some distant location:

*“Welcome, stranger! So you’re here,  
and let me be very clear.  
War is looming, times are dire,  
I know what your heart desires!”  
Dwarves are angry, humans roar,  
but everything is uncalled for!  
One group of dwarves need a friend,  
help them, and this beef will end!”*

Could people in Fjordheim know more about some dwarves who might be a part of this conflict? Diggy packed his stuff, bid farewell to the bard and headed down a snowy trail to Fjordheim. As he was approaching a small icy ridge, he suddenly heard a subtle voice: *“Hey! You there! Come here, human, we won’t bite!”* Diggy spotted two dwarves hiding just under the ridge. Could these two be the dwarves Bragi was talking about? One of them was very familiar to Diggy, and the dwarf recognized him as well: *“I know you! You are the guy who caused all of the fuss with Andvari!”* Diggy retorted: *“Well, I could have been more diplomatic with him, but you cannot imagine the things I went through because of this hammer!”*

The dwarf just shook his hand: *“Alright, that is in the past! Listen, I think we know a way how to settle this misunderstanding, but we need your help. Back in the days, Andvari sent us to Fjordheim for an internship, and we wanted to open up a foundry there. But ever since this conflict started to escalate, we felt more and more unwelcome there...”*





*Andvari wanted to return the 'favor', and he sent us a secret message, ordering us to kidnap somebody from Fjordheim. He thought that would teach a lesson to humans, but it turned out we kidnapped Brunhilda, daughter of Olaf! We are lucky that nobody knows who did that, but now, we cannot go back...however, we can tell you where to find her. Bring her back to Jarl Olaf, so we won't take the blame. If you play it well, you can fix this whole mess!"*

The dwarves told Diggy to look for Brunhilda in a small cave further down the road. Surprisingly enough, they were not lying, but it is fair to state that Diggy was even more surprised by her appearance. However, one thing was clear - she had an uncanny resemblance to her father. How will this pan out? Diggy's mind was racing as he approached Jarl in front of the Fjordheim palisades: *"Long time no see, Jarl! I heard some unknown bandits kidnapped your daughter, but I have tracked them down, and freed Brunhilda!"* Jarl's majestic eyebrows moved a bit: *"Is it so? Well, thank you once again, adventurer! I thought that the dwarves and this wretched Andvari were behind this! Who took you, sweetheart? Tell me at once!"*

Brunhilda seemed unaware of the fact she was kidnapped, and answered with a long, confused shrug. Olaf sighed: *"Just as I thought...Diggy, who is behind this?"* This was the moment of truth, but Diggy already knew how to play this: *"The bandits were from some faraway land, and I have no more details. But there is one thing I do know - I was able to find her thanks to the aid of two dwarven smiths who were once working here. Of course, they were afraid you would blame them. But without these two, Brunhilda would be lost forever!"* Jarl's majestic eyebrows moved a bit more: *"Is it so? Well, maybe I misjudged the dwarven kin a bit...thank you for your help, and tell your friends that I am in their debt! They are most welcome here in Fjordheim!"*

Saving Brunhilda seemed to appease Jarl Olaf a bit, but there was still a shadow of doubt and tension hanging over all of Fjordheim. Rumors about some strange things going on in the forests further south spread like wildfire, and there was always a new grotesque hearsay every day the villagers whispered to each other. Were these rumors true? Diggy bid farewell to Olaf, and ventured to the south. He soon entered the vast green forest full of pines, spruces and firs, and as he was walking through one of the groves, Diggy suddenly heard a snap. A hooded man jumped from behind a large boulder and shrieked: *"Where do you think you are going, boy! Give us everything you have, or I'll make you squeal!"* The sinister look in the face of one of the bandits

hinted that this would be an uneven fight. Diggy quickly dashed out of the forest, constantly checking the surroundings behind him. The shrieks from the back slowly died down. *“Phew! I think I finally lost them!”* Diggy sighed, only to find himself standing in front of a beautiful woman in a pink dress. She was standing right in the middle of the wooden pathway, and did not seem surprised that a stranger ran into her: *“If this is not the famous adventurer half the Scandinavia is talking about! Save your breath, young man, because you are going to need it!”* Diggy was mesmerized by her looks, and stammered: *“M-me? How do you know it is me? We have never met!”* The mysterious woman just chuckled: *“Gods have their ways to find out, and the one whom I serve knows a brave soul from the get-go! So, if you are up to a challenge, the Blackstone Keep is just further down this way. I will meet you there!”*

Once famous for its majestic towers and impenetrable walls, the Blackstone Keep was a pride of the country’s defensive system. But nothing lasts forever, and throughout the years, the fortress slowly succumbed to the unmerciful test of time. The walls and fortifications were suddenly not as fearsome as they used to be, and the whole area fell under the dark cloud of tedium and despair. Diggy found out about this from the Fjordheim folks, and at first did not intend to experience this personally. But no adventurer can decline such a challenge! Deeper in the forest, there was a small cave entrance, luring the visitors into its depths. A faint glow of light illuminated the ground, as well as the wooden planks scarred with runes. Diggy held out his hand, and the golden aura engulfed him...

The tunnel to the Blackstone Keep kept twisting and tangling, deep under the mountains. Back in the forest, it seemed that it was quite close, so why is it taking so long? As he was walking through the damp corridors, Diggy could not stop thinking about everything he saw and went through in Scandinavia, and his stream of thoughts soon turned into a loud monologue: *“At first, it seemed that giants were preparing for the attack on Fjordheim, but that did not happen at all! Even Skadi told me to look for Thor’s hammer in their village, but it was simply not there! And suddenly there is Loki, sending me to check on the dwarves, planting a huge seed of doubt into my head...and he was right! The hammer was in the dwarven village, but they had no idea it was there! If they did know it was there, why would they lie? And if they did not know, who would put it there? Is somebody else behind this? For what reason? Aaargh...it seems that I just have to keep going, looking for more gods!”* His one-way discourse was suddenly interrupted by a cloud of bats - it seemed that Diggy’s rant woke them up. *“Aaaah! Bats!”*



*Why does it have to be bats!” Diggy bolted through the tunnels, and ran into the castle hall...*

Just as Diggy’s eyes got used to the dim environment of the cold halls in the keep, he heard a chuckle coming from one of the adjacent rooms. After all this bat-hassle and endless wandering through the tunnels, now there is somebody laughing at him? That was it - Diggy stormed into the room and shouted: *“Who is there? Reveal yourself from the shadows, and face me!”* This rather braggadocious roar turned into a regular jaw drop instantly. The mysterious woman was smiling from under her pink hood. The flame from her torch illuminated the faces of other women in the room, and Diggy was simply stunned: *“What are all of you doing here?! Goldie the Prospector?! And hey, I remember you! You are Skadi’s huntress, we were skiing together...and LINDA?! Okay, you better explain me this, or...”*

The mysterious woman smirked: *“Or what? It is time I should tell you who you are dealing with...I am a servant of Freya, mighty goddess of beauty, war and death! Scandinavia is in peril, and you thought we would just stand by and watch? No, that is not Freya’s way! This is why me and the girls decided to start the F.F.F.C.! Prove yourself, and Freya’s favor will be yours!”*

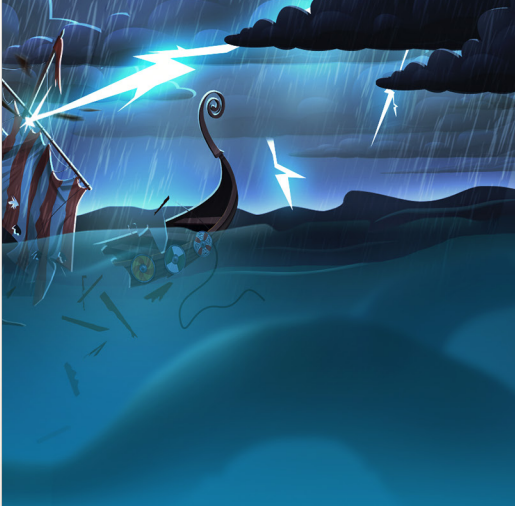
Freya’s servant took Diggy to another dimly lit hall. Diggy stepped inside, waiting to face some unknown monster or a tough riddle he could help with, but it was full of dusty crates and old weapons. The servant chuckled again, as Diggy gave her a puzzled look: *“Welcome to our storage! See the inscription on the crates? We are the Fjordheim Female Fighting Club! First rule about our club? You do not talk about this room with anybody, capisce? Mainly because there is a lot of useful stuff, and second, it is quite messy here. In fact, I feel kinda bad for you, but this is your challenge - all of this practicing and training at our club left us with no spare time to clean up this room. Help us, make it comfortable and organized again, and I promise you Freya will hear about your gallant deed!”* Diggy’s eyelid twitched: *“You want me...to clean up your mess? Is this what you are trying to tell me?”* The woman chuckled once again: *“You are a very fast learner, Diggy! The broom and the dustpan are somewhere in the corner, chop-chop!”* Diggy buried his face in his hands, and groaned: *“I must be dreaming...”*

