

APPENDIX I

No.	Dialog	Discursive Move	Derogation Function
1.	<p>Kratos: “Very well. I expect an improvement.”</p> <p>Atreus: “So where’s the other half of the brand?”</p> <p>Brok: “Oh, my dumb brother’s got it. But I got all the talent. Look! Let’s get to it! Try that on for size... What’s it gonna be? Make you something? See if that don’t shoot straighter than straight... Oh, you make up yer mind?”</p>	Actor Description	Showing Distaste
2.	<p>Atreus: “Ew. I’m not as interested as I thought. Brok...”</p> <p>Brok: “Fuck else you need...?”</p> <p>Atreus: “How come you brother’s got half your brand?”</p> <p>Brok: “Cause I ain’t in a workin’ relationship with that foot-licker no more. I wasn’t about to let him use it without me and he likewise- only thing to do we split the brand, fifty-fifty down the middle. Guess that was the last thing we saw eye to eye on.”</p>	Actro Description	Showing Distaste
3.	<p>Kratos: “You break right. Find an angle. Wait for my mark.”</p> <p>Atreus: “Thank you. Hey ugly!”</p>	Actor Description	Insulting/Taunting or Sharpening the

	<p>Over here! You okay?” Sindri: “For now!” <i>[Kratos begins to fight the dragon. When the dragon understands he cannot defeat Kratos, he switches to Atreus.]</i> Kratos: “Boy! Are you okay?” Atreus: “Yeah!”</p>		Insult
4.	<p>Brok: “Good. All better. Know what the fuck else you want, huh? ‘Times he gets so wrapped up in his work, Sindri hasn’t the sense to sip or sup. And if he does remember, good luck getting him to cook his own meat. Guess I got all the stomach in the family, along with the smarts.” Atreus: “You miss him.” Brok:” What? That spit-fister? Whatta you know...” Atreus:” I just mean-“ Brok: “Hey, do you mind? Trying to concentrate here. Already on a break from my break...”</p>	Actor Description	Showing Distaste
5.	<p>Atreus: “We’re looking for a whetstone. Have you seen it?” Spirit: “Aye. There was one in this room. My son sharpened his dagger on it, right before stabbing me in the back.” Atreus: “What?” Spirit: “Little bastard thought it</p>	Actor Description	Expressinnng Anger/Irritation

	<p>was his turn to lead my crew. I was hard on him, sure, (sigh). Guess I shouldn't be surprised. I did the same thing to my dad when I was his age.”</p> <p>Atreus: “He killed his own father?”</p> <p>Kratos: “Where is he now?”</p> <p>Spirit: “Ha! He may be a bastard, but he's MY bastard. You'll never get no help from me, fool.”</p> <p>Kratos: “When his dagger will help.”</p> <p>Spirit: “Hey! That's mine! HEY!”</p>		
6.	<p>Atreus: “I guess that makes sense. Sindri, why don't you just make up with your brother already?”</p> <p>Sindri: “Me? Make up with him? Because he is obstinate pig-head, incapable of change. Because he says the most horrible things about me, just because he's insecure about his own work - which, let me tell you, is sub-par. Because he blames me for - for the things that aren't my fault!”</p> <p>Atreus: “Huh? Like what?”</p> <p>Sindri: “Would you pardon me please? I'd like to collect myself.”</p>	Actor Description	Expressing Anger/Irritation
7.	<p>Atreus: “I always knew Odin was</p>	Actor Description	Delivering

	<p>bad. But that’s just...”</p> <p>Mimir: “Ruthless? Barbaric? Heartless? That’s Odin. In fact, we would do well to sit here in silence for the next few moments and reflect on Odin’s capacity for cruelty. And so-“</p> <p>Kratos: “Reflect longer. Boy.”</p>		Information
8.	<p>Kratos: “Athena... Get out of my head.”</p> <p><i>[Coming home, he pulls out from the basement his legendary blades wrapped in Greek fabric. Kratos with an uneasy heart touches them carefully. His chain wounds whine with pain. Athena appears in the doorway.]</i></p> <p>Spirit of Athena: “There’s nowhere you can hide, Spartan. Put as much distance between you and the truth as you want, it changes nothing. Pretend to be everything you are not... teacher... husband... father... but there is one unavoidable truth you will never escape: You cannot change. You will always be a monster.”</p> <p><i>[Kratos equips his blades.]</i></p> <p>Kratos: “ I know. But I am your monster no longer.”</p>	Actor Description	Insulting/Taunting or Sharpening the insult

9.	<p>Freya: "I'll try but measures were taken to keep me trapped in Midgard." Kratos: "Why?"</p> <p>Freya : "The God don't care for me much." Atreus: "Is this it?" Freya : "This temple has been asleep, underwater, for almost a hundred and fifty winters. It needs only the light of the Bifröst to reawaken."</p>	Authority	Delivering Information
10.	<p>Baldur: "How I feel? How I feel?! I spent the last one hundred years dreaming of this moment. I've rehearsed everything I ever wanted to say to you, every word, to make you understand exactly what you stole from me. But now I realise... I don't need you to understand anything. I don't need you at all." Freya:" No! Back off, Kratos. This has nothing to do—" Kratos: "This path you walk... vengeance. You will find no peace. I know." Baldur: "You... I'll deal with you later. But family first."</p>	Emphaty	Expressing Anger Or Irritation

11.	<p>Baldur : “You’ve seen it with your own eyes; you can’t hurt me. Nothing can. This fight is pointless. Your struggle is pointless. It didn’t have to be this way.”</p> <p><i>[Kratos gets out of the crack, but the baldur kicks him to the other side. Kratos's strength is coming to an end.]</i></p> <p>Baldur :” Pathetic. You can’t win. I feel nothing, but you... you feel everything. Yet you, you keep trying. I’m not my brother. (Kratos regenerates some of his health) And if you’d given me what I wanted, it wouldn’t have ended this way. But no...”</p> <p><i>[He flies to Kratos to strike a fatal blow, but Kratos dodges.]</i></p>	Self Glorification	Insulting/Taunting Or Sharpening the insult
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<p>12.</p>	<p>Baldur: “Let’s finish this.” <i>[The third phase of the fight begins.]</i> Baldur: “Can’t beat me! COME ON! I feel NOTHING! NOTHING! WORTHLESS! PITIFUL! I will end you!” <i>[Kratos grabs the Stranger, throws him on the ground and begins to choke.]</i> Baldur: “I’d hoped that you, of everyone I’d faced, would finally make me feel something. But you can’t.” <i>[Kratos snaps his neck and throws the body into the crack, after which he barely gets back on his feet and goes to the house.]</i></p>	<p>Self Glorification</p>	<p>Insulting/Taunting or Sharpening the Insult</p>
<p>13.</p>	<p>Mimir: “He doesn’t know what you are...” Kratos: “And I would keep it that way. Who are you?” Mimir: “Me? I’m the greatest ambassador to the gods, the Giants, and all the creatures of the Nine Realms. I know every corner of these lands, every language spoken, every war waged, every deal struck. They call me... Mimir! -smartest man alive, and I have the answer to your every question.” Kratos: “Why does the son of</p>	<p>Self Glorification</p>	<p>Delivering Information</p>

	Odin hunt us?!"		
14.	<p>Kratos: "What do you want?"</p> <p>The Stranger: "Oh, you already know the answer to that."</p> <p>Kratos: "Whatever it is you seek I do not have it. You should move on."</p> <p>Baldur : "Hahaha. And here I thought your kind was supposed to be so enlightened. So much better than us. So much smarter. And yet you hide out here in the woods - like a coward."</p> <p>Kratos: "You do not want this fight."</p>	Polarization Us- Them Categorization	Insulting/Taunting Or Sharpening the insult, Criticizing

15.	<p><i>[He punches Baldur and throws him to the gate's ark.]</i></p> <p>Atreus: NO!!!! You broke the gate! That was our only way to Jötunheim!</p> <p>Baldur: Oh, you stupid son of a bitch!</p> <p>Kratos: Get out of here, boy!</p> <p>Baldur: Yes... by all means, junior, run away. Let daddy do the all the heavy lifting for you.</p> <p><i>[Atreus runs to Baldur, but Kratos stops him.]</i></p>	Actor Description	Expressing Anger, Accusing Or Blaming
16.	<p><i>[They go to the mountain, on top of which are the gates to Jötunheim.]</i></p> <p>Atreus: Mimir... If you knew all along that we were gods, why come up with that story about Odin trying to follow us to Jötunheim before we get there, or whatever? Isn't it a lot simpler if they want us dead because we're gods, and they think we're a threat?</p> <p>Mimir: I suppose we can't rule it out. But Odin's ways are subtle and his purposes are-</p> <p>Atreus: (impatiently) Ugh, enough about Odin and his whole stupid family.</p> <p><i>[They walk up the stairs to the peak of the mountain. Peals of thunder are getting louder. A piece of rock breaks off and falls]</i></p>	Populism	Expressing anger/irritation

	<i>right in the path of the heroes.]</i>		
17.	<p><i>[The rain clouds begin to assemble...]</i></p> <p>Atreus: (screams) Yeah! We're sick of hearing about little people's little problems!</p> <p><i>[A thunder is heard.]</i></p> <p>Sindri: Umm, alright... That hurt a little. Let's have a look at your gear then.</p> <p><i>[They gear up and leave.]</i></p> <p>Kratos: Why did you speak to the dwarf like that?</p> <p>Atreus: Aren't you sick of hearing about him and his brother?</p>	Norm Expression	Satirizing
18.	<p><i>[At Brok's workshop.]</i></p> <p>Brok: Hey, look who's back up and about. Didn't I tell you he'd be fine?</p> <p>Kratos: What do you want, Dwarf?</p> <p>Brok: I got another lead on my ol' pal Andvari. Meet me at the Landsuther Mines? There's sum fancy-dancy loot in it for you.</p> <p>Atreus: Another lead? But we already found him... Well... found his hand, anyways.</p>	Actor Description	Insulting or taunting
19.	Brok: What? Hey! You reek of	Actor Description	Showing Distaste

	<p>foreign magick. Sweet Nanna's nethers, what are those...? I have never seen the like... That's you be a family heirloom...</p> <p>Kratos: NO. Nor will it ever be.</p> <p>Brok: Son, my brother and me created Mjöltnir for the big idiot... I know from quality. And them... them's special. I say, where's the little turd?</p> <p>Kratos: He has fallen ill.</p> <p>Brok: No... What happened? Aesir?</p>		
20.	<p><i>[He shot at Modi but it just make him angrier.]</i></p> <p>Kratos: AARRRGH!</p> <p>Modi: Wow, are you dumb. That your father's doing or did you get it from your mom? She stupid and ugly?</p> <p>Atreus: Shut up!</p> <p><i>[He's trying to attack Modi with a knife. Modi dodges and hits Atreus with his shield.]</i></p> <p>Atreus: You don't... know anything... about my mother.</p>	Actor Description	Insulting/Taunting Or Sharpening the insult
21.	<p>Atreus: Stop it!</p> <p>Kratos: Boy! Stay focused.</p> <p>Modi: The small one is mine. Cry for mommy, boy. What - did mommy not feed you enough? Too ugly to let you suck on her-</p> <p>Atreus: SHUT UP, YOU</p>	Example Or Illustration	Insulting or taunting

	<p>BASTARD!!! Kratos: Atreus! Magni: I got the runt. HRYAA!</p>		
22.	<p>Spirit: I can smell you grief, child... Rest assured, her magic is strong enough to create bridges between life and death... If only for a short while. Kratos: Boy! We're leaving. Spirit: They've taken three of sweat Gullveig's bones, and spread them across the lake. Bring me her bones, child! Gullveig will reward you! Atreus: Father... maybe we should look for those bones? Kratos: Why. Atreus: Didn't you hear him? We could talk to Mom again. If we keep an eye out while we- Kratos: Look if you wish, boy! I will not be distracted by this fool's errand. <i>[They board the boat.]</i></p>	Actor Description	Showing Evidence
23.	<p>Atreus: Oh. Okay. At least we're getting closer to the light. Another cipher piece! I'll see what I can fit together. Wait... is that Sindri? Kratos: How are you here before us, dwarf? We were told our path was the only one between realms.</p>	Actor Description	Showing Evidence

	<p>Sindri: It may be the only way for you to travel. But we dwarves are full of surprises.</p> <p>Kratos: That is not an answer.</p>		
24.	<p>Atreus: It was nice meeting you, Brok. I'll be thinking of a name for your beast.</p> <p>Brok: How 'bout I name her "fucking gratitude"? Hey! Fucking Gratitude - come over here! I like it!</p> <p><i>[Kratos decides to buy some new equipment one last time.]</i></p> <p>Brok: Alright, what'dja break? Good to see you sweatin' the details. Wear it proudly ya sumbitch! Was that all there is...? Hey watch your 'hinds in there! That place can bust you up real good.</p> <p>Atreus: Uh...</p> <p>Kratos: This way.</p>	Actor Description	Showing Distaste

25.	<p>Baldur: You help me, I help you. Tell me where they are and I'll talk to Odin-</p> <p>Mimir : Your father won't let me go, Baldur, and he won't let you kill me. You have nothing to offer me. Do take your questions, take your threats, take this two worthless wankers, and piss off.</p> <p>Modi : When no one's looking... we'll be back for your other eye.</p> <p>Magni : Don't you forget... we're everywhere.</p> <p>Modi : We really are, aren't we?</p> <p>Baldur: Shut up, you idiots. Let's go.</p> <p>Mimir : Ahhh... the very topic of conversation... a tattooed man traveling with a child.</p>	Actor description	Insulting or taunting
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26.	<p>Baldur: More! More! More! Show me more! Pain! It's WONDERFUL! Hahahahaha! More! I never know how much FUN this could be! Hahahahaha! More! More! More! Show me more!</p> <p><i>[Kratos throws an axe at him, cutting his shoulder joint. The axe returns to Kratos and he runs to finish off Baldur. Meanwhile, Freya's giving Thamur a new order. He takes out a piece of the handle from which he died and attacks Kratos.]</i></p> <p>Freya: Nnngghhh.... NO!!! Baldur: MOTHER!!! I'LL KILL YOU!!!</p> <p><i>[He begins to climb the handle. Kratos follows him.]</i></p>	Actor Description	Expressing anger/Irritation
27.	<p>Atreus: Uh... these runes read 'Death inside'. So... Brok and his friend was Dwarven like him, wearing a green ring.</p> <p>Kratos: Look if you wish. I will be gathering resources for our journey.</p> <p>Atreus: You don't want to help him?</p> <p>Kratos: No.</p> <p>Atreus: Why not?</p> <p>Kratos: Because I do not run errands for dwarves.</p>	Actor Description	Delivering Information

	Atreus: Oh.		
28.	<p><i>[They're starting to fight, but Kratos is getting the upper hand.]</i></p> <p>Kratos: (dealing crushing blows) STAY! AWAY! FROM! MY! SON!</p> <p>Baldur: Weak! YOU WON'T STOP ME! I WILL break you!</p> <p><i>[An epic battle on the dragon's back takes place. Eventually, Baldur manages to kick Kratos off the dragon. He lands and runs to the gates between worlds.]</i></p> <p>Brok: Who's activated the bridge? Hey! I asked you a question—</p> <p>Baldur: Too late, it's locked in. And when the bridge opens, the full weight of Asgard will come crashing down on you. It's over.</p>	Self Glorification	Insulting/Taunting Or Sharpening the insult
29.	<p><i>[The elephant begins to walk slowly.]</i></p> <p>Brok: (to Kratos) Say... you're not gonna believe me but uh... that axe you got, uh? It was me what made her - me and my brother. Was one of our best. So don't let nobody else go work on her except for us two. (the elephant slaps him with her tail) AAACH! You gotta handle her special or she'll wreck beyond</p>	Actor Description	Insulting or Taunting

	<p>fixin'. I can enhance her for you right now if it so pleases you son of bitch. So what say you? (slaps the elephant) HAA! Kratos: You are right... I do not believe you. Come, boy. Brok: There's a rune in the shape of a fork - under the grip. <i>[Kratos checks the axe.]</i></p>		
30.	<p><i>[The Stranger manages to break out and throw Kratos to the ground.]</i> The Stranger: Struck a nerve, did I?!</p> <p><i>[Kratos hits The Stranger with a huge trunk of a tree, runs to him, grabs him, and begins to knock down the debris of the house and stones on his way.]</i></p> <p>The Stranger: Who are you hiding?! Slow and old. You should never have come to Midgard.</p> <p><i>[The Stranger regenerates his health with ease.]</i></p> <p>The Stranger: So... care to try again? Kratos: You talk too much.</p>	Example Or Illustration	Insulting/Taunting Or Sharpening the insult

APPENDIX 2

Atreus: Father?

Kratos: What?

Atreus: Did something change? The forest feels different now.

Kratos: Everything is different, boy. Try not to dwell on it.

Atreus: Yes, sir.

[They go to their home. Kratos puts the log to the others.]

Kratos: That was the last.

[Atreus enters the house to pray over the dead.]

Atreus: Lo, there do I see my Mother. Lo, is there do I see my Father. Lo, there do they call to me. Lo, there do they call to me. Lo, there do they call to me. She's ready.

[Kratos enters the house. He stands at the doorstep, his face covered with darkness. He takes the body in his arms and carries him to the stacked chopped firewood.]

Kratos: Find your way home. You are free.

[He sets the firewood on fire striking the spark with his axe. The body begins to burn. A minute later, Atreus realizes that he forgot to pick up the knife. He runs up to the burning body and grabs the knife with his hands, but it proves to be too hot and Atreus burns his hand and drops the knife.]

Atreus: I'm sorry.

[Kratos comes up to him, picks up some snow with his hands and applies it to Atreus' burned hand.]

Kratos: Squeeze. This knife... It was hers. Now it is yours. She taught you to hunt?

Atreus: What she knew.

Kratos: Show me.

Atreus: Now?

Kratos: Now.

Atreus: What're we hunting?

Kratos: You are hunting deer.

Atreus: Which way?

Kratos: In the direction of deer.

Atreus: Okay...? Uhh... this way-

The Stranger

[There's a slightly cocky, confident voice coming from behind the door.]

The Stranger: Come on out! It's no use hiding anymore. I know who you are...

