



SIGURÐR

THE DRAGON SLAYER

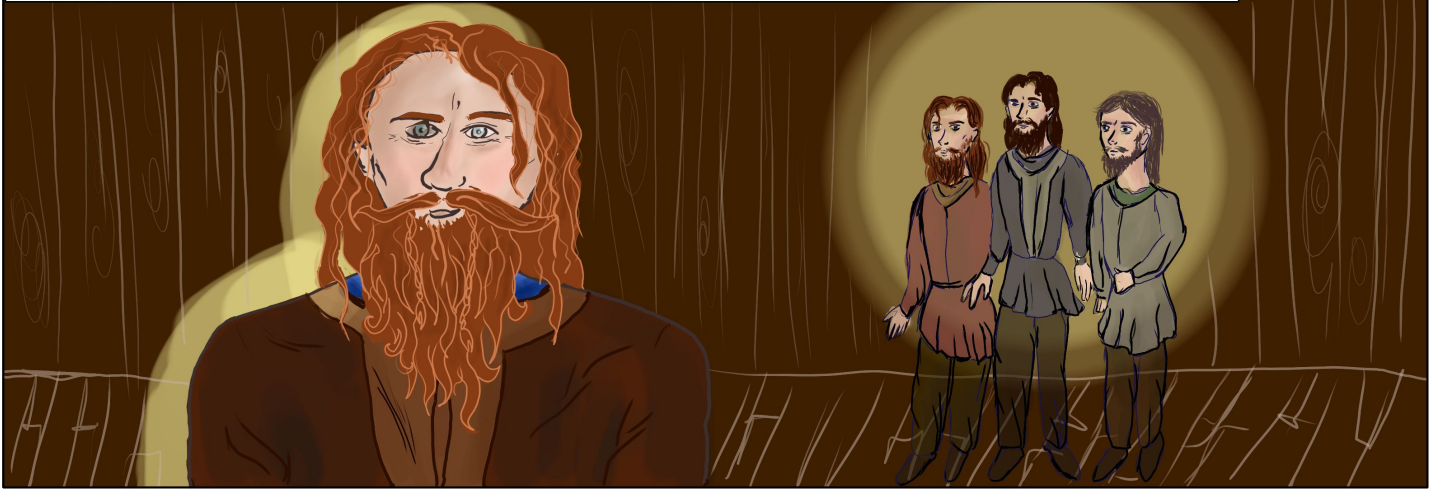
**A MINI
GRAPHIC NOVEL**

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© Grace O'Duffy. This mini graphic novel is designed, written and illustrated by Grace O'Duffy. It is based on the events of the Völsunga saga, a medieval Scandinavian legend originally written in Old Norse. For names, Old Norse spellings have been retained. Please contact Grace O'Duffy via email at grace.oduffy@sjc.ox.ac.uk or via twitter @grace_oduffy for any further information or to request permission to use or distribute this graphic novel. The scenes depicted here are designed to reflect the panels upon Sigurd's cross at Halton, near Lancaster, UK.

There was once a man called Hreiðmarr. He had three sons called Otr, Fáfnir and Reginn.



One day, Otr, in the form of an otter, was killed by the god Loki.



As compensation, the gods repaid Hreiðmarr with a huge pile of treasure...

But the treasure was cursed, and brought death to whomever possessed it...



...and, Fáfnir and Reginn, driven by greed...



...killed their father for the gold.

But Fáfnir turned into a dragon, betrayed his brother...



...and kept the treasure for himself.



Reginn swore he would one day wreak revenge...
...and get back the treasure.



Some years passed, and Reginn became foster father to a young man named Sigurðr. He was a descendant of the VÖLSUNGS, the legendary heroes.

How would a young hero such as yourself like to prove your worth by killing a dragon?

Well, it would help me live up to my name...

And so, Sigurðr called over his majestic stallion Grani, descendant of the great god Óðinn's very own horse...



... and equipped himself with the legendary sword Gramr, reforged by Reginn in his smithy.



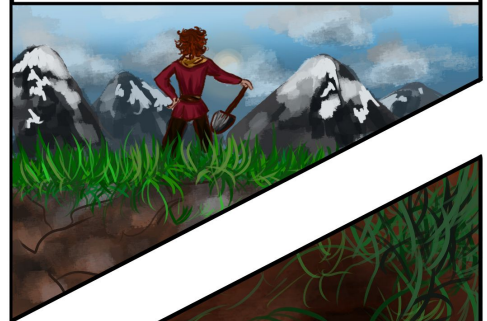
So, Reginn and Sigurðr climbed up to Fáfnir's lair.