Diggy was covered in sweat, breathing heavily as he emerged from the Blackstone-Keep. Blisters on his hands and feet ached with each move - such was the result of his deep-cleaning task in the Fjordheim Female Fighting Club storage. Freya was already waiting for him outside: *“There is more in you than I expected, Diggy! I thought you would be more hesitant to complete this task, but now you see what it takes to clean a storage properly. I understand, this is not a task for an adventurer like you, but at that time, you understood what is required from you, and I appreciate that!”* Freya unsheathed her sword: *“I am in your debt, and should you need my help anytime, send for me! Oh, and if you are looking for more gods to join you, talk to the sea dog in the Fjordheim summer harbor. I mean, it is not directly in Fjordheim, so you will find no snow there, but still... ask him about Njord!”*


The kidnapping of the Fjordheim villagers and all of the troubles with dwarves and giants took its toll on the Fjordheim summer harbor. Unlike the main harbor directly in the city, this one was located outside of Fjordheim, further to the south. Most of the time, the ships and fishing barges stood idly with their furled sails, waiting to be casted off to the sea. No, this day was not poised to bring any good news again. The old sea dog stood outside one of the harbor buildings and lit his favorite pipe. Not a soul in sight...

Wait! There is somebody in the distance approaching the harbor! The lad seems to be in a hurry, what does he want? Diggy raced up to the old seaman: *“Greetings! I heard you can tell me more about Njord! Where can I find him?”* The sailor raised his eyebrow: *“Njord? I have not heard that name in a loooong time, lad. Do you really want to seek him out? The journey will be hard, and quite perilous. He left for the island of Ibizland, since he loves spending time there. But it feels he left Scandinavia ages ago, and he kept going on about a sabbatical or something...I have no idea what that is!”* Diggy was perplexed: *“A sabbatical? Does not matter, ol’ geezer! Do you have some ship I can use? I will find him, and bring him back, I promise!”* The sailor raised his second eyebrow: *“I hope you are as confident with a ship as you are with your words, lad! This is no pond you are going to cross, but a proper sea, with all of its unpredictable powers! But alright, I will give you my longship to get to him. But if you won’t return it to me in one piece, no god in these lands will save you!”* A mighty dragon’s head was looking to the horizon with its dead eyes. The sea was calm, and Diggy could not wait to set sail to Ibizland...







 Diggy had sailed a lot of ships in his life, but this one was different. At first, all went quite well, as the longship kept pushing to the west. A hint of land soon started to emerge in the distance, and Diggy let out a shout of joy: “*That must be Ibizland!*” But the old sea dog was right, since every sea is a force to be reckoned with, and Diggy underestimated the situation fatally. Dark stormy clouds started to gather all over the horizon, and a sudden gust of wind lashed the mast with sails mercilessly. Diggy was doing all he could, but the storm was getting more and more relentless. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning cut the sky in two, and struck the highest point of the mast. The deafening sound of thunder was soon followed by an ominous crack. The ship was breaking in two, and the stern started to disappear in the endless sea void...

A massive wave swept Diggy from the crumbling ship into the sea. The current kept dragging him deeper and deeper into the abyss. He kicked his feet and moved his hands to get to the surface, but to no avail. It was getting darker and darker as he was descending, and the flashes from the lightning storm raging above were fading away... so this is it? Somewhere deep in the sea, embraced by the darkness, is this where our adventure ends? Diggy noticed a movement in the water. It was not far, and it seemed as the silhouette kept getting closer to him. It lasted no more than a few seconds, and the silhouette slowly disappeared. Suddenly, a pair of bright, gleaming eyes opened right in front of him. They were yellow, and after a while, the outline changed into a devilish stare. Diggy wanted to scream, but only a handful of bubbles blurted out of his mouth. He quickly turned around and thrust himself forward...

The mysterious creature did not intend to go after Diggy. Its eyes slowly closed, and vanished in the darkness. The force which kept dragging Diggy deeper into the sea vanished as well, as he kept pushing to the surface. Just a few more strokes...couple more kicks...finally! Diggy emerged from the depths and took a deep breath. The storm was slowly fading away, and sun broke through the thick clouds. The sea was calmer, and Diggy quickly grabbed a nearby piece of debris from the ship. The waves carried him to a small neat beach with a couple of palm trees. As soon as his feet touched the sand, Diggy went down on his knees and kissed the ground.

Ah, wonderful Ibizland! No wonder Njord chose this place for his sabbatical! Beautiful beaches were stretching to the horizon, and just for a moment, Diggy forgot about all of the struggles he experienced on his way here. But there was one thing which brought him back to reality - he was alone. Not a single soul on the beach! Something was not



right... A large dense forest was rising over the beaches in the distance. Perhaps Njord fancied a walk into the mainland? No time to lose, let's explore this island!

The forest leading to the inland was getting thicker and thicker, but Diggy pushed forward. He was slowly carving his way through the green, his pickaxe rhythmically swishing through the damp air. Why on earth would Njord go into the mainland, instead of sunbathing on the beach? Well, we are still not sure he is here either, so who knows? Is this even the right island? The questions were whistling through the air faster than his pickaxe. *"Few more chops, and...yes! I think I see a clearing ahead!"* The forest opened up to a beautiful pond with waterfalls in the middle. For a brief second, Diggy just stood there, mesmerized by the sheer beauty of that place. What stunned him even more was a large figure standing knee-deep in the lake - it was Njord!

At first, the Scandinavian god of seas did not even notice Diggy, as he kept muttering under his breath: *"Damn these islands! I will never find it in this pond!"* Diggy spoke up: *"Greetings, Njord! I have sailed great lengths to come for you, as your homeland is in grave danger!"* The sea god lashed at Diggy: *"I do not give two flying fish about anything else BUT my trident, tiny adventurer! This is really not how I imagined my sabbatical on this island. You see, I took a nap just for a minute, and when I woke up, my trident was gone! Aaargh, this travel agency which sold me this trip back in Fjordheim will feel my wrath! You want my help, little one? Without my trident, the best thing I can do is boil the water, so we can have some nice cup of tea, but that is probably not what you expected, is it? I am so done with this island - help me find my trident, and I will get back to Scandinavia with you!"*

Diggy left no stone unturned on Ibizland in his search of Njord's lost trident. It was nowhere to be found. As he was walking around the waterfalls, close to where he had met Fjord, he spotted a narrow crack in the rock. A feeble flash of light was dancing inside it, and some strange force kept luring him inside. Few hits with a pickaxe, and the crack turned into a larger hole, which later ended up being a tunnel leading underground. Diggy lit his torch, and ventured inside. It turned out to be an old water cistern, desolate and full of unearthly stench. He kept stumbling upon skeletons of every kind, and the tunnel continued deeper and deeper...

The stench in the air grew fouler with every next step, and the tunnel soon opened up into large halls. The knee-deep water splashed and sparkled as Diggy waded forward. The trident was gleaming on the top of a small altar, in the middle of the endless sea of muddy water. Perhaps this was the source of lights Diggy saw on the surface? As Diggy approached the altar, the water suddenly rippled.

