

The Beginning
A Tale From the Mystic Wolf
By A. Sigurd Olson

Brisbane Maxwell Volsung and Sigurd Yukio Volsung are copyrighted by A. Sigurd
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Sigurd sat at his desk looking at a picture of his parents. It had been over a year since the car accident and he still sometimes came home expecting to see them. The picture had been taken on a camping trip. His father had been an avid camper and his mother had come to love the trips almost as much. The two of them looked so different. For starters his dad was a wolf, tall and muscular, with black fur. His mother on the other paw was a willowy tigress, she had been a dancer before Sigurd was born.

Sigurd had gotten an odd mix of traits from his parents. He was a wolf with grey fur and black tiger-stripes. He had whiskers and retractable claws, and all the senses either side had to offer in spades. To top off the mixture he could purr, roar, and howl. In his own mind he was a freak. Very few people in school had given him a chance, and not a single girl had let him take her on a date. On average the response was a laugh in his face. He only dealt with women on a professional level, it was the only way he could cope with them.

His thoughts were broken by the ringing of his phone. He picked it up and checked the caller ID, it was his cousin, Brisbane. "Hey Snow Dancer what can I do for you?"

"Hi Sig. Look I need to talk to you about something of major importance. Can you meet me at O'Hara's Pub in twenty minutes?" Brisbane sounded excited which wasn't uncommon.

"Sure I can meet you there, but O'Hara's has been closed for almost ten years. Why do you want to meet me there?" Sigurd asked.

"Don't worry about it being closed. I'll tell you what the deal is when I see you." Brisbane hung up with out saying goodbye.

Sigurd stared at the phone. O'Hara's was close, hell it was only a block away. He got out of his chair and walked into the sitting room to put the picture back on the altar he had set up for his parents. He whispered a prayer in Japanese and then walked towards the kitchen.

Once in the kitchen he put on his sandals and grabbed his keys. He stepped out into the warm spring air. The day was bright and while it wasn't exactly dark in the house it was still much lighter outside and it took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust. He locked the door and started walking towards the long empty pub. He wondered why Brisbane wanted to meet him there. When he got to the pub a few minutes later he took a look inside through one of the windows. There was so much dust on the glass that he

could barely see a thing. Not that it mattered since he wasn't sure what he was looking for.

After ten minutes Brisbane came jogging up. The massive, white wolf was grinning from ear to ear. "Hey cousin, I can't wait to talk to you about this."

Sigurd jammed a thumb over his shoulder. "It's an empty pub. What's there to talk about?"

"A business proposal." Brisbane dug his paw in to his pocket and pulled out a couple of keys. Walking up to the door he picked a key, unlocked the door and led Sigurd in. Next he pulled out a flashlight and went behind the bar and found the light switch. The lights worked, the real-estate agent had the power company turn the power back on for a couple of weeks while Brisbane decided whether or not he was going to buy.

"Are you telling me you're going to buy this place?" Sigurd asked looking around.

"Well admittedly it'll need some work, but yes that's the general idea."

Sigurd shook his head. "How many bars are in the area? Almost a dozen right? What makes you think you can attract any customers away from the places that are already open?"

"Well this place didn't close from competition, it closed because of very bad management. Plus I've got a plan for this bar that nobody else has tried before." Brisbane sounded confident, which got Sigurd a little worried.

"Okay Brisbane I've got some questions. First: you're a good bartender but what makes you think you can run a bar yourself? Second: what's this plan that nobody has ever tried?"

"To answer your first question I've been taking some business classes and I'm pretty certain I can run the place well enough. As far as your second question goes I need to ask you something in return." Brisbane had a gleam in his eye that signaled a secret was about to be told.

"You've got me curious, shoot."

"This place sits on the same ley-line nexus point that your house sits on right?"

Sigurd tilted his head to one side, puzzled. "You know it does as well as I do. Where are you going with this?"

"What would happen if someone was to collapse the Veil separating our world from the magical world in a localized area?" Brisbane's voice started to become manic.