Atreus: What's going on? Do you know him?

The Stranger: ...more importantly I know what you are!

Kratos: Boy. Beneath the floor. Now...

Atreus: But... you told me never to go down there. Who is that?

Kratos: I do not know.

Atreus: What's he talking about?

Kratos: I do not know. Get IN.

The Stranger: Just tell me what I want to know! No need for this to get bloody.

[Kratos comes out of the cabin. He is met by a lean man with a light-brown beard. The man wears almost no clothes - only light pants. His body is covered in blue tattoos.]

The Stranger: Thought you'd be bigger. But you're definitely the one. Long way from home, aren't you?

Kratos: What do you want?

The Stranger: Oh, you already know the answer to that.

Kratos: Whatever it is you seek I do not have it. You should move on.

The Stranger: Hahaha. And here I thought your kind was supposed to be so enlightened. So much better than us. So much smarter. And yet you hide out here in the woods - like a coward.

Kratos: You do not want this fight.

The Stranger: Oh... I'm pretty sure I do. (hits Kratos)

Kratos: Leave... my... home.

The Stranger: You are going to have to kill me for that to happen. (hits Kratos again)

[He punches Kratos in the face several times. Kratos intercepts the last blow.]

Kratos: I warned you -

The Stranger: Finally.

[Kratos strikes a powerful blow to the Stranger's face.]

The Stranger: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Kratos: You would not listen.

The Stranger: No... No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

[Kratos lifts moaning Stranger from the ground.]

The Stranger: Fine. My turn.

[He hits Kratos with such force that he flies over his own house. The Stranger

jumps after him.]

The Stranger: How incredibly disappointing. Come on then.

[They begin to fight. Kratos strikes the Stranger with his powerful axe, shield, and fists, but this does not seem to deal much damage. The Stranger doesn't even moan with pain.]

The Stranger: Pointless. You bore me. Are you even trying? Come on, already. So slow...

[The Stranger punches Kratos several brain strokes with ice fists. Kratos flies away to his house, landing on its roof. The Stranger jumps after him and starts choking Kratos.]

The Stranger: Tell me what I want... Pain stops. Real simple.

[He strikes at the head of Kratos and punches through the roof. Through a hole, he sees the inside of the house.]

The Stranger: Why are there two beds in there?

[Kratos manages to throw off the Stranger. He sits on top of him not allowing to move, and begins to take out his anger.]

Kratos: (beating the Stranger to death) LEAVE! MY! HOME!

[The Stranger manages to break out and throw Kratos to the ground.]

The Stranger: Struck a nerve, did I?!

[Kratos hits The Stranger with a huge trunk of a tree, runs to him, grabs him, and begins to knock down the debris of the house and stones on his way.]

The Stranger: Who are you hiding?! Slow and old. You should never have come to Midgard.

[The Stranger regenerates his health with ease.]

The Stranger: So... care to try again?

Kratos: You talk too much.

[They begin to fight on their fists. The Stranger throws Kratos with such force that he splits a giant stone with his body.]

The Stranger: You won't talk? Fine. Maybe whoever it is you've got stashed in that house will.

[Hearing this, Kratos shouts in a Spartan rage, breaks the stone and grabs the Stranger. He breaks the thick trunk of the tree with the Stranger's head, pokes him with the trunk, and runs with him through the split in two stones.]

The Stranger: Who is it? Who are you afraid I'll find?! Let's find out!

[The fight continues.]

The Stranger: Pointless! What are you hiding? You still bore me. You're a fool.

[Kratos eerily beats the Stranger, breaks a huge stone monument with his bare hands and falls on the Stranger. After that, tired and exhausted Kratos slowly walks away. However, the Stranger picks up a monument and throws Kratos. Kratos blocks with his shield, destroying the monument. Kratos clings with the Stranger. The rock under their feet destroys by the power they put into the struggle.]

The Stranger: Leaving so soon? When Odin sent me here, I just needed answers, but YOU, you had to act all proud. Throw whatever you have at me... I'll keep coming. That old body will give out. But before I end this, I want you to know one thing... I can't feel any of this.

[He punches Kratos into the air. They begin to fight in the air. The Stranger hits Kratos and he flies into a crack in the ground. Kratos stops his falling with the axe, which he stuck into the rock.]

The Stranger: You've seen it with your own eyes; you can't hurt me. Nothing can. This fight is pointless. Your struggle is pointless. It didn't have to be this way.

[Kratos gets out of the crack, but the Stranger kicks him to the other side. Kratos's strength is coming to an end.]

The Stranger: Pathetic. You can't win. I feel nothing, but you... you feel everything. Yet you, you keep trying. I'm not my brother. (Kratos regenerates)

some of his health) And if you'd given me what I wanted, it wouldn't have ended this way. But no...

[He flies to Kratos to strike a fatal blow, but Kratos dodges.]

The Stranger: Let's finish this.

[The third phase of the fight begins.]

The Stranger: Can't beat me! COME ON! I feel NOTHING! NOTHING! WORTHLESS! PITIFUL! I will end you!

[Kratos grabs the Stranger, throws him on the ground and begins to choke.]

The Stranger: I'd hoped that you, of everyone I'd faced, would finally make me feel something. But you can't.

[Kratos snaps his neck and throws the body into the crack, after which he barely gets back on his feet and goes to the house.]

Kratos: Who was he? He knew me. Did he know my past? How did they find me... after all this time? Faye... what do I do? Our son is not ready... to carry your ashes... to the top of the mountain. And neither am I. I do not know... how to do this without you. But we cannot stay here...

[He enters his half destroyed house.]

Atreus: There was so much... I thought... You're all right.

Kratos: I am all right. Come. Gather your things. We are leaving.

Atreus: Thought I wasn't ready.

Kratos: You are not. But we have no choice now. Prove me wrong.

Atreus: Yes, sir.

[They leave the house.]

Atreus: The mountain... it's gonna be a LONG trip.

Kratos: Yes. But an important one.

[“THE MARKED TREES” COMPLETED.]

PATH TO THE MOUNTAIN

The Dwarf And His Creature

[They hear someone swearing from afar...]

???: Get up and move your ass! I'll kick you square in the ringer you don't move! C'moooooon! Whatcha waitin' for? C'mon already! LET'S GO! Whatcha waitin' for? C'mon already! Let's go! Grrrrrahhhh!

[They find a dwarf trying to force his... uh, elephant... to cross the bridge.]

Dwarf: Can't get this sloe-eyed cocklump to cross the bridge! Hrmph!

Atreus: It's because she's scared of something in the trees over there.

Dwarf: There's what now?

Atreus: Father, throw your axe at those trees on the other side of the bridge - the ones with the white trunks.

[Kratos reluctantly fulfills the request.]

Kratos: You were right...

Dwarf: Hey... you must be smart or somethin', boy. You are a boy aren'tcha? (slaps the elephant) HAAA!

Atreus: She have a name?

Dwarf: I dunno. Rude bastard ain't ever asked mine so I ain't ever asked hers. HAAA!!

Atreus: What's yours?

Dwarf: Brok.

Atreus: (to the elephant) Vera logn...

[The elephant begins to walk slowly.]

Brok: (to Kratos) Say... you're not gonna believe me but uh... that axe you got, uh? It was me what made her - me and my brother. Was one of our best. So don't let nobody else go work on her except for us two. (the elephant slaps him with her tail) AAACH! You gotta handle her special or she'll wreck beyond fixin'. I can enhance her for you right now if it so pleases you son of bitch. So what say you? (slaps the elephant) HAA!

Kratos: You are right... I do not believe you. Come, boy.

Brok: There's a rune in the shape of a fork - under the grip.

[Kratos checks the axe.]

Brok: (to the elephant) Aw... digr bikkja! Dumbr bak-rauf! (to Kratos) That was our brand my brother and me, before we split. I got half of it right here - see? Look, you want upgrade her or not?

Kratos: Very well. I expect an improvement.

Atreus: So where's the other half of the brand?

Brok: Oh, my dumb brother's got it. But I got all the talent. Look! Let's get to it! Try that on for size... What's it gonna be? Make you something? See if that don't shoot straighter than straight... Oh, you make up yer mind?

[He upgrades the axe and sells some equipment.]

Brok: Well, don't look now but our friends who were hiding in the trees are back for more! Go on, give that axe a twirl!

Atreus: Got room for me behind there?

Brok: So long as you don't break nothing.

[Kratos tries the upgrade killing some zombies nearby.]

Brok: Y'see?! See what my touch brung? Say your pa can KILL. You gonna learn to do that too?

Atreus: I'm not sure...

Kratos: This road... it leads to the mountain?

Brok: Should put you in the right direction, sure. Wanna see my wares again?

[Kratos and Atreus continue their journey.]

Kratos: You left me to fight alone.

Atreus: I did.

Kratos: People are one thing. Everything else, you fight... until I say stop or we are dead. Understand? Pull your weight or we go home.

Atreus: I understand.

Kratos: Good then.

Atreus: Oh, wait... we're back here again.

Kratos: Come.

Atreus: It was nice meeting you, Brok. I'll be thinking of a name for your beast.

Brok: How 'bout I name her "fucking gratitude"? Hey! Fucking Gratitude - come over here! I like it!

[Kratos decides to buy some new equipment one last time.]

Brok: Alright, what'dja break? Good to see you sweatin' the details. Wear it proudly ya sumbitch! Was that all there is...? Hey watch your 'hinds in there! That place can bust you up real good.

Atreus: Uh...

Kratos: This way.

[THE PATH TO THE MOUNTAIN COMPLETED.]

A REALM BEYOND

Atreus: We're going to another realm?! Are you coming with us?

Kratos: Only for a little while.

Witch: Only for a little while. We'll use this. Greiða!

Atreus: Can't. Sindri said it was broken.

Witch: Sindri?

Kratos: The dwarf at the foot of these hills.

Atreus: He was fixing it when we got here.

Witch: No one was there when I passed by. Perhaps he finished? Dwarves are awfully resourceful.

Kratos: And irritating, based on the two we have met.

Witch: That too. Just give that a turn. There. See? Týr's Temple is at the centre of the lake. It is from there we travel to Alfheim. Thankfully, it's no longer under water.

Kratos: Why is that creature in the bay?

Witch: No one knows. He just appeared one day. Soon after, Thor attacked and their battle could be felt across all the realms. Ultimately, it ended in a stalemate and Thor returned to Odin empty-handed. The Serpent stayed and grew so large he now spans all of Midgard.

Atreus: See! Told you...

Witch: They've hated each other ever since... destined to kill each other come Ragnarok.

Atreus: You believe in Ragnarok?

Witch: I dearly wish I didn't, child.

Atreus: You know... we actually talked to the World Serpent.

Witch: You did?

Kratos: An exaggeration.

Atreus: I'm good with languages... even ones I've never heard before. But when he talks, I can't understand any of it!

Witch: Sadly no one can. He speaks a dead tongue.

Atreus: Oh. Must be lonely.

Witch: Watch your step. Just along here.

Atreus: You sure? We came through here before and there's no way back across. See?

Witch: Is that so? Let me show you something. Are you watching? Ljósta!

Atreus: What? It's solid!

Witch: Elven architecture. My bowstring was soaked in the Light of Alfheim. It can now reawaken the magic of the Elves.

Atreus: Wait... it won't just disappear, will it?

Witch: Not as long as the light shines free. This way.

Atreus: I want one. Those roots— what kind of magic is that?

Witch: It's Vanir.

Atreus: From Vanaheim?

Witch: You know of it?

Atreus: Just stories. Mother didn't say much about the Vanir gods, just that they're always at war with the Aesir. Guess compared to Odin & Thor, they're the good guys.

Kratos: There are no "good" gods, boy. Thought I taught you that.

Witch: Those runes are of Muspelheim, the fire realm No place for children, even brave ones. The tongue of Niflheim. A foul place of ice and mists... and

Dwarven mischief. Týr's Temple. Built with help from the Giants, Great Týr used it to travel the nine realms and keep the peace between them.

Atreus: Doesn't seem very peaceful. Everywhere we go, we're attacked. Especially by dead things.

Witch: The risen dead grow ever more numerous. Once, the roads and trails would have been full of people. Now, all have hid or fled save for the reavers savage enough to survive in such a world. Make a right at the bottom of these stairs.

Atreus: Another one of those light crystals.

Witch: Wait there while I reawaken the light. Ljósta!

Atreus: That did it. What are we doing exactly?

Witch: Mending the disrepair. Start by lifting that axle. Good! Now push it back into place. Now realign the wheel onto the track. Perfect! Now push the bridge along the track.

Atreus: Whuh-? The whole entire bridge is turning! How is the whole entire bridge turning? Boy. You're really strong.

Witch: Just keep pushing until the bridge reaches its first position. Tired yet?

Kratos: NO.

Atreus: He's always been really strong! So about the dead... we heard someone call them "Hel-Walkers". But what are they?

Witch: They are poor, restless souls, denied their judgment and their peace.

Atreus: By what? Could Vanir magic raise the dead?

Witch: It could, once, but this is no spell. This plague of dead is but a symptom of a world out of balance. Something, or someone, has meddled with powerful forces. That is all I know for sure. That's perfect! Come back up! We're ready now!

Atreus: That was impressive. You didn't hurt your back, did you?

Kratos: I did not hurt my back.

Witch: Through these doors.

Atreus: Wait. So did the Giants or the Elves build Týr's temple?

Witch: All the races helped with its construction. It was the last great act of cooperation between the real before peace disappeared for good.

Atreus: Ah, more of those. Good.

Witch: Ljósta!

Atreus: Your bowstring stopped glowing.

Witch: Its power is now depleted. Only a few nocks of magic remained in the bowstring, and we used them Your bow please. Once you claim the Light of Alfheim, infuse the bowstring with its power. Don't forget!

Atreus: You talk like you're not coming with us.

Witch: I'll try but measures were taken to keep me trapped in Midgard.

Kratos: Why?

Witch: The gods don't care for me much.

Atreus: Is this it?

Witch: This temple has been asleep, underwater, for almost a hundred and fifty winters. It needs only the light of the Bifröst to reawaken.

THE LIGHT OF ALFHEIM

Atreus: Okay what. That stuffs strong... Is there something glowing inside that knot? (gasps) I think you killed it. Whoa... What's that about?

Kratos: Not our concern, boy. Focus. Boy. What does it say?

Atreus: Hm... something about an "eternal war for the light." I don't get it - if both sides need it, why not just share it.

Kratos: Greed. You will find it a common cause for war.

Atreus: They keep murdering the Light Elves.

Kratos: It is war... the end of one. The robed ones lost.

Atreus: Oh. Watch your back! Behind you, enemy fire! I'm set. At the ready. What are they attacking us for? We didn't do anything.

Kratos: Hmph. More will come.

Atreus: Ugh... Where's this stuff even come from? Yeah! Did you say something?

Kratos: No.

Atreus: Oh. Okay. At least we're getting closer to the light. Another cipher piece! I'll see what I can fit together. Wait... is that Sindri?

Kratos: How are you here before us, dwarf? We were told our path was the only one between realms.

Sindri: It may be the only way for you to travel. But we dwarves are full of surprises.

Kratos: That is not an answer.

Sindri: Ah, hang onto that sense of wonder! There's so little mystery once you've amassed the wealth of arcane knowledge that I have. Where to comb the realms for exotic resources, how to craft them into creations that defy imagination... to the novice I'm sure it all seems like magic. Oh, alright, it's magic. Are you happy now?

[Kratos buys some upgrades.]

Sindri: What speaks to you? You probably shouldn't let my brother lay hands on it again, but if he does, tell him to temper his steel longer he's warping the bit-work. Anything you need, young sir... aaand we're back to you. What a surprise. I don't suppose you could try keeping that clean... Wear it in good health. Pssst... how about you, young one? If you're not in a hurry...

Atreus: Look, there's a boat tangled up over there. Boat's free!

[Kratos pushes the boat to the water.]

Atreus: What'd you say?

Kratos: I said nothing.

Atreus: Okay...

[They board the boat and sail away.]

Kratos: Did your mother speak of this realm?

Atreus: Not much. Just that since the Elves were always fighting over the Light, it kept them isolated. Huh?

Kratos: Again, I said nothing.

Atreus: Weird. Could have sworn you said some—AARGH!

Kratos: What is it, boy?

Atreus: Voices. You don't hear that?

Kratos: I hear nothing.

Atreus: It's going away now. Lots of voices... Angry. You really didn't hear that?

Kratos: No.

Atreus: It felt... evil. Look. Should we try talking to them?

Kratos: No.

Atreus: But maybe they need help.

Kratos: They do not stop us, so they do not concern us.

Atreus: But maybe—

Kratos: They do not concern us.

Alchemist's Mines

[They come to the mines. Brok meets them at the entrance.]

Brok: You scare up that Alchemist what needed finding? What realm you gents shakin' off? Lemme guess... Alfheim?

Atreus: How'd you guess?

Brok: I'd know that smell anywhere. Used to spend my fair share of time there but, uh, I ain't allowed anymore on account of the, uh, incident.

Atreus: What happened?

Brok: Welllll, ain't too sure your daddy's gonna like me talking about it on account of all the swearin' and stealin' and fuckin' involved.

Atreus: What?!?

Brok: Don't judge me- you're the one came in all reekin' of Elf! Stirs up a man's memories. Go on now- I got things that ain't gonna hammer themselves...

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Kratos: What does it say?

Atreus: Uh... these runes read 'Death inside'. So... Brok and his friend was Dwarven like him, wearing a green ring.

Kratos: Look if you wish. I will be gathering resources for our journey.

Atreus: You don't want to help him?

Kratos: No.

Atreus: Why not?

Kratos: Because I do not run errands for dwarves.

Atreus: Oh.

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Atreus: That's a Soul Eater! If that kills us, that's it. NO Valhalla. No Hel. No afterlife. Ever!

Kratos: It does not attack.

Atreus: Oh. Mom made them sound more dangerous than that.

Kratos: Then do not drop your guard. Come.

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Atreus: There's the ring! On that severed hand! ... attached to the Soul Eater. Well... we know what happened to Andvari now, we just go tell Brok. No need to fight it, right?

Kratos: No. We will fight it.

Atreus: But why?

Kratos: Because you are frightened of it. Be strong, Atreus. Stay focused and look for a weak point.

