

The Chronicles of Doggerland

Episode III

The Highland Gnomes
and the
GOLDEN
EAGLE

Plus
Episode IV

The Berry Bags
OR
Why Gnomes
Wear
Long Pointed Hats



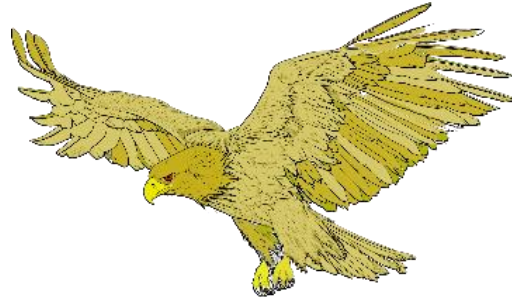
By Mick Zerr



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Pre-color Illustrations by the author or
Crafting a Green World



the highLAND GNOMES AND the GOLDEN EAGLE



Many seasons after the Gnomes fled Doggerland to escape the great flood, some of the more adventurous folk, the **FELLAND NISSE** (*Highland Gnomes*), who had lived in the **VESTRI FELL** (*Western Highlands*), of Doggerland, missed their beautiful green mountains, where sacred **RAUÐR RÍKÍTRÉ** (*Red Oak*), trees flourished, and veins of pure gold were common. The trees provided acorns for food, bark to cover roofs, shade from summer **SUNNA** (*Sun*), and wood for boats and houses. Every time a new Gnome was born, its name was carved into the tallest Red Oak.

It was said that when a breeze blew through the leaves of that tree, the names of all those carved on the tree could be heard singing in the wind. The gold was considered to be captured rays of the sun and was made into strands of **GULL**, (*gold*), which were woven into hats and given to travelers so the sun could guide them safely back home. They agreed to move their village to the closest mountains in their new land, but they did not know where the mountains might be.

One of the wisest of the Gnomes, **JARL**, suggested we find the highest-flying bird and ask it where the mountains might be. The others agreed so they set out in a team of three to find the highest-flying bird.

The team's members were **KORI FAGR**, a girl gnome, **ALVAR RAUÖR**, who had very red hair, and **HAR FINNR**, who was the youngest, but very tall for a Highland Gnome, plus their faithful **HUNDÖR** (pup), **GÓÖR**.

They set out to search the **EIK SKÓGR** (Oak Forest), for the bird. As they scanned the skies, they spotted a **HRAFN** (Raven). Kori shouted loudly to the bird to come down to the group. The Raven, who was watching the Gnomes and wondering what they were up to, zoomed down.

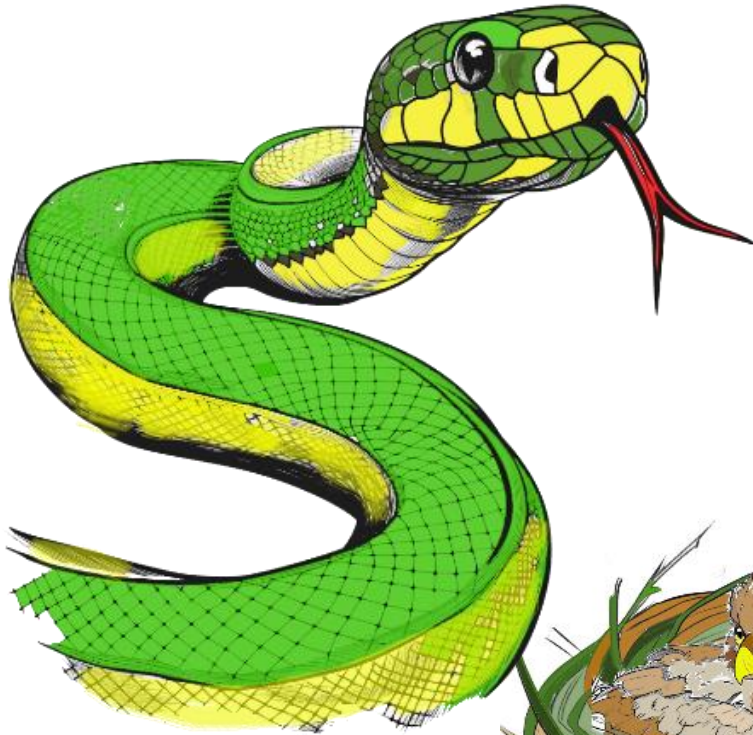


"Friendly *Hrafn*," chimed **KORI**. "We are looking for the highest-flying bird in the forest. Is that you?" The Raven chuckled with his raspy voice and told the Gnomes he surely was not the highest flier.

