



Loki Allcraft

Ancient Celtic Religions & Lore · Norse Religion & Lore · Not Rated · 1246 words

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A rewrite of one of the myths featuring Lugh The All-Crafted, the Celtic version of Loki.

Loki is bored and decides to join a mortal festival. The city the festival is being held in has some unique requirements for entrance.

I hope you enjoy reading as much as I enjoyed writing ☺

This was one of my favorite stories growing up, getting to retell and add to it has been so much fun. Any other Celts who grew up with this stuff out there?

Loki was, to put it mildly, bored out of his mind. Traversing the realms only gave him so much entertainment, after all. He was bored enough to slip away to that delightfully backwards Realm that inexplicably held the others together; Midgard.

He took the form of a human (more-or-less) and wandered around until he came to that land which today is Ireland, but back then was called by three separate names, none of which Loki knew. He hadn't been to that land in quite some time, and was quite surprised to discover a festival taking place in a massive city atop a hill.

Incredibly curious, and always up for a party, Loki made up his mind to enter the city. It was heavily fortified, concentric walls and large battlements filled with guards making it nearly impossible for mortals to break in. Loki, however, was no mere mortal — if he wished to enter, nothing made by human hands would keep him out.

But Loki was, above all else, a dedicated trickster. He would enter as his disguise warranted; the human way. It was with a bit of careful observation that Loki learned the common method of entering; one would walk around the hill seven times, then make their way to the gates and speak to the guards. One was either turned away or let in, but Loki was too far away to hear the exchanges that led to each outcome.

It was easy for him to join the crowd that journeyed around the hill, their large numbers hiding his small acts of mischief that kept him from noticing the boredom of

walking. They were a merry people, laughing and singing as they went, and Loki soon found himself growing unusually fond of them. Especially of a young man who was causing nearly as much mischief as he in an attempt to woo a similarly young lady.

It was the work of a moment for Loki to nudge things to his assistance, which was distraction enough that the god almost failed to realize he was nearly to the gates. He let the man and lady go before him, chasing each other inside, listening carefully to what they said to the guard.

Only those that could bring some unique skill or craft to the city were allowed entrance, Loki learned. This was no obstacle, of course, as he was skilled in a great many things. He approached the guard, nodding cordially.

"I am Lou Lauson," Loki introduced himself politely, copying the next words from the young man, "and I seek permission to enter your great city of Tara."

"What skill can you bring us that no other has?" The guard asked gruffly.

"Well..." Loki thought, trying to remember which of his skills humans possessed and which would give him away, "Do you have a weaver?"

"Ay, we have the greatest weaver in the land." The guard answered, starting to shoo him away.

"Wait, wait!" Loki insisted, thinking again. "What about a metalworker?"

"Only the best." The guard paused in his shooing, letting Loki time to think of another skill.

"A master poet?" Loki tried.

"Ours could bring tears to a stone's eye."

"A fisher? A dancer? A harper?" Loki listed, to the guard's surprise.

"Yes, all of them and more." The guard answered, all the same.

"What about a cupbearer?" Loki asked. By now, a small crowd had gathered as people waited for their turn, all paying close attention to the man who claimed to have so many skills. "Or a historian? A carpenter? A physician?"

But each was met with the same insistence that not only did they have one, they had the best and most well-known. Finally, Loki got frustrated enough to partly forget himself, summoning fire to his hand.

"A sorcerer, then?!" He yelled.

The guard gave him an unimpressed stare, lazily admitting "Of course. And she can do better than candle flame."

"C-candle flame?" Loki sputtered, letting his fire sizzle out. "I'll let you know, my tricks are much finer than mere *candle flame*."

"As that may be, you must depart now." The guard told him. "You have no skills that we do not already possess."

"But do you have one that has so many skills?" A woman piped up, getting agreeing murmurs from the crowd. Loki turned to stare at her. "Well, that's sort of a skill all on its own, isn't it? Being able to do everything like that?"

"Quite right, good woman!" Loki grinned at her, turning back to the guard to proudly proclaim. "My skill is that I am a master of all crafts. A warrior and a writer, an artist and a champion, a cartographer and a shepard — show me another man who is all that I am, and I shall take my leave."

The guard considered this, eventually deciding it was fair enough. He sent for a messenger to ask around the city, trying to find one who could do all that 'Lou Lauson' claimed to do. While men and woman with four or seven or even ten skills were found, none came close to the dozens that Loki continued to happily list.

The leaders at the time heard of this strange man seeking entrance with every skill instead of one. Being quite accustomed to tricksters and liars, themselves quite capable of great deception when it suited them, they believed the man to be a layabout trying to cheat his way into the city. After much discussion and debate, the wisest among them decided to offer him a choice; leave in peace or stake his life on the ability to perform each skill he claimed in front of them.

Loki was delighted when he heard news of the offer, immediately choosing the latter. The guard and the crowd tried to warn him away, fond of the silly man despite believing him to be a liar (how right yet wrong they were, Loki mused), except for the woman who had spoken up.

"Why would he risk it if he was being dishonest, hmm?" She asked, smiling gently at him. "I believe his tales, let him have his chance to prove them!"

As Loki was escorted into the city, he reminded himself to do something nice for the woman later. Perhaps bless her firstborn, or show her the best hunting grounds in the area...

And so Loki was brought before the disbelieving leaders, charged with proving himself capable of the ninety-nine skills he had listed. Loki scowled, adding another to make it an even hundred, his exaggerated offense greatly amusing them.

The leaders feeling pity for the man, he was offered several more chances to leave peacefully, but he would not hear of it. Materials were reluctantly sent for, and Loki began to show his many skills and crafts.

He was a tailor, and a swordsman, and an animal trainer. An acrobat, an astronomer, an astrologist. A philosopher, an alchemist, a juggler. He wasn't the best at most of them, but he was good at all of them.

Finally, after each skill (but a small fraction of all he knew) had been presented, he was allowed into the city proper. Joining the merry festival, Loki was quite glad he had decided to visit this backwards little Realm.

— end of "Loki Allcraft" —