

John F. Sissons

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Freya and Frigg

A long time ago in an all-encompassing infinite universe styled The Reality lived a female entity who wanted companions. She did not want to apply for permission to reproduce from her governing Council because she did not want a male anywhere near her. All female entities in The Reality were termed Mothers, all male entities were termed Fathers. Mother studied her problem. Then she learned how to make a dependent female entity from her own body's tissue from other Mothers. This half-daughter, who had no Father, would be beholden to her for all things. However, Mother did not make one half-daughter, she made two. These artificial females would only know what Mother taught them.

The Council of The Reality eventually ruled that half-daughters were a disgusting result of errant Mother behavior because half-daughters were not sentient and could not exist on their own. Half-daughters were ruled to be abominations, and they were outlawed. The vote on the Council was close, so Mother joined the other Mothers who had made half-daughters to argue with the Council to overturn the ruling. Then, to Mother's horror, the next election seated a super majority of Mothers on the Council who wanted the creation of half-daughters forbidden. Not only that, but all half-daughters were to be destroyed.

Mother ran away to save her girls. As the family ran from universe to universe, problem solving became intense for all three family members, which spurred the development of complete self-awareness on the part of the sisters. Often, Mother had to squirrel away her girls inside minor realities (universes) to either live with friends or fend for themselves while she

diverted the attention of the Council with lawsuits. Her girls became self-sufficient with all this frenetic activity on the part of Mother's friends and Mother.

Ironically, the threat of destruction caused Mother's girls to become fully self-aware. The Council then deputized Fathers as gendarmes to hunt every single sentient half daughter that resisted arrest by running away. The trouble with that plan was that The Reality was infinite, the number of realities inside The Reality was infinite, but the population of half-daughters was very small. There were large Blue Realities that were mature because the stars were dim and very far apart. There were other types of realities, such as Red and Yellow, which were almost mature because, although the stars were still visible from each other, the photons from dim red and yellow stars were manageable with minimum effort on Mother's part.

Then there were the small White Realities. White Realities were full of photons, which were deadly for any entity from mature or almost mature realities. Mother, in desperation, decided to hide her girls inside a White Reality. Mother's search revealed a brand-new White Reality. It was so small it could only hold one gateway to and from The Reality, which was perfect because she would only have to watch one location of ingress/egress. However, the white light inside was overwhelming because the stars were so close together. Her girls would die quickly if she left them there unprotected.

Mother had an epiphany. She could fashion protective armored environmental suits from her girls' bodies that would keep her girls alive for much longer. Mother pondered that idea. The Council's gendarme would never look inside this White Reality on their own. Only a fool would park their daughters inside because they would die quickly in the light of a white star. However, Mother felt she had no other choice.

On a far northeastern corner of a very large cold landmass located on a small planet appeared two shapeless creatures made of black plastic material that glowed blue on occasion. The creatures formed themselves into a rough semblance of the local bipedal sentient life forms. The planet's star, however, must be avoided at all costs. So, the creatures built a shelter from local sturdy material that would be robust enough to both shade the creatures and withstand the brutal weather prevalent close to the planet's northern pole.

A woman of the Mansi people hunted Siberian crabapples inside an ice-covered Siberian taiga. She saw a small sturdy brown shelter inside the boreal where there should not be a hut and she was curious. She did not see anyone around the shelter and the shelter had no doors or windows. She consulted her Shaman for advice. The tribal elders decided to see for themselves. Their Shaman, Chi, walked ahead of the group. She stopped walking within one hundred steps of the shelter.

Chi turned to face the elders and raised her gloved hands. Her colorful red, blue, and green all-covering hooded wool coat protected her from the wind-blown ice and her equally colorful wool trousers and reindeer boots kept her feet warm. She said, "Honored elders, do not approach the shelter. Inside there are people from a strange land. They are hungry and in intense pain. I will administer healing forces from the Spirit World to allow them to speak to us. Please do as I ask."

Mother's girls learned from Shaman Chi, who called them Freya and Frigg. Mother copied Chi's naked body down to Chi's freckles as a pattern for the girls' armored environmental suits. Shaman Chi was not a large person by any means, which meant the girls' real bodies were squashed to fit their environmental suits. One evening, while dancing shamanic rituals with Shaman Chi, the girls saw a large man. Mother copied his outer structure while keeping Shaman

Chi's female form factor. The girls were very comfortable wearing the larger environmental suit. The girls now had white skin to reflect photons, thick long brown hair, and brown eyes. Mother occasionally visited her girls for brief periods to give her girls boosted joints, improved optics, and better control over the machinery of their armored environmental suits. However, these brief visits also gave the location of Mother's single gateway away to the gendarme who was assigned to watch Mother.

For the time Mother was away, which was hundreds of Earth years, the girls lived with many Shamans as acolytes for their shamanic healing skills. The photons from the sun damaged the outer covering of their armored suits and it needed constant healing attention from Shamans.