"Which fine bird would it be then, oh wise *Hrafn*?" The Raven asked why they needed to know, so the Gnomes explained their mission. "Aha!" croaked the wise black Raven, "You need to find the giant **GULL ARI** (Golden Eagle), for he flies the highest." The three Gnomes were happy to hear this and asked the Raven where the Golden Eagle might be found. The Raven told them the eagle lived in the cliffs at the edge of the forest, but wolves and snakes also lived in the cliffs so it would mean danger if the Gnomes went there. The Raven led the three to the edge of the forest and pointed to the cliffs. "Good luck, friend Gnomes, be careful."



The Gnomes decided only one of them should try the dangerous climb to search for the eagle. **HAR**, being the strongest, said he would do it. He searched for a long, pointed branch to help with the climbing and to chase snakes and wolves away. With the branch in hand, he climbed



high, searching right and left, but could see no eagles, so he decided to go back down when he saw a large *BJRG ORMR* (Rock Snake), trying to get into a small cave. Inside the cave, some small birds in a nest were screaming in

fright, knowing the snake would eat them.

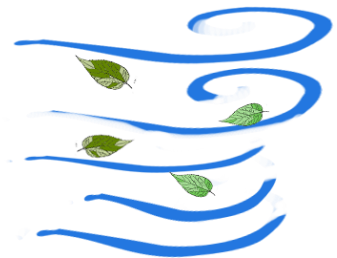


Gnomes did not wish to harm any other creatures, but **HAR** could not let the snake eat the small birds, so he shouted at the snake who turned around, hissing at him. The brave Gnome banged his stick on the rocks, chasing the snake away. **HAR** peeked into the small cave, and in a soothing voice, told the little scared birds the snake was gone and they were safe. The two fuzzy little birds chirped with happiness as **HAR** smiled and headed back down the cliff. He thought to himself, "The climb was worth it because I helped the little birds," but he was a bit sad as he did not find the giant Golden Eagle.



The other Gnomes were also disappointed that no giant Golden Eagle was to be found. They continued their search of the skies, but the forest was getting too thick to see the sky, so **KORI**, being the smallest, said she would climb to the highest oak tree to scan for birds. Up and up she climbed till she was above all the other trees.

Suddenly a strong wind came up, blowing hard against the tree and the little Gnome. “Hang on,” shouted the other two, but the wind was getting stronger. **KORI** heard a crack as the branch she was holding on to snapped in the terrible wind.



Down she went, falling faster and faster. **ALVAR** and **HAR** started crying, as **KORI** would surely die when she hit the forest floor. Suddenly, a large shadow came over the two scared Gnomes. Thinking the tree was falling, they took cover under a large boulder covered by many toadstools. Feeling a thud on the boulder, they thought it was the falling tree. But to their surprise, when they opened their eyes they saw **KORI** sliding off the large rock, with a grin on her face.



“What happened?” the two asked. Just then the great shadow reappeared. “Look behind you, dear friends,” **KORĪ** squealed. Their little group turned around and were shocked to see an amazing sight.



Perched on a large rock behind the three was the biggest bird they had ever seen. It was the giant **GULL ARĪ** (*Golden Eagle*)! “Little strangers,” said Missus Eagle, “The tall one of you saved our chicks from the hungry rock snake, so I was happy to return the good deed by grabbing your friend as she was falling and bringing her down safely.”

“Oh thank you so much,” the gnomes chanted as **KORI** hurried over and hugged the giant bird, almost getting lost in its sea of golden feathers.

Mrs. Eagle asked what the trio of Gnomes were doing in his part of the world, so they related their story of their missed homeland and desire to find some green mountains to build a new village in.



The great bird told the travelers such a place exists, and is called the **FÚRI GRÖNN FJALL** (*Green Forest Mountains*), but that the journey would take a long time, likely with many dangers and adventures along the way. (*We know this area as the Jura Mountains in modern Switzerland*). “Fear not little Gnomes, as a reward for saving my family, I will show you the way while my mate takes care of the little eagles in our nest.” So, with the great bird in the sky showing the way, the merry travelers and their village folk and puppies headed south toward their new home.