A large snake-like creature emerged from the shadows. Its yellow eyes were awfully familiar - that was the creature Diggy saw in the sea, as he was sinking with the longship! The snake hissed: *“We meet again, adventurer! Allow me to introduce myself - my name is Jörmungandr, and I have heard about your funny escapades. No reason to worry, though, as none of it will save you and your folks from what is about to come! I see you want this useless piece of trident. Take it, and fulfill your destiny!”*

The snake’s presence sent shivers down his spine. Diggy lunged at the trident, and as soon as his fingertips touched the hilt, the ground trembled. Jörmungandr’s eyes narrowed, as if he was grinning with satisfaction in the dark. He lunged as well, and disappeared in the water: *“We shall meet again soon, adventurer!”* Shockwaves spread through the walls, and the whole underground cistern (or what was left of it) began to collapse.

Diggy grabbed the trident and ran to the next tunnel. Huge blocks of stone were breaking off the pillars and crashing into the shallow waters. Diggy dodged between the falling slabs, with the trident still in his hand. Suddenly, the impact from one of them caught Diggy off-guard. He collapsed to the ground, visibly stunned by the fall. Everywhere he looked, boulders pounded the ground... The sound of the falling rocks was interrupted by a loud bang. Out of nowhere, Njord appeared in front of Diggy, and took the trident from his hands. His arms rose, and the trident started to glow even more...

Just as Diggy was struggling in the caves somewhere in Ibizland, his father continued with his pursuit after more ancient myths. His next steps led him to Norway, home of the king Harald Fairhair. His times were long gone, and nothing but a whisper remained, travelling between the folks, reminding them of his great wealth and even greater deeds. Diggerius was sure he discovered his long-lost tomb, but the map he got made no sense anymore: *“This is quite awkward! I just cannot see what I am missing here! It says here that the light is my stepping stone, but there is no such light...”*

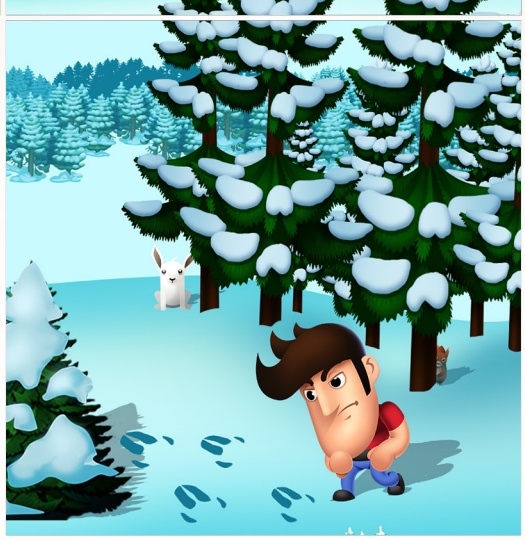


Diggerius' eyes were constantly fixed on the map, as he was walking deeper into the alleged tomb, muttering under his nose: *"The light is my stepping stone...the light is my stepping stone."* He didn't notice three small dots of light emanating from the ground. It was pitch-dark. Diggerius walked directly between them. Suddenly, three rays of light burst out of the dots, and the room lit up. At first glance, Diggerius spotted piles of gold everywhere around him. At a second glance, he noticed two ghosts hovering in the air: *"This is my stepping stone, the tales were real! It is Harald Fairhair, and his wife Gyda!"*

The ghost of Gyda smiled: *"It is true, hero. You have found our tomb, and that takes courage, as well as wisdom. You deserve to be rewarded, but you have to choose. I am offering you an easy way out, full of wealth and plenty - all the gold you see will be yours!"* Diggerius frowned: *"What is the second option?"* Harald's voice rumbled: *"It is a hard one, harder than anything else you have ever experienced. It is a way full of let-downs, risk and dedication, but no gold in the world will match the things you will see!"*

True explorer is never fond of any shortcuts, or easy solutions. Diggerius turned to Harald: *"I have not come this far for gold. I am ready to risk!"* Harald nodded, and took him to a secret room inside the tomb. A small piece of tablet was gleaming in a vault in the distance, protected by a set of bars. Harald Fairhair looked at Diggerius: *"You have a heart of a true adventurer, and you are ready to pull the lever. This piece of treasure has been kept in our family for ages, may it bring you the power and wisdom...you will need it!"* Diggerius reached out for the lever, his hands trembling. The vault slowly started to open...







The sheep were slowly chewing clumps of fresh Scandinavian grass. The old crone was eyeing them for the whole time, but it was the same old sight, just like every day. People always called her wise, and she had a reputation for being a renowned herbalist. Today was a beautiful day, and the crone started to collect some herbs, as the sheep kept chewing. ZAP! The flash of light blinded her for a second, and as she opened her eyes, she saw somebody sitting on the ground.

Diggy was holding his head, still shaken by what has happened. Njord's powers saved him from certain death, and got him out from Ibiza back to safety. At least that was what Njord was hoping for... The crone helped him to his feet. Diggy looked at her, and blurted: "*Jörmungandr! The shadow of the great serpent will soon be looming all over Scandinavia! You have to help me!*" The wise woman cried out: "*This is no mere coincidence! I have foreseen it, stranger. There is only one person who can help you... go to Langobard village and tell them I sent you. They will know what to do!*"

The main road to the Langobard village led through a wobbly wooden bridge, spanning over a small creek. As Diggy was approaching it, he spotted three silhouettes of men in the distance. After he got a bit closer, he wanted to be sure he would not receive a hostile reception, and tell the men about the wise woman he met. But the words got stuck in his throat, as he realized it was no men, but three women with beards! One of the women quickly spoke up, her voice muffled by the beard: "*Mhm hmmm! Mmhmhmhm mh!*"

After a few seconds, she gave up and put down the beard: "*Much better! Greetings stranger, what brings you to our village?*" Diggy replied hesitantly: "*Jörmungandr is ready to unleash his wrath upon us, and I was sent here by the wise woman. She told me you can be of help!*"

Another woman put down her beard and spoke up: "*Only the goddess Frigga can help you! We know where to find her, but our hands are full of dealing with the bandits! You see, our husbands are one of the bravest warriors in Scandinavia, and they departed for the Pillage the Village festival months ago! A group of bandits wanted to raid our village, but they know they would not stand a chance against our men! With them gone, we made a few fake beards to discourage them, but I fear they will soon see through this ruse. Find them, deal with them, and we will help you!*"

Diggy was impressed by the bravery and dedication of the women in Langobard village. The bandits did not even bother to cover their tracks, or to set up their camp somewhere deeper in the forest. No, they were so dauntless they decided to camp in the fields, exposed from all sides, seen from miles away. Diggy sneaked up to a large wooden cart. He could hear the bandits talking from the other side: *“Seems that Langobard is not the only prospering village in this part of Scandinavia! I think we have enough for the rest of our lives, ha-ha-ha!”* Diggy looked inside the cart - it was full of sacks of gold! It looked like the bandits robbed the whole city of Fjordheim! That was the last straw. Diggy unsheathed his pickaxe, and started to climb up the cart. This short-lived bandit adventure has come to an end!

Diggy would probably be a great mailman, as he delivered what he promised. The women of Langobard village were safe from the bandit raids, and they were happy to tell him where to find Frigga. Diggy found the goddess deep in the forest further to the north. It seemed as she was waiting on him, standing in the middle of a small snowy glade within the endless sea of pine trees: *“I knew you would find me at last, hero. The situation is even more dire I thought it would be. Jörmungandr descended upon our world, and wants to bring disorder and harm. I am a goddess of wisdom, but his intentions and plans keep evading me...you must face him again, and make him share as much information as possible with you! Otherwise, our flow of knowledge and wisdom will remain frozen...”*

As soon as the last words left Frigga’s lips, she disappeared. Diggy forgot that he was standing knee-deep in the snow: *“Gotta keep moving to keep myself warm! But what flows and can freeze? It sounds like some river, or...”* Further inside the forest, the glade opened into a small lake. Diggy could not help himself but to walk on the frozen surface a bit. Alas, his small personal adventure ended after five steps. Suddenly, something big swam out of the depths and breached through the ice. The impact sent Diggy flying back to the snowy shore. The monster slowly opened its eyes and fixed it on him. It was Jörmungandr: *“I told you we will meet very soon, foolish adventurer! Too bad that all your efforts so far were made in vain. Chaos is the only way forward, and you are standing in mine!”*