Atreus: Yes sir.

Kratos: Stay quiet. Make no sudden movement.

Atreus: Here we go! Fire, incoming! We did it! I can't believe it.

Kratos: Believe it. You are stronger than you know. Green ring. Dwarvish inscription...

Atreus: The Alchemist. But where's the rest of him?

Kratos: Ashes, most likely.

Atreus: The Soul Eater got him... I guess we should bring this back to Brok.

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Kratos: Read it.

Atreus: Yes, sir! These runes were written fast. It's spells out: "Í Gimsteini" (Gems Inside?). Hmm... I don't know that one.

Kratos: We will ask the blue one.

Atreus: So now you're interested?

Kratos: We found his Alchemist. A reward was promised.

Brok: What'd you find?

Kratos: Your Alchemist.

Atreus: I'm sorry, Brok. The hand is all we could find, still wearing the ring. There was a Soul Eater inside, and, well... it must have buried away the rest of you.

Brok: S'pose you'll still be wanting' some compensation, huh?

Kratos: Naturally.

Brok: "Naturally," he says. Mjonefr uxi...

[He gave Kratos rare axe pommel.]

Brok: I'll take a closer look at this here ring. Maybe Andvari left a bit of magic inside 'fore he croaked.

Atreus: Dwarves can do that?

Brok: Sure. Dwarves and magic jewels is like flies and pig lips. Supple ones.

Atreus: Ew. I'm not as interested as I thought. Brok...

Brok: Fuck else you need...?

Atreus: How come you brother's got half your brand?

Brok: 'Cause I ain't in a workin' relationship with that foot-licker no more. I wasn't about to let him use it without me and he likewise- only thing to do we

split the brand, fifty-fifty down the middle. Guess that was the last thing we saw eye to eye on.

INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN

Atreus: The path ahead, it's blocked.

Kratos: When we climb.

Atreus: You know... Mother said the Giants used to visit the Midgard mountains before they disappeared.

Kratos: Disappeared?

Atreus: Yeah. I guess they just up and left one day. No one knows why.

Kratos: Perhaps they returned to their home.

Atreus: Jötunheim? Maybe. I wonder if the face in the mountain was a tribute to some important Giant? The mouth... we made it!

Kratos: More Black Breath.

Atreus: That emblem - it matched the one on the floor to Jötunheim in Týr's temple. The Giants did come here! Is that... a deer? I don't remember stories of a giant with a deer head. Wonder who he is? No way across, but there's a sand bowl.

Kratos: What does it say?

Atreus: "No yoked beast, nor fearful thrall / Nor rooted tree doth know my call."

Kratos: Hm.

Atreus: I can almost make it out... Runes! I can read it now!

Kratos: Is it the answer?

Atreus: "Freedom"... sure, that works!

Kratos: Go ahead.

Atreus: Sure. Frelsa. What's it doing? Oh! Thought maybe there'd be a bridge.

Kratos: Rrrn. Your Giants mean to test us further.

Atreus: There's a crystal in that torch holder: Should I light it? That helps, right? Guess we have to down to go up?

Kratos: These passages seem too small for Giants.

Atreus: (giggles)

Kratos: Why do you laugh?

Atreus: Oh... you're serious.

Kratos: I am always serious.

Atreus: I forget... Mom always said you never took an interest in history. Giants are just a race, like Elves and Huldrafolk. It doesn't mean that they're big.

Kratos: What of the World Serpent?

Atreus: Okay, in that case, giant also means big. But there's only one of him. Uhh... this is a lot of bodies.

Kratos: Tell me what you see.

Atreus: Well... they look like men, not Giants.

Kratos: Correct. Thiefs seeking treasure. See the traps?

Atreus: Oh yeah. Lucky for us and they set 'em all off.

Kratos: Be grateful these stay dead.

Atreus: The statue! We made it across!

Kratos: Read it.

Atreus: Yes sir. Ohhh... this is [Duraþrór](#), one of the four stags of the World

Tree. He's supposed to watch the entrance to Jötunheim while the giants sleep. Think he's still there?

Kratos: I do not know.

Atreus: Wow. "The highest peak in the realms." Think Mom knew this was the Giant's mountain?

Kratos: No. Her request has been more... complicated, than she could have foreseen.

Atreus: It means "terror". What's that? Weird. There's a candle all tangled up with string and some sort of animal hide. Some kind of lantern? No wick though.

Kratos: That is of no use to us. That Bifröst lights our way.

Atreus: Hey, who do you think lit these torches? The dead don't need light.

Kratos: Eyes open.

Heart of the Mountain

Atreus: Whoa... what is all this? Where are we?

Kratos: A mine... and if this claw reaches the summit, our goal is near.

Atreus: Alright. How do we use it? I think I see how this works... the Claw's on the one side, and if we get this unstuck-

Kratos: BOY!

Atreus: Oh no! I think the rope's stuck under that rock.

Kratos: That was careless.

Atreus: Yes sir. Sorry, sir. It's stuck. But maybe we can find a way up through there! After... you know... getting rid of those things. The machinery in here looks almost Dwarven, but the stonework... that's definitely Jötun. You know, I think the Giants not only mined of the mountain, but actually lived here.

Kratos: Read it.

Atreus: Yes, sir! That's funny...

Kratos: How so?

Atreus: One hand wrote "Jötnar only" and another wrote "and also Dwarves."
Should we add to it?

Kratos: No.

[In the depths of the caves they meet an old friend...]

Kratos: You had a way around the black breath all along?

Brok: Now don't go thinkin' I coulda gotten you past it, you big sack o' meat. I got ways around most everything, especially up here. Time was my folk had the run o' this joint. Improved the design of the Jötnar traps and built work-arounds ta boots. Why ya think they're so devious? Oh, that reminds me- watch out for traps.

Atreus: Look! Another lantern!

Kratos: Broken. Leave it.

Atreus: What could they be for? There's something special about them. I can feel it. No way. You did it! I bet we can make the rope wheel work now. Might give us a way to the top!

[They are attacked by a troll named Járn Fótr (Iron Foot).]

Atreus: Right behind you! I'm ready! Careful!

Kratos: Back to do wheel.

Atreus: Ohh, I see that we're doing... it fits! That's perfect... That should hold it. Here we go. Do you think of this goes all the way up to the top?

Kratos: We will see soon enough.

Atreus: Something... feels strange up there. We're heading into danger.

Kratos: Do not concern yourself with what might be. Focus on what is... and be vigilant.

Atreus: Yes sir. Not over top... but we are closer. Wait! That one's not broken! There's a note... a Giant's prayer. They're asking ancestors to watch over them... to guide them home.

Kratos: Boy-

Atreus: Wait! I think I know how it works...

[Atreus writes something on the lantern, sets it on fire and launches it into the air.]

Atreus: Watch. Wow...

Kratos: What did you write?

Atreus: I asked them to watch over mother. Do you think they'll watch over us on our way to the top?

Kratos: Come, boy. It is a long way up.

Atreus: Dwarfs must have carved these tunnels around Giant's traps. Good thing too. Well... good for me anyway. Another mining lift! It may not be as long as we thought. That did it! Or not. Are we still too heavy? All right! We're moving again. Hey, when we get to the summit, how far do you think we'll be able to see? The lake? The World Serpent? Our house?

Kratos: We will see when we get there. Until then, eyes open.

Atreus: Whoa!

Kratos: Atreus?!

Atreus: I'm fine. Just lost my balance for a moment. You know, for someone so strong you sure worry a lot.

Kratos: It serves me well... and how I keep us alive.

Atreus: I guess. Not a terribly fun way to live though. Sure there are a lot of draugr around here! Draugr down! Alright!

Kratos: How was that for "fun?"

Atreus: I get it. Is this where we get off?

Kratos: No. We are stuck.

Atreus: I think part of the lift is stuck in that wall. Can you get it free? How much farther do we have to go?

Kratos: I do not know.

Atreus: Think we'll get attacked again?

Kratos: Definitely.

Atreus: Oh boy.

Kratos: Yes. Now, be ready.

Atreus: Here we go! Shouldn't we get moving? They could be back any moment. Think we're safe now.

Kratos: It would seem.

Atreus: Father? After we scatter Mother's ashes... What then? What comes next?

Kratos: Nothing comes next. We go home.

Atreus: That's it? The adventure is over?

Kratos: For now. But we will have much to do. You were right earlier - on the boat after cutting down the last tree. You said it felt like something had changed. And it has, and our home is no longer safe. But it will be again. And we must continue your training.

Atreus: Okay. We're almost at the summit. Nothing's going to stop us-

[A huge creature appears that looks like a dragon and belches lightning.]

Atreus: Whoa!

Kratos: Calm yourself, boy! And stay behind me!

Atreus: Yes, sir!

[The fight with Hræzlyr begins.]

Atreus: Right behind you! Look out! Here he comes! Watch out! What are you doing?

Kratos: Be ready! Hold on!

Atreus: Phew... that was intense.

Kratos: Hold.

Atreus: Whoah... what was that? That looks like a root of the Yggdrasil tree! Is that its sap?

Kratos: Crystallized sap... and there is power inside.

Atreus: Incredible! I can't believe we fought a dragon! I was aiming for his eyes, but I kept losing my footing. Do you think this is their home? Did they move in after the Giants left? Or are they WHY the Giants left?

Kratos: Boy. The air grows thin here. No more questions. Breathe.

Atreus: Oh... yes... I see...

Voice: Ahh! Ahhh! Go away! Shoo! Shoo! Ahh! Help! Help!!!

Atreus: Do you hear that? It sounds like something screaming.

[They go outside and see the dragon that attacks someone.]

Kratos: Wait, boy.

Atreus: It's Sindri! Can you kill something that big?

Kratos: If we can catch it off balance.

Atreus: I can distract him.

Kratos: What are you doing?

Atreus: We have to help him.

Kratos: You break right. Find an angle. Wait for my mark.

Atreus: Thank you. Hey ugly! Over here! You okay?

Sindri: For now!

[Kratos begins to fight the dragon. When the dragon understands he cannot defeat Kratos, he switches to Atreus.]

Kratos: Boy! Are you okay?

Atreus: Yeah!

Kratos: I have a plan! Be ready to lower the crane on my mark!

Atreus: But... I don't know how this thing works!

Kratos: I do not care! Be ready!

[Kratos fights with the dragon a little more.]

Kratos: NOW!!

[Atreus shoots off the crane. Kratos uses it to penetrate the dragon's skull.]

Kratos: Rrrrrgh!

Atreus: Wow. We actually did it! And you-

Sindri: Ahh... but-but-but-nobody's killed a dragon for hundreds of years... not since the Grand Culling of the Wyrms! And unless I'm mistaken, you did all of that... for me!

Kratos: You are mistaken. The dragon was simply in our path... nothing more.

Sindri: You deny it all you want, but you saved me. And that... deserves compensation.

[He pulls a bunch of green arrows from his bag.]

Atreus: What are these?

Sindri: Braided mistletoe arrows. Straighter than Heimdall and perfectly weighted.

Atreus: Oh. Thanks?

Sindri: Oh, okay... Hold on... uh... not that... um... you see my brother again?

Atreus: Yeah! He said you lost your talent.

Sindri: Oh, and that I'm selfish (no), I'm sure. That I value a weapon's look (no) over its purpose. That I am pretentious (no) and uptight. Fussy. I know what he thinks. But he can't hurt me any- AH!!! Burn that.

Kratos: I do not have time for this.

Sindri: No! No-no-no, wait-wait-wait... I have a better idea.

Kratos: What?

Sindri: I just need a tooth from that dragon. Watch where you grab tha... oh... never mind. So unclean. So, so unclean. Oh, the smell! Perfect, that should do. Ugh. Yeaah... I'm not touching that. Just hold it out. Now run that along the string of your son's bow. Just humor me.

Kratos: Atreus... your bow.

Sindri: Two passes should do it. Gently now!

[Atreus gets Shock Arrows.]

Atreus: Whoa!

Sindri: Oh sure, now you're impressed. Oh... how do I explain this? I've added a new vibrating pattern to the bowstring's fibers. Aiming it at that hardened world tree sap will vibrate it's patterns to fracture point.

Atreus: What's... that mean?

Sindri: Oh! Oh... I see you figured it out on your own then. Just... Never mind.

I wasn't just explaining the beautiful and complex artistry of my craft or anything... No, just... anything to help you. Yep.

Atreus: Feels like it wasn't that long ago we were hunting deer. Now we're fought Dark Elves, and trolls, and ogres, and a dragon! I feel like we can beat anything now.

Kratos: We win because we are determined. Disciplined. Not because we feel ourselves superior.

Atreus: Sure... I know... it's just... it feels good to be strong. You know?

Kratos: ...Yes. I know.

Atreus: Huh?

Kratos: Ready yourself, boy. Look here. Another.

Atreus: This one's called Ymir. Mother tries to tell me this one, but I think I was too young. Are Giants coming out of his armpits? I think that might be Odin stabbing him. It's getting colder - we must be near the top! Not long now, Mom.

The Summit

Atreus: Look! The summit! We're so close now...

Kratos: Your quiver.

Atreus: Strap broke when we fought in the dragon. It's all right- I can hold it.

Kratos: Stop. A broken quiver will slow you draw. Pain we endure, faulty weaponry we do not. This will do for now. Good?

Atreus: Good.

Kratos: Go. Steady, boy. Mind your footing.

(distant voices)

Atreus: You hear those voices too, right?

Kratos: Yes. Be silent...

Voice 1: You know why we're here. My last visit manage to loosen your tongue?

Atreus: That sounds like the same man who came to our house. You said you killed him...

Kratos: Shhh.

Voice 2: I see you brought company this time. Must be important if the sons of Thor deign to grace me with their presence. Tell me... you two still tripping over yourselves to impress daddy?

Baldur: The tattooed man. Tracks show he now travels with a child. Where would they go next?

Voice 2: Why would I know that?

Son of Thor: You're the smartest man alive, aren't you?

Voice 2: Smarter than all of the dead ones, too.

Baldur: You help me, I help you. Tell me where they are and I'll talk to Odin-

Voice 2: Your father won't let me go, Baldur, and he won't let you kill me. You have nothing to offer me. Do take your questions, take your threats, take this two worthless wankers, and piss off.

Son of Thor 2: When no one's looking... we'll be back for your other eye.

Son of Thor: Don't you forget... we're everywhere.

Son of Thor 2: We really are, aren't we?

Baldur: Shut up, you idiots. Let's go.

Voice 2: Ahhh... the very topic of conversation... a tattooed man traveling with a child.

[They see a satyr fused with a tree.]

Kratos: Boy, check their path and make sure we are alone.

Atreus: But... we just saw them leave.

Kratos: Do as I say.

Satyr: He doesn't know what you are...

Kratos: And I would keep it that way. Who are you?

Satyr: Me? I'm the greatest ambassador to the gods, the Giants, and all the creatures of the Nine Realms. I know every corner of these lands, every language spoken, every war waged, every deal struck. They call me... Mimir! - smartest man alive, and I have the answer to your every question.

Kratos: Why does the son of Odin hunt us?

Mimir: Okay, there are a few gaps in my knowledge. But Odin's had me imprisoned here for... 109 winters. I'm a clever lad, I can piece it together, I promise. Just... given time.

Atreus: Nobody there... just like I said.

Kratos: The boy's mother is dead. She wished her-

Atreus: She wanted us to spread her ashes on the highest peak of all the realms.

Mimir: Oh, then you've come to the wrong place, little brother. The highest peak in all the realms is not here in Midgard. It's in Jötunheim, realm of the Giants.

Atreus: No!

Kratos: That could not be what she meant...

Mimir: Take a look... This is the last known bridge to Jötunheim in all the realms. See that mountain, looks like a Giant's finger scraping the sky? That's the highest peak in all the realms... Not here.

Atreus: Can't we just take that bridge? We have a Bifröst.

Mimir: When the Giants destroyed all the other bridges to the realm, they locked this one up with a secret rune. If it still exists, only a giant would know it.

Atreus: And all of them left Midgard a long time ago...

Mimir: True. But today the winds of fate have kicked up a strange vortex of coincidence. Fact is, there's only one person alive who can get you where you need to go... and luckily for you, my schedule's wide open.

Atreus: We're going to Jötunheim, right?

Mimir: It's your best and only move from a tactical standpoint. It's the one place the man who cannot be killed won't follow you.

Kratos: What do we do?

Atreus: Yes!

Mimir: First, you need to cut off my head.

Atreus: Wait, what?

Mimir: Odin made sure that no weapon, not even Thor's hammer, could free my body from these bounds. But fortunately, you don't need my body. The trick is, we need to find someone who can reanimate my head, using the old magic.

Kratos: Old magic... there is which of the woods, she knows the old ways.

Mimir: And she'll help? She might do. Worth a try!

Kratos: But if she fails, you will be dead.

Mimir: He tortures me, you know. Every day, brother. Odin himself sees to it personally, and believe me, there is no end to his creativity. Every. Single. Day. This... this isn't living.

Kratos: Very well.

Atreus: I can't watch this.

Mimir: Brother, in case you can't resurrect me, there is something you need know. The boy... the longer you wait to tell him his true nature, the more damage you do. He will resent you, and you may lose him forever.

Kratos: There is much about me I would not have him know.

Mimir: Aye... so you value your privacy more than you son?

Kratos: I'm going to cut your head now.

Mimir: Fair enough.

*[Kratos chopped off Mimir's head with one mighty swing and took it with him.
"INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN" COMPLETED.]*

A NEW DESTINATION

Atreus: Jötunheim. We're going to Jötunheim. We're going to find the long-lost realm of the Giants. That's... that's-

Kratos: Inconvenient.

Atreus: Yeah... that's... just what I was going to say. So this is the bridge to Jötunheim? This looks like those weird doors we've seen. I guess Mimir will help us figure it all out... If we can bring him back to life.

Kratos: Do you remember the way to the Witch's house?

Atreus: Yes. The woods with the blood-red leaves south of the lake. I know just where to go. Hope she made it back from Alfheim and can bring Mimir back. He seemed nice, before you cut off his head.

[They enter the door between realms.]

Atreus: Look at these place... This must be a branch of the World Tree!

Kratos: Boy! Stay on the path.