They headed straight south from their first home south of present Denmark until they came upon a large river called the **RÍN ELFR** (*The Rhine*). The great eagle told them to follow the river south along its shore, but the land was rugged with thick trees so the little group of Gnomes was not moving very far.

The eagle saw the problem and told the Gnomes he would find some help, so he flew off heading away from the travelers. Soon it was getting dark, and the Gnomes were a bit nervous as it was a new and strange area, with many night sounds. The travelers covered themselves with bark and dozed off to sleep. With the loud gurgling of the stream singing them to sleep,

While they slept, **HAR** thought he saw a light in the distance. He tried to wake the others, but they were all so tired and no one would wake up except the pup, **GÓAR**. The two carefully walked toward the light, which was getting brighter, but was on and off.

Soon the dog started barking as its ears perked up like it was hearing something. As the light got brighter and closer, **HAR** started to feel the ground shake. Soon he too heard the noise.

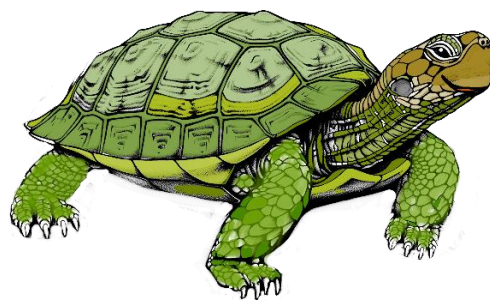
HAR was now getting frightened, as he had never heard such a strange noise nor seen such a bright light. The two climbed over the close hill to get a better look. The clouds were black and taking different shapes, with each shape being lit up by the blinding light. **HAR** tried to figure out what the shapes were and thought for sure some were giants and dragons with fire breaths. One of the “dragons” was getting closer, and it “spit” fire which hit a tree in the valley below the gnome and his dog. The tree exploded with a loud bang causing the two to run back over the hill to where the Gnomes were still sound asleep. The two frightened explorers quickly covered themselves with a thick pile of leaves, waiting for the dragon to arrive and shoot fire at them.



When morning came and everyone was safe, **HAR** told **JARL** about his adventure with the fire-shooting dragon. He took him to the top of the hill and they saw the burning tree. **JARL** started chuckling, realizing that young Har, being young, had never witnessed a thunderstorm with lightning and thunder since both were rare in the highlands of Doggerland. When **HAR** understood, he laughed along with **JARL**.

When the sun rose the next morning, the eagle returned. In one foot he was carrying a **BJÓRR** (*beaver*), and in the other, a **BJÓRR** (*turtle*). Following him in the sky was a large **UGLA** (*owl*).

As he gently placed the two creatures down, the Gnomes, being very



puzzled, asked the eagle why he brought the three animals. Eagle replied that the owl was wise, and had great ideas; the turtle knew how to move in the water, and where to rest, and the beaver was a builder in rivers. Eagle told the Gnomes that between all present, a solution to the travel problem might be solved only if the group traveled on the river, not along the shore.



JARL, who was the wisest of the Gnome group, asked the eagle and the other three creatures to sit in what the Gnomes called a **REIDA KNØTTU**, “*Knowing Circle*”, where everyone would share their ideas.

The first to speak was the turtle. He said he knew of many logs that were floating in the river where he rests. The wise owl indicated that if they could get the logs and collect reeds, the beaver could show the gnomes how to tie them together and make a raft boat. The beaver, as a builder of strong dams, said he indeed knew how to place logs and reeds together.



Turtle said he would show Eagle where the logs were, so the powerful bird could bring them to the Gnome camp next to the river. The beaver told the Gnomes where to gather the reeds to make rope with.

So, they all worked together, an eagle, a turtle, a beaver, an owl, and the Gnomes; all different creatures from different cultures, working to help strangers out. They built enough strong raft boats for all the gnomes of the traveling village group, with one a bit larger for the lead raft. Beaver volunteered to be in the first raft boat, while Turtle stayed on the last one.

Beaver told them that on the river, beavers have warning signals that they bark out. **ALVAR** added that they have the village bell, and can use that for warnings. So, on the first raft boat, the Gnomes placed the bell to ring and tell the other boats what the first boat was coming upon. With the help of Beaver, the Gnomes created a code for the bell, which was placed on the first raft boat since they would be the first to see danger.

