

## A Plan Is Made

The gods sat puzzled. None of them had any idea how to get Thor's hammer back from Thrym.

At last, Loki spoke.

"Perhaps we could trick Thrym," he said.

"Go on," said Odin.

"We can't send the real Freya," Loki said. "That's clear. But maybe we could send a fake Freya."

"A fake Freya?" said Odin. "What do you mean?"

"I mean one of us could dress up as Freya."

"I see," said Odin. "Who did you have in mind?"

"Well," said Loki, with a grin, "it's Thor's hammer. Maybe he should go get it himself."

"What?" said Thor. "You want me—the great and mighty Thor—to dress up as a girl? Why, you **rogue!**"

Thor reached out for Loki. He was eager to strangle him. Tyr, the god of war, had to hold him back.

"Relax," said Loki. "It will just be for a few hours, until we get your hammer back. I will go with you myself. I will dress up and pretend to be your **maid of honor.**"

But Thor was having none of it.

"Never!" he roared. "I will not do it!"

"Well," Loki said, "has anyone else got a better plan?"

Silence.

At last, Odin's wife, Frigga, spoke.

"Loki's plan just might work," she said. "It's our best chance."

Frigga placed a lovely, white hand on Thor's **massive** shoulder.