Atreus: Right. Right, I know... I can't believe it was Baldur that came to our house. The Aesir god, Baldur. And you fought him... and won!

Kratos: Yes...

Atreus: One of Odin's sons - Thor's brother. And now he's hunting us with his nephews? Why is this happening?

Kratos: If we can raise the head, you can ask him.

Atreus: Okay. You know... it's silly, but I secretly hoped we could find a giant somewhere in that mountain. I guess they really did leave Midgard - except for the serpent. He may be in the last of his kind. Are you the last of your kind, too? Is that why you don't like talk about -

Kratos: My kind?

Atreus: I mean... your family? Before mother and I. Where you came from... a mother? A father?

Kratos: Now is not the time for that.

Atreus: Yes, sir.

[They enter the door leading to Brok's workshop.]

Atreus: Brok! Brok...!! Brok!!!

Brok: WHAT?! I'm on the fuckin' break. You don't hear me screechin' at you whenever you're twiddling your short and curlies.

Kratos: Leave him, boy.

Brok: Oh fer... you already soiled my solitude, so ya may as well join me.

Kratos: We are not hungry.

Brok: Good. That's not what I was offerin'.

Atreus: Saw your brother again!

Brok: Congratulations. And I'm sure you let him go and roger my axe good and plenty again. Let's see the damage...

[Kratos throws him his axe.]

Brok: Little canker-throat wouldn't know proper weight and balance if it were dangling off his chut. He eating well enough?

Atreus: I guess...

Brok: Good. All better. Know what the fuck else you want, huh? ‘Times he gets so wrapped up in his work, Sindri hasn’t the sense to sip or sup. And if he does remember, good luck getting him to cook his own meat. Guess I got all the stomach in the family, along with the smarts.

Atreus: You miss him.

Brok: What? That spit-fister? Whatta you know...

Atreus: I just mean-

Brok: Hey, do you mind? Trying to concentrate here. Already on a break from my break...

Atreus: Hey! Where’s the beast of burden?

Brok: What do you mean? I ate her. Crapped bits of ‘er out just a while ago.

Atreus: What is wrong with you?

Brok: What? Her milk run dry.

Atreus: She was your friend!

Brok: Then she’ll be happy I’m so well fed. Shit-bricks, boy, you got a real sentimental streak, know that? Don’t get yourself confused out there. I’m gettin’ back to it...

[They exit the workshop.]

Kratos: Boy, what is the path back to the witch?

Atreus: First we need to find a boat.

Kratos: Do you remember the way back to the witch from here?

Atreus: That way! Behind the big statue of Thor. So... what other stories have you got?

Kratos: That was... a horse. The horse sought vengeance upon his enemy, a stag. But he could not kill the stag alone. The horse met a man, a hunter, and

made a deal. He took the man's bit and bridle, and allowed him to ride in a saddle on his back. Together, they killed the stag, and the horse tasted victory. But the hunter would not release the horse, and made a slave of him.

Atreus: So getting revenge cost him his freedom. Hope it was worth it.

Kratos: It was not.

Atreus: The World Serpent's even over here! I told you he's big.

Kratos: Boy, over here.

Atreus: Yessir. "Kveikja" (Ignite)

Spirit: I don't believe it. Are you both... alive?

Atreus: Hello!

Spirit: I can't remember the last time I saw something walk this islands that wasn't dead or corrupted.

Atreus: What do you mean?

Spirit: The Desolation, child. It plagues this land, growing more severe with every passing winter.

Kratos: Do you know it's cause?

Spirit: Not for certain, but I suspect the appearance of the World Serpent... along with the Great Flood that followed. Many were drowned, myself among them. The dead began to walk not long after.

Atreus: Do you need anything from us?

Kratos: Boy!

Spirit: I only wished to speak to someone again- a wish you just have granted.

[Kratos finds the last piece in Muspelheim cipher.]

Atreus: Hey... this does want them decipher those Muspelheim runes - it also contains the travel rune. Should we go visit the Fire realm?

[Without answering anything Kratos lowers the boat into the water.]

Kratos: Boy. What did I tell you about offering help?

Atreus: (sigh) "Don't".

Kratos: Correct.

Atreus: But can't we just -

Kratos: This is not a debate. You must learn focus. Our journey need to be your only concern.

Atreus: But what if they can help? That one seemed to know a little about the lake.

Kratos: And how does that help us with our goal?

Atreus: We don't know unless we ask! Want to try another story? Can't be any worse then the last one.

Kratos: Very well... There was a tale of a frog. His pond had dried up, so the frog and his son left to find a new home. They found a well. The son saw the water and made to jump in, but the father stopped him. He saw that the well was deep and once inside, they would not be able to escape if the water dried up again. Wisely, they moved on.

Atreus: That's it?

Kratos: Yes.

Atreus: That's really not a story. If the son jumped in, it would be a story.

Kratos: When he would be trapped, and starve while the father watched helplessly.

Atreus: See? That's a story.

Time Heals All

[Kratos clears the last room.]

Spirit: So... back to piss on my corpse? You ungrateful little -- Eh? Who are you two?

Atreus: We're looking for a whetstone. Have you seen it?

Spirit: Aye. There was one in this room. My son sharpened his dagger on it, right before stabbing me in the back.

Atreus: What?

Spirit: Little bastard thought it was his turn to lead my crew. I was hard on him, sure, (sigh). Guess I shouldn't be surprised. I did the same thing to my dad when I was his age.

Atreus: He killed his own father?

Kratos: Where is he now?

Spirit: Ha! He may be a bastard, but he's MY bastard. You'll never get no help from me, fool.

Kratos: When his dagger will help.

Spirit: Hey! That's mine! HEY!

Kratos: Come boy, we are leaving.

Atreus: Why would he son betray him like that? Kill his own father? Over some treasure? It seems so greedy.

Kratos: Remember what I told you, boy. Assume nothing.

Atreus: Well - sure, he didn't seem like a great father. But...

Kratos: You only know half the story.

Atreus: I guess...

Brother's Love

[They're going back to Sindri.]

Sindri: You... didn't happen to find that whetstone, perchance?

Kratos: We found no whetstone. This dagger belongs to the Reaver who took it.

Atreus: They took most of the good stuff.

Sindri: Oh? Well... Here, take this. In exchange for the dagger. That dagger you brought me is quite interesting. An artist design, but the construction is sound. Where in the temple did you find this?

Atreus: In a Reaver's back.

Sindri: Ugh... Uuuughhhh...

Atreus: He mentioned he was part of a larger clan. Maybe they took the whetstone?

Sindri: Quite possibly. I know I've seen of this design before...

Atreus: So how come Brok's blue and you're not?

Kratos: Boy!

Sindri: Oh, it's fine - very good question actually. You see, my brother's not as careful as I am - in fact, he prefers to work with metals using... his own bare hands. No gloves! Says it's the only way he can "hear what it wants to be." Touch enough raw silver and it changes your skin irreparably. (That means forever!) I wouldn't bring it up to him though. You know how sensitive he can be.

Atreus: I guess that makes sense. Sindri, why don't you just make up with your brother already?

Sindri: Me? Make up with him? Because he is obstinate pig-head, incapable of change. Because he says the most horrible things about me, just because he's insecure about his own work - which, let me tell you, is sub-par. Because he blames me for - for the things that aren't my fault!

Atreus: Huh? Like what?

Sindri: Would you pardon me please? I'd like to collect myself.

[Kratos and Atreus take the boat and sail away.]

Atreus: So... what other stories have you got?

Kratos: There was a young man who was caught stealing and condemned to die. His mother came to visit his prison. She was a kind woman, who could only give love. But her son, the thief, met her with rage, and bit off her ear.

Atreus: What! Why?

Kratos: Because the boy had always been a thief. And his mother had taught him only love, and nothing of consequences. Had he been taught discipline instead, he might have lived longer.

Atreus: Sure, but... her ear... that's not right.

[They approach the island and destroy its inhabitants.]

Spirit: Ha! Well done, boys! Never thought I'd see a scrap like that again.

Kratos: What do you want?

Spirit: To thank you! These dead Reavers drowned me many winters ago, and I've been itching to see 'em get theirs.

Atreus: So you died after all the flooding?

Spirit: Indeed. I came to the lake of nine to pillage Tyr's Temple. But I underestimated the severity of the Desolation.

Kratos: Have you seen other men? Living? A bearded one with tattoos?

Spirit: Only the one standing in front of me! Thank you both for avenging my death. (disappears)

Kratos: Useless.

Atreus: Well, we can't expect them ALL to know something useful. Maybe the next one will have more information.

Kratos: Keep your expectations low, boy. Spirits are really useful.

Atreus: How do they even exist?

Kratos: When you sever a man from his life, it is not always a clean cut.

Atreus: So you've met other spirits?

Kratos: Yes. Many.

Atreus: What were they like?

Kratos: Annoying.

Atreus: How about one more story?

Kratos: One more. There was the story of the mother crab, who scolded her son. She told him he should walk forward, in pride - not sideways as he always did.

Atreus: But she's a crab too! She should say, "sure, I'll walk forward as soon as you show me how!"

Kratos: Yes. She did say that. That was the story.

Atreus: I got it.

[On the next island...]

Spirit: You! I must speak with you!

Atreus: What's wrong?

Spirit: I came to this lake with a group of tradesmen, seeking refuge from the Desolation. But how could we know which was even worse at the Lake of Nine!?

Kratos: We cannot undo your mistakes, Spirit.

Spirit: I know that. But I fear for my captain and crew. I believe they are still under the water. Will you find them for me?

Atreus: Is there anything you can offer us in return?

Spirit: I... I have little to offer...

Atreus: Oh... Well, I'm sure...

Spirit: Wait! I died wearing a valuable family heirloom. It's yours, if you promise to find my crew.

Atreus: Deal!

Spirit: Thank you.

Kratos: You learning.

Atreus: Why don't you or Mom even tell me about the Desolation?

Kratos: I won't speak for your mother... But it was never my concern. Nor should it be yours.

Atreus: Doesn't it concern us if everything around us is dying?

Kratos: Our only concern is reaching Jötunheim.

Atreus: Really? When why are we exploring all this islands?

Kratos: The resources we find improve our equipment. If we stray from the path, it is only to prepare ourselves for the journey ahead.

Atreus: I can live with that if it means we keep exploring. And helping others. So... what other stories have you got?

Kratos: There is a tale about a woodsman. He asked the trees of the forest for a branch to make a handle for his axe. Instead, the trees gave him a young sapling, so they could keep their limbs. The woodsman made his axe. And then he returned, and chopped down the oldest trees in the forest.

Atreus: Hm... just cause the trees are old doesn't mean they're smart... What happened here?

Kratos: Shipwreck.

Atreus: Well, yeah. I wonder why it crashed? You got any more "short and

purposeful” stories for me?

Kratos: Very well... There was once a scorpion who wished to travel to the other side of a river.

Atreus: Why?

Kratos: If you continue to interrupt, I will end the story.

Atreus: Okay, okay.

Kratos: The scorpion asked a frog for help. He told the frog that if he gave him a ride across the river on his back, he would be rewarded. The frog protested, fearing in the scorpion would sting him. The scorpion assured the frog that he would not sting him or they would both drown in the river. The frog agreed, but halfway across the river the scorpion stung him. The frog was mortally wounded and they both sunk to the bottom of the river and perished.

Atreus: That’s sad. Why would the scorpion do that?

Kratos: He was a scorpion. It is his nature to do harm.

Atreus: Oh... that’s just what Mom used to say about the gods.

Kratos: You mother always spoke the truth. Enough stories.

[They sail into the house of the witch.]

Atreus: I know she’s really powerful, but you really think the witch can bring a hat back to life?

Kratos: She seems competent in her craft. And we have nothing to lose.

Atreus: If she can’t bring it back to life, can we keep the head?

Kratos: No. But you may feed the fish.

Atreus: Okay! I bet this’ll led out... “Turn back, Aesir.” Guess the gods aren’t welcome here.

[Atreus walks to a body of some warrior.]

Atreus: (gasps) There he is! I hope he remembers us. How's it going, Chaurli? Is your witch friends here?

Kratos: What is that name?

Atreus: That's what he told me it was - or what it sounded like in my head anyway. Chaurli!

[They enter the Witch's hut.]

Atreus: Father - she is here! It is so good to see you again! I knew you weren't dead.

[The Witch hugs him.]

Witch: Hello...!

Atreus: Oh... can you bring a head back to life?

Witch: I'm... not sure I understand what... (notice Atreus new arrows) Wait... Where did you get those? The arrows... Give them to me. NOW.

Atreus: They were a gift...

Kratos: Do as she says, boy.

Witch: These arrows are dangerous... they're wicked. You find any more, you destroy them. Understand? DO YOU UNDERSTAND? SAY IT!

Atreus: I understand! If I see them, I'll destroy them!

Witch: It's all I ask. Forgive me. Please - take my arrows in their place. I have no need for them anymore. Now... what's this about a head?

[Kratos pulls out Mimir's head. The witch backs away in horror.]

Witch: Do you have any idea who this is? Did you kill him?

Kratos: At his request. He claimed you could revive him.

Witch: Me? Are you sure you heard him right?

Atreus: Please?

Witch: Take him to the table. Heimili. It's been a long time since I've practiced the Old magic. Hold him there - let's have a look. Well, thankfully, his head hasn't decayed much and his brain is still intact. Nice, clean cut. Cutting off his head of all people... I sure hope you know what you're doing. Now hold his head under the water and don't let go. I mean it. That's enough.

[Mimir's head coughs.]

Atreus: It worked!

Witch: Let me see him. Mimir... you there?

Mimir: Yes...

Witch: Good.

[She spits in his face.]

Mimir: Oh... Hello, Freya. Been a long time! You look well.

Freya: What I did, I did for them. As far as I'm concerned, death suits you better.

Mimir: I'd bow if I could, your majesty. Forgive me - had I know the "witch of the woods" was Freya herself, I never would have suggested this.

Atreus: Freya? The goddess Freya?

Mimir: You didn't know either? Sorry.

Freya: When the word gets out of that Mimir is free, the wrath of Odin wouldn't be far behind.

Kratos: You are a god...

Freya: Leader of the Vanir once, yes... but no longer.

Kratos: You did not think it important to tell me?

Freya: Are you really going to lecture me about that?

Kratos: We are leaving, boy. Now.

Atreus: But-

You're welcome!

[Kratos punches the door. They leave the hut.]

Atreus: Why did you do that?

Kratos: We cannot trust her.

Atreus: Because she's a god?

Kratos: Have I taught you nothing, boy?

Atreus: But she's helped us a lot.

Kratos: She lied.

Mimir: Some people value their privacy. Best not to judge, brother.

Kratos: When I require your counsel, head, I will ask.

Mimir: Fair enough. Get me to Tyr's temple in the Lake of the Nine, and I'll get you to Jötunheim as promised.

Atreus: We know the temple. What's there?

Mimir: Only the last living Giant in Midgard. Who better to tell us the way?

Atreus: The world serpent? Wait- do you know how to talk to him?

Mimir: Indeed. He speaks an obscure tongue, more ancient even than these mountains. None left in Midgard who speak it. Except, of course, for me.

Atreus: You do?

Mimir: It's true. You wouldn't know it to look at him but Jörmungandr is a sparkling conversationalist.

[They board the boat.]

Atreus: So, Mimir... why did Freya spit in your face?

Kratos: No, speak of Baldur. He claims nothing harms him.

Mimir: Aye, Baldur is blessed with invulnerability to all threats, physical or magical.

Kratos: The boasting of a god. Everyone has a weakness.

Mimir: Not him, I'm afraid. Baldur is blessed with invulnerability to all threats, physical or magical.

Atreus: You just said that, Mimir.

Mimir: Did I?

Kratos: What is the source of his power?

Mimir: Well, as I recall... it involved... eh... a spell?

Atreus: Mimir?

Mimir: Parts of m'brain must still be coming back to life. Just need a moment to finish waking up.

Atreus: Hope he's not broken... Mimir, we're in the lake.

Mimir: Perfect - dock us near the bridge!

Atreus: Mimir, you never did tell me why Freya spit in your face.

Mimir: Well, she blames me in large measure for her present circumstances... and not totally without reason. It all goes back to the Long War between the Aesir and Vanir. Prior to that, wars for the Aesir were easily won - but the Vanir had proved their equal, and exacted devastating damage. Both sides suffered tremendous losses... and for many of us, quite frankly, war was simply no fun anymore, but a rather senseless waste of precious life. Wouldn't you agree, brother?

Kratos: Ngr.

Mimir: Precisely. Enough was enough, and at last, Odin's most brilliant advisor became determined to find a more enlightened path. He said about the broker of peace between the Gods. It took some convincing but ultimately Odin was persuaded to marry his deadliest enemy - a certain Vanir goddess, legendary not only for her fertile beauty but her genius at the very Vanir magic that Odin had long aspired to master.

Atreus: Freya married Odin? What was in it for her?

Mimir: It was a sacrifice to protect the people - a selfless act of love. Truly, she deserves better than she got. But of course there's more to that story.

Kratos: Head, how do we speak to the serpent?

Mimir: There's a horn on a platform at the middle point of the bridge. Take me to it.

Atreus: Finally! That Horn!

Mimir: Good. Now put my lips to the horn.

[He blows the horn and the World Serpent begins to bite off Thor's statue.]

Atreus: Why's he doing that?

Mimir: Odin had that statue made in honour of Thor. Seeing as the World Serpent absolutely abhors the fat dobber, he was probably sick of looking at it.

Atreus: But... doesn't that hurts?

Mimir: Well, he and Thor have a bit of an unpleasant history between them... or they will anyway, so I guess waking up to see it was worse than the thought of lumps of solid stone passing through his gullet. You want to ask him?

Kratos: No. Our only concern is Jötunheim.

Mimir: All right, wish me luck! Yooooooooor-mooooooooo hin meeee-meeeeeeeer.

[The World Serpent answers him something.]

Mimir: I've still got it, lads. He remembers me. Lyooooooooo- Oh no! That's not it! Uh... Maaaaaw-lon-gooooo vih-noooooor kooooon toooooon kooooon. Oh dear. Ehhhhhh-kooooo... nooooooh oh-thooooo voo-noooooor...

[The World Serpent answers him something.]

