

**Thank you for your interest in Dreams of Ýdalir!**

Thank you for your interest in Dreams of Ýdalir. This digital download is only a small sample of the book. At the present moment the full book is close to 300 pages long and includes dozens of illustrations.

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### **What is Dreams of Ýdalir?**

Dreams of Ýdalir is an illustrated novel, released as a literary serial fiction (in installments, like a TV show). Serials used to be all the rage. Many of the long novels of the past that we think of as a singular works were originally published in serial format. Back then it was because consumers often could not afford an entire book, but could pay smaller amounts over time. These days people don't have a lot of time to read, so a serial allows you to fit reading into your life because you can read each installment in one sitting. In this format we have to tell a riveting story, and produce amazing artwork that creates anticipation for the next one, every time.

### **The Story**

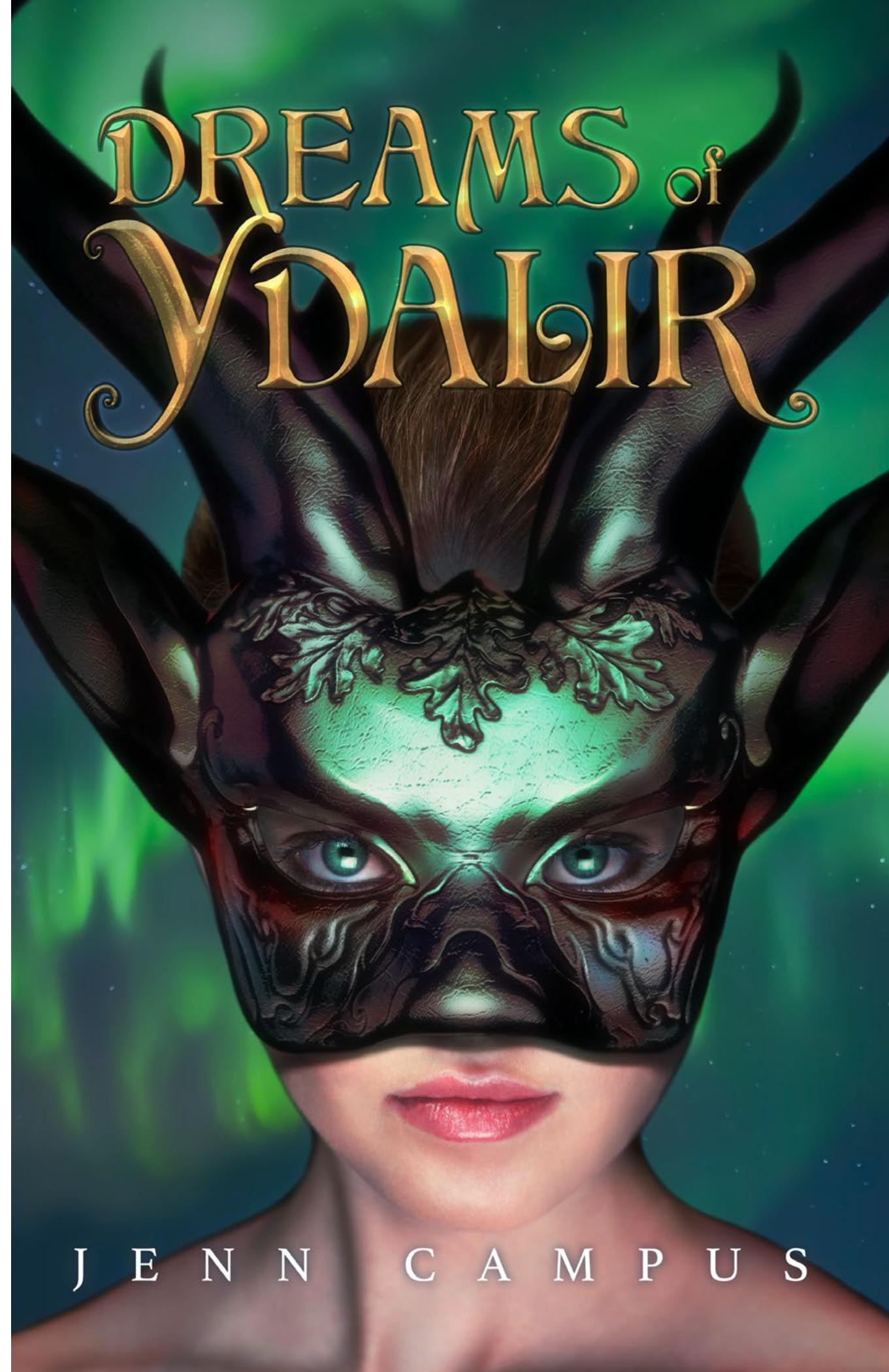
Where Norse Mythology and Mists of Avalon meet, this tale, set in the lowlands of Scotland and the Otherworld brings untold legends to life. Dreams of Ýdalir is an illustrated novel, released as a literary serial fiction (in installments, like a TV show) that includes **new myths about the Gods of Old Europe**. It is heavily based on **European mythology** and with a deep respect for the classic lore it reveals the legends of lesser known Gods, like **Wuldor/Ullr, Sif and Elen of the Ways**, and new or as we like to say "forgotten" tales and origin stories of some more well known mythological characters, like **Thor, Freyja and Odin**.

### **Want to read the rest now?**

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*Love,*  
**Jenn & Roberto**

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Acknowledgements:

You are reading this because you have chosen to truly support our artistic efforts and dream to make this graphic (illustrated) novel a reality! And because of that, you get to see the story as it unfolds (and get lots of other goodies!). So we thank you with eternal gratitude for believing in us and the project, we hope you will enjoy what you are about to read...and see!