One ring meant; “All is well.”
Two rings meant; “We are going to go faster.” Three rings meant; “Rough water, hold on tight.” Four rings meant; “Danger! Be ready!” Five rings meant; “Paddle for shore quickly!”



Owl had an important bit of advice for the group as they left. “Friends”, he hooted, “My duck friends told me that along the river you might come upon some terrible dangers, one being the giant **KOTTR FISKR** (*Catfish*), who would eat five Gnomes in one bite. He is not to be trusted and will say anything to get a meal. When you come upon very deep water, keep watch as this is where he lives. Another danger is the **VACD SÖKKVA** (*Whirlpool*), once you get into it, it will suck you down, and lastly, I heard from one of my heron friends that there is a hidden **VACDFALL** (*Waterfall*), which is as high as the tallest tree, and cannot be heard from the river above.” The Gnomes were worried about the dangers ahead, but they were reassured by their wildlife friends that, working together as a team, they could overcome the danger of the giant catfish, whirlpool, and waterfall. As the merry group floated down the river, in single file, all roped together, the beaver invented a river chant for them to sing called “I Hear a Bell”.



*“I hear a bell and all is well,
One ring as I sleep and good I feel,
Two rings for speed and three to hold on,
Four for danger, so eyes wide open,
To the shore with haste if five on the bell
So please just one ring and all will be well.”*

On they went, paddling and floating and singing.



As the troupe passed the site of the modern city of Strasbourg, the water became deeper. Remembering the wise owl's warning, the Gnomes and their guides watched carefully for signs of the giant catfish. Nothing was seen, so the group started to relax when the beaver in the lead raft noticed a strange thing. Many little fish were jumping out of the water ahead of the rafts. One of the fish landed on the raft in front of Beaver. He gurgled to the beaver, "Leave quickly, leave quickly, the monster is coming." Beaver could understand other water creatures' language, so he knew right away the fish were fleeing the hungry giant catfish.

They quickly rang the warning bell four times so all the boat rafts would be warned. "What can we do? what can we do?" shouted the Gnomes. The group scanned the water, looking for signs of the giant catfish. "Maybe the little fish were wrong and were frightened by something other than the giant catfish," said the beaver.

Suddenly, the water in front of the raft boats erupted in a great fountain. In the center, a giant scary head appeared. It had a mouth as big as the biggest of the rafts and eyes red like fire. Beaver stood up and bravely stared at the giant fish.

He barred his strong beaver teeth and shouted as loud as a beaver can, saying,

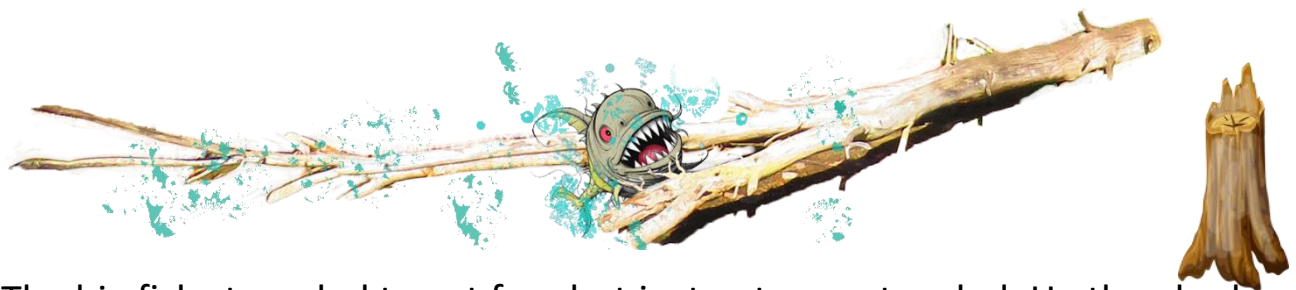
“Go away evil fish!!”



The giant monster looked down at the little beaver and his Gnome companions, his wide mouth opening as he said to Beaver, “ Foolish creatures, you have entered my river, and you may pass if I can eat five of the little humans.”

The Beaver did not know what to do. He could not let the monster eat any of the Gnomes, but the fish was too big to knock with a paddle or anything else they had.

The Gnomes started shaking in fright when a large wind appeared out of nowhere. The wind cracked a tall dead tree on the edge of the river. The tree fell right on the hungry catfish and tangled him in its branches.