Mimir: He knows the pain for your loss. He will help you.

[The World Serpent speaks something.]

Mimir: Efni... ooooo-foooooon-gooooor. Curious...

Kratos: What is it?

Mimir: Ohhh... Nothing to be concerned about.

[The World Serpent begins to push the bridge on which the heroes stand.]

Atreus: W-What's he doing?

Mimir: Making sure we're heading in the right direction. Listen closely now... we need two things to get us into the land of the Giants. First, we need to learn the travel rune that opens realm travel to Jötunheim. Second, we need to carve that rune into the other special gateway.

Atreus: That one on the peak where we first met you?

Mimir: Correct. Except the Giants, in their infinite wisdom saw to it that no ordinary chisel would do the job. Only the tip of a magical chisel opens that gate. Luckily, I know where it is and it's not far.

Atreus: He looked kind of mad for a moment there.

Mimir: Ah, that. You felt I said that you were friends of Odin. You'll forgive me - I've never spoken of the Ancient Tongue sober.

Atreus: Wait, look! The water's drop even further! You can see more of the realm towers and statues. I even see new places to explore along the shore.

Kratos: Where is this chisel?

Mimir: Find me a boar and we'll go from there.

[A NEW DESTINATION COMPLETED.]

[Kratos goes to a huge brazier and asks Atreus to try again to read the inscription on it.]

Atreus: Ah! I can read what this says now... but... it's a name. Eir!

[The brazier ignites a bright flame.]

Atreus: Whoa! The name made it light up...!

Mimir: It's the name of one of the Valkyries. That's quite curious.

[The heroes board in the boat.]

Kratos: Which way to the chisel?

Mimir: Keep rolling towards the statues of the oarsmen, then thread past between them.

[They met Sindri along the way.]

Sindri: I have a favor to ask. Just a small favor, really. Do you remember the dagger you gave me?

Atreus: The dagger stabbed into the reaver's back? Whose own son killed him? Yea, I haven't forgotten that one.

Sindri: Well, I traced it to a group of Reavers that operate out of the Northri Stronghold. I'd wager that's where they took away the haul from Fafnir's Storeroom. Along with that whetstone... that I could use... to help you?

Kratos: Hrnnn. Another treasure hunt. Pointless.

Atreus: Well, not if Sindri really can make us better equipment with that whetstone. Plus... the reaver's son. He MURDERED his father! Hey Sindri. Have you met Mimir?

Sindri: If you mean the severed head that keeps blinking with me, please keep it away. There's no possible way if that's hygienic.

Mimir: Ach! That's nice. Lovely to see you too, Sindri! Knob.

The Flight of Fafnir

[Traveling on one of the islands they find a massive door behind which a huge dragon was imprisoned.]

Mimir: Ah, Fafnir! I always wondered what became of him.

Atreus: Wait; Fafnir? Like, Fafnir's Storeroom Fafnir?

Mimir: The very one.

Atreus: But Sindri said he was a dwarf!

Mimir: He was! And now he's a dragon. Funny how life works, innit?

Atreus: He's chained up.

Mimir: Perhaps we should keep an eye out for binding shrines and free the poor bastard, aye lads?

[Kratos destroys the first shrine.]

Atreus: How did your friend become a dragon, Mimir?

Mimir: Oh, he's no friend of mine. This little scrote was a constant source of annoyance amongst Aesir and Vanir alike.

Kratos: Then why free him?

Mimir: Trust the recently liberated, brother; No one deserves to be held captive like this. Even a greedy little Dwarf-come-dragon.

Kratos: You never answered the boy's question, Head; how did this dwarf become a dragon?

Mimir: Well, I don't know for certain, though, I'd wager his penchant for stealing the magical artifacts had something to do with it. Must've stolen a trinket from the wrong Vanir goddess.

Atreus: What do we do with that?

Kratos: Hmm... We will show it to the Dwarves.

[Kratos destroys the last shrine.]

Atreus: Time to set him free. Think he'll remember you?

Mimir: I don't know, lad. A lot's changed since we last cross paths. I had legs!

[Atreus destroys the seal on Fafnir's chains.]

Mimir: There you go, you wee little bugger.

[Fafnir roars.]

Mimir: Be free.

[Fafnir flies away.]

Mimir: Well! Turning dragon hasn't done much for his personality.

[Back to the boat.]

Atreus: I can't believe Odin and Freya were ever married.

Mimir: Love and hate are more closely intertwined than you might imagine. For instance, Odin hates the Giants, and they him, but Thor's own mother was the Giantess Fjörgyn - one of Odin's great loves.

Atreus: So Thor is half-God and half-Giant? Weird...!

Mimir: Once Fjörgyn was gone, lonely ages past for Odin... and as war with the Vanir raged, I could see that he really wanted beneath his bluster. And after no small amount of convincing, Freya agreed. For a while there, he really turned on the charm. He seems happy. He seemed interested in making her happy. He grunted her so many wishes I can scarcely recall them all. The peace held, and I truly believed all had worked out better than I could have planned. But Odin's true face showed itself again in the end. Oh he won Freya's trust, and she taught him some of her Vanir magic - another choice she would live to bitterly regret. Sadly, despite his wise chancellor's best efforts to persuade him that peace was the only true path to stave off Ragnarök, Odin never let go of his obsession with Jötunheim. The taste of Vanir magic led him to new forms of experimentation,

and new levels of depravity.

[They're landing on a small island and heard that someone is moaning...]

Spirit: Gullveig... You were taken from this realm too early. You, who walks among the living! My beloved Gullveig calls to me... she yearns for peace! Yet he remains lie in pieces. I beg of you, make my Gullveig whole again!

Atreus: You want us to collect her bones? Gross.

Spirit: Gullveig's seiðr magick knows no bounds. She can reunite you with those you've lost!

Atreus: Really? How?

Kratos: Boy...

Spirit: I can smell your grief, child... Rest assured, her magic is strong enough to create bridges between life and death... If only for a short while.

Kratos: Boy! We're leaving.

Spirit: They've taken three of your Gullveig's bones, and spread them across the lake. Bring me her bones, child! Gullveig will reward you!

Atreus: Father... maybe we should look for those bones?

Kratos: Why.

Atreus: Didn't you hear him? We could talk to Mom again. If we keep an eye out while we-

Kratos: Look if you wish, boy! I will not be distracted by this fool's errand.

[They board the boat.]

Kratos: This chisel we seek- what is it?

Mimir: I'm glad you asked actually. I have just the story for you... (clears throat) There was a giant once named Thamur- a very giant Giant- who, despite his mountainous size, was without question the greatest stonemason this world had ever seen. Proud Thamur hoped to one day pass his vast knowledge on to his

son, but young Hrimthur had the heart of a warrior. Perhaps the father had too much fear in him, the son too little... either way, a quarrel of theirs spiralled out of control, and the overworked stonemason-bonk!-struck his son. Hrimthur ran off into the night. Feeling shame and regret, Thamur chased after his son, but in his emotional state, soon found himself wandering Midgard, lost and alone. Sadly, he caught the eye of the one person he didn't want to meet alone at night, so far from home... Thor.

Atreus: Thor killed him. Oh no... He fell on a village?

Mimir: Aye. When Thamur fell, he crushed a charming place famed for worshipping the Vanir god, Njörd. Thor always took credit for planning that one, but the truth is the sweaty bawbag just got lucky.

Atreus: What happened to the survivors?

Mimir: Oh, Thamur was a Frost Giant. When he died, his final breath froze everything.

[They finally find the Giant... it's hard to describe his size. Just one of his palms alone looks like a huge mountain.]

Atreus: There he is...

Mimir: Find the tip of a chisel. That's the magic we need.

THE MAGIC CHISEL

[They come to the Giant's head.]

Atreus: How we getting down there?

Kratos: I have a plan.

Mimir: You do?

Kratos: Do not act so surprised.

Mimir: No offense, brother, but I don't even think Thor with Mjolnir in hand could get through that much ice.

Kratos: Then Thor is a fool.

Mimir: This should be entertaining...

[They are attacked by several opponents.]

Kratos: Boy.

Atreus: Ready.

[They kill them without much problems.]

Sindri: Oh, hey. You again. Come on up! Wow, that was... uh... something, that uh, fight. Here, catch.

[He throws Kratos an apple. He puts forward his ax and cuts it.]

Sindri: Well, that was a waste of a perfectly good apple.

Kratos: How were you not seen? There is nowhere here to hide.

Sindri: Ah. That. It's a little trick my people can pull... a special way of not being seen.

Atreus: You can be invisible?

Sindri: More like I can step into the realm between realms... and your mind doesn't understand what it's seeing, so it sees nothing at all. That's how we avoid ever having to actually use the weapons we craft. It, uh... It doesn't seem to work on dragons though.

Atreus: Your brother wanted to know if you were getting enough to eat. I guess I can tell him you are!

Sindri: Brok was asking about me? Was there mead on his breath?

[Kratos throws his ax millimeter from Sindri's head.]

Sindri: You let him touch this again. Come on then...

[He barely lifts the axe and drags it to his workshop.]

Atreus: So that's how Brok was in the temple right after the water dropped. He

stepped between realms!

Sindri: Okay, now shush! I need complete silence for this...

[He hits the axe once with a hammer.]

Sindri: (smiling) There ya go!

Kratos: Rrrrn.

[The axe improved. Kratos puts it away and goes to clear the way.]

Sindri: Careful! My shop's RIGHT HERE!

Atreus: There is something over there!

Sindri: Ughff, the Travellers. Woahgff. Disgusting. Ughff. Smelly. Covered in god knows how many little beasties. But gorgeous armor! Let's see if I can't make something more sanitary, yes?

[He notices one of the arrows he gave to Atreus.]

Sindri: Why... is that a piece of my braided mistletoe arrow adorning your quiver strap? A little memento of your good pal Sindri? I'm so... terribly touched.

[Kratos continues his search for the chisel.]

Atreus: Mimir? You know this place?

Mimir: Aye, came here on a diplomatic mission once, trying to broker a peace between Asgard and Vanaheim. That war- so many lives lost. What I didn't know was Thor had already gone on a killing spree of Giants.

Atreus: What did the Giants have to do with the war between the gods?

Mimir: Nothing at all, lad, that's the tragedy of it. They took no side in that madness... but Odin's paranoia is surpassed only by Thor's lust for blood.

[/]

Atreus: Hmm. Ooh, we got most of it...

Mimir: Well! A stealthy plan it is not.

Kratos: Now we must free the other strap.

Atreus: We do? Why are we going up when what we need is all the way down there?

Kratos: Think.

Atreus: Well... the chisel tip is under thick layers of ice, so melting it won't work.

Kratos: Correct.

Atreus: And there weren't any Shatter Crystals nearby for me to shoot, so that's not an option.

Kratos: Correct.

Atreus: That just loves smashing the ice. But we'd need something ridiculously heavy to - Ohhhhh. I get it now.

Kratos: Good.

Atreus: How are we going to turn the hammer so it lands near the chisel tip?

Kratos: Not possible. We cut it free, ride it down, and figure out what comes next after.

Atreus: So your plan involves a whole bunch of luck then.

Kratos: You are welcome to suggest a different one.

Atreus: Pruma!

Kratos: Hold tight.

Mimir: Uh. This plan seems ill-advised.

Kratos: Quiet, head. JUMP!

[/]

Atreus: That didn't work. It only fell a little ways. Oh no. The floor's collapsed. There's a sand bowl, but how do we get to it?

[They find a way.]

Kratos: What does it say?

Atreus: "When time itself is disarrayed / The forward path is retrograde." Retrograde? It's backwards?

Kratos: Those symbols... the seasons?

Atreus: Yeah. But the order's all jumbled. Shouldn't it be "Winter, Spring Summer, Autumn"?

Kratos: Why start with "Winter"?

Atreus: It's from a song mother used to sing.

Mimir: Oh! I know that one! Winter-

Kratos: Quiet, head.

Mimir: Doesn't like music either... got it.

Kratos: Do it.

Atreus: Haust! Sumar! Vetr! Yes!

Kratos: Atreus. That word.

Atreus: Pola. It means, "endure".

Kratos: Try it.

Atreus: Pola! We're rising! The energy's lifting the platform!

Kratos: Keep writing.

Atreus: Pola!... Pola!... Pola!...

Kratos: Head. How is this possible?

Mimir: My guess? Temporal magic. Dangerous stuff the high van sods used to play around - with the ability to freeze time! Happened to be a favorite of Njörd himself, in fact.

Atreus: “Used to?” Why did they stop?

Mimir: Well... turns out stopping time keeps the sun and moon from streaking across the sky. Unfortunately it does NOT stop the wolves that chase them – always looking to sink their teeth in. After that they decided it was best to leave the time alone.

[/]

Atreus: I can't get to the bowl! Father – the bowl dropped away! We're collapsing!

Kratos: JUMP!!

Atreus: Whew.

Kratos: You did well.

Mimir: Thanks!

Kratos: The boy...

Mimir: Just having a little fun, you big grump.

Atreus: Well there it is. How we're going to get it free?

Kratos: A push.

Atreus: But-

Kratos: Trust me. Ready? Dig in and push with everything.

Atreus: Yes, sir.

[They push away some huge piece of mountain.]

Atreus: How do we get down?

Kratos: We jump!

Atreus: Really?

Kratos: Come! Do not panic!

Atreus: Why would I panic?! Whoa!!

Kratos: I have you!

[/]

Mimir: You're cracked, you know that?

Kratos: Hhng. You are well?

Atreus: Uh huh.

Kratos: Good. We should keep moving.

Atreus: (gasps) Wow... The chisel tip!

Mimir: Give the man credit. He has a talent for destroying things.

Kratos: Remember that, head.

Mimir: Never leaves my mind...

Voice 1: Where are they?! Ugh. I fucking hate Midgard. How do we know they're even here? Because that hammer didn't fall on its own.

Voice 2: Well... If we find them, I get the kid, right?

Voice 1: What is the matter with you?

Voice 2: I smell a dwarf. Find him.

Atreus: Father-

Kratos: (whispers) Not now.

Kratos: Those were the guys we saw with Baldur. His nephews?

Mimir: Aye. Magni and Modi - the sons of Thor.

Atreus: Mother always said the Aesir were the worst of the gods, and Thor was the worst of the Aesir. Guess he's a terrible father, too.

Kratos: They are no longer children. They have no excuse.

Atreus: Will Sindri be okay?

Mimir: They'll never even see him. Ah, the great dining hall. Envy of all Midgard. Funny. I remember there being a massive candelabrum. Really livened up the place...

Kratos: Shh-something ahead...

Mimir: See, lad? He's fine.

Sindri: Thought it best to vanish when Thor's idiot sons showed up.

Voice 1: Will you focus on your damn job and quit that shit.

Voice 2: You quit that shit. I mean it!

Voice 1: He went to war with Uncle and walked away.

Voice 2: Maybe. Uncle hasn't seen straight in years.

Voice 1: Well, as long as father believes him, so do we. So you will stop talking, focus, and help me find them. Can't disappoint father!

Voice 2: Oh, I'll smack you boy.

Voice 1: No, we cannot disappoint father. Now keep looking!

Sindri: Once you retrieve the whetstone, please take utmost care while handling it. It is a precious relic, after all.

[/]

Mimir: Hurry, brother. We may get a piece of the chisel and be gone before they even notice. Uh oh.

Magni: You.

Kratos: Boy-

Magni: Surrender. The Allfather demands it.

Kratos: No.

Magni: (unsheathing his lightning sword) Good.

Kratos: This fight is mine, boy. GO.

Modi: And where do you think you're goin'? Oh no, Brother! The little freak's got a bow! What are we gonna do? The small one is yours, Brother.

Magni: You don't tell me what to do, Brother. I will cripple you! I'll take the small one. I can't remember the last time we faced an actual challenge.

Modi: You call this a challenge? An old man and this stillborn lamb?

Magni: Unbelievable. You mean to oppose the might of Asgard?

Modi: You've got some father, kid. I almost feel bad for you. Brother - the Snowblind!

Both: ÓÐR BRÓÐIR BLINDR! (MAD BLIND BROTHER!)

Atreus: I can't see!

Kratos: Stay behind me, boy. Why do you hunt us? What does Odin want?

Modi: Don't know. Don't care. Come 'ere, half-breed. You're done holding daddy's hand.

Atreus: Shut up! Don't call me that!

Modi: Can't believe you've lasted this long. Those skinny little arms can barely lift the bow.

Atreus: I said SHUT UP!

Kratos: Calm yourself, boy.

Magni: Looks like they need another lesson, brother.

Modi: Oh, I'm more than happy to teach, brother. You... you're mine. Got big plans for you, kid. Look at you... weak... scrawny. I bet daddy's embarrassed to have drag you around.

Atreus: Shut up!

Kratos: Shut it out. Focus.

Modi: Let's see how good you are with that bow after I break all your fingers. Hey Magni, look what I caught!

Mimir: Oh no! He's got your son!

Both: ÓÐR BRÓÐIR BLINDR! (MAD BLIND BROTHER!)

Modi: Your mother ugly or something? She cut up your face so you'd look like her?

Atreus: Don't talk about my mother!

Modi: "Don't talk about my mommy!" Pathetic.

Mimir: Don't listen to him, lad. He's trying to rile you up.

Magni: Idiots! The Sons of Thor will destroy you.

Mimir: The Sons of Thor are welcome to try!

Kratos: Head!

Mimir: Sorry. Overstepped, yeah?

Modi: Gonna drag your carcass to Asgard.

Modi: Try again, asshole.

Modi: Let's do this! What's the matter? Does the little runt want his mommy?

Atreus: Stop it!

Kratos: Boy! Stay focused.

Modi: The small one is mine. Cry for mommy, boy. What - did mommy not feed you enough? Too ugly to let you suck on her-

Atreus: SHUT UP, YOU BASTARD!!!

Kratos: Atreus!

Magni: I got the runt. HRYAA!

Modi: Oh, Mimir- don't think we've forgotten about you.

Atreus: Leave him alone!

Magni: You jealous? Want me all to yourself, do you?

Atreus: Kráku lið! (Shitty crew!)

Modi: Fuck off! Let's finish this, Magni!

Both: ÓÐR BRÓÐIR BLINDR! (MAD BLIND BROTHER!)