Still recovering from the fall, Diggy shouted: *“Your actions are futile, Jörmungandr! We will find a way how to stop you!!!”* The snake just grinned: *“Is that so, little adventurer? The gates of hell are closer than you might think!”* The ground shook, and Jör-



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mungandr disappeared back into the lake. Diggy was petrified: *“Oh no! He is going to lunge from the water at me, I am way too close!”* Diggy stormed across the narrowest section of the lake, running as far away as he could. The noise behind him was gaining on intensity. Amidst all of this clamor, Diggy suddenly recognized a familiar voice: *“Hey Diggy! Over here! Quick, follow me into the forest, it is the only way out of here!”* Out of the corner of his eye, Diggy spotted an impressive biceps, followed by locks of red hair: *“Hani?!”*

Diggy could still hear the snake rattling behind his back, as he kept running deeper into the forest. Hani led him through narrow forest paths, until they have found themselves on a small glade: *“Phew! That was a huge monster! What happened there, my friend?”* Diggy was still panting, drawing as much fresh air as he could into his lungs: *“That was no regular monster! We have to stop him, or Scandinavia will fall into despair beyond our imagination...we need help, and as many men we can muster!”* Hani just smiled: *“Well, I have been trying to get to Heimdall’s training camp for ages. He has the fiercest warriors in Scandinavia! But they will not even talk to me, unless I prove myself! This is probably not the best timing at all, but I heard rumors about some teeny-tiny beast lurking somewhere in these forests. Help me to claim its tusks, and I will take you to the camp!”*

Finding and getting to Heimdall’s camp sounded quite promising, although Diggy did not fancy the monster part at all. As they walked further into the woods, Diggy could not help thinking about this strong feeling of déjà vu: *“Here we go again, trodding through the snowy Scandinavia, looking for something I don’t even want to search for! But Hani has made quite a progress, I must give him that!”* This inner feeling only strengthened when Diggy spotted some tracks in the snow: *“Look Hani, this might be it! They are quite fresh!”* Hani opened his mouth in awe: *“Wow! We are very close, I can feel it in my bones! These tracks are huge!”* Diggy turned his head to hide a smirk, and muttered: *“If this will be a teeny-tiny monster, I will eat my helmet...”*

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The forest fell silent. Diggy could hear every single twig which snapped under his feet. Hani was walking behind him, proud as a peacock. Something was not right. After few more steps, the ground shattered. Diggy stopped and unsheathed his pickaxe. His eyes kept jumping from one pine tree to another. Suddenly, a huge boar emerged from the woods, his deep, hollow eyes full of blood. Diggy gave a quick shout: *“Well, it is neither teeny, nor tiny! Brace yourself Hani, and follow my instructions...Hani? HANI?!”*

Our proud peacock was nowhere to be found. Only his old brown helmet gave away his location - he was hiding behind a small rock on the other side of the glade. Diggy just shook his head, and sighed: *“Some things will never change...”*

It seemed that the clash between the boar and Diggy was inevitable, but it ended up quite differently. When the boar charged towards him, one of his tusks got stuck between the branches, and broke off. Surprised and ashamed by this unexpected outcome, the boar slowly backed off, and got lost in the thick pine forest surrounding the glade. Diggy did not hesitate for a second, grabbed the large tusk and barked at Hani: *“Well, this should be enough! Come on, let’s move! Time to show me Heimdall’s camp!”*

Hani appeared to be at a loss for words. He could not come up with a reasonable explanation why he got so scared, and hid behind the rock. Maybe it was really not his destiny to become a respected warrior... Dark clouds of doubt were gathering around his mind and conscience, but Hani still kept his word. Soon after, both of them emerged in front of a large wooden gate. The warrior in front of it was already prepared for them: *“Halt! What business brings you to our training camp?! You really expect me that I will let you two inside? Bah! Get lost, before I make you to!”* Hani hunched a bit, and sighed...what else was he expecting to happen? But Diggy did not intend to back off, as he reached for the tusk. As soon as the watchman caught a glimpse of it, everything changed: *“You...you got the boar tusk? Well, I certainly did not expect you lot to pull off such feat! If you have enough courage, step in!”*

Hani’s facial expression looked like the one of a kid entering a candy store. All of his dark thoughts vanished the second they were let into the camp of the fiercest warriors in Scandinavia. Everywhere he looked, Hani could see soldiers, tents and training dummies scattered across the meadows. Battle-hardened veterans were meticulously following any kind of order given to them. To a certain extent, it was all harmonic and organized amidst all the camp turmoil, and Hani could not help himself but to smile: *“This is what I was born to do!”*

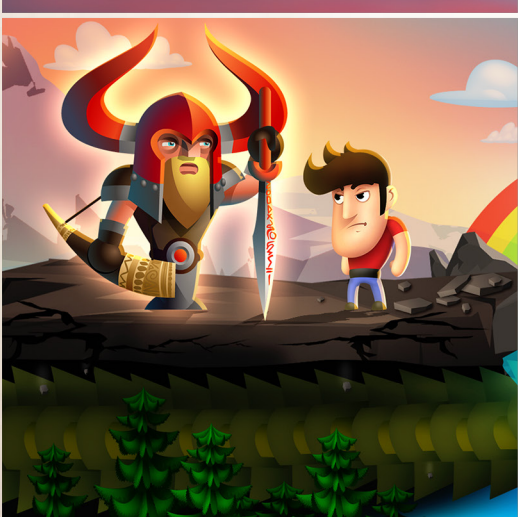
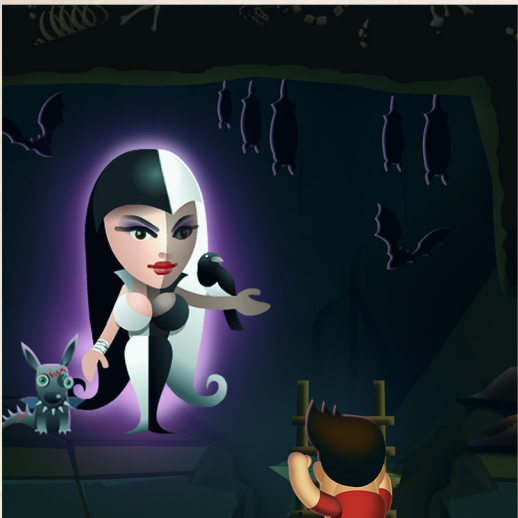
Suddenly, his path through the camp got crossed by a soldier: *“Well, well, well! What do we have here? Are you lost, boy? You look greener than all of the trees around us combined! Ha-ha-ha!”* Hani’s smile froze. He could not look into the soldier’s eyes. Another warrior stopped by, and quickly scolded his compadre: *“Oh, cut him some slack, would you?! He was let inside by the guards, and that means he has already*



*proven himself, otherwise he would not be here at all! Come on, buddy! Let me show you around the rest of the camp!” Diggy was watching this interesting situation from the distance, and smiled: “Looks like Hani will be in good hands here!” This touchy scene was immediately interrupted by another soldier: “Hey! You there, with the funny helmet! The captain wants to see you!”*

The soldier took Diggy deeper into the camp to a small, modest-looking tent close to the pine trees. The tent canvas flapped, as the captain emerged from the inside. The black eyepatch only made him look more suspicious of the unexpected visitor: *“Greetings, hero! I heard you defeated the mighty boar, and claimed his precious tusk. Is it true?”* Diggy smiled and touched the back of his neck: *“Well, yes, but technically...”*

The captain did not wait for a full answer: *“Impressive, young warrior! Not many lads can get to us unharmed, let alone with such magnificent trophy! But I have a hunch that there is some other reason why you came here...speak up!”* Diggy quickly recapped all of his recent adventures with Jörmungandr. Although he did not see it, the slightest mention of the giant serpent sent shivers down the captain’s spine: *“I was afraid that this day would come...the snake must be defeated! I will take you to my master, but we need to make haste. Time is of the essence...”*





