



Banished

Norse Religion & Lore · Not Rated · 2961 words

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Prologue

I don't know much about actual Norse mythology, so I might get somethings wrong! Sorry. Please comment below if you see any mistakes! Thank you!

"You're sending me to earth?!" Loki complained, his voice laced with betrayal, as he stared into the eyes of his Blood brother.

Odin sighed, looking down at him "I'm sorry Laufeyson, but you are a danger to Asgard. Your children are a danger to Asgard. At least you may all be together now."

"You can't be serious! They are not a danger! They're children!" Loki glared at him. How *dare* he insult his children!

"This is the best option for everyone!" Odin promised, though Loki knew he was lying. He could always tell when someone was lying.

"You can't just turn us Human—"

"That's *enough* Loki!" Odin roared, rising from his throne. "Get your family ready. You shall leave at dawn!"

And that was why Loki spent the rest of the day saying goodbye to everyone with Sigyn, gathering his kids, and discussing Sleipnir with Svaðilfari, and getting things ready for them to leave. By the time everything was done it was already time to leave. Everyone came to see them off, either to say one last goodbye or to celebrate their punishment. Everyone, that is, except Odin.

And that is how Loki, Sigyn, Sleipnir, Fenrir, Jörmungandr, Hel, Nari and Váli left the land of Gods...

And how a family of the last name Larson showed up in a small town in Texas.

Chapter 1: Descriptions!

Explaining a bit about the characters' new identities (done from the perspective of a outsider). Probably a few weeks/months after they arrive? Not really part of the story, but useful!

Hel didn't have MPD, they literally had two souls, they're gods so it can happen. It was either this or a two-face thing, and I'd rather not have one of my characters be crazy, so...

PS: I have texture, length, then color. I am (now) aware that this is wrong. I don't care. I am leaving it (mostly to spite my sister/editor). Sorry if it is annoying.

Lue Larson was 41 years old. He was 5'7, had bright green eyes and curly, long, red hair. He was a man who constantly took on different jobs, being equally fine in all of them. He was a quite sly man, who loved pranks. He was very fun loving and happy, but also seemed quite wise at times. He was the father of seven, six of which being the children of his wife, Susan.

Susan Larson was 40 years old. She was 6'0, had blue eyes and straight, long, black hair. She was kind and calm, though could be furious when it came to defending her children. She liked cooking and knitting. She was a nurse. She was the wife of Lue, and the mother of six of his children.

The oldest child was Sylvester, who was 19 years old. He was 6'3, with green eyes and straight, shoulder-length, blonde hair. He was friendly, and often clumsy, but could also seem very regal at times. No one knew who his mother was, besides the fact that it wasn't Susan. He was the go-to babysitter in his area, and all the kids liked him.

The second oldest was Finn, who was 17 years old. He was 6'2 and fit, with green eyes and curly, short, black hair. He wore lots of black, and spent most of his time at either a coffee shop or the gym. He would disappear at night, and was occasionally seen chasing squirrels. He had a vicious rivalry with the mailman.

The third oldest was Alexander, who most called Xander, who was 16 years old. He stood at 6'0 and was thin with green eyes and long, black hair with dyed blue tips, which he often kept in a ponytail. He was a very introspective boy, who loved art and snakes. Many believed that he was likely one of the ones doing graffiti in the area, but he was helpful and responsible, so no one said anything.

The middle two were Hannah and Helene, a pair of Siamese twins, who were 15 years old. They were shorter than their brothers, but only by a few inches, standing at 5'6. Both of them had shoulder-length hair that curled like a bob at the bottom. Hannah, on the right, had black hair and green eyes. Helene, on the left, had white hair and blue eyes. They wore a lot of blue and white, and both were very fond of chess. Helene was quite interested in being a doctor, and Hannah was very interested in history. They usually wore a blue and white winter coat, as they ran cold.

The youngest two were Nickolas and Victoria, who went by Nicky and Vicki, a pair of twins, who were 10 years old. Nicky was a boy, and Vicki was a girl. They were both 4'3, had green eyes, bright orange hair, and round glasses. Nicky's hair was short and

curly. Vicki's hair was long and curly. They were both very quiet and calm, and loved reading. Vicki rather enjoyed making bracelets and drawing. Nicky liked architecture and climbing trees. While they were usually very peaceful, during the three days of the full moon they would often chase small animals and run around very energetically, during those three nights they would also be impossible to find.

Chapter 2: Crop circle

The actual story!

I'm pretty sure I didn't get that accent right. Oh well.
Welcome to Texas, Larson family!

Loki felt the air around him change and everything went black. The next thing he knew he was standing in a field looking at unfamiliar faces, all talking at once.

"Wher-where are we?"

"Mother, mother! I only have two legs!"

"My fangs are gone! My fur's gone!"

"I-I have legs! I can't slither!"

"I can't hear my other hal- AH! WE HAVE TWO HEADS?!"

"Who are you?"

"What are you?"

"Everyone! Calm down," Loki said, looking at his family "Váli is right. We need to figure out who everyone is."