Modi: Wow, kid... your mother must have been some whore to lay with the likes of him.

Atreus: I'LL KILL YOU!

Kratos: ATREUS! Control yourself!

[He split Magni's head in half.]

Modi: Magni! NO-!! How did you...?

[Kratos slowly moving towards him. Modi backs away.]

Modi: You have no idea what... You son of a bitch!

Atreus: You're next!

[Modi runs away.]

Atreus: COME BACK, YOU COWARD! I'll rip your head off!! GAAH!!!!
(coughs with blood)

Kratos: The sickness... the fever has returned.

Atreus: No! It hasn't...

Kratos: Boy...

Mimir: The coughing... the blood... The boy's sick. He needs Freya.

Atreus: NO.

Kratos: Steady...

Atreus: I'll be all right...

Mimir: There you go, lad...

Atreus: I'm fine. See?

Mimir: We should keep an eye on him.

[Kratos chops off a piece of the chisel.]

Kratos: Enough?

Mimir: Should do. With that, we can carve the travel rune to Jötunhelm – get you where you need to go. Identically, all those magically-sealed doors we've seen can now be unlocked... like that one around the corner. You can get through that door, now that you got the chisel.

["THE MAGIC CHISEL" COMPLETED.]

BEHIND THE LOCK

[Kratos opens the door and walks in.]

Atreus: You... killed Magni.

Mimir: That he did.

Atreus: He was a god... but you killed him.

Mimir: Minor Aesir, perhaps, but aye...

Atreus: And his father is Thor...

Mimir: Not Minor. Not Minor at all, him. This will not go over well in Asgard.

Kratos: I defended us. Nothing more. I fear no judgement.

Mimir: Judgement, no, but if vengeance is any concern...

Atreus: Since when can you kill a god...? (coughs) Wait, we were here before. But which way back? (coughing)

Mimir: I don't think the lad's doing too well.

Atreus: I'm fine... Nothing to worry about.

Kratos: If so, then keep up.

Atreus: Yes sir. Hey... I just realised... Magni didn't come back to life.

Mimir: That is interesting, It's known the Aesir find their own way to Valhalla. No Valkyrie escort, no processing at the gates of Helheim. That may be significant...

Atreus: Look - we're back near the giant's hand. What... what is this place?

Mimir: Fishermen would bring the day's catch into this port and use that contraption to send some of it directly to the jarl's main kitchen. The rest were sorted and sold.

Kratos: There is an exit under the thumb. Find a way across.

Atreus: It's moving. (coughs)

Mimir: Back under his palm. We're almost there.

Atreus: Everything we just did... climbed around a dead giant, rode a giant falling hammer, fought some bad gods. What do you think mother would say?

Kratos: That you have come a long way.

Atreus: Thanks.

Kratos: Another one here.

Mimir: Ah - you know this one, don't you?

Atreus: It's Thamur--the giant Stonemason! Is he building a wall around Jötunheim?

Mimir: It was to be his masterwork. He only wanted to protect his people...

Atreus: Too bad the first part got burned.

Mimir: I'd prefer the last panel was burned. Such a senseless pity...

[/]

Atreus: This place. It feels like... like a prison.

Mimir: That would explain the hefty magical lock on the outside.

Atreus: But it's more than that. I have this feeling... like something is waiting for us down here.

Mimir: You've a knack for ominous statements, lad.

Kratos: What kind of something?

Atreus: I'm not sure. Something powerful.

Kratos: Whatever you feel, boy... we will handle it. We have come this far, yes?

Atreus: Yes, father.

Mimir: A Valkyrie... imprisoned? She actually did it.

Atreus: A Valkyrie? But I thought they were just spirits.

Mimir: Take caution, lads. A Valkyrie in the flesh... I can't think of a more formidable opponent.

Kratos: She does not attack.

Atreus: Does she even know we're here? Whoah! I think she knows we're here now! Okay, here we go!

[Kratos defeats a Valkyrie named Gunnr.]

Gunnr: You have freed me from my corrupted form. You have my eternal gratitude, but my sister remain trapped as I was. Take my helm. Find them. Free them. The fate of the Valkyries rests on your shoulders.

Mimir: The fate of the Valkyries...

Atreus: Sound pretty important.

Mimir: That's putting it mildly, lad.

Kratos: What do you know of them?

Mimir: A fair question. And yet, no one easily answered. I know more that most, but much of their history is veiled in secrecy. My own experience with the Valkyries ends with my imprisonment.

Kratos: You are avoiding the question, Head.

Mimir: As I said, brother... it's complicated. I don't know why or how they've become such wretched creatures... but perhaps if we can free more of them...

Atreus: You want us to fight more of those things?!

Mimir: "The fate of the Valkyries." lad. A more worthy endeavour, there is not.

Kratos: It will be dangerous.

Mimir: Well, that hasn't stopped you before, aye?

Kratos: Mrrnnn...

Mimir: That's the spirit! What now then? Maybe Freya ought to have a look at the boy.

Atreus: No, I feel better now. I just needed to catch my breath. Where do we go next?

Mimir: Well, now that we've got the Giant's chisel, we need to learn the travel rune to Jötunheim so we can carve it into that special gateway atop the peak, and open realm travel to the land of the Giants.

Atreus: You don't know it?

Mimir: Alas, no- but the Serpent did mention that the Giants had entrusted that secret to Týr.

Atreus: Isn't Týr dead?

Mimir: Aye, but his hidden vault is very much in reach. The doors are beneath his temple, submerged in the lake for generations until our snake-friend shifted his weight. There we shall find the fabled "Black Rune of Jötunheim"...

Atreus: We could also explore some more. We got that chisel now, and that vault isn't going anywhere. Seems a shame to waste the boat.

Kratos: We shall see, boy.

Atreus: Okay, obviously the marriage with Odin didn't last. But how did Freya end up a hermit in the woods?

Mimir: Oh, that was a singular piece of cruelty, even for Odin. As if the marriage wasn't punishment enough! Freya was better to him than he deserved. She stuck it out through all manner of indignity, all in the name of maintaining peace, and safety for her people. But Odin's madness, his tyranny, his corruption of her magicks- it became more than she could stomach, and at long last she broke it off. Odin's wrath was fierce, and his curses upon her were more than she'd dared to fear.

Atreus: But her magic was so much stronger than his...

Mimir: After so much time together, he knew her vulnerabilities, and exploited them to craft curses she could never break.

Atreus: Oh... like not being able to leave Midgard.

Mimir: Worse still, he robbed her of her warrior spirit. Freya cannot fight--even to defend herself. No living thing may she harm, by blade nor spell. In a world this belligerent, what choice does she have but isolation!

Atreus: Poor Freya... I guess if I was her, I'd spit in your face too.

Mimir: Aye, lad. So would I.

[/]

Kratos: These bones pulse with magic...

Atreus: It must be Gullveig! Could we... could we just hold onto it? Maybe we'll find the rest of them.

Kratos: This Spirit lies to you, boy.

Atreus: How would you know?

Kratos: I have known many spirits. They are all liars.

Atreus: This one is different. I know it.

Kratos: You "know" very little. Trusting a spirit to keep its word is foolish, boy.

Atreus: But, if there's even a chance... Don't you want to see Mom again?

Kratos: Of course I- She is gone, Atreus. You must accept this.

Atreus: I do, but... to see her again, just one more time...

Kratos: Why do you believe him? You do not know him, or who he was. All of this is sinister.

Atreus: He wants to see someone he loved again. I... I understand how it feels. I don't think there's anything sinister about it.

Kratos: Hope is blinding your instincts, boy.

Atreus: Wow... It's like there was an entire city under the water!

Mimir: Aye, lad. A forgotten city.

Atreus: What was it called?

Mimir: Erm, well... I forgot!

[/]

Spirit: Bothvar... Frømund... Eric...

Atreus: Are you okay?

Spirit: No, son. My goods are underwater. My men are drowned. And yet, their bodies continue to walk the beaches.

Kratos: Hel-Walkers. They plague these lands.

Spirit: I was their captain. They died because of me. But these abominations sully their memories. I will find a way to free them from their tortured state. In this, I am determined. A thunderstorm scattered all three of my ships across the lake. I know not what I did to anger Thor... but his judgement was swift and brutal. I discovered opportunities for hunting and trade in these lands. I gave my search for Jötunheim long ago. Leave that for the younger, more helpful men.

[/]

Atreus: Gullveig's bones.

Kratos: What will you say to her?

Atreus: To Gullveig?

Kratos: Your mother. What have you left unsaid?

Atreus: I... I guess I... I just want to know if she's okay.

Kratos: She is dead, boy.

Atreus: I know that! I... You don't understand.

Kratos: Neither do you.

[/]

Spirit: I felt blessed to lead such a loyal crew. We'd become a family over the years. And now... my family is cursed.

Atreus: What would you say to Mom?

Kratos: Nothing.

Atreus: Nothing?

Kratos: There is nothing left to say.

Atreus: What about everything we've done so far? That man coming to the house... Talking to the World Serpent... We've done so many amazing things. I just want to tell her about them. Don't you?

Kratos: What else would you say to her?

Atreus: I'd tell her that we're both okay. Not to worry about.

Kratos: Atreus, I... I miss her too. You know this.

Atreus: I thought I "knew very little." Mimir- there was a shrine about a Giant lady, with lots of books, and visions...

Mimir: Ah, that would be Gróa, the knowledge Keeper. She was a gifted sorceress who gathered every tome of arcane wisdom she could find in the realms, all in the hopes of augmenting her powers of prophecy that she might find her lost husband, Aurvandil. But it was not her husband she would glimpse in her visions- for it was Gróa, sending longer and farther than any before or since, who witnessed Ragnarök- the end and the beginning. When Odin caught word of her ultimate prophecy, he maneuvered to obtain her knowledge and hoard it for himself. Gróa knew Odin as a longtime patron of her services, and so she welcomed him into her library as a friend. What she did not know is that Odin himself was behind her husband's disappearance, having used this enchantments to conceal his death at Thor's hands from her sight. Smiling,

jealous Odin took her by the throat, and with his very hands he stole her library and her life for his own.

Atreus: I always knew Odin was bad. But that's just...

Mimir: Ruthless? Barbaric? Heartless? That's Odin. In fact, we would do well to sit here in silence for the next few moments and reflect on Odin's capacity for cruelty. And so-

Kratos: Reflect longer. Boy.

Atreus: Yes, sir! Hey, it's another treasure map!

Kratos: The final bone.

Atreus: Yeah.

Kratos: We might as well return them to the Spirit. Maybe he will keep his word, and-

Atreus: I know she's not coming back, okay! I just... Nevermind. (sighs) Let's just go return the bones.

Kratos: Head... you are full of stories. When will you tell one that entertains?

Mimir: I beg your pardon!

Atreus: He just insulted you.

Mimir: Yeah, I got that. So you want a corker, do ya? Very well, my brothers- I'll tell you the story of Hrungrir the Brawler. The real story.

Atreus: There was a huge battle, right? His shrine had him in the middle, fighting off Aesir...

Mimir: A pretty story, but... no. Hrungrir, you see, was born with neither head nor heart, so the Giants had to complete him with stone. He was strong, to be sure- but also a perfect simpleton. Odin met him wandering in Midgard one day- found him so amusing, so harmless, so gullible, that he invites him back to his palace in Asgard. There he gives Hrungrir his full of mead, and goads him into all manner of boast and antics, all for the amusement of the court. I was there- I saw the Aesir laugh as Hrungrir leapt upon his shield and swore he'd kill us all and take our womenfolk tack to Jötunheim. Then Thor shows up- and does he

laugh? Oh, no. Thor takes one look at the drunken stone buffoon, and brings down Mjölnir on his head so hard that he's got chunks of Hrungrnir in his own skull to this day. Thor is so startled by the faceful of rock, he doesn't notice Hrungrnir's body topple right onto him with sickening crunch! And again, the roars of laughter echo through the palace halls!

Atreus: That's an awful story, Mimir. Nothing like the ones mother told me.

Mimir: Let that be a lesson, m'son- truth is seldom so pretty as myth and legend.

[]

Atreus: I wonder why Gullveig's bones are all over the place?

Mimir: For desecration, typically. Pieces of scattered corpse make for a piss poor soul. No hope for Valhalla or Helheim when your arm's on one beach and your head's on another.

Kratos: Why not ask the Spirit? I am sure he will be forthcoming with answers.

Atreus: I have a question. If Ymir was the First Giant, where did he come from?

Mimir: In the beginning, there was Ginnungagap, the great void. There were no realms yet, only primordial forces. There was Fire, and there was Ice, and there in the Void they met, and produced...

Atreus: Water?

Mimir: More than water - the mystic life blood of something entirely now. From this water, Ymir took form, and became a being of pure creation and chaos, mother and father to all that came after.

Atreus: Even the Aesir?

Mimir: Aye, every god, man, and beast came first from Ymir's flesh. Though it was the Aesir who thought themselves so superior that they should hold dominion over the rest of creation. It was Odin who took arms against his creator, and spilled Ymir's life-blood with his spear. A necessary evil, he would say, to bring Order to the realms. From Ymir's torn flesh, Odin would fashion the realm of Midgard for his own. Called himself "Allfather" - as if he was the creator, and not the creator's destroyer. A small... covetous... tyrant...

Atreus: Mimir...?

Mimir: Mm? Oh, sorry, m'boy. You know, I think it best we just end it there actually.

Atreus: Okay, I know I saw something.

Kratos: I saw it too.

Atreus: Freya did say the Jötunheim realm tower was missing from the lake. But maybe only kinda?

Mimir: Very strange indeed...

[/]

Kratos: We have collected the rest of your woman's corpse, Spirit. Show us this magic you have promised!

Spirit: Ahhh! My sweet Gullveig... whole again. Rise, dear Gullveig. AWAKEN, OH POWERFUL GULLVEIG!

Gullveig: Evni ykkarr biðjast...

Atreus: She says she will honour our request!

Gullveig: Eldi-fagnað...

Atreus: And reunite us...

Gullveig: Inn dauðr!!! (...in death!)

Atreus: OK... You were right.

Kratos: Focus up, boy!

[They defeat Gullveig.]

Atreus: Alright. Say it. "I told you so."

Kratos: I told you so.

Atreus: “You are a naive, foolish boy.”

Kratos: This is true as well. But do not take your disappointment out on me, boy. Take it as a lesson.

Atreus: Yes, sir.

//

Atreus: Oooh... Týr’s vault is behind that magical lock! I can’t believe we ‘re setting foot in Týr’s vault! Another one of these. It’s Týr! But... the middle panel is missing. Wait, I thought Týr was a god, not a giant.

Mimir: Aye. But he was loved by everyone, including the giants. Other than me, he was the only one they gifted with their special sight. Hey... I wonder if the giants left a triptych about me somewhere too?

Kratos: Go ahead.

Atreus: Actually... come look. Let me show you how to read this.

Kratos: That us not necess-

Atreus: You’ve taught me so much. Let me teach you something.

Kratos: Atreus...

Atreus: Come on. You already speak it. Learning to read won’t be that hard.

Kratos: I know how to read, boy. Just not this tongue.

Atreus: You’re halfway there already then. Okay... so the runes represent a lot of different things. Some gods, some animals, and some are-

Kratos: Wait.

Atreus: Oh, am I going too fast? Sorry I’ll-

Kratos: Not that. Do you smell something?

Atreus: Yeah, I do. Smells like- rain?

[A lightning strikes at them. Modi enters and puts Kratos into lightning chains.]

Modi: You ruined everything. I earned that fucking hammer, but now everyone's gonna think I only got it 'cause Magni's gone. I'll be a joke. But if I kill you-

Kratos: Arrrgh!

Modi: ...no one's gonna laugh at me.

Atreus: No!

[He shot at Modi but it just make him angrier.]

Kratos: AARRGH!

Modi: Wow, are you dumb. That your father's doing or did you get it from your mom? She stupid and ugly?

Atreus: Shut up!

[He's trying to attack Modi with a knife. Modi dodges and hits Atreus with his shield.]

Atreus: You don't... know anything... about my mother.

Modi: Oh that's true. But I'm gonna get to know you really well. You're gonna be my new brother... right after I finish killing your father.

Kratos: Rrrrgh!

Atreus: STOP IT!

[Atreus screams and flames appear on his chest. I dare say it was the Spartan Rage, Kratos' signature ability.]

Atreus: RAAAAAAAAA!!!

[He faints almost immediately.]

Modi: Whoops... I think I broke him.

[Kratos slowly stands up...]

Modi: No... Stay back!

[Kratos takes away his sparkling stick and punches Modi in the chest as hard as he can.]

Modi: No... This isn't over!

[Modi runs away.]

Mimir: Brother... the boy.

Kratos: Atreus...

Mimir: You have to get him to Freya quickly! There's no other way.

[BEHIND THE LOCK COMPLETED.]

THE SICKNESS

Mimir: Take the boat. Freya's isn't far. Odin's eye is on you, brother. Especially now that you've taken to killing his kin. Freya's forest is a blind spot for him. This is our smartest move. And if anyone can heal him, it's her.

Kratos: What is happening to him?

Mimir: I've seen it in mortals, that some conflict of the mind expresses itself as an ailment of the body.

Never in a God, but... a God believing himself mortal? I can only imagine... We're almost there. Somebody just called the serpent.

Kratos: Yes. The fever burns hotter. He is shaking,

Mimir: It's serious. We must hurry.

Kratos: Freya! Open the door! We need your help! Woman, do you hear me? It is urgent!

Freya: I am still a god! Go away.

Kratos: The boy has fallen ill! Freya!

[She immediately opens.]

Kratos: (faint voice) He is ill.

Freya: Inside. This is no ordinary illness. The boy's true nature, your true nature, fights within him.

Kratos: (whispers) I did this to him...? Will you help me?

Freya: Of course... There is a rare ingredient found only in Helheim. The keeper that protects the Bridge of The Damned. I need its heart.

Kratos: Hel...

Freya: The Realm of the Dead. Do you know it?

Kratos: Not this one...

Freya: It is a land of unyielding cold. Fires cannot burn there, and no magic in all the nine realms can create a blaze. As for the dead... your frost axe will be useless. You'll need to find something else.

Kratos: Then I must return home... dig up a past I swore would stay buried.