**E**ven in his wildest dreams, Diggy could not have imagined anybody moving at such a pace with a full armor on. But Heimdall's captain seemed to be born and bred somewhere out of this world - he could cover any distance in no time! They walked, and walked through the endless wilderness. Sometimes they ran, and Diggy was getting out of breath. Does this soldier ever need to rest? At one point, the captain stopped, and turned to Diggy: *"You have got quite a stamina, young warrior! Even my best warriors sometimes need to stop for a while, but you have been keeping up with me! Listen, there is only one way how to get to my master. There is an ancient burning rainbow bridge called Bifröst, and we need to cross it. The matter is urgent, so hurry up!"* As soon as the last words left the captain's mouth, the ground shook violently. Diggy stumbled: *"What is this? I have never experienced an earthquake in Scandinavia!"* The captain frowned: *"Something is not right, young warrior..."*

Time was not of the essence anymore. As soon as our warriors approached the bridge, the captain let out a grieving shriek: *"By Heimdall! The bridge is broken! But how can this be? No power from this world would be able to do that!"* This time it was Diggy who frowned: *"What if it came from other worlds, darker and fouler than our realm? What if it was Jörmungandr?"* The captain barked: *"There is no time to investigate, young warrior! Guess we have only one solution left..."* Diggy retorted: *"I mean, I am not really in a mood for swimming...wait, what are you doing? Why are you grabbing me...whoa! WHOAAAA!"* The captain quickly grabbed Diggy by his collar, hoisted him over his head, and threw him over the bridge with all his force!

The ground kept shaking as a huge force kept boring through the soil deep underground. His green slimy scales acted as shields, protecting him from any harm. More and more tunnels formed into a huge maze, undermining the world above...

Diggy hit the ground with a large slam. His arrival was really not a smooth one! He quickly stood up, just to find himself standing directly in front of Heimdall, watchman of the gods. Heimdall looked at Diggy suspiciously, and roared: *"Who dares to enter my realm like this?! Speak up, puny creature!"* Diggy just stuttered: *"I was thrown here by your captain, mighty Heimdall! The Bifröst bridge is broken, and our world is being threatened by Jörmungandr! The times are dire, and I have come to seek your help and wisdom!"* Heimdall's eyes narrowed, and he revealed his smile full of golden teeth: *"Is that so? HA! Finally something interesting...I mean, nothing is really happening here, and I am getting quite bored. Let me sound my Gjallarhorn, puny human! You can*

*count on me and my warriors, but you'd better heed my advice - you will need as many allies as possible to deal with this foul monster!"*

After the intense encounter with Heimdall, Diggy felt that he had gained a powerful ally. However, the god's last words were kind of cryptic - are there more deities Diggy could look for? Time to check up on folks back in Fjordheim! Maybe they could be of help, just like in the past...

The sun dipped below the snowy horizon, but whole city was buzzing with activity like a giant wasp nest. Just as Diggy was about to enter the town through the palisade gate, a huge giant approached him and grabbed him by the shoulder: *"Adventurer! You really are a gift from the skies! I suppose you do not remember me, but I know you well. I was next to the giant king when you came down to the Garoton Village. My name is Bumbo, and sculpting is my greatest passion...but I desperately need your help!"*

Diggy looked at the giant and smiled: *"I remember you from that village, Bumbo! How can I help you?"* The sculptor grumbled: *"There is a big festival of sculpture taking place around Fjordheim, and I have made my latest statue as a token of reconciliation between the giants and the dwarves. All of the biggest arts critics in Scandinavia are going to be here, but I ran into a problem. The statue is done, but I have failed to light up the floodlights around it. Without proper lighting, how can the critics and judges embrace all of its rich details, and unveil the true meaning behind it? I am not a tech-savvy guy, you know what I am saying...I am an artist in the first place! For the sake of our relations with the dwarves, will you help me please?"*

*"The hut with the electrical thingy is right there!"* Bumbo pointed to a wooden shack in the back. Diggy squinted into the distance, when Bumbo suddenly looked at his necklace: *"Oh, you know what time it is? It is about time to meet one of the critics! Be quick, adventurer! I will distract him for a while - he cannot see the statue without proper lighting!"* Our promising sculptor ran towards the art critic, a rather stylish guy (when it comes to giants) with a black beret and thick glasses resting above a hipstery moustache. Diggy just shook his head in disbelief: *"What have I got myself into?! Oh well, I better check this 'electrical thingy'..."* In this shack, several thick red cords protruded out of an electric box, and snaked through the snow like a pair of slithery cobras. Diggy took a closer look at the box, only to find one large switch.



It was turned off. *“No way, Jose! This cannot be for real...”* Diggy muttered and cursed as he flipped the switch. The light above the switch lit up like a Christmas tree...

Diggy followed the red cables through the snow. He could still see Bumbo talking to the critic. As soon as Bumbo noticed the red light going out of the shack, he sent Diggy a big thumbs up and mouthed *“Thank you!”*, while pretending to listen to yet another critic’s tirade about all the places and exhibitions he had been to. Diggy soon discovered where the cables were leading him. The floodlights were now emanating a soft red tone of light on the Bumbo’s statue covered in a provisional white sheet. He took his time to embrace this whole scenery, and smiled: *“Well, if it helps to settle the conflicts between dwarves and giants, I was glad to help...hope Bumbo’s statue will get some fancy award from that critic!”*

He then took a glance at the pedestal under the statue, and noticed a few words carved on the back: *“Look for me in the Hall of a Thousand Bats...”* The writing alerted him. Was someone here before? Was he supposed to stumble upon this message? Only then did he notice a set of traces in the snow, leading from the statue somewhere to the unknown...

He felt as somebody was following him, and frantically looked over his shoulder. Nobody was there, only a shroud of darkness surrounding him ever since he entered the Hall of a Thousand Bats. Almost everybody in Fjordheim he approached with the directions to this mysterious location turned him down. It was like every mention of this place triggered an invisible shockwave, causing people to shudder. But Diggy was persuasive enough, and soon he found himself standing in front of the entrance.

After a few more steps, all of the torches on the walls lit up, and a small figure emerged from the shadows: *“You have found us, adventurer...I am but a loyal servant of goddess Hel, welcome to our humble abode! You might have heard some rumors that only necromancers dare to venture to this cave, but that is not true at all...not at all...”* The necromancer then smiled faintly: *“You see, it is a good thing you came here, sweetheart. I am at my wits’ end - my favorite pet got lost, and it is nowhere to be found. Help me in my search for Mr. Fluffy, and you will get what you came for, I am sure of it...”*

Hel's necromancer gave Diggy a long hard stare: *"But beware, adventurer...the bats are not your friends. They know things, and they remember. You will see them resting, hanging down from the walls...but they are never asleep. Time will come when you will understand the bats better, as everything in your life will be upside down as well..."* The necromancer bid Diggy farewell, and disappeared into the shadows. Diggy ventured deeper into the caves... After a while, Diggy noticed a strange sound in front of him. The darkness gave way to the torchlight, only to reveal two hooded men standing close to each other, muttering and shaking their heads. One of them caught a glimpse of Diggy and hissed: *"Who dares to disrupt our incantations?! The bats know why you are here, and they know what you have done...all of it! Get lost, intruder, or this will be your last day in this world!"*

Diggy quickly walked past the shady cultists, and disappeared into another tunnel. Hel's necromancer gave him no more hints on where to find her beloved Mr. Fluffy, and Diggy started to entertain an eerie thought that she was just pulling his leg. The corridor opened to a larger hall, but the path ended abruptly with a ledge. Small piece of rocks crumbled and fell into the endless dark abyss. A pale silhouette of a ghost kept floating over the pit, looking directly at Diggy: *"The path ends here, mortal. You will find nothing but sorrow and grief. Look at me, I was once a proud warrior, fighting for a just cause. But I fell, and ended up here, stuck in the endless maze of anguish. Be quick, grab the ladder and climb! It is your only way out..."*

As Diggy was ascending the ladder, he noticed a strange purple glow coming from the end of it. Just few more steps, aaand...phew! We've made it! Almost immediately, his eyes caught a sudden movement on the left. The goddess Hel was standing just next to him! A bird quietly resting on her arm cawed, and gave Diggy a piercing glance.

