



The Silvers

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Loki and Sigyn rescue their children and go into hiding as a human family, partially to prevent Ragnarok but mostly just to save their kids.

Read on to see the Silver family, perfectly normal humans, as they adapt to life together on modern Midgard.

DISCONTINUED! I find this work poorly done and a little creepy, so it will not be completed. However, a reboot is planned and in progress. When and if I start writing that reboot, it will be the next fic in this series.

Starting off with a brief timeline and changes I've made to the some myths, though they aren't entirely concrete and may be contradicted by later chapters. Just like real mythology!

Chapter 1: Timeline

When Loki was young (not a child, more like the equivalent of twenty-something), the whole thing with the giant and the wall happened.

(The wall around the God city is broken, giant offers to fix it if he gets a whole lotta really important things the gods can't give up, Loki tells the gods to agree to the deal but only if the giant can get it done in an impossibly short amount of time -- they'll get part of the wall fixed and won't have to pay, but the giant has a magic horse that helps him and has nearly completed the wall, Loki is blamed and threatened, Loki turns into a female horse and lures the magic horse away, comes back and gives birth to an eight-legged horse named Sleipnir -- The Slippery)

He is relatively inexperienced with Shapeshifting, gets overwhelmed by his new instincts, and gets pregnant without meaning to. Despite the weird way it happened, Loki loves Sleipnir, but feared for the foal's life; would the gods kill him for having a giant's monster as a sire? So he distracted them by giving Sleipnir to Odin as a 'sorry-my-

plan-nearly-got-us-all-destroyed' present, drawing their attention away from his first-born's past.

Sleipnir is energetic and highly excitable. One of his abilities is to walk between worlds like another would a normal road, at speeds faster than any other. He doesn't always have the most common sense, is very honest and open, and loves nearly everything. But one would be a fool to forget that he is the spawn of a Trickster God.

When he was older, Loki married an Aesir woman named Sigyn Angrboda who was secretly half-giant and a sorceress. Elf, Aesir, and two different sorts of Giant DNA mixed, all wrapped up in the powerful magic of his wife. This resulted in three very unusual children.

1. Fenrir The Wolf -- a giant wolf who grew quickly and was prophesized to begin Ragnarok (the end of the gods). He bonded with one of the Aesir, but was betrayed and imprisoned, so bit the God's hand off in a bitter revenge. He is friendly, but slow to trust, with a gentleness that comes from his ferocity rather than in spite of it.

2. Jörmungandr The Serpent -- another giant child whose growth was swift, this time in the form of a Snakeman. He was thrown into the Midgardian sea for trying to save his brother, doomed to wander alone and half-blind. Over time, he became something of a researcher/traveler, fascinated with the changing world around him. He is giant, but much smaller than the myths say.

3. Hela The Maiden -- cast out nearly as soon as she was born, she is not as giant or beastly as her older brothers. In fact, she is a beautiful maiden with soft features and a kind smile -- on one side of her body. The other half is monstrous and changing, with fang and claw and cracking skin. She was sent to the Realm Of The Dead, turning herself into its queen through wits and willpower. She is snarky and sweet, deadpan and emotional, kind and selfish, entitled and humble -- sometimes, it is as if she is really two people, stuck sharing a body.

Upset about the fate of their children, Loki and Sigyn began to plot a way to save them. They vowed to never again have children, unwilling to make their own burden harder by adding more terrible fates to prevent.

But sometimes things don't go according to plan. Sigyn had one last pregnancy, resulting in twins, a boy and a girl. The twins looked precisely as Aesir should, nothing beastly about them, and so the gods warily let them be.

But they were not regular Aesir, for Narfi (the boy) could understand all the living things in the Nine Realms, while Váli (the girl) inherited her mother's sorcery. Narfi developed an interest in cloth, learning the arts of weaving and sewing. This helped when

his sister accidentally turned herself half-wolf, as he could make garments that hid her new appearance.

Eventually, after many centuries, the trap was sprung. Loki and Sigyn managed to rescue each of their children, spiriting them away to a location unknown by Odin and his Ravens. (The Ravens know, they just want to give the family a chance).

Meanwhile, in a small American town, a new family moves in. Lukas Silver and his wife Sienna Andrea Silver have six children.

1. Sylvester 'Sly' Silver -- a sharp-boned mid-twenty-something boy who looks at life as if everything is a fun game.

2. Phineas 'Finn' Silver -- an early-twenty-something boy who wouldn't look out of place on a football team, he's a gentle giant who is carefree but protective.

3. Jordan Silver -- a barely-adult nerd who seems like an emo at first glance, but has a zest for life. He is a scientist who loves travel and inventing, happily covered in scars and burns from various experiments/accidents.

4. Helena Gemini Silver -- a snarky teenager who may have mental issues, she's a kind girl who always wants to help. Her sense of identity is fragile, but she maintains it through daily routine and consistency of appearance.

5. Nicholas 'Nicky' Silver -- a sweet boy with a strong interest in fashion and animals. His hobbies include training mice, watching television, sewing, cooking, hiking, and camping.

6. Victoria 'Vicki' Silver -- a clever girl with a strong interest in martial arts and old books. Her hobbies include studying, watching television, gymnastics, cooking, hiking, and camping. She is definitely not a werewolf...

They are a regular old family, with nothing at all bizarre about them. Well, except their unusually deep hatred of birds...

Chapter 2: Body Image

Hela Lokidottir loved looking in mirrors.

Helena Gemini Silver avoided them.

Hel sorta has a split-personality? It's complicated.

Trigger Warning: Helena has a panic attack and is implied to have broken someone's nose, but nothing's really described. Oh, and identity issues, I suppose?

