

# Silent Night, Hela's Night

This is not a place of suffering. Nobody is tortured down here for all eternity.

This a place of quietness, of rolling mists pale and icy with only the occasional golden fire.

This is the place of Isa where everything comes to a rest.

There are no loud festivities here, no one is roasting an immortal pig over the fire to feed the warriors and they laugh and gamble.

In fact, you won't find so many warrior's down here. This is the place of the ordinary people who lived the ordinary lives and died the ordinary death far away from Odin's glorious battlefields.

This is Helheim and I know the place well because it is my place.

Just because it is quite does not mean there are no heroes down here. The heroes and heroines who labored and toiled on the fields and in the stables and who died in their beds – or more often on a straw mat because they were bond and owned in life – with aching bones and drained from a lifetime of hard work are here. They have a strength and a wisdom that the warriors do not understand. They were the ones who fed the warriors and now here they find peace.

No laughter but no tears either. This is the place of Isa where all things are reduced to a minimum, frozen in place and suspended so that they can find themselves. And Hagalaz is just Isa squared.

That is the wisdom and the glory you can find here if you are allowed in and back out.

This is Helheim and I know the place well because it is my place.