Hel's eyes were no different. She appeared mesmerizing, and cold at the same time: *"Excellent job, Mr. Fluffy! You brought our brave adventurer to me...now, you can get back to my servant, she must be worried about you..."* Mr. Fluffy gave a loud bark, and disappeared into the shadows. With a faint smile, Hel turned to Diggy: *"Do you want my help, hero? Well, you have to help me first! There is a prison right behind this wall, and two of my loyal servants are being held there unjustly. Are you up to this task?"*

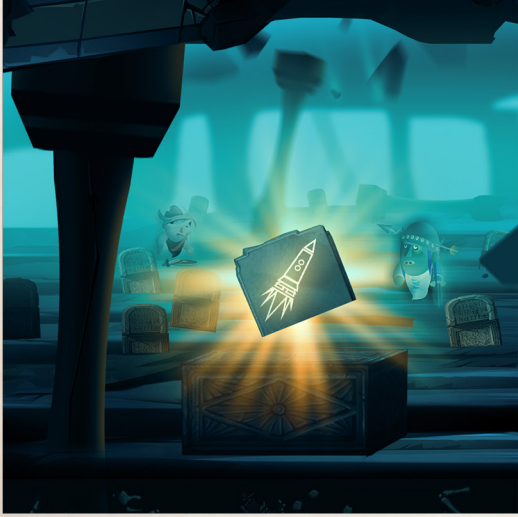
Diggy did not know what to expect on the other side of the wall, as he was slowly digging through the soil. His pickaxe kept sinking into the dirt, and part of the tunnel



suddenly gave way to a dim torchlight. The tunnel opened into a larger room - he made it into the prison! The only two sounds Diggy heard was the sound of a fire dancing in the torch on the wall, as well as...snoring?! The guard on the other side of the room did not notice the crumbling noise at all, as his only activity concerned counting sheep in his dreams. Diggy's heart started to pound. He stood in front of the hole he emerged from, trying to conceal his breathing as much as he could. After a while, he started to walk towards the guard on tiptoe...

The guard's dream must have been a long and beautiful one. Diggy managed to sneak past him without raising any kind of alarm. The question remained, why was the prison here in the first place? Moreover, the guard was wearing a shiny golden armor, unlike any other warrior Diggy met in Scandinavia before. But there was no one to answer these questions, and to shed more light on this mysterious place. Suddenly, Diggy noticed a huge wooden crane with a metal cage attached on it. He immediately caught attention of two gloomy looking persons captured in the cage. Their faces were hollow, and the guy quickly let out a whisper: "*Hey! Hey, you there! Help us, stranger! I am sure our mistress Hel will repay you for your deed, I am begging you!*" Diggy smiled - these were the prisoners he was looking for...







**A** loud thud echoed through the halls of the Kronborg Tombs. The second one followed immediately, and it put a quick end to his nap. King Harald Bluetooth (his ghost, to be exact) opened his eyes, and shouted: *"Who goes there?!"* One of the mossy gates suddenly opened, and revealed a man with a brown hat, wearing a green shirt. The man found himself standing directly in front of the ghost. Harald shouted again: *"Who dares to enter this...ugh, who am I kidding, it is so empty and boring here! Welcome, stranger! What brings you here?"* Diggerius tipped his hat towards the ghost: *"Oh, mighty Harald, keeper of the ancient secrets! I am but a humble adventurer, and I heard of a mysterious artifact resting somewhere in these tombs. My journey was long and hard, but I am destined to recover it!"* Harald smiled: *"Oh, finally someone interesting! Well, let me show you around, adventurer!"*

Harald and Diggerius were walking side by side, exploring the hallways together. The king turned out to be a great tour guide, and kept bombarding Diggerius with various fun facts and trivia about his long gone reign: *"...did I tell you that I loved cakes back in the days? I loved them so much, I would eat three plates for lunch! But one day, our royal healer told me I should cut back a little, something about sugar and tooth decay. So I started to eat blueberries instead, you know, health reasons..."*

Diggerius stopped listening a while ago, but Harald simply did not care: *"...so I started to eat blueberries, right? I loved them as well, but one morning, I was eating them for breakfast, and one of them got stuck in my throat! Next thing I know is that I am here, being all dead and hungry and bored! Unbelievable, am I right?"* Suddenly, Diggerius stopped. He glanced a glittering object in the distance...

His heart skipped a beat. This was the kind of feeling only a new discovery can cause - the feeling of thrill, fear of the unknown and awe mixed together like a well concocted potion. He slowly proceeded to the pedestal with the artifact. It seemed as the light emanating from it was luring Diggerius, tempting him to retrieve it. As soon as his fingertips touched the cold stone, the ground started to shake. A loud bang gave way to cracks and fissures opening up everywhere. The roof slowly shattered into large boulder blocks, plummeting to the ground under the merciless laws of gravity. Last thing Diggerius heard was Harald's high-pitched squeak: *"I should have told you about this mechanism before! You cannot just touch the plate! Those damn blueberries - it's the only thing I can ever talk about!"*

It's one thing to free the prisoners, but quite another to get them safely out of the prison! With his pickaxe, Diggy found a weak spot in the wall, and managed to dig through. Soon, blue sky opened above their heads, and our escapees quickly dashed to the forest nearby. One of the prisoners barked at Diggy: *"Our mistress is waiting for us somewhere here! We have to be quick, the guards will start looking for us soon!"* Diggy found the two prisoners rather odd. They looked very frail and exhausted, but the look they had in their eyes...something was not right! Suddenly, a purple flash lit up on the other side of the forest. Diggy's eyes widened - that must be Hel, she is waiting for us! He turned back to the prisoners, and shouted: *"This way, come on!"*

Hel was standing calmly at the edge of the forest, looking into the distance. Everything was going as expected! She could see a mixture of relief and achievement on Diggy's face, as he stood in front of her: *"Mighty Hel, I have delivered what you requested, and your servants are now free! Can I count on your help?"* Hel's eyes turned purple, and her face twisted in a wry grimace: *"It seems you are very capable, hero. But you are also very naive! Do you think I would help you in your fight against Jörmungandr, my own kin?! I honestly thought it would be harder to trick you, but Loki was right all along! Ha-ha-ha!"*

ZAP! In the blink of an eye, Hel and her servants were gone. It felt as the whole world around him shattered into tiny meaningless pieces. How was he not able to see through this web of Hel's lies? How could this happen? Diggy carried this heavy burden of remorse, as he was aimlessly walking through the forests. Suddenly, the twigs in the bushes made a noise, and a rather strange man clad in an animal pelt appeared before him: *"Finally, I found you! Whew, you are quite a hard man to track! Or maybe I am just getting old, you never know..."* Diggy was in no mood for small talk, and looked at the wannabe ranger suspiciously: *"Who are you? And what do you want from me?!"* The man retorted: *"Well, this is not a good place to elaborate on all of what happened between you and Hel, is it? Come with me!"*

The platform was slowly rising to the treetops, until Diggy spotted an entrance to the cave. He kept looking suspiciously at the wannabe ranger - for some reason, he did not like him. The man seemed he couldn't care less, as he was constantly smiling at Diggy, whistling his favorite tune as the platform kept going. After a while, the Ranger spoke up: *"Soooo, I suppose you are quite puzzled right now, am I right?"*



Diggy did not say a word, his facial expression unchanged. The Ranger just shrugged: *"I thought so...no worries, we will be there any minute!"* The platform stopped, and Diggy found himself at the beginning of a large icy cave complex. The guard close to the rope mechanism immediately captured his attention, as if he had already seen this kind of armor somewhere before... The Ranger looked at Diggy, and pointed to one of the tunnels: *"Shall we?"*

The Ranger took Diggy deeper into one of the tunnels. What followed sounded like the worst nightmare: *"Okay, adventurer! I am a servant of Odin, the most powerful god in all of Scandinavia! I saw the way you were looking at one of the guards...you have seen such armor before, right? Well, I know you have freed the two servants of Hel, but you helped them to escape from Odin's Prison! We kept them captive, so they would not do more harm, and further empower their vile mistress!"* Diggy was shocked: *"What?! This cannot be...how could I...Hel tricked me, so I could do the dirty work for her! Aaaargh!"* The Ranger continued: *"Well, it is what it is, adventurer! Hel's sorcery is very powerful, and she managed to take advantage of you! But it gets worse...great beast resides in one of the lairs here, but we are quite understaffed, as Odin decided to strengthen the garrison in the prison you broke into! Redeem yourself, track this beast, and defeat it!"*

