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Fimbulvinter

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FIMBULVINTER

by D. Sandy Nielsen

Breakfast consisted of the last three eggs.

Aage would miss the eggs, but there was still plenty of frozen bacon, and bread for toasting. The larder would last. Aage liberally smeared butter on the warm toast and watched it melt into the grooves. Laying crisp bacon strips on the toast, he chewed it contemplatively while staring out the picture window.

The wall of blue-white blocked all else from view. The rays from the emerging sun reflected off it and shone through the glass to illuminate Aage's meal, causing him to squint his one good eye. The rough wall glittered like diamonds obscuring most of the stone, wood, and other rubble that it bulldozed in front of its unrelenting path eventually to grind the debris under its immense bulk.

Aage drank the last of his thick black coffee and cleared the table, putting the dishes in the sink. It was time for his methodical morning's work. He combed the crumbs out of his long white beard, fastened on his mukluks, put on his long, blue-grey, down parka, and stepped out the door of the log cabin. His tired bones creaked as he made his way down the makeshift steps.

His two faithful Husky companions, Freki and Geri, yapped around his feet at his emergence. He tossed them each a shank of frozen meat, which occupied them while he made his way towards the wall. The wall that was close, far too close. Imperceptibly close ever always.

The bite from the wall penetrated to his marrow as he neared it, but the chill was not from the cold. He craned his neck back and stared towards the summit lost somewhere high above. What was its height? One mile? Two? He looked back down and stepped up to the wall.

Clearing some rubble from below, he found firm purchase for his feet, leaning forward and

placing his bare hands against the ice, he pushed. Aage strained with all his might, his arm and leg muscles flexed and twisted with the exertion, his feet dug deeper into the earth. When his frigid fingers had no feeling left in them, he shifted his position, found secure footing and pushed against the unrelenting berg with his shoulder. Still it refused to give. When his shoulder felt like it would pop its socket, he switched sides and exerted himself equally with the other one. Finally he faced the cabin and put the flat of his back upon it and laboured against his slow march adversary. At the point of muscle fatigue, he stopped and caught his breath. The only impression he made was his boots into the ground. The Fimbel Glazier never noticed his presence. The Fimbul Glazier brought about by the Fimbul Winter.

"A solid attempt, undoubtedly. I've tried, as I always will," he said wearily as he had said incalculable times before. He straightened and stretched out his kinks. Aage headed back to the cabin.

Geri Freki danced around his feet as Aage stopped to examine his handiwork. He'd just completed it and scarcely in time. He'd laboriously jacked up his small abode onto two massive logs, then joined them together with heavy crossbeams. It was a sled. And when the Fimbul Glazier finally reached the log's points, it would push Aage's dwelling before its devastating advance.

Aage looked looked up at the wall and saw two large black ravens fly away from somewhere above the ice sheet. Their sight jogged though and memory to times past. Eventually he looked back down to the immense sled and stroking his long white beard murmured, "At least it will keep me two steps ahead of the Ragnarok."