This book is for entertainment purpose only.

Note:

Remember, this is a work in progress so you might be seeing sketches of artwork or reading chapters that will eventually be edited and modified for the final book version. So grab a snack and a drink, sit back, relax and get ready to be transported to another place and time...

Find us at <http://dreamsofydalir.com>

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# Dreams of Ýdalir

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The Illustrated Novel

written by

**Jenn Campus**

illustration & design by

**Roberto Campus**

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*Published by Ydalir Press*

*ydalirpress.com*

Table of contents preview  
from full version

## Table of Content

Prologue	1
Fawn's Story	5
The Wild Woman	22
The Man	31
The Light and the Dark are the Same	36
Hart	43
The Nature of White Animals	56
Settling in with Hart	59
The Storyteller	66
Initiation	96
The Mission	109
Life in Asgard	124
Elen's Story	139
Elen and Wuldor	143
The Sickly Sweet Smell of Roses	154
The Pipes Sound Sweetly For You	158
The Letter	163
Silence is the Lesson	180
Journey to Yew Dales	187
Return to Asgard	200
The Oaths That Bind	207
Back and Alone	224
Samhain	226
Return to Middle Earth	245
The Birth of Reinna	255
The Taste of Bitter Bile	265
The End (Till next month)	270
The Authors	273



*The Old Rules are personified in the legend of the Green Man, the Holly King in winter. He is the gift of balance in nature. He is deeply tied to nature and the cycles of life and death. Some might say he is the first shaman.*

**Fawn Speaks:**

The natural world, the world we live in is ruled by balance. As out of control we might think the present day is, or as far removed we think we are from nature, all that inhabit it, still live by The Old Rules, even the Gods.

The Old Rules are ingrained in human DNA; it is how our ancestors survived to gift us with the blood running through our veins. All of these things and more, we as humans don't generally spend a lot of time pondering, and it is fine that we don't because The Old Rules go along just fine without us. They are embodied in the cycle of life and death which happens each and every day and we are a part of it, whether we acknowledge it or not. This cycle is as much a part of us as our skin and bones, our flesh and blood. Those who knew of and followed The Old Rules, respected the delicate balance, survived and thrived, and because of them, we are alive today. We are alive because of The Old Rules.

Our ancestors left their mark on us, maybe it is our bright flowing hair, or the look in our eye we get when we know someone is putting us on or telling lies. Sometimes it is more concrete than that, like the relationship with and caretaking our ancestors did of their animal brothers and sisters translating to some of our abilities to drink milk past childhood without getting an upset stomach, or having natural immunity to some of the most frightening viruses or deadliest diseases that plague our planet.

How did our ancestors know to keep The Old Rules? How did they understand intuitively that their actions would influence millions of souls they would never meet? I don't think they actually knew, most humans don't really see the long

view past their own noses. Human life is short and fleeting, but our ancestors followed The Old Rules because it is how their mothers and grandmothers taught them to live their lives. There was no questioning it; in fact there was no other way. Live in balance with the natural world, give more than you take, pay homage to the spirits that inhabit the land: the plants, animals, waters, rocks and trees, and most importantly, understand that nature is the stronger of wills. Pray and give gratitude to the Gods and Goddesses, or perish.

The Old Rules are rules of necessity, keeping the animal herds strong and able to survive some of the harshest conditions on Earth. When humans live in partnership with these rules, we eat the flesh of the weaker animals to sustain us, which in turn strengthens the herd. The Old Rules make sure that life continues. It is not so much survival of the fittest as it is of the thriving, the continuation of the planet and all of her inhabitants throughout the ages, by whatever means necessary.

Humans are a part of nature and cannot dominate it; no matter how hard we try. When we try we end up destroying ourselves in the process, look at all of the wars in the modern age, the disease, the pain and anguish. The human world needs to make reparations for what we have inflicted on our world and on the lives of all who live here since we forgot about the Old Gods, the spirits of the land and all those forces of nature, forces of the cosmos that teach us how to be better and live happier lives. When we are acting in accordance to the Old Rules, when we remember that we are animals and part of nature, we are happier.

This is my story, a human story of my flourishing season, the time when I saw beneath the thick cover that humans

have created through years of neglect, decades of apathy and centuries of disconnect from the very heart of what sustains us and keeps us happy and whole.

This story also takes us on a journey from the fabled halls of Asgard, home of the Gods, to the most ancient times on Midgard, our own home, Earth.