"Well, I'm Sigyn. And we already know who the twins are," his wife's soft voice had said. She had been right, Nari and Vali had (besides now having glasses) changed the least out of all of them, which was fair, as they had already looked mostly Human. Sigyn also hadn't exactly needed to address herself, she was nearly exactly the same, though maybe she'd been doing it for the kids' sake, some of which were now getting used to new eyes.

"Everyone else, identity yourself." Loki said, looking around at his family.

"Sleipnir here!" one boy said, his hair straight, long, and blond. Loki could very much see the resemblance to the clumsy foal he had birthed.

"Jörmungandr, reporting for duty!" came another. His lanky body and dyed-looking blue tipped hair did make him look rather like a snake...

"I have no fangs nor fur," the third boy said annoyed. His hair was short, black, and messy, and he was wearing almost entirely black. For some reason they had all appeared fully clothed in outfits that seemed to rather fit them, this was odd as not all of them had even been wearing clothes, but probably for the best.

"We know who Fenrir is." Jörmungandr smirked.

"We're Hel," Loki heard a voice say, behind him, and then another slightly different voice said, "We have two heads." As Loki turned around he learned his middle child did, in fact, have two heads. Well... This was odd... Hel had always been a creature of two souls, but two heads? Loki, of course, didn't have a problem with this. On another occasion he would have found it quite amusing! But he had thought Odin had turned them more Human...

"And doubly beautiful they are sweethearts!" Loki praised, as he has found himself quiet for a bit too long.

"She's Siamese twins!" Sigyn declared delightedly.

"What twins?" Fenrir had asked, looking at his mother.

"Siamese twins!" she said again, picking up their daughter(s).

"It's a human thing! It means when two bodies are connected, usually from twins merging while in the womb. It's very unique!" She smiled down at their two-headed beauty.

"Hmm, sounds like an Ettin with more steps, but okay," joked Jörmungandr.

"Um," Sleipnir raised his hand, looking around, "can we go back to Nari's question of where are we?"

Everyone looked around. They were standing in the middle of a crop circle, because Gods are not subtle. Everything was cornfield, as far as Loki could see.

"Look," his beloved Sigyn pointed far into the distance, "a road!" As Loki squinted his eyes he could, in fact, see a small line that seemed to be a trail.

"Well then, let's go!" Loki grinned, leading his family towards the distant sign of civilization.

After they had been walking for what seemed like hours they finally got to the road, and after walking for what felt like an eternity they finally came across a man. He was riding a horse and wearing a cowboy hat.

"Excuse me sir," Loki greeted, as the man dismounted his steed, "we seem to be a bit lost, may I ask, what country are we currently in?"

"Y'all really are lost!" the man laughed, thankfully not having seen Sleipnir, who had been whispering excitedly to the mare. "Y'all's in tha mighty US of A!"

"Oh Norns," Loki muttered, then louder, "And, uh, what state exactly?"

"Why, we in Texas, oh course!" The man used his hands to gesture to the area around them, smiling.

Loki, however, did not smile. He and his family looked at each other with differing levels of dismay, aside from Sleipnir of course, who had been distracted, excitedly whispering to his new friend.

"Odin, what have you done!" Loki ran a hand down his face, inwardly cursing his Blood brother.

"Nope. No. I'm going home!" Fenrir stated, trying to head back the way they'd come. Jörmungandr quickly grabbed his hand, stopping him from leaving.

"Y'all came from over the border, didn't y'all?" asked the increasingly more confused man. He looked around at them, finally noticing Sleipnir cooing at the man's horse.

"Sleip." Loki shook his head at his oldest, who stepped back into the group. "Uh, yes, you could say that."

"Ah well, as long as ya don' go 'round sayin' it, no one oughta know," the man said, though he didn't seem so sure. "I got some room in ma farm, if y'all's need somewhere tah stay?"

"Oh, thank you sir! We would ever grateful for the hospitality!" said Sigyn, smiling gratefully.

"Oh course! Farmer Jack!" he said, holding out his hand.

Loki took it, smiling. "Nice to meet you sir! I'm Lo-" With a warning look from his wife, he quickly corrected, "Lue! Lue Larson! And this is my wife, Susan!" he added, as Sigyn took the farmer's hand also.

"Ah pleasure ta meet'ya Mrs. an' Mr. Larson! I'll go get ma truck, then I'll take y'all to tha farm!" the farmer said, heading back to his house. "Ya adults can ride in tha front wit' ma, but tha young'ons gotta sit in tha back though."

"Thank you sir!" Loki said, as the man road off.

"I think she likes me!" Sleipnir said, looking after the mare.

"Like mother, like son." Fenrir laughed.

Loki sighed, as the rest of his kids, and his wife, joined in with his second eldest.

Chapter 3: By Any Other Name

The Larson's need new names. But what shall they be?

After the farmer had returned, they all went back to his farm in his 'pickup truck', which Loki's kids would later describe as the most terrifying experience of their lives. After having a lovely dinner with the farmer and his family (his wife Betty, son John, and daughter Mable), they were taken to the attic of the barn. There they laid on hay, and listened to the animals below them. It wasn't perfect, but Loki found it quite homie.