Hela Lokidottir loved looking in mirrors. It seemed strange to some, for they couldn't fathom why she'd want to be reminded how ugly half of her was.

But she didn't think she was ugly. The way her face split in the middle, pale Aesir skin meeting cracked and darkened Giant armor, glowing yellow orb parallel to sky blue eye. She was absolutely unique and beautiful, and both her selves thought it.

Helena Gemini Silver hated looking in mirrors. It seemed strange to some, unknowing why she wouldn't want to see her own beautiful face.

But she didn't think she was beautiful. She looked *wrong*, this face wasn't hers. Half of it was *missing*. It wasn't her face!

Really, it shouldn't have been that big of a deal. They all were in new bodies, most of them had changed much more than her, and none of them were avoiding mirrors.

But she couldn't stop thinking about it. Running her identical hands through purely blonde hair that covered an entirely symmetrical face. It wasn't her. Both her selves were stressed, their conflicts with themselves and others happening more frequently, more intensely.

What was wrong with her? Maybe she was just taking longer to adapt, and needed a bit more time. She'd be fine after a few weeks, one of her sides was sure. The other had doubts.

While everyone was busy learning how to fit in, dinner was always a family activity. They'd chat about their modern lives and try to catch up on the thousands of years spent apart. No one noticed that Helena only used her right hand, left firmly hidden beneath the table.

Clothes shopping was a fun activity, especially for Nicky. The whole family loved figuring out their own styles, their own unique ways of dress, especially considering half of them hadn't even worn clothes most of their lives. No one really paid attention to

how much skin Helena covered, or how she mismatched her gloves, though she got weird looks when she dived at a two-tone split jacket.

Yes, Helena thought she was doing a very good job at adapting. Well, half of her did, the other half kept cutting up their gloves. But it was fine, she was getting used to putting on her makeup without a mirror, and no one had really noticed her inner turmoil. Everything was going smoothly.

Until the spa. Her mother and her had been out walking when they saw it, and her mother had just insisted they try it. Helena had fun, it was nice being pampered (by living beings, no less!), and felt so relaxed that she let the workers put her in front of a large mirror. It honestly wasn't that bad, and she looked great, so maybe she could start looking at her reflection again-

Then they tried to move her hair, her hair she always kept covering half her face, and suddenly she could see where the line was missing. The place where pale skin didn't meet cracked scales, soft blue where glowing yellow should be, supple lips devoid of fangs.

She couldn't remember exactly what happened, but she remembers crying in a corner, one of the workers soothing another with a broken nose, her mother kneeling next to her and just holding her. Her selves argued about many things, but both were in agreement when she broke down and told her mother what she herself could barely understand.

She missed herself.

Telling her mother helped a surprising amount, and her family started making changes for her. Nicky cut all her clothes, sewing the wrong halves back together. Finn moved every mirror so one couldn't look in them by mistake, while Jordan and Vicki studied psychology books to help her. No one mentioned her looks if they could avoid it, unless they were making sure to point out something that didn't quite match.

It helped, it really did, even if it didn't fix everything. It was more than she expected, and it made it happy. Even if she still looked in the mirror some days and just looked wrong.

Birthdays were tricky. Thousands of years, separation, differing calendars, changing solar cycles, time dilation -- it just wasn't possible to point to a certain day and say that it was the same as when any of the Silvers were born. So they each just kinda picked a day.

Helena picked September 22, the Autumn Equinox, a time when Day and Night were equal. When the world was slowing down for its Winter rest, all was quiet and calm, and the days belonging to those that have passed are close but not yet begun.

It was when the shadows started opening up, and it was easy to talk to her old subjects -- her old friends --- from her old realm. A place she was banished to, but became her home.

It was her first birthday on Midgard, nearly nine months since they arrived, and she had no idea what to expect.

There was cake, balloons, presents, a party with the friends they'd made so far, and strange games such as one where you attempted to reattach a severed tail while temporarily blinded or one where you beat a fake animal until it releases its candy hoard while temporarily blinded. While she couldn't understand what Midgardians had against seeing, it was a lot of fun.

But the best thing of all was her mother's gift. It was late, after the party, when her mother entered her room. She wanted to show her something, promising to undo it if it was against her daughter's taste, and Helena agreed.

Her mother's magic washed over her, making her skin tingle and itch for a few minutes, yet still strangely comforting. She didn't know what had changed, for she didn't feel any different, until her mother convinced her to look in the mirror.

She screamed, high-pitched and inhuman, sounding every bit the Demon Queen she once was. It sent the rest of the family rushing in, half-asleep but ready to defend her, only to discover that no help was needed.

Half her face was covered in tattoos, swirling black and red to the point that her pale skin wasn't visible on the left side. Her left hand was matching, with nails grown and sharpened to resemble claws, while half her hair was dyed shock-white. It was subtle, but her left eye was a slightly different shape, bits of yellow peppered through the blue.

She actually cried, happy sorts of tears, as she stared at her reflection. Sure, it still wasn't the face she used to have, but it was a face that could become hers.

People stared at her on the streets, and she held herself proud as a queen, whereas before she'd scrunched herself out of sight.

She spent hours in front of the mirror, applying makeup and experimenting with her hair, or just lost in thought. Sometimes, her clothes were wild and showy to compliment her appearance, while others they were simple, drawing the eye to her unique features.

She wasn't Hela Lokidottir anymore, and might never be again. She was Helena Gemini Silver, daughter of Lukas and Sienna Andrea, and might always be.

Whoever else she was, she was the Split Maiden. And she was herself, both her selves, at last.

— end of "The Silvers" —