The big fish struggled to get free but just got more tangled. He thrashed about so much that the raft boats bounced like they were in a storm. Soon he stopped, to the relief of the Gnomes.

They quickly started paddling ahead when the giant fish poked his head out of the water and shouted, "Travelers, I was only kidding about eating you. Please use a rope and pull the branches away so I can be free." Beaver and the Gnomes told him that if they did that he would eat them, so they would not help. "Oh new friends," blurbed the fish, "I promise if you free me I will not try to harm any of you!" The travelers remembered what the wise owl had told them, so they ignored the giant fish and hurried on.

The wind stopped suddenly, allowing the rafts to move smoothly on the quiet waters. As they moved ahead, wise **JARL**, asked his friends what had caused such a sudden wind to knock the tree down and save the villagers and their guides. Suddenly the answer appeared as the giant Golden Eagle flew overhead along with many other eagles. "Friends!" he shouted down, "We eagles saw your danger and came to help all of you by beating our wings so fast it created the wind that knocked the tree onto the evil fish." The Gnomes all shouted together their thanks to Eagle and friends.



As the eagles continued to fly lookout for the boats, the happy group moved ahead. When they approached a bend in the big river, they started to move faster and faster, pulling the long string of raft boats along with it.

The Gnomes were pleased as the river was getting smoother as it was getting faster, but Beaver felt strange about the change since there was a sudden silence, and water mist was in the air.



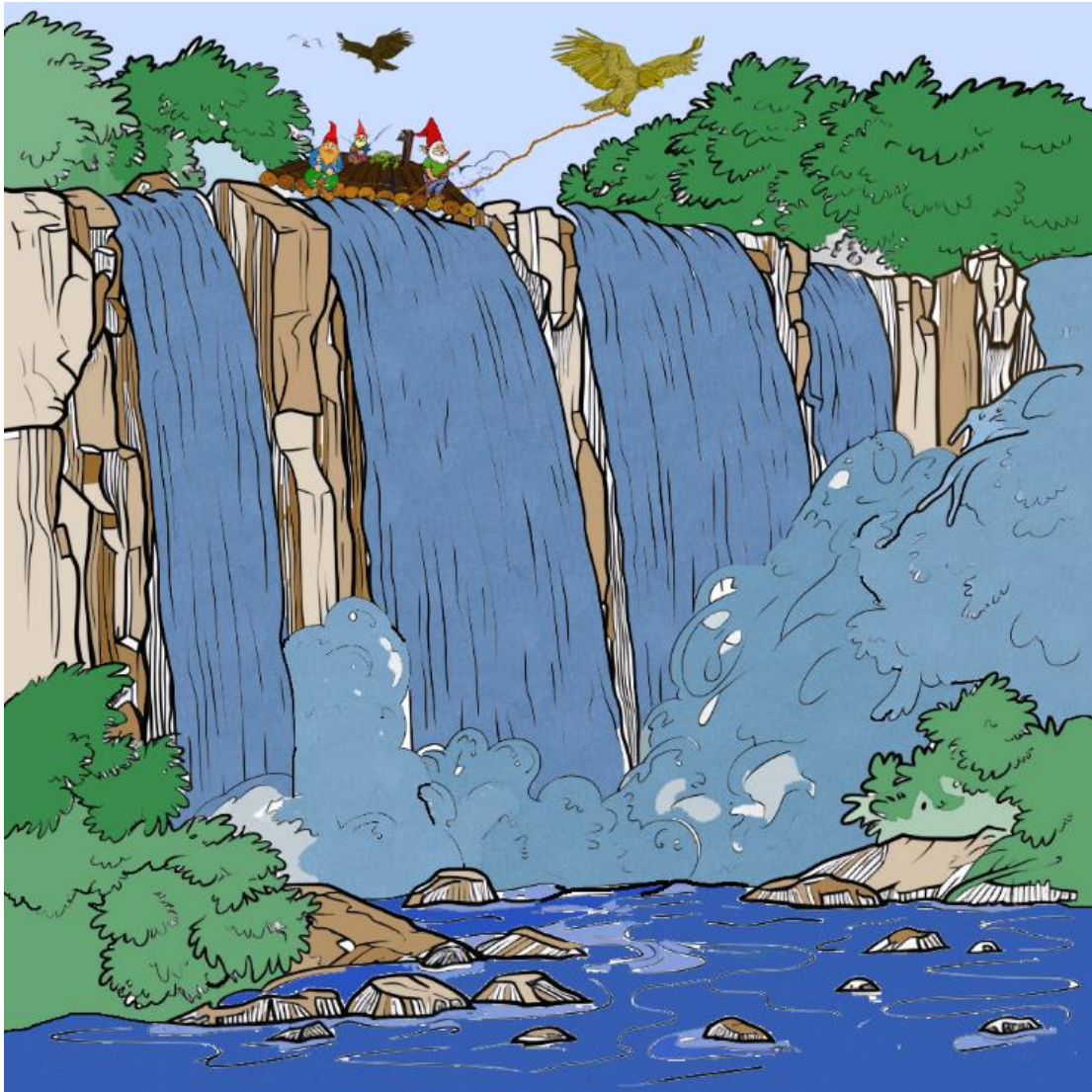
Suddenly Eagle swooped down and shouted, “Waterfall, waterfall, turn to shore!” The first raft quickly rang the bell five times. The group could not see any falls but started to hear a low sound that soon turned into a roar. The river was now getting smoother and faster and no matter how fast the Gnomes paddled, they could not make the shore. The current was strong like a giant’s arm pulling at the rafts. “Oh wise owl,” the gnomes shouted, “what can we do?” But Owl and the eagles were already acting to save the travelers. As the gnomes watched, with the owl directing, two eagles swooped down to the bobbing rafts, one at each end of the fleet.



