

# THE FLINT TRIBUNE

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Guest Opinion Writer

## Woden, the Wurm, and the Wyrd

By Vlendam Heid

Modern scholars scoff at many of the the traditional Drakrian views concerning society and the roles of organizing structures and the individuals who struggle underneath them. "All-Fatherism" has become the label to tar any appeal to values of heroism that once served humanoids well in the days of sorcery, chivalry, and romanticism. And I have been accused by my interlocutors of advocating and encouraging radical movements of communism as the solution to the unequal results of following hero mythology in the age of reason and industry, and that I have called for the end of this late stage capitalism that we now bear witness to in the docker marches and the unionization of individuals taking responsibility for the devastation of both proletariat freedom and our natural world by the robber barons of bourgeoisie. Let me say here in print for all the world to read: I denounce these materialist philosophies. Those who follow these collective action doctrines seek to unmake the world by opening the mouth of Jormungandr with their bare hands, thinking Ragnarok Now is preferable to struggling heroically as individuals to embody the Wyrd. The Ouroboros will someday break, and with it so will the world, but it is not this day, and those who seek to bring about fate before its time warp the fabric of reality with false wyrd.

During my book tour last Winter, fate handed me the solemn task of speaking for the dead in Trekholm after a train had come under a demonic assault in the Malice Lands. There I met an Orc, of the Berian Bourgeoisie, no less, who was at a loss for how to be a good man in spite of all of his wealth and success as a businessman. Another in the crowd asked what wisdom I'd have for a small child who had her parents ripped to pieces before her very eyes. I could only offer that in spite of this suffering, the girl must find meaning in the struggle against



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her own tragedy, that even though her parents were stolen from her, that it was now the challenge laid before her to make their deaths worth the sacrifice to save her life. Harsh wyrds, indeed, but such is the world, and there is nothing noble about the lie.

I closed with some ancient poetry that skalds say may be the Zeit-wyrd in these times of revolution:

"Some say the world will end in fire,

Some Say in ice.

From what I've tasted of desire,

I hold with those who favor fire.

But if it had to perish twice,

I think I know enough of hate to know that for destruction ice

Is also great

And would suffice."

To that, I'd like to now add that the Orc and his wife adopted that poor human child. Imagine if those who seek to feed the orphan on the coin of others took the responsibility upon themselves. Each humanoid, for their own part, seeking to be heroes instead of diffusing responsibility as a collective, and then othering a "villain" as the scourge in the way of Valhalla. For if ending another was the price of Valhalla, would any of us hesitate? What if ending many others was the price?

I leave you all with one last question, what if the only price for achieving Valhalla was ending oneself? I, for one, believe the hero can only vanquish the great evils of the world through willing sacrifice of himself, not the other, but the good of all is not good if the collective demand the unwilling sacrifice of the individual. To those who call for the proletariat to light the fires of revolution, to you I say in unequivocal terms, Vlendam Heid is not with you. You dialectic materialists, I am not with you. But also, to you Objectivist Materialists... I'm not with you either. My next epistle will be addressed to you, as I've already hinted here. "The way to embody the wyrd is narrow, and few walk on it," as the humble fisherman once spoke.

All things must come to an end. Make the all ends meaningful.