They couldn't help but notice the huge footprints left by the dragon.



Sigurðr decided to dig a hole...



He climbed into the hole and hid inside, waiting for Fáfnir to slither above him so that he could sneak up on the fearsome dragon from below.



When the clueless Fáfnir came slithering over where Sigurðr lay hidden, sword at the ready-



With his rasping, dwindling breaths, Fáfnir uttered one last thing -



The treasure is cursed...

...and so... is anyone who owns it...

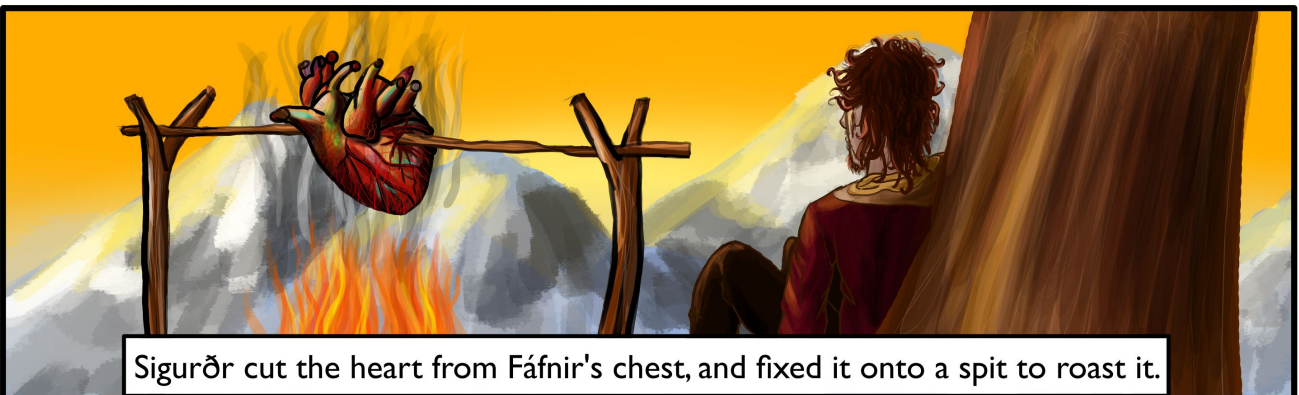
gasp

Good job, Sigurd!

Although really, it was the sword I made for you that did most of the work...

A brave heart is worth more than a sharp sword!

Speaking of hearts! Do me a favour, and cut out the **dragon's heart** for me, so that I can eat it.



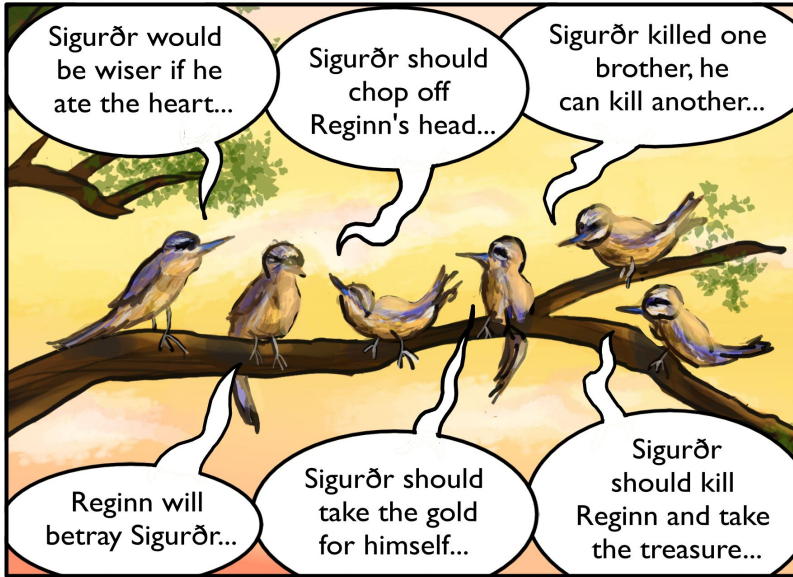
Sigurd cut the heart from Fáfnir's chest, and fixed it onto a spit to roast it.

He tasted some of the heart's blood to see if it was cooked...



... and suddenly, he heard some voices coming from above.





TO BE CONTINUED...