

## Divine Hands Make Good Wolf Fodder

So the thing is, the rest of the gods, they don't care much for the fact that Tyr's been going around and hanging out so much with this damn wolf. Now I don't know if they're all just a bunch of cat people or what the fuck their problem is, but they were always kind of scared of Fenrir anyway because, like I said before, basically, there's this prophecy out there that says the fucking animal's eventually going to completely flip the fuck out one day and eat Odin alive.

So Odin and all his guys, they finally decide it's about time to take Fenrir out on account of this prophecy, which in a way might make it a sort of self-fulfilling one, but who knows? But, anyway, so the gods, they go and they get these special collars, and then they try to trick Fenrir into putting them on around his neck<sup>83</sup> in the hopes that he won't get loose and break out of them so that they'd then be able to go and lock him up wherever they fucking felt like. It was like a dare, you know? Odin'd be like "Hey Fenrir, bet you can't break out of this here iron collar."

And Fenrir, since he's a highly irritable animal, and truth be told is pretty much a total fucking dick to everyone except Tyr, he'd be like, "Hey Odin, go fuck yourself." And then he'd go and

---

<sup>83</sup> The notion of collars being placed around the wolf's neck is a unique and special detail that has evolved since the *The Prose Edda's Gylfaginning's* narrative about this myth was initially recorded. In that version, the wolf is instead bound with a series of fetters around his leg(s).



*The islands of Casco Bay as viewed from Portland, Maine. It has been prophesied that at Ragnarök, Fenrir will break loose from his captivity on one of these islands and go on a wild and senseless killing spree as revenge for having been taunted for so long with dog treats that were just always barely beyond his reach.*

he'd take a fucking dump right there in the middle of the carpet, and Tyr'd have to go and clean it up. But Odin knows Fenrir's got a weak spot for Milkbones, so he'd go and he'd get one out of the box, and he'd tell the wolf that he'll give it to him if he just puts his head through the fucking collar. And, naturally, Fenrir's got no pride when it comes to doing dumb tricks for treats, so he sticks his head into the collar and he flexes his neck muscles, and he breaks the fucking thing like it was a fucking paper doily. So Odin gives Fenrir the Milkbone, and he fucking scarfs the thing down, and everyone seems all happy and shit on the outside, but on the inside they're getting real fucking nervous because they're

starting to think they aren't going to be able to contain this animal after all.

So Odin, being the sneaky bastard that he is, he sends this other guy, Skirnir, off to Dwarf World since that place is about as lawless as Juarez on New Year's Eve, and you can pretty much get anything there. So Skirnir's supposed to find some real fucking diminutive thugs who'll make him a magical collar to bind Fenrir's punk ass with, and pretty soon he finds some that are willing to do business with him, and they proceed to make a binding that's made out of some real fucked up shit.<sup>84</sup>

So next, the gods go and they take Fenrir out to some island off the coast of Maine for a nice summer getaway, and so they're all there now, hanging out by the water and daring each other to do stupid shit, and sooner or later Odin finally dares the animal to put this new binding around his neck and to try and break out of it again like last time. Only this time Fenrir looks at this thing, and he's like, "What the fuck is that? It looks like a fucking ribbon." Because it did look like a fucking ribbon, so, naturally, it made him suspicious. I mean, this special dwarf-made collar looked more like a flimsy scarf than an iron-forged mechanism used for testing hardcore feats of neck strength.

But the gods, you know, they just kept at it till, eventually, that one-eyed suiciding freak himself just offered up an entire fucking box of Milkbones, and for Fenrir, that's just way too good an offer to pass up, and so he gives in, but he also makes a couple of extra demands first. So he tells them, "First, if it turns out this is some sort of magical device like I suspect it is, and I can't get out of it, then you got to set me free. And second, as a fucking re-

---

<sup>84</sup> While the poet of *The Impudent Edda* completely neglects the details of what this "real fucked up shit" is, Snorri divulges in *The Prose Edda* that the materials used in the manufacture of Gleipnir (the name of the final ribbon-like binding) are the following: the noise that a cat's footsteps make, a woman's beard, the roots of a mountain, the muscle tendons of a bear, a fish's breath, and bird spit.

assurance to your good will, one of you needs to put your fucking hand in my mouth while we do this thing, because I know you're all a bunch of fucking liars and cheaters, and this way at least I'll get to bite someone's fucking hand off if you're all trying to trick me. And in any case, I still get all the fucking Milkbones."

And so the gods all look over at Tyr since he and the wolf'd always been buddies, and Tyr's just like, "Ah, fuck."

So he goes and he sticks his right hand in Fenrir's fucking mouth, and then the gods go and they put the ribbon around Fenrir's neck and tell him to give it a shot, and as soon as he starts trying to break free, the ribbon just gets tighter and tighter and it just won't fucking break. And so those fucking gods man, they all just started cracking up. They thought this shit was fucking hilarious, except for poor Tyr who just got his hand bitten off and is now wandering around in a daze looking for some fucking Tylenol.

And now at this point, Fenrir's figured out that the gods pretty much fucked him over, and so he's fucking pissed and he's going fucking berserk, and so what the gods do is they take the other end of the ribbon, and they leash it around this huge ass boulder so that he can't go anywhere, and then they set the box of Milkbones down on the ground just out of his reach just to really fuck with him.<sup>85</sup> So now Fenrir's stuck there, staring at a box full of dog treats that he can't even reach, and drooling like a bitch till the end of the world when he's finally going to break free, eat all the fucking Milkbones, and then go and eat Odin alive out of revenge right before the rest of the universe goes up in flames.

---

<sup>85</sup> The use of dog treats (official Milkbone brand or otherwise) in the binding of Fenrir is a relatively late development that is only attested to in *The Impudent Edda's* rendition of this particular myth. Their use in taunting Fenrir after successfully binding him has also subsumed the older tradition of torture that Snorri relates in *The Prose Edda* in which the gods instead lodge a sword in Fenrir's mouth, wedging its hilt in his lower gums and its point in his upper gums, causing him to drool, just as the barely out-of-reach Milkbones do in *The Impudent Edda*.