Occasional drops of water falling from the icicles echoed silently through the tunnels. Diggy could hear a subtle growling noises as he proceeded further, ready for anything. Suddenly, the growls were interrupted by a rhythmical clanging sound. A warrior clad in golden armor emerged from the shadows. Diggy's eyes almost fell out of his sockets again: *"HANI?! Am I dreaming?!"* Diggy's friend looked like a mythical warrior from old Scandinavian sagas, but under the newly acquired beard, his smile was still the same: *"By thunder! Diggy! I am so glad to see you! You will not believe me - after I stayed in Heimdall's camp for a while, I got accepted to this famous competition called USW - Ultimate Scandinavian Warrior! I trained under the leadership of Conor Gregorson himself, and I won! Nothing is going to stop me from becoming the greatest hero Scandinavia has ever seen!"* His next words were interrupted by an unearthly growl. A huge wolf-like creature jumped from behind the stones, and bared its teeth. Hani let out a whisper: *"Fenrir..."*

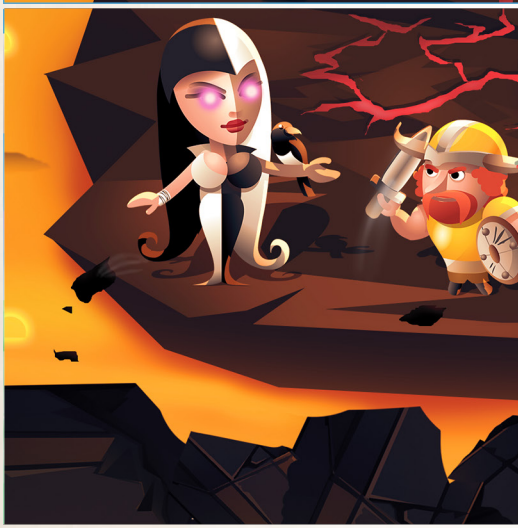
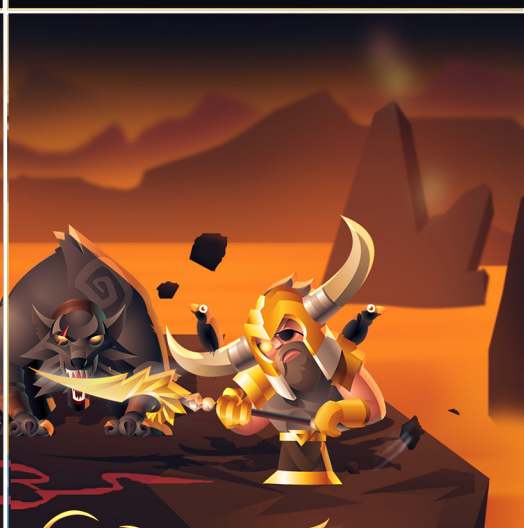
Only a handful of warriors survived the encounter with the mythical wolf Fenrir, and managed to tell even more mythical stories about him. But as soon as Fenrir spotted

this unknown bearded warrior clad in a shiny golden armor, and a guy with a helmet and pickaxe, he decided to stand down and retreat. He growled one more time, and his vile red eyes got faded into the same shadows he emerged from... Before Diggy could realize what happened, Hani whispered: *“Quick! Let’s get out of these tunnels, we might track him!”* Diggy was in no mood to chase a monster which deliberately backed off, but pursued Hani through the tunnels. They soon found a way out to the surface again. Hani lifted his sword and shouted: *“I thought we would never get out of these caves! Let’s hunt this beast down, what do you think?”* Diggy only retorted: *“We are not alone...”*

Sudden blast of wind howled through the pine trees, only to reveal Odin himself. The mightiest of Scandinavian deities, god of healing and death, wisdom and war stood before our two heroes: *“Halt there, puny mortals! The skies have opened, and Ragnarok is at the door, ready to swallow us all into the deepest dungeons in hell!”* Diggy froze. Odin shifted his one-eyed gaze towards Hani: *“You there! I know everything about your deeds, and what you have accomplished! From now on, you will be known as Hannevald the Brave, and you will join the ranks of my best warriors, marching with me to the ultimate battle of Ragnarok! We must stop cunning Loki and Hel, and defeat their foul minions, Jörmungandr and Fenrir!”* Odin then turned to Diggy: *“And you, adventurer from the faraway lands...must help us to get through this. My spear, Gungnir, is missing. Without it, all will be lost. Go to my trusted servant at once! He is the one you call the Ranger, and he will tell you where to find it! Follow the path behind me, but make haste - time is of the essence! I will join you once you recover my precious spear...go now, and fulfill your destiny!”*

The snow was gradually melting, and mighty pines and spruces full of life changed into charred remnants of lifeless, hollow trees. Diggy was getting closer and closer to a huge volcano in the distance, and he was sure that was the last place he wanted to venture to. The Ranger was already waiting for Diggy at the foot of the lava mountain. He pointed his spear towards the fiery cauldron and frowned: *“I wish we met under better circumstances, but we have to find Gungnir! Without Odin’s powerful spear, we are no match for Hel, Loki, and other demons. If there is one place where this spear might be, it is here - in the Eyjafjallajökull Volcano! Quite a tongue twister, am I right? Try to say it after fifteen pints of ale in your favorite tavern, that is always fun, ha-ha-ha! But where was I...right, you need to go into the depths of the volcano, and claim Gungnir! Are you ready?”*







**T**he lava geysers and waterfalls roared viciously, as Diggy entered the depths of the Eyjafjallajökull Volcano. The whole environment looked closest to what Diggy imagined as the deepest dungeons in hell. Although there was no creature in sight, Diggy felt he was not alone. He slowly entered yet another large dome full of lava pools. A small stone plateau rested in the middle of one of the lava lakes, emanating a bright flash of light. Diggy covered his face, as if it was about to help to endure the omnipresent heat coming from the depths of the volcano. He caught a glimpse of the flash, and gasped: *“That has to be Odin’s spear! But how do I get to Gungnir unharmed?”* His eyes then fell on a few jagged stones jutting out of the lava pool, like meatballs out of a pan of homemade tomato sauce. It took just a few jumps, and Diggy found himself standing in front of the spear! He reached out his hand...

Every mythical weapon obeys its owner only. Diggy experienced a strong feeling of déjà vu, as his fingers crawled up the hilt of the spear. ZAP! Another flash of light, and Odin was already wielding his lost weapon in his hand: *“I knew you would be of a great help, adventurer! You have found my Gungnir, and we now have a chance to stand against the forces of evil! But we have to hurry, for the end of the world as we know it is looming upon us! Only together can we face the trickery of Odin, insidiousness of Hel, dexterity of Fenrir, and brute force of Jörmungandr!”* Odin lifted the spear above his head: *“It is now or never, Diggy! Meet me outside of the volcano, and enter the battle of Ragnarok with me!”* Still blinded by the bolts of lightning, Diggy noticed another lava island behind Odin: *“Hold on, I see a tent there! And some boxes! I saw them before!”*

It looked like this small encampment was abandoned only recently. Diggy checked the wooden boxes in awe: *“D.A.D! My father was here! But what was he doing here? And why did he left?”* Diggy scratched the back of his head - this did not make any sense! Suddenly, he noticed a letter on the top of the box . His fingers trembled with excitement as he opened it:

*I hope this letter finds you well, my son. If you are reading it, you made it to the Eyjafjallajökull Volcano! The blood of a true adventurer is flowing through your veins, and I am so proud of you! My journey through Scandinavia was not an easy one, but I have uncovered something which is beyond my understanding right now. Sorry about the spear, I ‘borrowed’ it for a while - you know, for research purposes only. I don’t know what is waiting for me there, but my next steps will*



*lead to China. My hunt for myths is always a relentless one, and the apple never falls far from the tree, I know it! Follow me to China, and look for the dragons...*

*Until next time,  
D.A.D*

Diggy closed the letter and whispered: *“China...I need to get to China! But first, let’s deal with the whole Ragnarok situation here...”*