Since the rafts were all tied together, Eagle had one of her eagle friends grab the end raft’s rope. She grabbed the first raft’s rope just as it started to go over the falls. “Hold on tight, brave Gnomes.” the eagle screamed. The travelers could hear the roar of the falls as the first raft started to fly over the edge.



The giant eagle held the rope from the first raft, holding the boat in the air as the other eagle held the rope of the last raft.



The string of rafts was now slowly swinging in the breeze like a branch in a gentle wind. The eagles carefully placed the rafts down away from the falls and rapids so the rafts could continue onward.



The travelers gave a great cheer to their feathered friends who dipped their wings back and forth to show success.

After two more days of quiet river traveling, Beaver told the group they would need to leave the big river and start on a smaller one, the **DUBIUS ELFR** (Doubs River), that would take them to their new green mountain home, the **FÚRI GRÖNN**, (*Jura Mountains of Switzerland*).

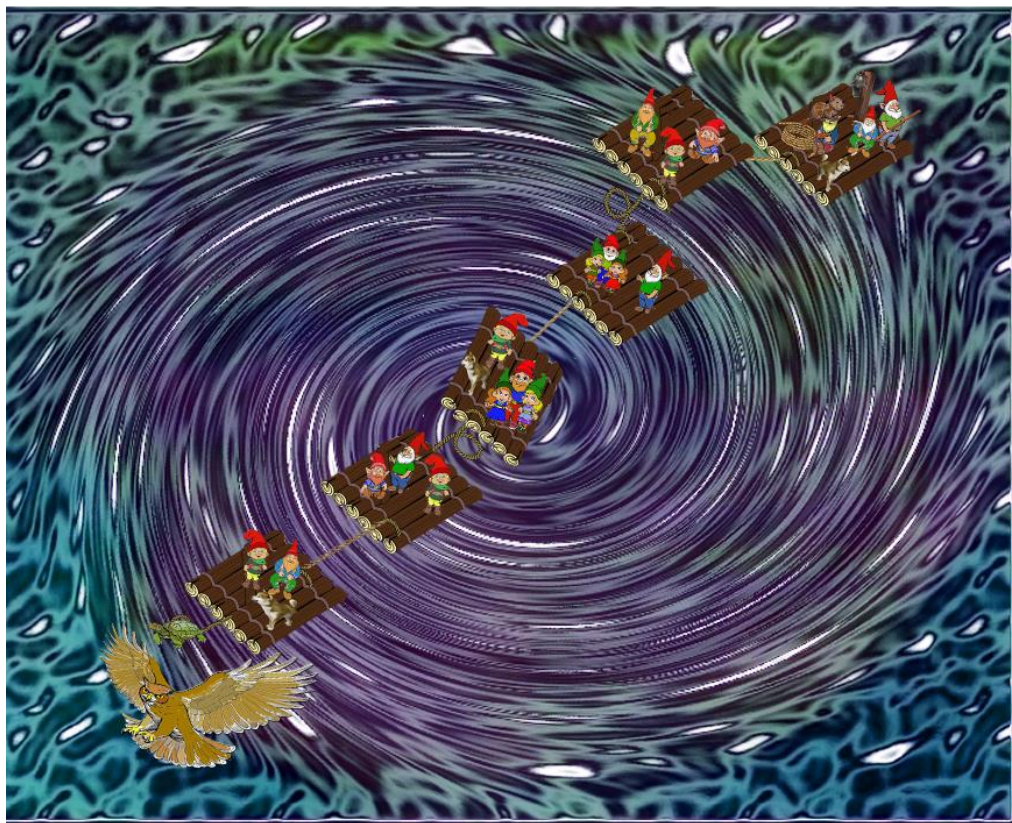


So the group turned off the main river into the smaller one, but where the two rivers met there was a large **VACN SÖKKVA** (*whirlpool*), preventing the raft boats from continuing.

On each side were high cliffs that did not permit any land travel. Each of the boats dropped their stone anchor, as the group tried to come up with a solution.



The whirlpool was fast and deep, but the wise owl noticed that at the top edge, much water was flying out of it.



“That might be our way around the whirlpool,” he hooted. Turtle and Beaver had seen this before, so they told the Gnomes that the top ring of the whirlpool was spinning so fast it would fling things downstream away from the danger area.

Turtle said he would swim around to the back of the whirlpool, holding the rope of the first raft so the string of boats would stay on the edge and be pushed away from danger while the owl led the way. The Gnomes, pups, and friends held on tightly.



