

“Thor,” she said. “I know you don’t like the plan, but would you do it for me—and for Freya?”

Thor grumbled and groaned, but in the end he agreed.

“It’s just for a few hours,” Odin said, patting Thor on the back. “A man can stand anything for a few hours.”

The gods sent a message to Thrym. Thrym wrote back. He announced that the wedding would take place in eight days.

Eight days later, the gods were hard at work getting Thor ready.

“Pull!” shouted Frigga.

“I’m pulling as hard as I can!” replied Tyr.

Thor was **barrel-chested** and muscular. It was not easy fitting him into Freya’s clothing. Tyr and Loki had already spent ten minutes trying to tighten the waist-strings on Freya’s **corset**.

“Why did I let you fools talk me into this?” said Thor.

“Take a deep breath,” said Loki.

Thor took a breath. Then, Loki and Tyr began yanking on the **corset** strings.

“It’s no use,” said Tyr. “We’ll never make him look thin and **dainty**.”

“You’re right,” said Loki. “Let’s hope Thrym likes a **full-figured** woman.”

Eventually the gods got Thor into his **corset**. They brought him a fancy white dress and **dainty** white shoes.

They fitted him with veils that covered his face and **concealed** his thick, red beard.

Loki got dressed as well.

Freya came to put on the finishing touch. She took off the famous golden necklace she always wore and placed it around Thor’s neck.

At last Thor and Loki were ready. Freya called for her chariot, which was pulled by two cats. Thor and Loki stepped in. The cats mewed and the chariot lurched forward. Thor and Loki were off on their excellent **adventure**.