

Thor tied the golden rope to his belt and turned to Arthur. "You are truly a brave young adventurer. But you still have one challenge left. You must distract the wolf just long enough for me to tie him up. Then I can save your town."



Arthur nodded solemnly, but quivered with fear as he looked at Thor's one-handed brother ... what would happen to him if he confronted the beast? He would have to come up with a plan, and quickly!

The path of Fenrir's destruction was clear to see. It tore through the forest and stopped right outside a small village. The group slowly descended and looked around for a sign of life when Arthur spotted something...





It was a trap! A loud roar erupted from the forest as the most terrifying of creatures appeared.

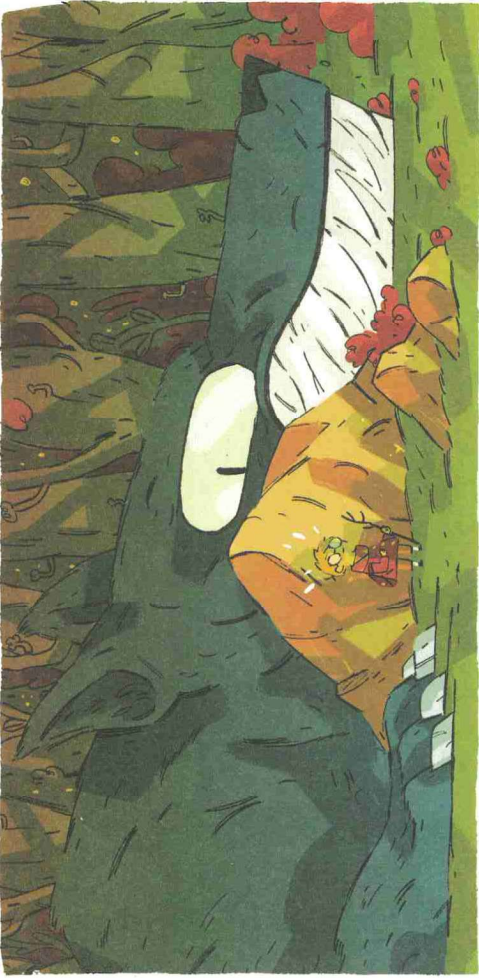


Arthur looked on, feeling impossibly small and helpless ... and then he saw the beast right behind him! In fear, Arthur ran as fast as he could into the forest to hide.





Fenrir's powerful nose quickly sniffed Arthur out, and a gigantic claw began to creep closer and closer.



In that moment, Arthur was struck with an idea. He jumped up, ready to bash the wolf on its nose —



— but Fenrir was too quick. With a loud CRUNCH he bit Arthur's hand straight off...





... and then Arthur pulled out his real hand. Fenrir had been tricked! The huge beast had bitten the Hand of Time and swallowed it whole. His whole body froze in an instant except for his eyes, which blinked in confusion.

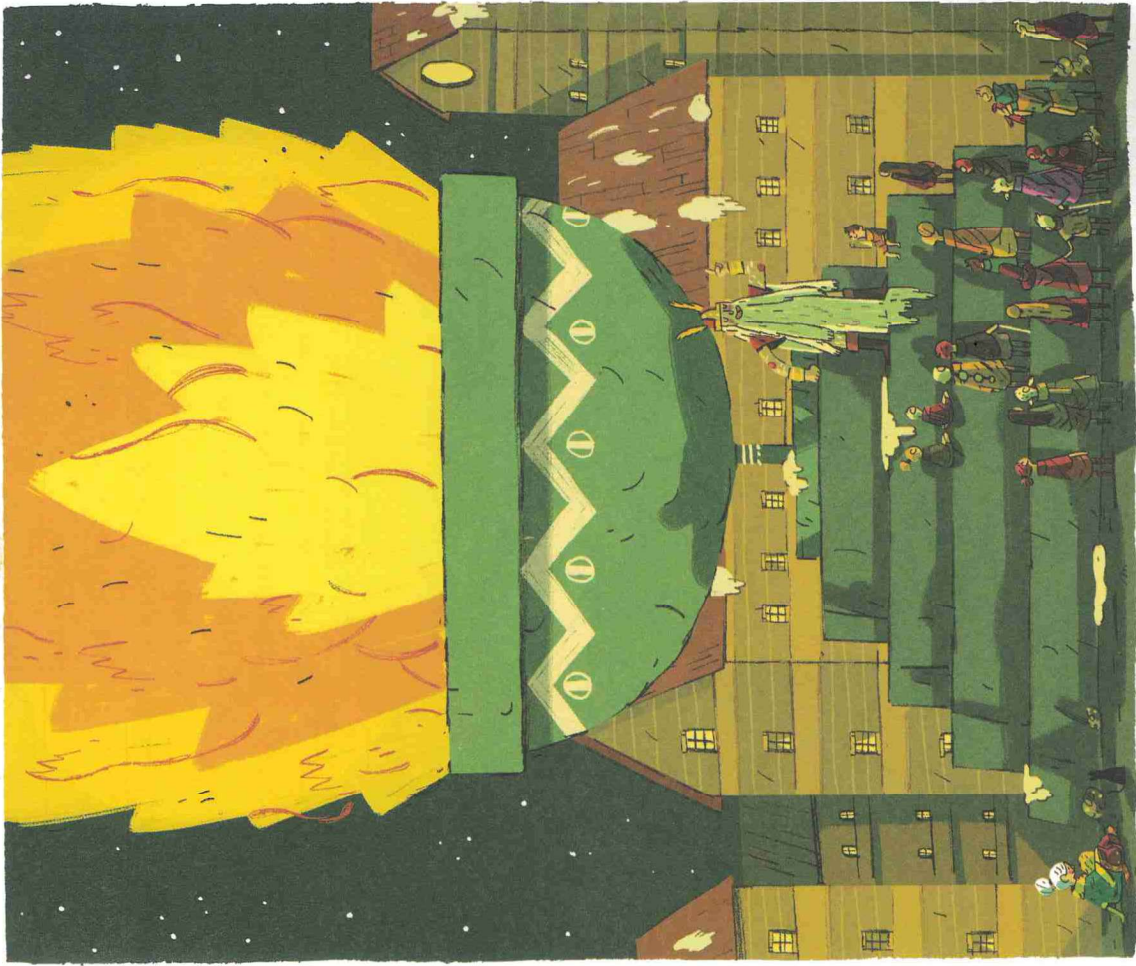


After defeating Fenrir's minions, Thor was able to tie Fenrir up while Arthur beamed with pride.





As they flew back to Arthur's frozen town, a bolt of lightning crashed down from the clouds into the main square. The great fire burst into life and the ice began to melt again.



The townsfolk cheered and gathered around to hear Thor speak. Arthur went quietly over to Atrix with his journal full of the adventures and creatures he had seen. When Thor explained that it was actually Arthur who had defeated Fenrir, they all went to celebrate with him, but by then he was already fast asleep.



And that is the tale of the very first Brownstone. Maybe one day you will hear some more of my ancestors' adventures, but until then, dear reader, I hope you go out and find some of your own ... because sometimes the greatest heroes are the unlikeliest.