As the brave turtle started to swim around the edge of the pool, a great geyser of water shot up behind him, right in front of the first raft. Out of the column of water came a frightening sight.

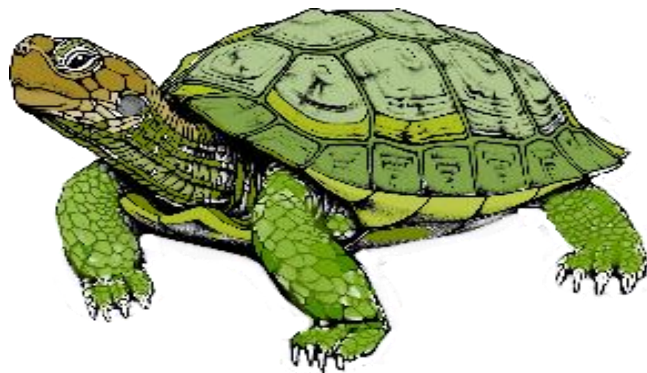
It was the giant catfish who was not only hungry but mad because the group had refused to free him. With great speed, Beaver jumped into the water, holding a rope in his mouth, and with all his strength, he whopped the fish with his strong tail. It was just enough to knock the catfish off balance, and as he spun around to grab Beaver, his long tail fin became caught in the whirlpool, sucking the big fish down. The Gnomes pulled the brave beaver back to the raft boat.

The last they saw of the giant catfish, he was spinning toward the rocky bottom of the river hundreds of feet down. His red eyes and long teeth disappeared into the spinning water.

Turtle kept the rafts on the edge as they were pushed away from the whirlpool.

The group stopped on the shore to thank Beaver and Turtle for their bravery when Golden Eagle landed and told the group she must now return to her home to help with the baby eaglets in the nest.

She said, “ My dear friends, I am so glad I could help you on your journey as it nears its completion. Owl also told them he also must return to his family. At that, both Turtle and Beaver asked if Eagle could carry them back as they also would like to return home to their families. Golden Eagle said she would be happy to take the two brave animals home.





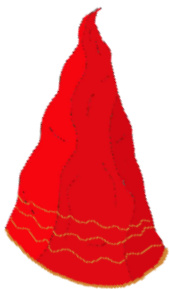
Wise Owl had one last message for the traveling Gnomes. He told them that their new home would be visible in a day's travel on the new river, but they must be careful to keep their eyes open, for if they missed the trail to the new home, it might not be found easily again.

