

Jákop the Little Forest Troll

The Secret of the Northern Lights

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Jákop the Little Forest Troll lit a match and ignited the birch bark, which burst into flame. Jákop was lucky not to burn his fingers, and he rushed to stick the burning bark beneath the logs which he had piled up in his campfire pit. It was with great joy that he lit this fire to thank the autumn sun at twilight, before darkness fell.

Jákop was very happy that he had managed to collect so many cloudberry, crowberry, lingonberry, blueberry, and mushroom for himself over the winter. Now he wanted to celebrate the fall, which had given so many gifts to him and others.

Jákop truly enjoyed these colorful, beautiful, and grounded autumn nights.



Just as Jákop was about to begin thanking Máttaráhkká, the Earth Mother, he heard a little buzzing. It turned out to be Hidden Fairy Girl Biggá who came flying into Jákop's autumn gratitude festival from the direction of the great birch under which the Little Forest Troll lived. They thanked Máttaráhkká three times, as Hidden Fairy Girl Biggá said they should.

They pressed their foreheads to the earth, breathed slowly, and pictured in their heads a beautiful, healthy, bountiful Earth with peace, happiness, and prosperity for all, just as prosperous as autumn always ... or almost always was.

J ákop the Little Forest Troll went to get the berry smoothie that he had made with every kind of berry found in the North: currants, bilberries, nectarberries, juniper berries, and even others.

“Mmm ... really sweet” said Biggá as she tasted it. They giggled and ate up the blueberry pancakes that J ákop had also made.

Then they sat at the edge of the campfire and roasted mild and tasty yellow chanterelle mushrooms in the embers.

It was such a delight to see all the autumn stars again.

“Nothing’s missing now except the Northern Lights. I haven’t seen them since last spring, before the midnight sun” said J ákop the Little Forest Troll.

“I wish that the Northern Lights would appear again.”

Just as finished speaking, Hidden Fairy Girl Biggá exclaimed: “Look!” J ákop looked up and saw the curtain of the Northern Lights draped low in the sky.





Even though Jákop didn't quite understand why Biggá wanted him to sit down just as they were about to leave, he saw how happy and excited Biggá was. So he did as Biggá asked, and sat down, leaning back against his own great birch tree. "Close your eyes," instructed Biggá. "Don't shut them too tight, but close them peacefully as if you're going to sleep and inhale through your nose so that you fill your belly with breath. Bring the air in to your head and breath out slowly through your mouth."

Jákop closed his eyes and slowly inhaled air through his nostrils from his heart to his head, and then exhaled slowly through his mouth.

He heard the birch leaves gently rustling as if they were whispering something. There was every imaginable color in his tree during this beautiful period of fall. Jákop relaxed into his sitting posture. He had eaten so much good food that his stomach began to rumble, and he let out a terribly loud fart. So loud that he even startled himself. Biggá laughed and said:

"Wow Jákop." She waved her hand back and forth in front of her nose. "Ugh, that stinks!"

Jákop blushed. It was so embarrassing to fart out loud, especially with such a fine fairy girl like Biggá around. Alone, of course, he farted whenever he needed.



Jákop starts to cry when the fly's bite begins to hurt. The wound begins to bleed, and he wants to swat that ugly, bothersome, adamant, relentless fly.

Biggá blows on Jákop's nose:

"Dissolve the anger, let go of it, leave aside the bitter feelings that the fly would bind you to. The darkness has many, many tricks that it will try to deceive and trip you up with."

Suddenly, he began to hear a terrible buzzing, and when Jákop opens his eyes in surprise, he sees it. He and Biggá have made it to Nainnas's autumn dance festival! Jákop had to open and close his eyes several times to make sure that he wasn't dreaming.

"Hello, hello Northern Li ... Hello Nainnas,"
said Jákop the Little Forest Troll.
Luckily, he remembered Biggá's advice.



The green light was so bright that Jákop needed to keep blinking his eyes awake.

When he extended a hand to greet Nainnas, another hand appeared suddenly behind Nainnas.

Jákop and Biggá were startled when they saw that Nainnas wasn't just one person, but two people.

A handsome man and a beautiful woman. They were twin souls, meaning that they had the same soul even though they had two forms. They had lived on Earth many times, as well as on other stars.

Only in one of their recent lives had they found each other, after having dreamt of each other since creation, when they were born together from the breath of the Creator.

They had an eternal love in the soul.