Freya: Who you were before doesn't matter. This boy is not your past he is your son... and he needs his father. This rune opens the bridge to Helheim. When you are there, do not under any circumstances cross the Bridge of The Damned. There is no road back. Understand?

Atreus: (groans)

Freya: Boy... Heimili! (Home!) You must hurry. Through my garden there's a path leading to my boat. Take it. Return home. Dig up your past. Do whatever you need to do. Just bring me back the bridge keeper's heart, and your son may survive. Now...

Kratos: Freya... When last we spoke... I was...

Freya: No. You are right to distrust the word of a god. No need to explain. Not to me. Not for that. I will keep him safe. That's a mother's promise.

[He's leaving the witch's house.]

Mimir: Helheim, of all places... You alright, brother?

Kratos: I will do what I must. Leave me be.

Mimir: As you wish.

[Once in the boat, he goes back to his house... The Spirit of Athena silently accompanies him.]

Kratos: Athena... Get out of my head.

[Coming home, he pulls out from the basement his legendary blades wrapped in Greek fabric. Kratos with an uneasy heart touches them carefully. His chain wounds whine with pain. Athena appears in the doorway.]

Spirit of Athena: There's nowhere you can hide, Spartan. Put as much distance between you and the truth as you want, it changes nothing. Pretend to be everything you are not... teacher... husband... father... but there is one unavoidable truth you will never escape: You cannot change. You will always be a monster.

[Kratos equips his blades.]

Kratos: I know. But I am your monster no longer.

Mimir: Alright, brother... let's see what those blades can do. Left side, brother! Right flank! Watch your right! My, yes... those blades will serve quite well in Helheim. Now. I believe I see a door to the Realm Between Realms over there - in your front yard no less! Take the shortcut back to the realm travel temple, then on to Helheim, yeah? Well, I'm pretty sure you weren't talking to me back there. Anything you'd like to get off your chest, brother? I can assure you I'm unsurpassed in keeping confidences. Well, you know where to find me. And for the record, I'd already guessed you were Greek. "Athena?" Dead giveaway.

Brok: What? Hey! You reek of foreign magick. Sweet Nanna's nethers, what are those...? I have never seen the like... That's you be a family heirloom...

Kratos: NO. Nor will it ever be.

Brok: Son, my brother and me created Mjölfnir for the big idiot... I know from quality. And them... them's special. I say, where's the little turd?

Kratos: He has fallen ill.

Brok: No... What happened? Aesir?

Kratos: No. The fault is mine... and my responsibility to make it right.

Brok: We all gotta take responsibility sometimes, huh? Say, what can I do to help him? I can do things. You want me to tag along?

Kratos: No. You work here... is enough.

Brok: All right. So where you off to in such a hurry?

Kratos: The realm of the dead.

Brok: Helheim?!? Shit... this is serious. I'll be keeping my eyes on you...

Mimir: Now that Freya's given you the travel rune to Helheim, it should be unlocked on the table. And it's done. We really are doing this.

Brok: I'll be watching your back!

RETURN TO THE SUMMIT

Atreus: We go where we want, we do what we want, and now we're gonna go see the Giants!

Mimir: Aye! Having learned that travel rune to Jötunheim, we can now head back to the gateway on top of the peak, and put that magic chisel to good use.

Atreus: Nobody's getting in our way this time! Come on!

[At Brok's workshop.]

Brok: Hey, look who's back up and about. Didn't I tell you he'd be fine?

Kratos: What do you want, Dwarf?

Brok: I got another lead on my ol' pal Andvari. Meet me at the Landsuther Mines? There's sum fancy-dancy loot in it for you.

Atreus: Another lead? But we already found him... Well... found his hand, anyways.

Brok: I'll explain it at the Mines. These ones is just south of the River Pass. Now you two want somethin', or you just going to stand there, all gag-scraped and slack-jawed?

[Kratos buys upgrades and they go to the room between realms.]

Atreus: Look, don't be mad... but I've seen those blades of yours before. They were under the house, when I was hiding. Is that why you never let me down there? Where'd they come from?

Kratos: They are my burden. From a life that is behind me.

Atreus: Well, they're in my life to, now, and I'd like to hear that story.

Kratos: Those days are dead. To relive them is... needless.

Atreus: How can this be needless if it's the truth?

Kratos: One day, you will understand.

Atreus: I'll take your word for it.

[They teleport to the realm of fire - Niflheim.]

Atreus: Wow... it's hot here. But... is that... snow?

Kratos: Ash. It's only falls like that for great fires.

Mimir: The whole realm is a great fire... the source of fire itself, and all the sun and stars, if legend is to be believed.

Atreus: Should we believe? I mean... we're here, and we're not on fire.

Kratos: Not yet.

Mimir: Well, you know... I suppose it's cooled considerably since the dawn of

creation, hasn't it? Niflheim isn't exactly ice these days either. It's in the nature of things extremes are tempered by time. Fires burn colder, men grow old and grey... heads are chopped off and attached to belts. Such is life!

Atreus: Uh... okay, Mimir...

[They find Brok.]

Atreus: You must like the heat, Brok...

Brok: Heat's damned useful in my line o' work. Even makes space itself more pliable. Take those magic doors you love so much - 'round here they'll go right to one another, no proddin' from ol' Brok. Go up yonder and wake some up, you'll see - gettin' around Muspel's a cinch... Long as you don't end up cooked.

Kratos: Look here. Another.

Atreus: This one's called "Surtr"... must be a fire giant.

Mimir: Aye, the first and original.

Atreus: He makes a flaming sword...

Mimir: A weapon of legend.

Atreus: He fights Thor and Odin. But is that the past or the future?

Mimir: Mm... that may be a matter of perspective...

Atreus: So what do you think, Mimir? What does Baldur want with us?

Mimir: Well... let's look at what we know. Baldur is Odin's finest tracker, bar none. If he wants you, you have to consider the possibility that Odin wants you. And as for what Odin wants, on this I have some expertise.

Atreus: What could WE have that Odin doesn't? He's like the king of gods!

Mimir: Of the Aesir, aye, but his reach is not unlimited. And where he cannot reach, he is preoccupied with going. He certainly tortured me enough about it over the years.

Atreus: Oh, almost forgot - Brok, this is our new friend Mimir!

Brok & Mimir: We've met.

Atreus: Oh! Why didn't you say so?

Brok & Mimir: He knows why. I know why? YOU know why!

Kratos: Quiet! No more of this.

Atreus: Know what, I'm sorry brought it up.

[They leave the workshop]

Atreus: So, Mimir... seemed like maybe you know Brok and Sindri...

Mimir: Oh, the "Huldra Brothers"...? Well, who doesn't? They're quite famous. Or infamous, depending on your point of view. They crafted Mjölfnir, you see - Thor's Hammer? The Aesir's greatest murder weapon, the bane of Giant-kind...

Atreus: THEY made Thor's hammer? I didn't think they liked the Aesir.

Mimir: Oh, I should say not... but this was long ago, and they were eager to make a name for themselves. Rather overdid it with that one, methinks.

[They walk into the workshop from another realm.]

Atreus: Hey Brok, we found something interesting.

Brok: Didja now? Well colour me interested. Týr woulda been pleased as peaches knowin' these offerins were bein' turnt to armour.

Atreus: Did you know him? What was he like?

Brok: Never you mind, boy. Týr's dead. Best not to dig up the past.

Kratos: The dwarf speaks wisely. For once.

Brok: What's got you all bumfuzzled over there! Get goin'!

[They leave.]

Atreus: I'm gonna tell Sindri I'm a god. I'd like to see the look on his face.

Kratos: No. I may have kept you a secret too long... but now you will keep OUR secret.

Atreus: Huh. Why should we hide what we are? Secrets are Odin's way. Shouldn't we be open, like Týr?

Kratos: Týr kept secrets too. For good reasons. To protect people. It is wiser to be discreet.

Atreus: That doesn't mean you should lie to your friends, or your family...

Mimir: I'm sure Sindri would understand and do the same, lad. Don't fret. So, lad... excited to finally see the land of the Giants?

Atreus: Yeah. But also said the journey's almost over. Oh! What if we get to Jötunheim, and there aren't any Giants there either?

Kratos: Makes little difference to us. Fulfilling your mother's wish is what is important.

[Large cog rolling from Sindri's workshop. Atreus stops it.]

Sindri: Ah! Don't go anywhere - be with you in two shakes.

Atreus: Father, can I tell him?

Kratos: No.

Sindri: Tell me what? Did you put this wheel in your month? Oh god, I'll vomit. I'm not kidding. I'll throw upon it...

Kratos: It is nothing. A family matters.

Sindri: Oh, can tell you a thing or two about family matters...

Atreus: (angrily) Let me guess... your brother isn't as talented as you, and his work is junk.

Sindri: Uh... those things are accurate. Your point?

Atreus: It's all you ever talk about, over and over. Do something about it or shut up already.

Sindri: I see...

[The rain clouds begin to assemble...]

Atreus: (screams) Yeah! We're sick of hearing about little people's little problems!

[A thunder is heard.]

Sindri: Umm, alright... That hurt a little. Let's have a look at your gear then.

[They gear up and leave.]

Kratos: Why did you speak to the dwarf like that?

Atreus: Aren't you sick of hearing about him and his brother?

Kratos: Of course. But it serves nothing to make an enemy of him.

Atreus: He should know the truth. Even if it hurts.

Kratos: It was needless and unkind.

Atreus: Truth is more important than kindness.

Kratos: Your mother would disagree.

Atreus: She wasn't a god. Why don't you let me carry her up from here?

Kratos: No.

Atreus: Why not? We're almost there. You know I can handle it!

Kratos: Can you? After the way you spoke of her, I question that.

Atreus: What, that she wasn't a god?

Kratos: She was better than a god and you shall not dishonour her.

Atreus: (scornfully) Fine. Carry her yourself.

[They go to the mountain, on top of which are the gates to Jötunheim.]

Atreus: Mimir... If you knew all along that we were gods, why come up with that story about Odin trying to follow us to Jötunheim before we get there, or whatever? Isn't it a lot simpler if they want us dead because we're gods, and they think we're a threat?

Mimir: I suppose we can't rule it out. But Odin's ways are subtle and his purposes are-

Atreus: (impatiently) Ugh, enough about Odin and his whole stupid family.

[They walk up the stairs to the peak of the mountain. Peals of thunder are getting louder. A piece of rock breaks off and falls right in the path of the heroes.]

Atreus: Whoa! Phht... I suppose that's Odin's doing too. Nice try! You and mother always said all gods were evil... but we're not! Týr wasn't. Freya neither. The Aesir gods - that's who's evil. And you know what - Odin's right. We are a threat. Cause we know what they are, and we know we can beat them.

Mimir: Well, not all of them. Not yet...

Atreus: Magni did his worst, and he's dead. They're no better than us. And they're gonna be sorry they picked this fight.

[In a room with a deer-headed god, they meet Modi. He is severely mutilated.]

Modi: Thor... blamed me... ME... for what you did to Magni. My own father call me a coward...

Atreus: Looks like he did more than that. Move it or we'll pick up where he left off.

Modi: I'll kill you-! Aah!! Aah... aah...

[He falls on the ground in pain. Atreus looks at Kratos.]

Kratos: No. He is beaten- not worth killing.

Atreus: He should pay for what he said about mother.

Kratos: I said no.

Atreus: But we're gods. We can do whatever. We. Want.

Modi: Hehehehe... that's what I said to your mother... Right before I gave it to her.

[Atreus stabs him in the neck.]

Kratos: What are you doing?!

Atreus: This is a much better knife than Mother's.

[He kicks Modi and he rolls off a platform.]

Kratos: You killed against my wishes. You lost control.

Atreus: Haven't you been teaching to me to kill?

Kratos: I have been teaching you to survive. We're gods, boy... and that makes us a target. From now until the end of days, you are marked. So I teach you to kill, yes... but in defense of yourself. Never as an indulgence.

Atreus: Nobody cared about him anyways. What's the difference?

Kratos: (screaming) There are consequences to killing a god.

Atreus: Why? How do you know? (screams) How do you know!?

Kratos: (angrily) Watch your tone, boy.

Atreus: Whatever.

[They continue their journey to the top.]

Atreus: (after defeating an enemy) Pff - this used to be a challenge.

Kratos: Keep your wits about you, boy. If Modi found us, Baldur cannot be far.

Atreus: Good. I have a few words for him too...

Kratos: No, you do not. You will leave him to me.

Atreus: So you can kill him. Cause that's what we do to our enemies. RIGHT? Cause he'd do the same to us!

Kratos: I will do only what is necessary.

Atreus: And I'll help.

Kratos: NO.

[They return to the mine.]

Atreus: Oh yeah, this room. But we need a new way up.

[They fight some enemies, during which Atreus doesn't heed Kratos' commands and attacks on his own.]

Kratos: Have you forgotten your training?

Atreus: Oh, are you talking to me? Thought you didn't like my tone.

[They use an elevator.]

Atreus: I can't learn if you won't teach me.

Kratos: You do not heed my lessons.

Atreus: I've done everything you asked, and all I wanted was the truth. Where did you get your fire blades? (Kratos don't answer) Why did you hide them? (Kratos don't answer) You said there are consequences to killing a god. You used the blades to kill one? (Kratos don't answer) Who else did you kill, before Magni? How many? (Kratos don't answer) Do you hear me?

Kratos: I heard you, and these are not subjects for discussion. Do not push me, boy.

Atreus: Fine. Mimir guess what I know everything I need to know now. I have nothing else to learn.

Mimir: Uh... congratulations?

[Atreus sees some enemies.]

Atreus: Die!

Kratos: Boy!

[After the fight.]

Kratos: What does this say?

Atreus: It says... "Don't wake him". Whatever. We've killed everything else in this mountain! Who else wants a taste?

[Huge ice troll breaks the door and hits Kratos.]

Mimir: Oh! I felt that one brother!

Atreus: Kráku lið! (Shitty crew!) To think I used to feel bad killing these guys....

Mimir: Brothers, be warned- the tunnels I'm seeing in the walls up here show signs of recent Dragon activity-!

Kratos: We already killed that dragon.

Mimir: Ah. Did ya then? Well. How'd that go? Come ON, you two... the silence is getting unnerving.

Atreus: Don't worry about it. We're focusing.

Mimir: Nearly there now!

Atreus: Finally...

Kratos: Boy, the rune.

[He approaches the body of Mimir...]

Mimir: Well. There's a sight no man should ever see. Thanks for that.

[Kratos goes to the gate and looks at the rune that seals them.]

Atreus: Carve along that.

[Kratos breaks the seal and opens the portal to Jötunheim.]

Atreus: Wow. Jötunheim. We made it.

Mimir: Beautiful, isn't it? Why, I remember once- Brother! Look ou-

Baldur: Miss me?

[He pierces Kratos with a piece of rock.]

Kratos: Run, boy! Cross the bridge!

Atreus: No! I'm a god too! I can do this! Get off him! (shoots Baldur in the face)

Baldur: Really?

Mimir: Baldur. Let 'em go. Take me instead. I'll do whatever you-

Baldur: Shut up. All of this time, I thought I needed you! But, you're just meat! Turns out the boy's the brains!

Kratos: RAAAAAA!

[He punches Baldur and throws him to the gate's ark.]

Atreus: NO!!!! You broke the gate! That was our only way to Jötunheim!

Baldur: Oh, you stupid son of a bitch!

Kratos: Get out of here, boy!

Baldur: Yes... by all means, junior, run away. Lat daddy do the all the heavy lifting for you.

[Atreus runs to Baldur, but Kratos stops him.]

Atreus: Let GO!!!

Kratos: Calm DOWN, boy! You are NOT ready for this.

Atreus: I AM ready!!!

[He's pulling on his bowstring.]

Kratos: Boy... I...

Atreus: Pruma—!!

[Kratos's exhausted body is pierced by an electric arrow.]

Baldur: And here I thought my family was fucked up...

[While Kratos is immobilized by electricity, Atreus is trying to attack Baldur again. He sticks his knife into his shoulder.]

Baldur: Aww... your father is right boy. You are far from ready. Now, would you be so kind as to hold this for me? Thank you.

[He takes the knife out of his shoulder and sticks it in Atreus's shoulder, puts it on his shoulder and jumps off the cliff.]

Kratos: ATREUS!!

[Kratos runs after him and jumps off the cliffs, too. He lands on the back of a flying dragon.]

Baldur: Don't know when to give up?!?

[They're starting to fight, but Kratos is getting the upper hand.]

Kratos: (dealing crushing blows) STAY! AWAY! FROM! MY! SON!

Baldur: Weak! YOU WON'T STOP ME! I WILL break you!

[An epic battle on the dragon's back takes place. Eventually, Baldur manages to kick Kratos off the dragon. He lands and runs to the gates between worlds.]

Brok: Who's activated the bridge? Hey! I asked you a question—

Baldur: Too late, it's locked in. And when the bridge opens, the full weight of

Asgard will come crashing down on you. It's over.

Kratos: Is it? So be it.

[He's trying to use the Bifröst.]

Atreus: BALDUR!

Kratos: NO! Listen to me!

Atreus: Let me help!

Baldur: Let go of him now or I will kill him. You know I will.

[Kratos activates the gate.]

Baldur: What did you do...?

[Atreus, Baldur and Kratos are sucking in Helheim. Kratos manages to punch Baldur in the flight.]

Kratos: BOY!

Atreus: I'm here...

Kratos: Stay still.

[He lifts an ice block and pulls Atreus by the arm.]

Kratos: You will LISTEN to me and not speak a word. I am your father and you, boy, are not yourself. You are too quick to temper. You are rash, insubordinate, and out of control. This will not stand. You will honour your mother and abandon this path you have chosen. It is not too late... This discussion is far from over. We are here because of you, boy. Never forget that.

["RETURN TO THE SUMMIT" COMPLETED.]

Jörmungandr

Atreus: Mimir... what else did the serpent tell you when you spoke? Kinda sounded important.

Mimir: I'm sure it's nothing. He just said the boy seemed familiar to him.

Atreus: Me? That's impossible.

Mimir: Oh, I quite agree. Unless... perhaps... he refers to something yet to be? It is said that when Jörmungandr and Thor battle at Ragnarök, their clash so violently shakes the Tree of Life that it splinters, casting the Serpent backward through time, even before his own birth.