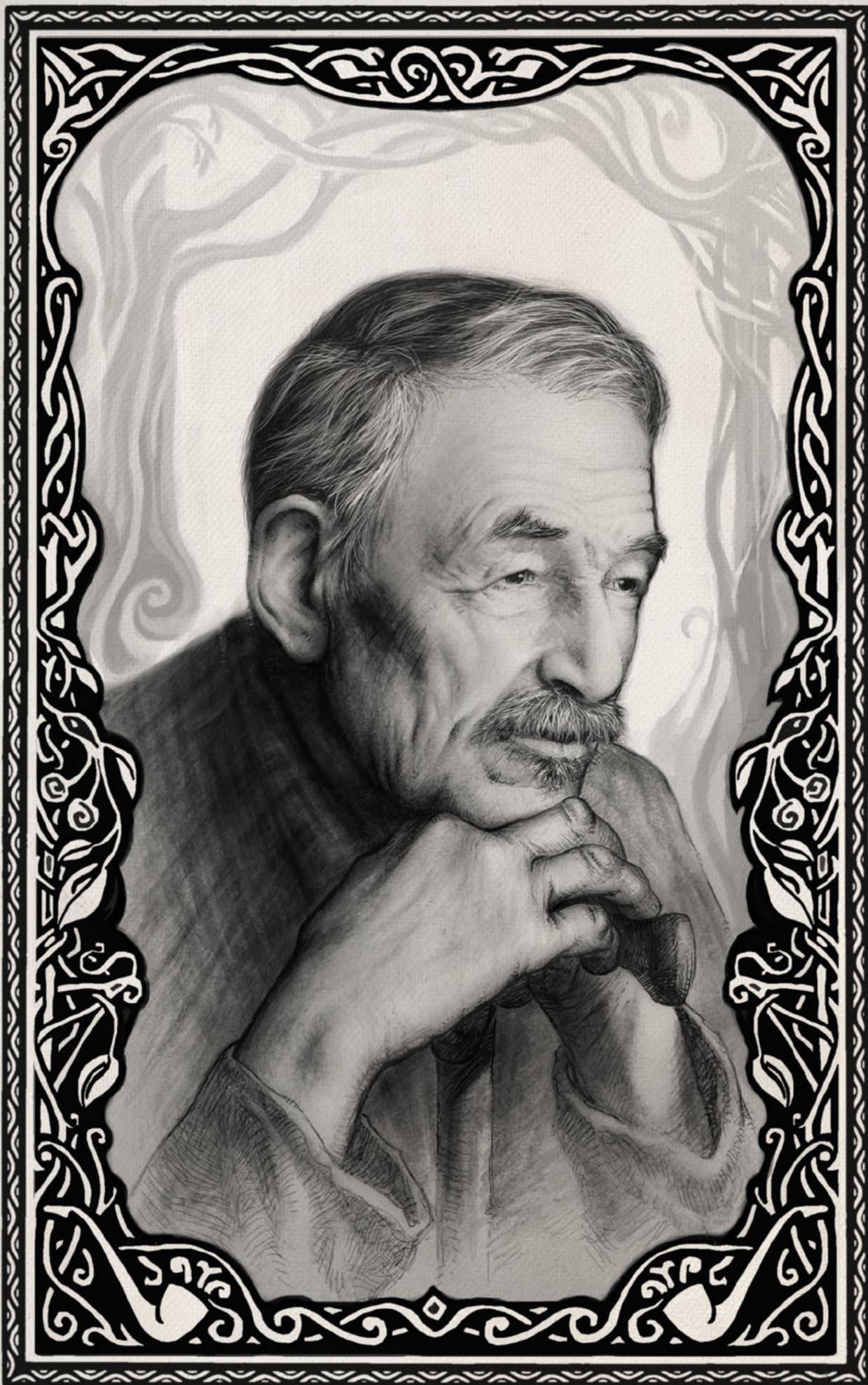
It is also a story of love found and lost, of the human condition, filled with sorrow, joy and undying passion.

Perhaps you think this story is not for you, a mere fairytale. I once thought like you did, but when I put on the mask the whole world opened before me and I could see through the veil of humankind to the Otherworld. But there is time yet for that. So I ask you instead, are you part of nature? Do you live because you eat fruit from the trees and wheat from the fields? Does a violent storm keep you from leaving home even when you had plans to go out into the world? If you answer yes, then this is your story too.



# CHAPTER 1

## *Fawn's Story*



Ayrshire, Scotland

23, July 1794

My heart is broken. I am lost and have no anchor to this world. I feel like I am drifting upon a wide loch towards a dark cave that will swallow me whole. In fact, I think I want this darkness to engulf me, for then I will just disappear and the world will be much better for it. No one will have to worry for me anymore and I can finally be free.

Later, same day...

These dark feelings come from great loss. Today was the old man's funeral and here I am, alone again. For the past three years I finally had a home where I felt safe and loved. Now it is just me, once more, destined to be dreadfully alone.

The old man that I cared for, Peter, loved me like a cherished granddaughter and although it was I supposedly caring for him, he helped my clenched

heart to soften and allowed me to trust again after so many years of bitter abuse. I was sent to help him, yet it was he that saved me from utter despair.

I found this empty diary among his things. I was taught to read and write through the little village school, but the old man taught me to draw. He was a woodsman in his prime and he loved nature. He spent countless hours in the forests drawing animals, trees and plants. He taught me much about their uses and how to identify the good ones.

He also taught me to forage for food and medicines and how to survive on my own if I ever needed it, with the help of the land. It seemed easy then when he was with me, but in my loneliness fear begins to creep its way into my bones.

Night seems all the darker and the daylight much too short. I don't know if I can live on my own. Although I have often felt alone in my life, I never have been completely by myself as I am now.

This was a diary that was never used and so now I shall take it and write in it to help me feel closer to him in my grief, as the pages catch the tears falling from my eyes.

Later, same day...

Everything happened so very fast, that it is hard to piece together. Nanny Morag said that his heart just gave out which makes sense because it was so big and giving that no heart can go on like that without just bursting. In the last few months, he did slow down some, it's true. He didn't go too far from the cottage, yet liked to work in the garden and feed the animals. So when they found him, deep in the forest, propped up against a tree it seemed strange to me. But then he may have just wanted to venture a little further that day. I had been in the village getting supplies and noticed he was not at the house when I returned at dusk. In the morning, a hunter found his body.

Many of the village folk came out to say their final goodbyes to Peter, that most kind-hearted soul. Even cold Lady Mabel showed her face, and somehow I smiled at them all through my tears and clenched jaw, and thanked them for coming.