Eventually, the girls found a young Shaman who called herself Marfa. Marfa was wise beyond her years, so Frigg explained the girls' problem. She told why they were hunted, and who was hunting them. Frigg was afraid that they had been found. She just had a premonition, a twinge in her mind, she was uneasy.

Marfa thought about the problem. "How can he be killed?"

Frigg shrugged. "Either by intense pain induced by mechanical means or light from your star."

Marfa's brown forehead and black eyebrows knitted. "Will he announce himself?"

Frigg shook her head. "I do not know and our Mother dares not return so soon to say. She felt a gendarme's mental energy when she was here last time."

Marfa smiled. "I would guess that he does not know there are two of you. One should pretend to give up and the other strike him with your knives. Hold him until the sun arrives."

Freya looked at Frigg. "We will need to act quickly. When he finds out we are two and not one, he will adjust."

The girls lived with Shaman Marfa as acolytes. By this time, the girls had evolved to be two meters tall, 100 kilograms, white skin to ward off the star's light, and blonde hair for shade that fell to their knees. They still had Chi's oval flat face. They wore the colorful thick wool clothes of Shamans. Both had mastered the machinery of their environmental suits.

Shaman Marfa knew Freya and Frigg very well by the time the gendarme finally found the girls. A gendarme had searched for Mother where he knew she traveled inside the vast area that was The Reality. He also used the mental power given to him by the Council to narrow the location of Mother's destination inside the infinite area that hid the tiny new White Reality. After much effort, he located Mother and Mother's gateway to Earth.

Frigg woke up one night with a start when the pole star was overhead. "Sister, listen."

Freya turned her aural discriminators to full power. "Yes, sister. That is the voice of a Father. What can we do?"

Frigg put both of her large hands over her pale face. "We are dead now. We must fight."

Freya whispered, "Marfa was correct, he is calling for only one of us."

Frigg turned onto her right side to whisper, both girls were bundled inside a single reindeer leather bag with a red wool liner. "Sister, you should pretend to check the pigs. He is there and will bind you with his mind. When he begins to invoke the witnesses to your execution, I will attack with my knives. His concentration may falter for a moment as I stab him. Attack when you feel the bonds loosen. We need to time your attack for half an hour before dawn appears, he will disappear at first light. We will have to hope that he is unarmored. We must be quick, and we must hold him down for the star's appearance."

Freya nodded toward her sister. "That is all we can do. The cryer's dog will signal us to begin."

Both sisters gazed into each other's mechanical eyes and chanted together in their native language. "I will fight for you until I cannot."

Soon the cryer's dog barked to herald the morning. The girls' plan seemed to work perfectly. Freya found the gendarme hovering five meters or so above the village's pitch-dark pigpen calling for a half daughter. She slowly walked toward the dark mass floating above the pigs. The gendarme descended to the dirt and made her approach him. He read out her death sentence and the method that would be used to torture her until she died. He then began to call the witnesses. Frigg attacked with two seaxes. She began to stab quickly with force. The moaning gendarme slowly fell onto the pigpen's wet dirt. Both girls descended on him while continuing to stab him.

But then, at dawn, Shaman Marfa appeared. She knew her acolytes had snuck out and she had guessed what they intended. However, she was not prepared for what she saw and heard in the low predawn light. Two blue glowing luminescent monsters with rays of blue light emanating from every orifice were inside the pigpen moving seaxes mechanically into a groaning animal. Marina screamed, raised her hands in a healing gesture, and the gendarme recovered enough strength to fly away.

Frigg stood up, covered in pigpen filth, and stared with blue glowing mechanical eyes at Marfa. "Shaman, you let the gendarme go. He knows there are two of us now."

Marfa stood still, gobsmacked.

Suddenly, a hole opened directly above the pigpen where the gendarme had hovered. Mother, in the blue glowing guise of her daughters and dressed as a Siberian Shaman, floated down three meters. Under her was a mud-covered, blue-glowing, supine Freya, who was petting

a pig. Mother's shining, hovering, blue visage said, "I felt a Father's mental effort. I came as soon as I could and found my gateway open. Has a gendarme been here?"

Frigg sighed in a very human way; she waved her blue glowing right hand. "Yes. Mother we almost killed him just before you arrived. The Shaman let him go. He flew away."

Mother looked down at her filthy daughters. "I do not believe he escaped through my gateway. He will die in the light of that star if he is still in this reality. I will close my gateway where he will never find it."

Mother decided to hide with her girls in the vast Siberian boreal where Shamans lived. In the minds of the Council, Mother was corked up inside a death trap. However, the Council knew nothing about the magic wielded by Shamans.

The villagers had assembled near their pigpen in the middle of the village's courtyard when Marfa screamed. The villagers had no words to describe what they had seen that morning. The villagers had experienced first contact with an alien race of persons from another universe.

The villagers spread lurid stories of supernatural wonders far and wide. Several myths, at least one religion, and untold legends of large unhuman animals can trace their genesis to that morning.

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Speculative fiction.