They understood the other's affection and goodwill across time, and lived with a lasting joy and contentment every day.



The Nainnas pair asked everybody to dance a healing dance for the Earth and all its people and animals wherever they may live on Earth. They danced hand in hand and one after another for all of the oceans and the inhabitants of the oceans, while they sang potent healing joiks¹ which the couple, Nainnas, had learned at the beginning of time and had themselves sung from time to time.

Jákop was afraid that he wouldn't know these dances and that he might even fall. He didn't have wings like Biggá, so what was he supposed to do? But Nainnas, the two of them, took Jákop by the hand and Biggá took his other hand. His legs seemed to understand how they should move, and it was like dancing barefoot on mountain lichen after a summer rain.

Jákop the Little Forest Troll and Hidden Fairy Girl Biggá were both overjoyed that they had come here. Now they were helping gather strength for the autumn and for the winter, strength that they could help spread to others. That horrible fly bite stopped paining in the powerful light, which seemed to be healing it.

In some spots of light were people dancing and joking with ancient drums in front of them, even though hardly anybody on Earth remembered them, but that didn't matter. They will begin to remember everything at the right time. Then they will remember how it all was, and who was related to whom; they were in the care of memory.

1. The joik is a traditional style of Sámi vocal performance.



The spots of light flew at a tremendous speed. The pair, Nainnas, were still holding Biggá and Jákop by the hand, and they flew far to the north, until a great opening appeared amidst the clouds.

The two, Nainnas, bid the wind blow the clouds away, and the East Wind hurried to do so before Nainnas together with all of their powers dove into the round opening in the clouds.

Jákop couldn't keep from shutting his eyes a little, his stomach tickled so much that he couldn't help but burst out laughing.

As he laughed, he whooshed from Nainnas's hand straight into that land, until a great palace appeared which shone brightly with the shimmering of the Northern Lights.

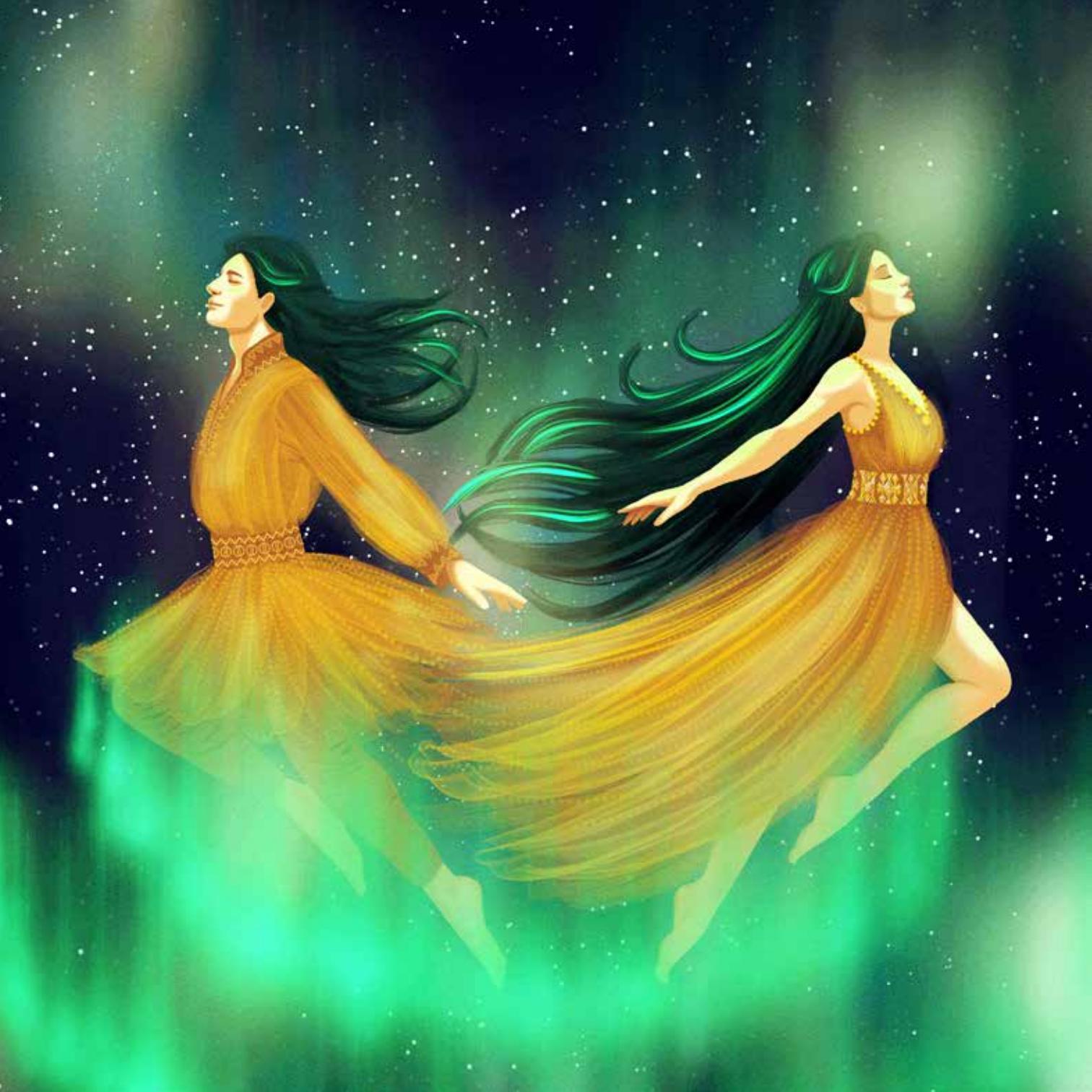
The entire land of the Northern Lights appeared, which radiated with its many-hued light. Here they weren't just green, as they are always primarily seen on Earth.