"How will we know where the trail starts?" asked **JARL**?" The other Gnomes nodded, agreeing with **JARL'S** question. Owl went on, " Keep looking to the *suar* (south), and you will see a lane of tall trees, with three trees on each side near the shore. Leave your boats, take all your friends, dogs, and belongings, and walk to the tree tunnel. Enter the tunnel and look to the end. At the end of the tree tunnel will be a clearing that is usually covered in a fine foggy mist. Walk through the mist and you will see a wondrous sight that will point to your new home."

The Gnomes thanked brave Turtle, Beaver, Eagle, and wise Owl, giving them all hugs. Mrs. Eagle pulled a golden feather from her breast, handing it to JARL saying, "Take this with you always, and if you come upon any eagles, as you might since my cousins live in the beautiful land you are going to find, just show it to them and they will help you."

Beaver pulled out a tuft of his soft fur, the Gnomes, telling them to show it to beaver they might meet, and they will be the Gnomes' new friends. Turtle broke off a tiny piece of his shell, telling the travelers, "If you meet any water creatures, show them this and they will help you if you need it."

Wise Owl pulled a beautiful feather from his tail and told the travelers, "No creatures like a good adventure story like us owls, and showing this feather to owls, they will be glad to offer wise advice in exchange for your adventure story."

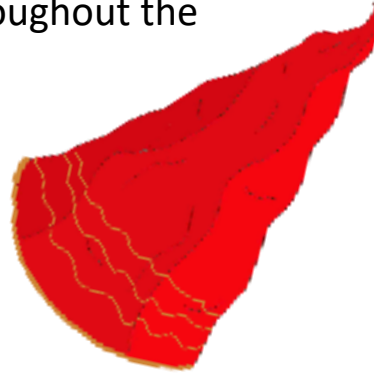


JARL thanked all four and pulled out one green and three red Gnome hats, (*Red hats are for men and green ones for women*). Giving one to each, he told them, "Dearest friends, we will miss you so much. All you have done for us on our journey will be told to our children and their children forever. Take these special Gnome hats of

thankfulness and if you happen upon any Gnomes, show them the hats, and not only will they be new friends, they will want to hear your stories of our wonderful journey."



Looking at the special hats, the four animals saw why they were special. Woven throughout the pointed hats were strings of gold!



Holding Turtle and Beaver, the great Golden Eagle gently picked up Turtle and Beaver, and their hats. Turtle waved goodbye to all, while Beaver looked over the fine group of Gnomes and seeing the tears of gratitude in their eyes, tears formed in his eyes also. The great eagle raised his powerful head in salute to all the wonderful Gnome friends as he flew off with Owl following close behind as the Gnomes waved goodbye.



The Gnomes set sail for the last leg of their long journey. Soon the lookouts spotted the giant tree tunnel on the south shore. Landing all the boat rafts, they gathered all their belongings, and, with their puppies following, headed toward the tunnel.

Arriving at the giant trees, they looked toward the end of the tree tunnel and could not see anything, as the end was covered in a fine misty fog that was too thick to see through.

The travelers were a bit afraid as to what might lie beyond it, but trusting Mrs. Eagle, they walked into the foggy mist.



Upon coming through the fog, they looked for a sign pointing to their new home. They looked and looked, and saw nothing. The group sat down, feeling sad that perhaps Eagle was wrong. Suddenly, all the puppies started jumping and barking.

ALVAR, who had the sharpest eyes, jumped up pointing to the east where the mist had just lifted. They all looked and witnessed a beautiful sight. A large rainbow had formed, with one end near the group, and the other disappearing into a beautiful green mountain. “Our new home!”, they shouted together. So they gathered all their belongings, and with the puppies following, headed toward their new home in the Green Forest Mountains.





To this day, in the Jura Mountains of Switzerland, children often claim to have seen little people with tall hats, and if you visit these beautiful mountains, and are kind and friendly to all animals, you might see a beautiful rainbow ending at the highest peak, perhaps with a giant eagle soaring overhead. Visitors who are lucky enough to find the tallest Red Oak should look carefully as they might see some tiny carvings of names in the bark. (Listen carefully to the wind!) If children tell you they were peeking through some trees and saw a beautiful rainbow pointing toward a village of little people, take them for their word.



The End
IT IÚKA

New Village of the Highland Gnomes

NYR ÞORP ÓR FELLAND NISSE ÁLFR
†MP NMNIF+XM &P DI HIXHIF+M XT&MMH

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