However, now I remember something a bit strange. I knew all of the people who had come out, but there was one figure that stood in the back beneath the shade of an old yew tree. He was shrouded in his hooded cloak and I could not see his face, but a thick strand of raven colored hair escaped the hood.



I turned away from the figure and into the deep embrace of Nanny Morag, she is my old midwife and the dearest person in my life, but when I turned back to look, the figure was gone. I wonder who he was. Peter had no relations. I shall ask Nanny Morag if she knows him.

25 July, 1794

In my sadness, I began this diary in some haste. So I feel that with my second entry, before I get ahead of myself I need to get the basics down. I don't know that anyone will ever read this, but it seems proper to make introductions all the same.

My name is Fawn Woodburn and this is my journal. I am in my 17th year, living in Ayrshire, the lowlands of Scotland. I do love writing, so this journal is way to organize my thoughts and try to make a plan for my future now that I am alone.

I suppose the most logical place to start is with the beginning...

The story that Nanny Morag always tells me is that I was born on the night of the Winter Solstice, with a big full moon hanging low on the horizon.

She had called upon the servant in Lady Mabel's house to assist her, since Nanny had just come back from another birth and was exhausted. This serving woman then gossiped about the town of what she saw and heard there.

Some say that my birth was lucky because I was born inside the caul, the birth sack. My mother, whose name was Darby told Nanny that she birthed both a human child and a deer spirit that night, so she named me Fawn. My mother also told Nanny that I must never become separated from my fetch, or allow it to die, or I would die too. Nanny told everyone that it was the rigors of birth that caused her to say such strange things. But people thought my mother mad long before this. My mother wasn't much more than a child herself when she brought me into this world, younger than I am now. She was alone, which is maybe why she left me to that same fate.

People talk and say that the circumstances of my birth make me "special" but when they say it, I see fear in their eyes instead of wonder. Some say my mother was mixed up in magic. Some even say that the Fairy Folk took her when she was a child and that when she came back; she was never the same again. I guess I will never know the truth of it because after I was born she took off as soon as she was able to travel and hasn't been seen or heard from since. Most people believe she has gone back to the Fae, back to my father.

After my mother left, I stayed with Nanny Morag until I was 9 years old. That year, Lady Mabel, who is the greatest lady in the village had just lost her long time servant, the one who had been at my birth, and she requested me to replace her. As a villager it is important to be in the favor of Lady Mabel, for she is known for her great temper and vindictiveness and her power to ruin you with them.

Lady Mabel is a very strict and seemingly religious woman, and she never goes without a cross around her neck. And although I never saw a kind

bone in her body, she pays a teacher in the little village school to teach all the children how to read and write (she believes every person should be able to read the Lord's word).

Children also learn to cook and clean, tend a garden and care for animals. I spent at least 2-3 hours in school everyday when I worked for her.

But Lady Mabel always hated me, she used to slap me about my ankles with a stick broom as I walked by her, and laugh. I saw her make horns, the sign against witches and evil towards me when she thought I wasn't looking. Sometimes she looks upon me as if she is a wolf and I am her prey. I often feel her menacing eyes boring into the back of my head like she wishes me great harm.

I don't know why she hates me so or why she kept me for so many years in her care and didn't just send me to the dirty city to live in one of the orphanages or workhouses. One day I asked Nanny Morag why she dislikes me so. All Nanny would say is that it was

because of my mother and what she did. Yet another mystery of my mother's to add to the growing list.

When I became a woman Nanny Morag took me to the outskirts of the village to take care of an old man she had known since girlhood but who had no family to care for him. She said it was time for me to be released from the influence of Lady Mabel and have a safer home. I wanted her to tell me more, but all she would say is that I seemed unhappy in Mabel's care and she hoped life with Peter would be more suitable.

We made a good pair, the old man and I - both of us used to being on our own finally having another person to share our lives with in a real and meaningful way. I grew to love the old man, Peter and as much as I was his caretaker, he was mine.

When my mother left that cold winter after I was born she left me to a very lonely fate, small and helpless. My mother's own father had died before she turned age three and her mother, so stricken with grief became out of her mind and disappeared when my

mother was still young. The people say she was raving mad. No wonder my mother was too.

Am I mad too?

It is said that my mother took to the woods in her youth after her own mother left, befriending trees and animals. She would disappear sometimes for days.

The people of the village found a cave up in the woods among the hazel trees with a few blankets and cups inside, and shells from the nuts. It was rumored that she lived out there alone sometimes.

Some say that the cave is a portal to the Otherworld and that it was the Good Folk who truly cared for her, teaching her their ways.

It is believed that my father is elf-kind as no man in the village ever claimed me, even after the old man died and left me all that he had.

I have spent many days up in that cave looking for the portal, an entryway to that fair land, but have never found a thing. If my parents reside in the Otherworld, I have yet to find my way to them.

I wonder what would happen if I did?

30 July, 1794



I have always felt a close connection to the deer. Peter drew such beautiful pictures of them and I have admired them, their beauty and grace, their familial ties.

They have always seemed ethereal or magical and, I suppose in some strange way, kindred.

Oftentimes when I watch the big herds, I notice a human form among them, but upon closer inspection, I would only see antlers where there had just been a head! This happened several times before I told the old man about it.

