

## WOLFRIK AND THE MAGICAL BEAN

Thousands of years ago, when the wolves still howled and the gods ruled the world, there was a special magical piece of land. Nowadays, this piece of land is known as Kylmästo. The cold, beautiful, most Nordic country in the world.

Large forests, wild oceans, magical creatures, tiny animals and deep lakes, that is what Kylmästo's landscape looked like back then. Not as different as now, there is only one small difference. The magical bean and the howling wolf of Kylmästo. Both intriguing and fascinating. But why exactly?

Legend has it that a real werewolf once existed in Kylmästo. People have named the creature Wolfrik, the king of wolves. Cast out by the gods and banished to earth. He was supposed to be the god of thunder and lightning, but he never lived up to his name in the kingdom of the gods.

His appearance was strong, but his voice was gentle. Too gentle. Squealing would never cause thunder and lightning thought the gods. If he could complete the quest on earth, they would welcome him back into the kingdom as Wolfrik, the god of all thunderstorms.

On earth he was on his own, no assistance of any kind, simply a quest. The only thing present on land was snow, a few spots of barren grass and a giant lake filled with ice cold water. He had to fulfil a task of life given to him by the gods.

It went as follows: "Go in seeking of the magic bean of life, give life and resurrect. Go to the far end of the land, cave, good things happen to those who do the right thing."

There he went, not knowing what the words meant. He had to plant a bean and give life at the same time? Or rather give life to a bean? He was confused. He went to the far end of Kylmästo.

After days and nights of walking, various nocturnal transformations and a long search he found a cave in the mountains. Cave? Here he had to find answers. There was no other way.

He waited until nightfall, put on his tracker's nose and went further into the cave.

Against the wall of the cave he found a wounded animal. Small, grey and scared. It was a little mouse. He remembered the words he had received days ago.

"Good thing happen to those who do the right thing."

He carefully picked up the injured little fellow. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you", he howled. The mouse looked frightened, did the werewolf really make the same sound as him?

Like a mouse? Howling like a mouse, this was unseen.

But it was a blessing in disguise. They were able to communicate with each other.

Before they both realised it, the sun had come up and it was morning. Wolfrik took back his human form. He prayed to the gods and managed to save the life of the innocent little mouse.

Valter the mouse looked at him and said: "This was a test Wolfrik, you have succeeded. I have the magical bean for you, plant it and believe in the future, in the life of the human race. Give them the lungs to survive on earth. Then you will be welcomed back into the realm of the gods, as the god of thunder.

You will give life to the lungs from above. Your water will make them live, be proud. Being different is a gift, not a curse. Embrace it and find your own way in life. You are unique, there is no one like you.

Good luck my saviour."

That is what Wolfrik did. He planted the bean in a pile of wet soil. One millisecond later, millions of trees began to grow. He had given the earth lungs, he of all people. Who would ever have dared to dream that. From then on the mountains of Kylmästo had beautiful pines, different mosses, large forests, low bushes...

Wolfrik was happy. He did not have to be ashamed of his voice, he was unique. So unique that he created life in Kylmästo. Just as unique as any of us.

The gods brought him back to the kingdom, from that moment on he was the god of thunder. Not much later humankind settled in the forests of Kylmästo, they lived there in peace with the beautiful, gracious wolf. Both were a creation of the god Wolfrik himself.

The bleak, chilly, squeaking winds that are now raging through Kylmästo in winter are said to be the result of the ancient werewolf, Wolfrik, howling like a mouse from the kingdom of the gods.

This legend contains several life lessons, which ones those are?  
I leave that entirely up to you to decide.