"Our Earth gáktis² are green in color," said the couple, Nainnas, as they both peeled them off.

A cloud of golden bubbles followed as they patted the shining green hems of their gáktis and carefully hung up their green forms until the next time they would be used ...

2. The gákti is a traditional Sámi item of clothing.



Biggá and Jákop stared with mouths agape at the extremely beautiful and confident woman and man into whom Nainnas had turned when they took off their Northern Lights form.

“Ooohhh, you two are the queen and king?” asked Biggá. Jákop was so shocked at their transformation that he didn’t know what he should say.

Nainnas had become the most beautiful woman and man that could ever be imagined. Now they wore gáktis of the thinnest fabric that shone like gold, and they had long, dark green hair, and bright eyes.



Everybody rushed into the halls, where things were beautifully prepared for each person.

“Here is warm berry juice and even pastries for everybody!”
And so there was a fantastic party at Nainnas’s palace. Everybody enjoyed every kind of delicacy which was on the table in addition to the pastries. Invisible musicians were making music, or were the instruments themselves playing? It wasn’t easy to tell.

Biggá and Jákop sang Nainnas’s joik again, now with an entire orchestra adding to the sound.

A young boy with a red coat and a girl with large, iridescent wings stand on a balcony overlooking a mountain range at twilight. The boy is on the left, looking out over the landscape. The girl is on the right, her wings glowing with a mix of blue, green, and purple. The balcony has a wooden railing. The background shows a vast mountain range under a sky transitioning from blue to pink and purple, with stars visible in the upper part.

When the stars began to fade and the morning twilight brightened the horizon, Biggá and Jákop noticed that the palace was actually on a mountain peak, and the entire land appeared in the twilight, shining in hues of warm gold and pink..

“This is Agarta,” said Biggá. Every kind and shape of crystal began to appear in the growing light.

Jákop wanted so badly to see
and experience Agarta, but Biggá
whispered that now they needed to
return to their homes.



The couple, Nainnas, put on again their green gáktis and left to fly them back home before it became entirely light. They gave both of them a gift. It was a piece of glass inside of which the Northern Lights flickered and danced!

“This will be for you a reminder of this celebration of the autumn sun, and you have our thanks for your wonderfully beautiful joik!”
And even though they would have liked to have stayed there longer, they were in a truly upbeat and positive mood, since things had gone so well for them in every way.

They thanked Nainnas most beautifully. Nainnas hugged Jákop and Biggá, and kissed them goodbye on the forehead at Jákop’s birch, before the two of them, Nainnas, whisked themselves off back home.

“That was a proper story,” said Jákop.
“Yeah, you could call it ‘The Secret of the Northern Lights,’” laughed Hidden Fairy Girl Biggá.

And thus Jákop the Little Forest Troll came back home and climbed into his own bed. He arranged the glass containing the Northern Lights on his bedside table. Jákop the Little Forest Troll dozed off contentedly, looking into that glass. This had been the best autumn sun festival that he had every experienced!