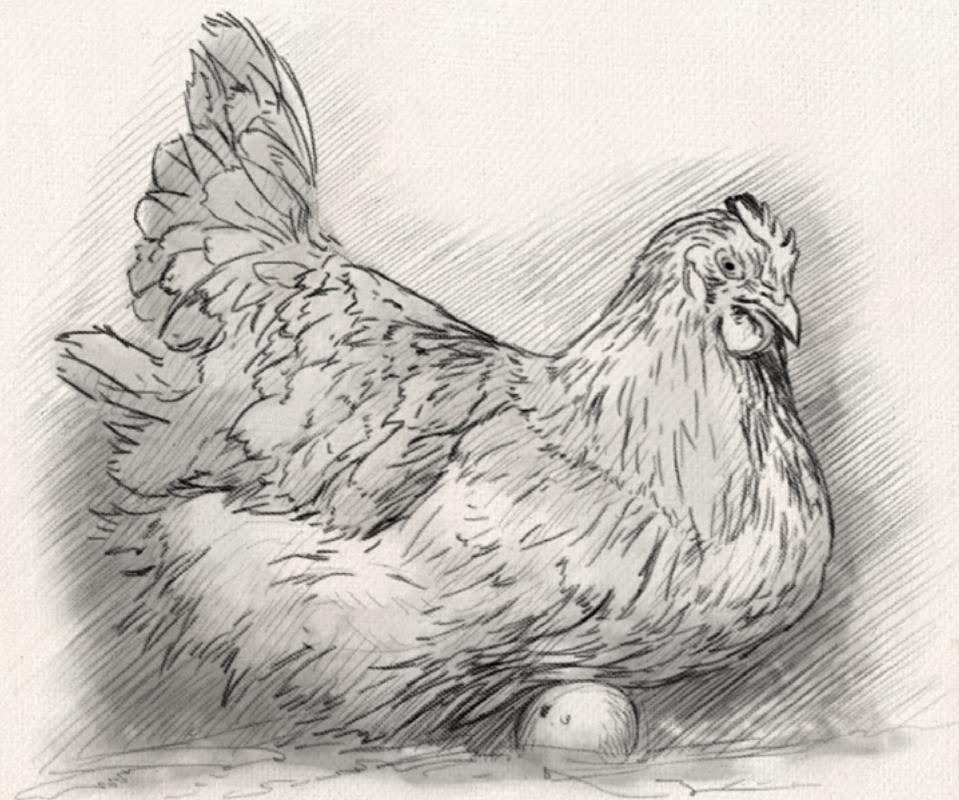
He told me my mother had seen the same thing and that somehow, her family down the female line had a connection to this shepherd of the deer, this being that was both human and beast. When he said this, I knew in my heart that he spoke the truth.

But why?

I am still searching for the truth. I probably always will since none of it makes sense. Perhaps it is just the madness that runs in the family coming out.

1st of August, 1794

As I was writing my last entry, my eyelids were growing so heavy and so I climbed right into bed and drifted off to sleep. Soon I woke to a loud crashing sound and realized a heavy storm was overhead. The thunder cracked so loud and the wind was keening. It was a strange storm; the lightning crackled purple in the sky above me. Scottish weather is temperamental, but this seemed extreme.



Storms raging in my heart were mirrored by actual storms of thunder, and hail and treacherous winds that threatened to tear the roof from the cottage and blow the hen house apart at the seams.

I braved the howling wind as the weather raged to make sure that all that the old man had left to me was not torn asunder in that one dark night. I owed him much and I would not let my fear get the best of me.

I literally battened down the hatches of the cottage and I crawled through the dirt and mire (for if I stood, I feared the wind would blow me right away!). The goats had run off, so I gathered the hens to me and brought them in by the fire to dry their feathers and keep them safe.

Being truly on my own and having something in my care that means so much to me, so close to harm, built a stronger reserve in me than I had before. I realize now that if I am to survive and thrive, I have to know that I can care for myself and what I hold so dear.

I really am on my own.

I must be strong now.

Gone are the days living with the old man or having Nanny Morag to watch over me.

I am here in the old man's home, and he is not. I remember him telling me that no matter what happened, that he would always be with me and that I was stronger than I knew. He often told me that my past did not define me and that what I choose to do today and tomorrow is how I will be remembered.

# CHAPTER 2

## *The Wild Woman*

7 August, 1794

I had the most strange dream this night. It was of a woman.

She beckons to me from the trees deep in the forest and I am compelled to go to her. Her hair is bright as flames and tendrils of it rise up in the wind, caressing her face and sticking to and winding around the tree branches above her. Her face and hands are pure white like moonlight and her eyes are dark and wild.

As I come closer, I notice that the tree branches framing her head and face are not in fact from the trees surrounding her, but are actually a part of her, like some great rack of antlers. In fact, they may be antlers, disguised as branches, but I can't quite make it out.

I feel her urgency in my coming to her, but feel no malice or harm, just a deep, deep longing for companionship and love, and a protectiveness towards me.



She is a wild woman to be sure, someone who has cultivated a synergy with the forests and the trees. Someone who has spent much of her life there, away from humans, lying down with the deer at night and following the flight of birds.

"I am Elen" she says, "Some call me the mother of these forests and the creatures who live here. I am mother to some yet this forest was not always my home. I was sent here by my own grief to heal and I have long since aligned myself with the Good Folk who live here and are in fact true mothers and fathers to this place. And you are one of mine, my child many generations removed, yet I claim you still".

That is all I can remember from this very vivid dream. I awoke with a start and I am still feeling shaky. Right as I awoke, in a flash of understanding, I realized who this woman was and my place in her story, her place in mine. But in this moment it is gone, all fading away as the dawn starts creeping through the windows. Yet her image is etched into my mind, her flaming hair, and her dark and wild eyes.