Atreus: What?

Kratos: That is madness.

Mimir: Well, I did say not to concern yourself...

Mimir, why did you work for Odin if he's so horrible?

Mimir: It's my career! And if you mean to make your career as a counsellor to kings, you can't very well rule out petty maniacs -- available positions are scarce enough! My first master was a cruel piece of work as well, but I learned through him the enduring power of wit, which served me well with kings and gods alike. I couldn't have been much older than you when I started -- a faerie king's errand boy, and unofficial jester. By night, my mates and I had the run of the forest. Goodfellows, they called us-knavish sprites to the last. We'd get up to all manner of mischief, making fools of the local mortals, but as long as our lord was kept amused, we were spared the consequences. Then one day, he was not amused, and I saw fit to move on. Thankfully the ages and roads travelled since then have turned me from that merry wanderer into the paragon of virtue you see before you today.

Atreus: Why's Odin so desperate to find a way into Jötunheim, anyway?

Mimir: He's convinced the Giants hold the key to changing his fate when Ragnarok comes. They are the Aesir's oldest enemies, after all -- and it's their army that's supposed to do him in, in the end. But more than that, he covets their gifts of prophecy. He wants to know what they know, and see what they see. So much suffering could have been avoided if his insatiable curiosity was not so much stronger than his wisdom.

Atreus: What do you mean?

Mimir: Ah -- remind me to tell you why they call him the Lord of the Hanged...

Mimir: (practicing vocal warm-ups) Ready!

[He blows the horn. The World Serpent appears.]

Mimir: Thooooor stuh-tooooo... eeeee-kneeeee smooooo-thooooo thooooor-fah.

[The World Serpent answers something.]

Mimir: Ohhhh.

Kratos: Is the statue lost to us?

Mimir: Uhh, he thinks it might still be in his stomach. Um... and he's open to letting you row into his mouth to look inside.

Atreus: Ew, really?

Mimir: By the by, he's not wild about it either.

Kratos: Mmmh...

Atreus: So... are we really doing this? Letting the serpent... swallow us!

Kratos: You do not have to come.

Atreus: Well, I'm not gonna MISS this... You... sure this is a good idea?

Kratos: No.

Mimir: Well, brothers... I've been to many strange places... but this will be a new one.

Atreus: Heh... yeah, I've never been in a Giant's belly either. How about you, father?

Kratos: Never one that was not trying to eat me.

Mimir: We really should expect that sort of response at this point.

[They go into the mouth of the World Serpent.]

Atreus: Here we go... Funny... I used to dream about getting eaten.

Kratos: Dreams are nothing to -

Atreus: I'm not afraid. It just reminded me of a way I used to feel. When I was a child. Let's find that statue.

Mimir: Huh. Smell's not as bad as I thought it'd be. A bit like heather ale fermenting. Rather pleasant, actually.

Atreus: You're so weird. Ouch... the water kind of burns in here. That is water, isn't it?

Mimir: Aye... most of it...

Kratos: There—the hammer.

Atreus: I'm glad Brok and Sindri were able to work out their differences.

Kratos: Now they are twice as irritating.

Atreus: I think it's nice to see them trust each other again. Mimir... any idea where Odin hid your eye?

Mimir: No. It's not like I can still see through it.

Atreus: Yep. That's an eye.

Mimir: Maybe you should stick that in my head for safe keeping. Gently now, gently... Thank you, brother. You don't miss depth until it's gone.

Atreus: How's it feel, Mimir?

Mimir: Well I wouldn't say I'm feeling whole again, but it's a right improvement.

Kratos: The Bifröst is intact?

Mimir: It'll serve.

Kratos: Then we have all we need.

Atreus: Finally, we're going to Jötunheim. There's no stopping us now.

Mimir: Laddy, have you ever heard the term "tempting fate"..?

Atreus: Fate is another lie told by the gods...

Mimir: ... told by the gods, yes, of course. You really are your father's son, you know.

Atreus: So how do we get back out?

Kratos: We signal the—

[The World Serpent is starting to shake.]

Kratos: Hold on.

Mimir: What's going on?! Well that that was mildly terrifying. Maybe our presence is upsetting Jörmungandr's belly?

Kratos: No. Something is wrong.

Atreus: What's happening to him?!

Mimir: Nothing good! Glad that's over.

Atreus: Is he getting hit? What is that?

Kratos: We must hurry.

Mimir: Couldn't agree more, brother.

Kratos: Hold tight and watch your balance!

Mimir: The boat's shifting! I'm gonna—

Kratos: I have you!

[The World Serpent spits them out. Kratos lands hard on a snow-covered rock. Jörmungandr loses consciousness and falls near our heroes.]

Kratos: Boy? BOY!

Atreus: Pffah—! I'm good... Think I'm getting kinda used to this. What happened to him? Something we did?

Kratos: No. Something else... The dead giant... Why would the serpent leave us here?

Atreus: Look.

[He points to a bird floating in the sky. The bird descends to the ground and turns into Freya.]

Atreus: (whispers) Freya... We can still trust her... right?

Kratos: (whispers) Until we know for certain... keep your distance.

Freya: The World Serpent... what's happened here?

Atreus: We hoped you would know.

Kratos: You are too far from home.

Freya: I'm looking for my son. The two of you... you helped me see things more clearly.

Kratos: You do not know where he is then?

Freya: No. But the woods and fields speak his name. I know he walks here in Midgard.

Atreus: When'd you see him last?

Freya: Long ago... before you were even born. Why are you standing so far from me? What's wrong? Something's happened...

Atreus: There!

[Baldur comes out of the icy water.]

Baldur: I had a feeling hurting the big snake would bring the two of you out in the open. Do you have any idea, any idea at all, what you have cost me?

Freya: My boy...

Baldur: Mother?

Freya: I'm here. Don't run away.

Baldur: Oh, I'm not going anywhere, mother.

Freya: I know that you're still angry. I know that how you feel hasn't changed, but I want you to—

Baldur: How I feel? How I feel?! I spent the last one hundred years dreaming of this moment. I've rehearsed everything I ever wanted to say to you, every word, to make you understand exactly what you stole from me. But now I realise... I don't need you to understand anything. I don't need you at all.

Freya: No! Back off, Kratos. This has nothing to do—

Kratos: This path you walk... vengeance. You will find no peace. I know.

Baldur: You... I'll deal with you later. But family first.

[He's going to Freya, but Kratos is pushing him away.]

Baldur: This again.

[The battle begins.]

Atreus: It's over. It's over, isn't it? You have to go—please!

Freya: No! I can reach him! You have to stop fighting! Rot!

[She's braiding Baldur and Kratos with vines.]

Baldur: You and your magic (struggling sounds)! I hate you!

Freya: Son... please. I said STOP! Rot!

[Baldur dodges the vines and throws a stone at Freya. Kratos is braided with vines. He tries to tear them up but fails.]

Baldur: You might want to turn away, boy. This won't be pretty.

Atreus: I won't let you hurt him.

Kratos: No, boy...

Baldur: Fine.

Kratos: STOP!!! NO!!

[Baldur hit Atreus in the stomach as hard as he can.]

Kratos: No... Atreus... you're bleeding. Breathe, boy... breathe!

Atreus: Not... my blood...

[Baldur's body covers the blue glow. We notice that he had a small knife in his hand - he must have seriously injured Atreus and smeared his blood.]

Baldur: What is this? (laughs) I can feel this... I can feel everything!

Freya: NO!!

Atreus: He's - vulnerable now?

[He's going to Kratos and Atreus, but Freya's tangling him with her vines.]

Baldur: No! Mother!

[Using her UNBELIEVABLY powerful magic Freya TAKES CONTROL over Thamur's dead body!]

Freya: YOU WILL NOT DO THIS!!!

[She grabbed Kratos and Atreus with Thamur's enormous hand.]

Atreus: What's going on?!? Is Freya trying to kill us?

Kratos: No. Do you hear the wind? We are moving.

Atreus: That arrow... Baldur punched... the mistletoe...?

Kratos: In the quiver's strap, yes. Mistletoe harmed him?

Atreus: Freya said it was wicked...

Mimir: He's more than harmed the spell is broken!

Kratos: He can be killed?

Mimir: I'm certain of it. It's all coming back now...

Atreus: NOW he remembers! She's controlling that thing??

Freya: Stay out of it! I can reason with him.

Kratos: No, woman! You cannot. He means to kill you!

Baldur: You can't stop me. NO ONE CAN.

Atreus: Where is he?

Freya: I don't care if he kills me. I WILL protect him. I WILL NOT LET HIM DIE!

Baldur: How touching... This will all be over soon.

Atreus: There!

[The fight continues.]

Freya: You will stop this, NOW!

Baldur: Pain! It's WONDERFUL! More! More! Show me more! Hahahahaha! Ahh!! I feel... I FEEL... FREEZING!!!

Freya: No! Stop hurting my boy!

Baldur: The chill... it's better than I remembered! So. Cold. I love it! Ice, snow, wind... I can feel them!

[Kratos pierces Baldur with his Blades of Chaos and throws him against the wall.]

Freya: You. Will. STOP!

[Kratos uses his inhuman strength and stops Thamur's hand. He lifts it up, exposing the crystal on the ring.]

Kratos: Boy! The crystal!

[Atreus shoots an electric arrow. A powerful explosion throws Kratos back into a small crack in the rock.]

Kratos: Atreus? Atreus!

Atreus: I'm up here! I'm okay!

Baldur: And I'm doing WONDERFUL! Why I've never felt so alive!

Freya: Stop this! Prifa! (Seize!)

Baldur: Yes, YES!!

Freya: Prifa! (Seize!)

Baldur: More! More! More! Show me more! Pain! It's WONDERFUL!
Hahahahaha! More! I never know how much FUN this could be! Hahahahaha!
More! More! More! Show me more!

[Kratos throws an axe at him, cutting his shoulder joint. The axe returns to Kratos and he runs to finish off Baldur. Meanwhile, Freya's giving Thamur a new order. He takes out a piece of the handle from which he died and attacks Kratos.]

Freya: Nnngghhh.... NO!!!

Baldur: MOTHER!!! I'LL KILL YOU!!!

[He begins to climb the handle. Kratos follows him.]

Kratos: Atreus!

[Atreus jumps to him.]

Freya: Stay away from my son! You don't have to do this!

Atreus: There!

Kratos: Stop him!

[Atreus shoots Baldur with an arrow. Kratos runs to him and the brutal fist fight begins.]

Freya: Please... there has been enough pain.

Baldur: Shut UP, MOTHER!

Freya: No!

Baldur: (maniacal laughter)

[Kratos, holding Baldur in his bear grip, is jumping off the handle. Atreus jumps after him while continuing to stuff him with his arrows.]

Freya: NOO!!

[They're landing. Baldur breaks out and starts choking Kratos.]

Atreus: Get... offa him!

Baldur: Before you die, I want to thank you. Both of you. You've done what even the Allfather himself could not. I've never felt more alive! Ironic, isn't it?

Kratos: (in Spartan Rage) GRYYAHH!

Baldur: What?! NO! WHY WON'T YOU DIE!

[Third fight begins.]

Freya: NO, Kratos! PLEASE. I need you to stop! Atreus—child! Help me stop them! PLEASE!

Baldur: YOU WON'T STOP ME!

Freya: It doesn't have to end this way! I couldn't let you die! You HAVE to understand!

[Kratos and Atreus, together as father and son, start beating up Baldur. Then Kratos shows Baldur what he did to Zeus at the end of God of War III. Freya doesn't like it very much. She orders Thamur to blow on them.]

Freya: Frjósta! (FREEZE!)

Atreus: Look! I have an idea! Mooooog-taaaaaaay-oooooom!

[The World Serpent appears and grabs Thamur with his monstrous mouth. By the way, from Tamir's point of view, the World Serpent looks like an ordinary python or something.]

Kratos: Boy? Well done boy!

[He grabs Baldur and start choking him.]

Baldur: Come on... do it.

Freya: Stop... please.

Atreus: He's beaten, father... not a threat.

Kratos: You will not come for us again. You will not touch her.

Freya: I don't need your protection.

[Kratos is letting Baldur go.]

Baldur: You can't help yourself, can you mother? No matter what I do or say, you won't stop interfering in my life.

Freya: I was just trying to protect you. I was... I've made mistakes. I know, but you're free now. You have what you want. Try to find forgiveness, and we can build something new.

Baldur: No. No. We can't. Because I will never forgive you. You still need to pay for the lifetime that you stole from me.

Freya: I have paid... I have paid. But if that alone will make you whole... if seeing me dead will make things right... I won't stop you.

Baldur: (crying) I know.

[He chokes her.]

Atreus: What? No! Father...

Freya: I love you...

[Kratos grabs him.]

Baldur: Why... why do you even care! You... You could have... walked away.

Kratos: The cycle ends here. We must be better than this.

[He snaps his neck.]

Baldur: (falling in the ground) Snow...

Freya: No, no, no, no, no, no, no... My boy... my dear, sweet, boy...

Kratos: Freya... He chose this.

Freya: (sobbing) I will rain down every agony, every violation imaginable, upon you. I will parade your cold body from every corner of every realm, and feed your soul to the vilest filth in Hel. That is my promise.

Atreus: He saved your life!

Freya: (crying) He robbed me of everything! Everything! You are just an animal... passing on your cruelty and rage. You will never change.

Kratos: Then you do not know me.

Freya: I know enough. Does he?

Kratos: Boy, listen close: I am from a land called Sparta. I made a deal with a god that cost me my soul. I killed many who were deserving... and many who were not. I killed my father.

Atreus: That was your father in Hel... Is this what it is to be a god? Is this what it is to be a god? Is this how it always ends? Sons killing their mothers... their fathers?

Kratos: No. We will be the gods we choose to be, not those who have been. Who I was is not who you will be. We must be better.

[Freya, with her dead son in her arms, looks at them and leaves.]

Mimir: Well... guess we're the bad guys now.

Kratos: In her eyes, yes. But she could never make that choice. We should finish this journey while I still have strength.

[“JÖTUNHEIM IN REACH” COMPLETED.]

THE JOURNEY HOME

[They're coming down the mountain. The credits rolls on the right.]

Atreus: Guess it all makes sense now. Why she'd want to end up here. Be with her kind. But... did she know it was going to be like this here? Is this what she wanted us to see? Did she want us to tell people, or to keep it a secret?

Kratos: I... do not know.

Atreus: So what should we do?

Kratos: I trust you to decide that.

Atreus: Oh! So... Why'd you want to name me Atreus? I know it can't be for a God.

Kratos: Hah. No. He was a soldier. A Spartan.

Atreus: A great warrior?

Kratos: All Spartans are great warriors. We train from birth. Our lives were discipline, duty, battle, and death. Life was grim, and we greeted it grimly.

Atreus: Mm-hmm.

Kratos: But Atreus of Sparta was unlike the rest of us. He wore a smile even in the worst of times. He was... happy. He inspired us to hope... that though we were machines of war, yet there was humanity in us. Goodness. When the day came for him to lay down his life in battle, his sacrifice saved countless others,

and turned the tide in our favour. I carried him home on his shield, and buried him with all the honours of Spartan custom. His memory was a comfort in dark times.

Atreus: Wow. You actually told a good story. Mimir missed it! I understand if you want to go home... but I bet there are still some corrupted Valkyries out there that could be set free. Some other help people need. Maybe helping people was part of why Mom sent us out here too. I mean... what would Atreus of Sparta do?

Kratos: And what would Loki do?

Atreus: Hunh... that's a weird name. I'm glad we went with yours.

[They go downstairs to the Room Between Realms.]

Mimir: Lads! Am I glad to see you. I believe I've reached my limit for Dwarven charm.

Atreus: What happened, Mimir?

Mimir: They took an uncomfortable number of measurements, and then proceeded to bicker about the weather.

Atreus: Where do you want us to take you?

Mimir: How about the warm confines of anywhere-bloody-else? Before we return to Midgard. I should warn you... more time has passed than you likely realise. And the snowfall that began when you slew Baldur... it's become something else— the stuff of omens.

Kratos: Omens? For the coming of winter?

Mimir: Not just any winter, but a great winter to span three summers— and when it's done, Ragnarök begins.

Kratos: Ragnarök. From snow.

Mimir: Aye. Snow, lots more snow, and then the end of the bloody world, in that approximate order.

Kratos: Another prophecy...

Mimir: No brother... Prophecy doesn't expect this for a hundred more winters at least. You've changed something. Prophecy didn't count on you.

[They enter Brok's workshop.]

Brok: I'm telling you, it's [Fimbulwinter](#). I can feel it in my scrote— this is the big one!

Sindri: Stop saying that. Oh, you're making me very nervous. It was bound to snow sooner or later.

Brok: That ain't just snow, and you know it! It's the end times.

Sindri: How dare you make me the voice of reason!

Atreus: Guys?

Sindri: Just discussing the weather. Bit of a cold snap lately.

Brok: What he means is, [Fimbulwinter](#)'s upon us, boys! The winter to end all winters! I can feel it in my scrote!

Atreus: Yeah, we... We heard.

Sindri: So, if you're heading home... try to keep moving, and also, to not die.

Brok: Or if you're not heading home... same advice.

[Having completed all labours and defeating all the Valkyries, tired heroes return home.]

Atreus: We're finally home... feels like a lifetime ago.

Mimir: Bit drafty maybe, but it's a right improvement over having tree back in your tadger.

Kratos: Time to rest.

Atreus: I'm going to sleep through winter!

[Kratos drops his axe on the floor and lies down on the bed.]

Mimir: Okay... this'll do.

Kratos: Sleep.

Atreus: Way ahead of you.

YEARS LATER...

[Kratos wakes up because of lightning strikes destroying his house...]

Atreus: What was that?!

Kratos: Your bow...!

[He grabs his axe and goes out in anger. There he meets a bearded man with a hammer.]

Kratos: Who are you?!

PRESENT DAY

Kratos: Atreus, are you ready?

Atreus: Yeah, but... I had the weirdest dream. [Fimbulwinter](#) was ending. And Thor came to us, here at the house.

Kratos: It was only a dream.

Atreus: But it felt different. It felt real... it felt like the future.

Kratos: Then we will worry about it tomorrow. Today, there are still things we can do. Come.