Thick clouds of sulfur and ash danced on the endless bubbling lava pools. The time for the ultimate battle of the gods has come - Ragnarok! As he marched together with Hani and other gods, Diggy noticed a large shadow protruding from the middle of a large volcanic island. Shockwaves vibrated through the ground, and a tactical slow walk turned into a relentless sprint. Heimdall pointed to the object and barked: *“Double time, Diggy! The enemy set up a large runestone, and this one is holding an immense power within. Destroy it, it is our only chance!”* As soon as these last words left Heimdall’s lips, he got lost in a shroud of a thick green smoke. It was Loki, god of trickery and deceit: *“You will regret the day you got fooled by your miner friend, Heimdall! Feel the wrath of the true gods of Valhalla!!!”* Heimdall lifted his sword, and hurled himself at Loki: *“It ends TODAY!”*

The battle commenced. The island was swarming with soldiers, and the air filled with clanging of the swords, raging roars and cries for help. The fight between Loki and Heimdall caught Diggy a bit off-guard. A part of him still thought no battle would take place. But that was just a wishful thinking now, and Hani quickly woke him up to the reality: *“Don’t be standing here like a training dummy! Come on, we have to go! That runestone must be destroyed at all costs!”* Diggy and Hani zigzagged around the lava pools and soldiers, and dodged the flying arrows. As they were running, Diggy noticed one of Heimdall’s soldiers in a fierce fight with Loki’s mercenary. Suddenly, the mercenary kicked some ash into the soldier’s eyes, and knocked him to the ground. Diggy just shrieked: *“Hani! We have to help him!”* Hani retorted: *“Don’t you worry about ol’ Alfred, Diggy! I know the guy, we trained together in Heimdall’s camp, and he is a tough nut to crack!”*

Few moments later, Diggy instinctively turned back to check on the Heimdall’s soldier. Much to his surprise, Hani was right - it was Alfred who had the higher ground now,

and the mercenary took to his heels, dropping his weapons and running away from the fight! Suddenly, the ground shook with another tremor. One strong flash of light, and the goddess Hel blocked the path for Hani and Diggy: *“Well, well, well...look who Mr. Fluffy dragged in! Ragnarok is no place for weak-minded mortals like you two! But, every journey comes to an end...”* Hel’s eyes turned purple, and her unctuous smile turned into a devilish grin. Hani whispered to Diggy: *“I’ll hold off this wretch! Go, Diggy! If there is someone who can destroy that runestone, it is you!”* With heavy heart, Diggy quickly disappeared into the clouds of smoke. Hel’s eyes fixed on Hani: *“Are you ready to die for this feeble miner, soldier?!”* Hani unsheathed his sword: *“This feeble miner is my friend! And it is your journey that is coming to an end!!!”*

Thor held his hammer Mjölfnir with a firm grasp, as he was overlooking the Ragnarok battlefield. He was very happy his magical weapon had found its way back to him, although at that time, he was not sure who did that. He remembered that after he took his bath in Valhalla, the hammer appeared behind one of the gates. But that was it, no note, and no messenger of this great news was to be found. Only after did Thor find out it was Diggy who managed to find the hammer, and delivered it to him, although not in person. This is why Thor was ready when the call to battle arrived to the vast halls of Valhalla. After all, he was in Diggy’s debt, and this was an ideal opportunity to repay it.

The ground trembled once again, and one of the lava fissures burst open. When the dust has settled, Thor recognized the outlines of a huge serpent. It was Jörmungandr: *“Mighty Thor! I was looking for you everywhere...now, prepare to die!”* The giant snake opened its gaping maw, and struck. Thor’s eyes filled with blue color, invoking the powers of the storm. He dodged quickly, and felt that Mjölfnir was ready to be set free from his grasp, prepared to destroy everything in its way. His grip loosened, and he let go...

The battle kept raging everywhere, but the giant runestone was ominously quiet. Diggy put his hand on one of the skulls protruding from it. Out of a sudden, his head flooded with cacophony of shrieks, myriad of foul whispers. Dark powers emanating from the runestone started to poison every piece of his body, searing like lava, destroying every happy memory in its way. Diggy closed his eyes, and started to scream. With all the power he had left, Diggy lifted his hand, severing the flow of the dark magic. He quickly jumped back and grabbed the pickaxe. It came down like a torrential rain, quenching the dry and exhausted forest surrounded by a ring of fire. The sharp tip of the pickaxe



sunk deep into the stone, creating a net of cracks which webbed through the foul statue at the speed of light. Hundreds of rays poured out of the fissures, and the runestone crumbled down. Diggy watched the collapse with awe...it was over. Suddenly, the battlefield fell silent...

Odin was looking straight in the dead eyes of Fenrir the wolf: *"I was looking forward to this encounter, beast!"* Fenrir just smirked, and growled: *"You old fool! None of your friends can save you now! Don't you see it, Odin? Your days are numbered, and there is nothing you can do about it!"* The wolf crouched, ready to pounce. Suddenly, he noticed a strange flash of red light in the distance - the dark statue in the middle crashed down: *"What the actual..."* Odin took advantage of this moment of hesitation, and his spear Gungnir came at the wolf with full swing. Fenrir did not expect this blow, stumbled over a boulder, and immersed into the volcano pool... Loki, Hel and Jörmungandr felt something changed. A blast of intense pain started to devour them from the inside, as soon as the last parts of the evil runestone touched the ground. With a blink of an eye, they disappeared... Diggy wiped the sweat off his forehead, threw the pickaxe over his shoulder, and looked at Odin. For the first time in ages, the god smiled: *"You did it, adventurer! You destroyed the runestone, and defeated the forces of evil! The battle of Ragnarok is over!"*

It looked like all of the people in Fjordheim gathered outside the walls to greet the man of the hour. As Diggy was approaching the city palisades, he had started to worry what was happening, muttering aloud: *"I hope there is no more trouble in Fjordheim...after all the lengths I have covered and evil runestones I have destroyed, fighting of some remaining forces of evil would be the last thing I'd want to do!"*

But everybody was smiling, even Jarl Olaf seemed to change his usual grumpy facial expression: *"Welcome back, Diggy! On behalf of all citizens of Fjordheim and Scandinavia, I would like to thank you for your efforts! Our people will be forever grateful for what you have done for us - even the giants and the dwarves are getting along now, and that is all thanks to you!"*

Diggy only managed to smile like a loon. Hannevald the Mighty stepped forward, and gave Diggy a warm hug: *"You gave me the confidence I needed, my friend! If you will ever need my help, just let me know, and I will be there!"* Was there a tear rolling down Diggy's cheek? No one will ever know, as the old sea dog interrupted this emotional

moment: *“Enough of this lovey-dovey occasion! Diggy, your goggled friend has been looking for you, why don’t you go check on him? He was on that big snow field outside the city!”*

Parachute Perry was standing alone in the field, waving at Diggy: *“Hey there! I have not seen you in a while! I didn’t even know whether you were alive! But you are, so everything is okay...I have managed to repair the plane, so if there is any other destination to visit, just let me know!”* Diggy reached into this pocket, and opened the letter from Diggerius: *“Glad to see you again, Perry! As a matter of fact, I know where to go even before we start that majestic plane of yours! My father left me another message, and our next destination is China!”* Perry just scratched his chin and stuttered: *“Ch-China? I mean flying to Scandinavia is one thing, but China? Are you sure about this, man?”* Diggy just smiled and gave Perry a pat on the back: *“Absolutely, Perry! Wipe that grin off your face, and let’s go!”*

Professor was impatiently waiting for Diggy, already seated in the blue biplane. Time is of the essence! Finally, he saw a yellow helmet appear in the distance: *“Come on, Diggy! We have no time to spare! While you were away, I did some research, and I finally know where to go next! It is-”*

Diggy retorted: *“China, Professor, I know! My father left me a letter in the volcano, you would not believe it...crank it up, Perry! Let’s get this bad boy in the skies again!”* Visibly taken aback, Professor uttered a confused sound: *“Right, China! That’s what I was thinking about too!”* Linda just rolled her eyes, and winked at Diggy. Snowy forests and mountains bid farewell to our heroes. The plane slowly lifted off the frozen soil, and started to ascend towards yet another adventure...

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