I spent the better part of today drawing her image, in case that too, like the dream, begins to fade with time. I find she is hard to capture on paper, but I can still feel her essence, her wild energy that seems to have awoken something in my very bones, something deep in the marrow which has always been there, yet ignored. As night begins to fall once more, I pray that she will come back to me in dreams and tell me more of what I wish to know - what does it all mean?

8 August 1794:

I have awoken this morning, to the bitter disappointment of quiet rest with no dreams.

24 August 1794:

Many days have passed since my last entry. That dream had faded away into a distant memory. I have been up to my ears in earthly tasks. My days have been full of working the gardens, tending the animals, making butter, and storing other foods for the winter. I have been exhausted to the core, sleeping sound at night.

So today, I took a break from it all. I journeyed into the forests to pick berries and herbs - an activity that always calms me. As the trees grew denser, I was startled by a strong sensation. I felt that same pulling energy as in my dream of the wild woman. Except here, in this reality, I felt afraid. I did not wish to journey into the woods, into the deep places of the forest and yet I know that somehow my answers lie there.

But I couldn't bring myself to go. I stood there at the invisible threshold for I don't know how long, berating myself for not taking a few steps forward.

But my body just would not go - something was holding me back. It is not the woman herself; perhaps I fear what other creatures may lay in wait. For the forest is home to many and some are not safe for humans. So I went home, feeling a coward. As I walked briskly, almost by instinct, I began to gather hawthorn and rowanberries to ward off evil.

Later, the same day:

Now, sitting by the fire, I am stringing the berries onto a piece of thread to later fasten around my neck for protection. When I finish I can hang the chain near the fire to dry the berries so I can wear them come the morn.



Later, before bed:

As I went about my work of tidying up the cottage this night, I felt as though I was being watched. That somehow that strange feeling in the woods has followed me here. As if a gateway to the otherworld has opened, and now those who could not see me before, know that I am somehow marked by the Otherworld.

Feeling so exposed, I begin to think that in addition to the protective necklace it would be nice to have a companion.

A dog, perhaps whose senses are much stronger than my own, who could alert me to things I might not hear or see, things which I find myself beginning to fear although the woman herself is no threat.

Plus, since Peter has been gone, I find myself feeling rather lonely and perhaps too tied up in my own thoughts. In fact this night, I fear for my own sanity once again.

It would be good for me to have a companion to take care of and to keep my thoughts grounded in more mundane matters, as in the past several weeks.

Before I head to my cot for the night, I will leave out a small glass of goat milk and a slice of bread. It is still warm from my evening meal.

I have read a great many tales and sagas involving those of the Otherworld, and it is often written that they do enjoy a bit of food and drink in offering for their service.

I am still not sure what service the wild woman, Elen will offer me, if any, but I will leave the offering all the same.

Perhaps tomorrow I will go on another adventure. I will not go deep into the forests, but into the village to pick up some needed provisions, perhaps keeping an eye out for one of the many village strays looking for a home.

# CHAPTER 3

*The Man*

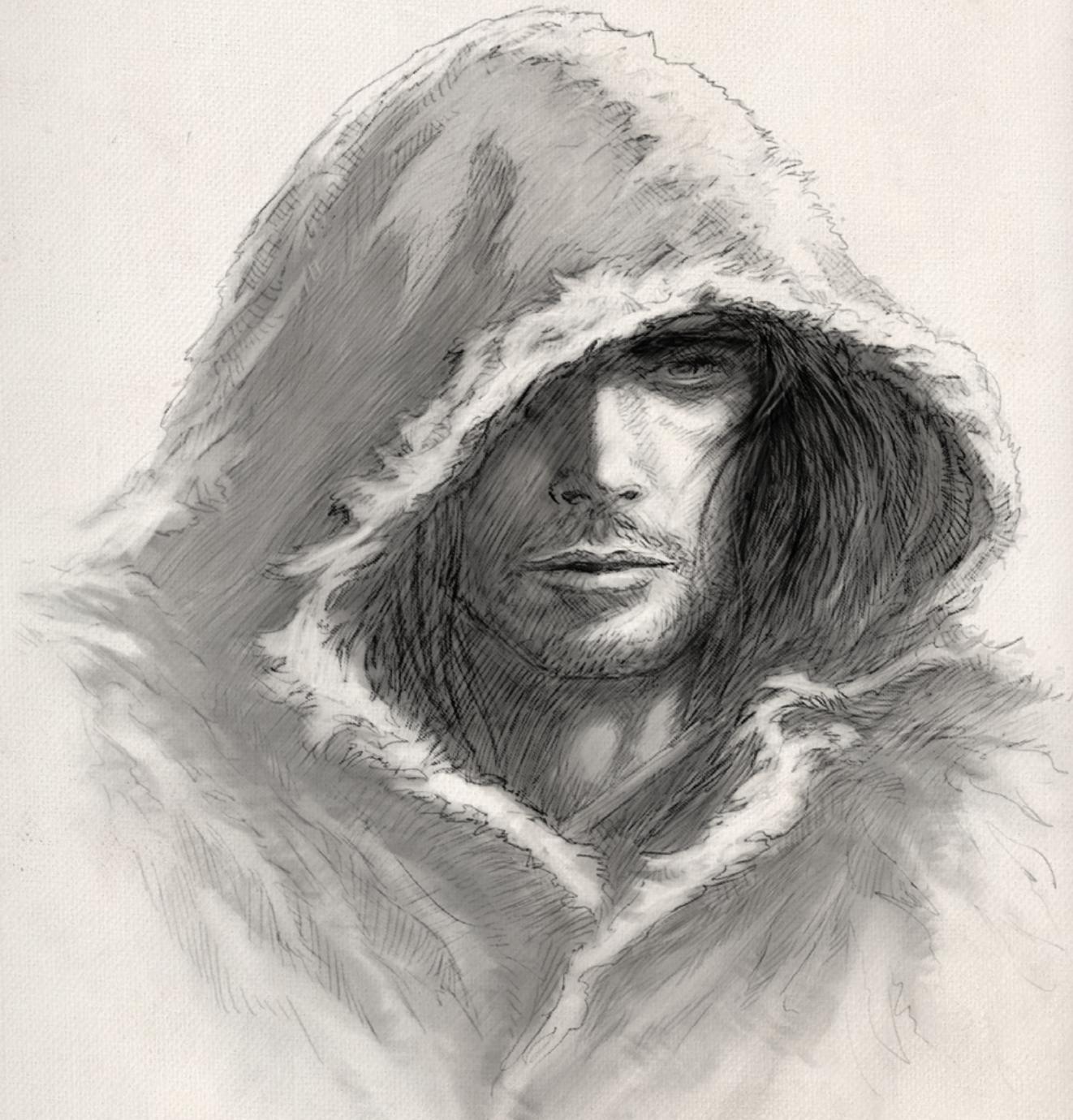
25 August 1794:

Last night I dreamt of a man. He spoke to me in a low voice, almost like a whisper. His dark, gleaming hair, was peeking out from his hooded cloak and streamed, straight and thick, reaching just above his collarbone. I could not clearly see his eyes, for they were shrouded in shadow. His chin juts out just below the shadow line and I could see dark stubble on its sharp curve. His voice was soothing and I felt comforted by his presence. He spoke to me as though I already understood some major truth and this was just the continuation of a conversation had many times in the past.

I know he is the hooded man from the funeral.

But who is he?

I have never seen him before the day of Peter's funeral. I must write down what he said to me, and what I said to him so I do not forget. I don't know what any of it means, but I feel it is important.



He said: "Remember child, it is not just humans giving offerings of prayer, bread and drink that feeds the Gods. More importantly it is what they do when their everyday lives seem to push them beyond their limiting fear and they rise up and are able to do what we call on them for. Just one act, one major breakthrough can feed us for years."

I replied: "Yes, but how can I serve spirits of the wilderness when I fear the forest?"

He asks: "What unknown in your life are you afraid to face? Working that problem out is an act of devotion in the highest regard".

I reply: "If I do work through this fear, once I discover what it is, will my fear of the forest also go away? I do love the woods and the ones who live there, and I do feel at peace there...when the bugs aren't biting me! But, I never want to go too far alone. People warn that you shouldn't go too far in the wilderness alone for something could befall you and then who would come to my aid"?

"Who, indeed...", he chuckles, and with that his soft and lilting voice fades away. I am left with an image of the darkest forest in the blackest night. I only know there is a forest there because I can hear the leaves rustling softly on the wind. All is still, all is calm and I sink back into dreamless sleep.

I know that I need to delve deeper.

I can feel there is something holding me back, blocking me from something... my power.

But what is this power?

Who is this figure that speaks to me?

If my dreams serve me true, it would seem that I am in the habit of speaking with Gods and otherworldly beings and that is a start.

End of FREE  
Sample

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### **The Story**

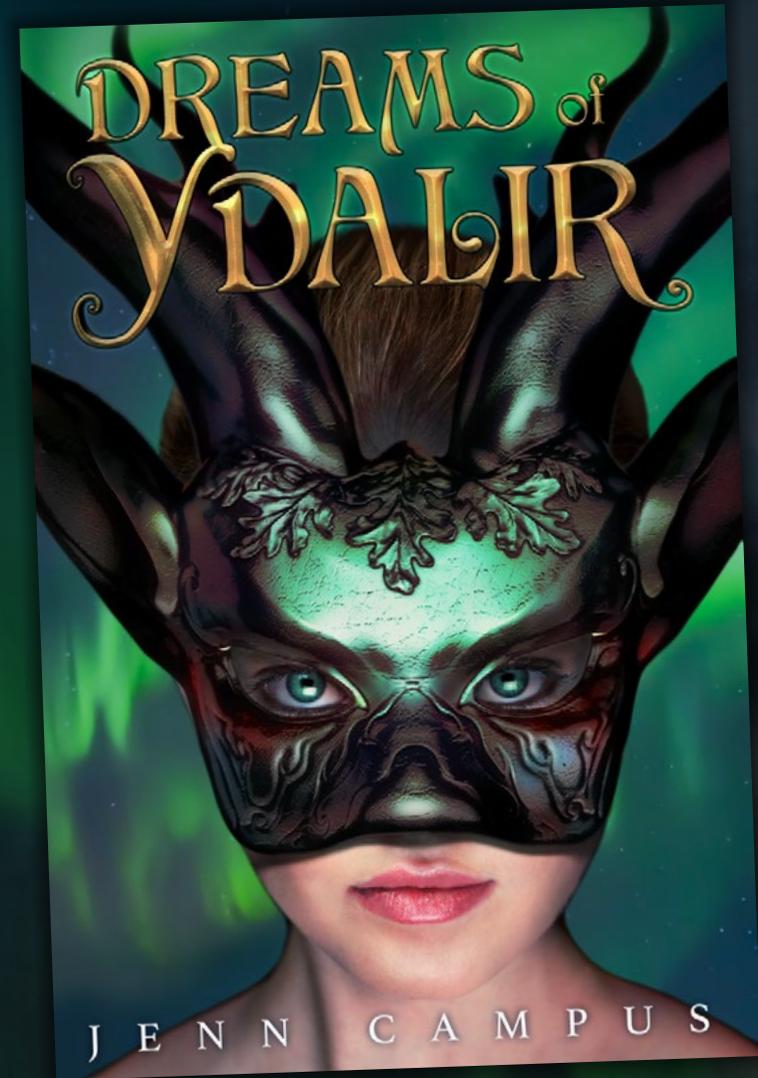
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*Love,*  
**Jenn & Roberto**

# NORSE MYTHOLOGY MEETS MISTS OF AVALON



THIS TALE, SET IN THE LOWLANDS OF  
SCOTLAND AND THE OTHERWORLD  
BRINGS UNTOLD LEGENDS TO LIFE.

