

hail and well-met, fellow grímnírs:

i am otso ílvarsson, and long ago i walked with the green shield. with my herbs i healed, with my wand i healed. with my staff i held up heroes, and with my hands i sewed them together. i was called fine-scar, for i would do my best to leave a fine scar.

i was born in the time of deanne, and i was a young man when the orcs broke their chains. i fought against them then, to the shame of my skein, and i swore the grímnír's oath so that the hands which shed their blood would be bound from shedding blood again. i have shed much blood since, ha! but only in the blood-letting which draws out the hot humours and the cold, or in trepanning, and so on.

i am grown old and lame, as comes to so many grímnír, and of late my sight has failed. i buried my husband in the winter gone. i knew then i must walk into the storm sydanjaa, the all-howling, the all-crushing. but while i have waited for the weather to abate, my failing eyes have grown dim, and my failing body is wracked, and my stores are all-but empty.

and the jotun - oh, is there no end to the jotun? they are come again to sermersuaq, and they have no such custom as the long walk. i fear they would kill me out of hand.

i plead of you, young grímnírs, hearty grímnírs, come to my aid. come to my house near wreck and tell me your tales. those with strong eyes and strong arms, with hearts and limbs of stone, with iron deeds and well-wound skeins, come to me. come to me, help me find the way, help me evade the jotun. i have no reward to give but the honour of doing a fine duty for a fellow.

in the strength of the oath we have all sworn,

OTSO FINE-SCAR