“I don’t know if it’s ever been done before. There are weak spots all over the place, hell my house has three such spots in it. But to actually collapse it ...” Sigurd’s voice trailed off as he started to realize where this was going.

“But can it be done?”

“I guess it could, but the kind of energy needed would be monumental, and you’d need people working from both ends simultaneously. Finding people on this end who would be willing to try such a stunt wouldn’t be hard. But finding people with the level of power who would be willing to try is completely different. Then there is the problem of convincing those on the other side to give you a paw with it ...” Sigurd was pretty sure it could be done but it would require a shit load of effort from a lot of people working together. That kind of team work would be hard to find, even in an area like the Twin Cities which had a very large magickal community.

“I can find the furs on this side to do it. Can you get your friends on the other side to help?” Brisbane had done some astral traveling with Sigurd in the past and knew about Sigurd’s contacts on that side of the Veil.

“Are you asking me to get the residents of the Citadel to help you?! They may lend me a paw in the magick I do but I don’t know if they be willing to help me in this sort of task. I can get in contact with beings with enough power to help but I have no idea if they would be willing to. It’s not like I can order a dragon or a daemon around. The question becomes what’s in it for them?”

“It’ll be a place where they can learn about our world for the time when the Veil collapses completely on its own. Where they can sit and socialize with furs who don’t have doubts about their existence.” Brisbane was grasping at straws, but he really wanted this. He had done some astral traveling on his own and found some beings on the other side who would sell him products not seen on this side of reality in thousands of years. “I already have people willing to sell me stuff on that side, we can make this work.”

“Okay here’s the deal; you muster up the energies on this side, and be careful about it, and I’ll do what I can on my end. I’ll give it my best shot. But if one of the major players interferes, that’s it, game over.”

Brisbane nodded, “I can live with that. I’ll wait on collecting my side until you get an okay. No sense in getting peoples’ hopes up.” He counted to three before bringing up the next topic. “There is one more thing I need to talk to you about though.”

“What?”

“Money. I can get enough from the bank to buy the place with some left over for start up costs ...” Brisbane let his voice trail off.

“I sense a very big ‘but’ coming here.”

“But I’ll need a lot more to properly remodel, especially if we collapse the Veil.” Brisbane sounded a little desperate.

Sigurd had inherited several million dollars when his parents had died so he had half expected this from the outset. “How much are we talking about?”

“Seven-hundred and fifty thousand dollars.”

“How much?!” Sigurd couldn’t believe his ears, ‘three quarters of a million.’

“Well you see, there is a lot I want to do to this place, and if we can’t collapse the Veil I won’t need most of it. Don’t worry I’ll pay it back, and since you’ll be part owner you’ll get a percentage of the profits based on how much I owe you.” Brisbane knew Sigurd had the money but it was still a major chunk of change.

Sigurd put his face in his paws and sighed. “What if we don’t collapse the Veil? Can you still make money on this?”

“I’m going to put ads in all the mailing letters for the occult bookstores in the area. I’m going to market it as a bar for pagans run by pagans. I figure the community could do with its own place to get away from those who discriminate against us based solely on our religion. I’m certain we can make money, it’s all a matter of finding a niche and making it good enough for people to want to come and stay.” Brisbane was starting to get excited again, his tone hopeful.

“Okay, I’ll give you the money once we have a lawyer write up a contract that details everything. It’s not that I don’t trust you, I just want everything above board so your future employees don’t complain.” Sigurd felt he could live parting with the money Brisbane would need.

“You won’t regret this I promise you. I’ll make an appointment with a lawyer to get a first draft of the contract written up first thing Monday.” Brisbane grabbed Sigurd up in a hug and squeezed the breath out of him. “You’ve made me a very happy wolf!”

“Great. Can you put me down? I’d like to breathe again.” Sigurd choked out.

“Sorry. Look, why don’t I take you out for lunch.”

Sigurd looked at his watch and realized that it was getting pretty close to lunch time. “Let’s walk up to that Tahi place on Grand. I haven’t eaten there in a while.”