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## The Authors

Ydalir Press was founded by Jenn and Roberto Campus - husband and wife, parents and artists, inspired by the Gods of Old, Mythology, and Fantasy. Since they met, they have been working together on projects they are passionate about. They dream about living a life off the grid and working by natural light and candlelight, surrounded by tapestries, like many of the great artists and writers throughout history.

Together we are family, parents of two little ones, fur parents, dreamers, creators and adventurers. In a word we are unstoppable – and so we create art together that brings to life voices that need to be heard.

### Jenn Campus



Is a published author who has been writing on a variety of topics for the past 20 years. She is passionate about the stories, foods, cultures and mythology of the Northern countries ever since she was an exchange student in Norway. She is a practicing polytheistic Pagan devoted to Wuldor/Ullr and also honors many of his other kin as well as those Gods related to the hunt and the wild places. An avid archer, she is obsessed with deer, especially reindeer, is a self-proclaimed herb nerd, a foodie and has been known to hug trees.

### Roberto Campus



Is a fantasy Artist and Illustrator with 20+ years experience. He specializes in the genres of fantasy, comics and editorial illustration. He worked many years for DC Comics, Marvel and the like, creating cover art for them. He is an expert in Digital art, as well as traditional methods such as oils, pencil, inks and pastels. He is passionate about attention to detail, loves studying the human body, nature, textures and sculpting, all of which deeply impact his work. Pagan since he can remember, called to the ways of our ancestors by Thor.

## Synopsis

The year is 1794, Fawn is a seventeen-year-old orphaned girl, living in the Scottish lowlands. She begins having strange dreams of a flame-haired woman named Elen who appears to be part human, part deer and of Wuldor, a mysterious dark-haired woodsman who gifts her with a magical deer mask that allows her to travel to other worlds.

Through these encounters, Fawn believes she has the power she needs to finally find her own fey-touched mother who abandoned her at birth. As Fawn's relationship with these mythical beings deepens, she writes it all down in her journal. Through this coming of age tale, she is gifted with the divine stories of the gods and learns how her true origins are tied to her survival.

Dreams of Ydalir tells about a world that exists beneath the veil of our own familiar world, and one that you will love getting lost in. The story includes fundamental truths spoken by the gods themselves to help us understand our own place in the cosmos.

## The Illustrations

Every writer needs an amazing illustrator, and every illustrator longs for the stories behind their images to be told. From the beginning we knew that the visual component would have to be as compelling as the story itself. The illustrations rely on the rich imagery of fantasy artist Roberto Campus to capture the magic, passion, and love in the story. The main parts of the story are presented in a handwritten journal format, so Roberto researched and refined the style he uses for the artwork based on historical journals of naturalists and artists from centuries past, especially the 18th century, the time period when Fawn's part of the novel takes place - the idea is that we are reading "Fawn's journal", where she chronicles her journey (including her

sketches of characters and places) from orphaned and alone to finding out her lineage extends far into the ancient past and is tied up in myth and magic. All illustrations and character portraits will be available as art prints and desktop backgrounds at the time of release.

## Released in Episodes

It harkens back to the days of yore when serial fictions were all the rage. It is how Charles Dickens and many other classic writers got their start. Many of the long novels of the past that we think of as a singular works were originally published in serial format. Back then it was because consumers often could not afford an entire book, but could pay smaller amounts over time. These days people don't have a lot of time, a serial allows you to fit reading into your life because you can read each installment in one sitting. It also means we have to tell a riveting story, and produce amazing artwork that creates anticipation for the next one, every time.

## You get access to the story as it unfolds

When you subscribe, you will receive the first issue and each month a new one as they are released. You also get access to our Patreon Only feed, a behind the scenes look at creating the book (which could include fun vlogs, blooper videos, and other vignettes, photo-shoot sneak peeks, works in progress, etc.).

## Who should subscribe?

This project is a labor of love. We rely completely on funding from individuals. The production of Dreams of Ydalir is lovingly supported by our Patreon supporters who range from fantasy fiction and art fans,

Pagans and Norse mythology buffs to comic book readers, young adults and those people who love strong female leads.

## Testimonials from our readers/patrons

*"Jenn and Roberto's book is a beautifully told story with art to match and enhance it. In addition to the adventure, you'll also get myth, history and philosophy. Each page visually tells its own story as well, with hand written notes, letters, drawings, paintings, and even illuminated borders. I eagerly await each update!"* - Liz B.

*"Dreams of Ydalir is a mythological journey through time and other-worldly dimensions. Told through the diary entries of a young orphaned girl and the memories of Norse God Wuldor, each Dreams of Ydalir issue captures the reader's heart and mind and leaves you anxious to learn what happens next."* - Amber G.

*"Dreams of Ydalir features gorgeous images that complement compelling storytelling. I was hooked from the very first issue!"* Rachel B.



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