Loki looked at his family. He looked at his eldest, laying by the edge, looking down below at his apparent horse-crush. That did seem to be something that ran in his DNA. Which was... Fun. He would have to talk to him about it later.

He looked at his second son, curled up, pretending to sleep.

And at his third son, wrapped around the former like the serpent he used to be. It would take a while for any of them to get used to being Human, but it would be a lot more difficult for those three, Loki knew.

He looked at his newly two-headed daughter(s), sitting in the corner and quietly whispering to one another. It was surprising how easily they had gotten used to that.

His two youngest children were sitting cross-legged, and reading books that nice John boy had lent them. The farmer family really was weirdly generous, and didn't seem to care how bizarre Loki and his family were.

Finally his gaze moved to his wife, who was laying against his chest as he stroked her hair. She looked worried, which was fair. They were in a very odd situation. How could they live as Humans? Loki wondered if they could even pass as humans, for more than a day. What would happen if the Humans found out?

This train of thought led Loki to a decision.

"We need names," Loki suddenly said, quietly enough that not even the cows could hear, but loud enough that his family could.

"We have names." Fenrir opened one eye slightly, looking at him.

Loki shook his head slightly, "No, I mean *Human* names. Like me and your mom being 'Lue' and 'Susan'."

"Your father's right," Sigyn said, sitting up a bit and leaning her head against Loki's shoulder as he adjusted with her, "We can't go around using the names of Gods. People may get suspicious. Besides, we'll need a second name for Hel."

After a moment of thought, Fenrir said, "I'll be Finn, then. With two Ns." And closed his eyes again.

"I like Hannah," said Hel's right head.

"Helene still has 'Hel' in it," came her left, shrugging.

"You don't have to decide now. Take the night to think about it," Sig- Susan said.

So they all laid down and thought about what the future may hold.

When everyone woke up the next morning, the first thing Loki's youngest son said was, "we have given it a lot of thought, and we have decided that I will be Nickolas and Váli shall be Victoria."

"Nicky and Vicki for short," came his youngest daughter, smiling. Loki was quite sure when they had the time to decide this, as they had both been silently reading until they went to sleep. But he had learned long ago that, when it came to twins, there would be many things he'd never truly understand. Loki was very proud of the fact his children seemed to have such strange powers.

"Lovely choices indeed!" his wife said, smiling at their children.

Loki looked over to his eldest, who was trying to figure out how to brush his hair. Honestly, Humans did need so much *maintenance*! "Have you chosen your title yet, Sleip?"

"Not yet," His son frowned, dealing with a particularly difficult knot, "I just haven't been able to find one that fits..."

"Don't worry yourself too much darling," said Susan, taking the brush, and helping Sleip with his hair, "it took us *months* to pick your siblings' names. And I'm sure it took Loki just as long to pick yours."

Loki nodded, though it wasn't entirely true. He *had* spent his entire pregnancy trying to find the right name for his son, he really had! But, well... Though Loki would never admit it, he was about as good at picking names as he was at magic. In the end, he had only been able to name his son when he saw how *clumsy* he was, he reminded him of a kitten trying to ice skate, and Loki meant that in the best way possible. Loki was

forever grateful that none of them had mentioned the fact that he had technically just picked his middle name to go by.

"I wanna be Xander, short for Alexander," his third son said, absentmindedly, as he put his somehow already brushed hair in a ponytail.

"What, why? That sounds nothing like Jörmungandr!" came Fenr- Finn, incredulously, looking up from a map.

"They both end in a 'ander' sound. Besides, I like Xander." Shrugged Xander.

"No! You have to pick something starting with J or with its sound!" his second son complained. Then, pointing at a spot on his map he added, "What about Jordan? Jordan sounds nice."

"Your brother can pick whatever name he wants. Xander is a lovely name," Loki said proudly. He quite liked the odd name. It was very different and similar to his old one, in different ways. Quite unique indeed.

"Fine. I apologize. I suppose it does fit you brother." Finn sighed. He looked to his older brother and asked, "Will you be keeping your S initial?"

Sleipnir thought for a moment, then said, "I do like the sound. Yes, whatever name I choose will start with an S."

Loki had heard his eldest repeating different names to himself throughout the night, regardless of what they began with. He doubted his son was really stuck on the letter, as much as he just wanted to make his brother happy. Loki had always been so proud of his son for how much he cared about his siblings. Of course, if he was going to pick a name he didn't like, just for someone else's sake, Loki would stop him. But Loki really did think this would simply help him narrow down his choices.

Just then, they heard the sound of the barn door open, then farmer Jack's voice called up, "Mornin" y'all! Ma wife made flapjacks for breakfast, if y'all wanna join us?"

"We would love to join you," Loki's wife responded, "we'll be down in just a moment!"

As they heard the barn door close, Loki looked at his oldest son. "If you're sure about keeping the same initials, then let's stick with calling you S.L. until you decide?"

"Works for me." Sleipnir shrugged.

And that was the end of that, for the time being.
So everyone quickly finished getting ready and headed down to eat.

— end of "Banished" —