

# Dwarfs

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EVERYTHING I've so far gathered regarding the historical reality of **dwarfs** has me thinking they were perfectly capable of straddling both sides of the cosmic curtain. Which is to say, they were a spiritual creature on par with the fairy culture, capable of manifesting in the material realm at will. Come to think about it, having one foot in the spiritual realm and the other in the material is no small task for a stubby legged creature. Supposing you have arrived here to brush up on your mythology then prepare to be disappointed. I am of the persuasion that dwarfs literally existed in the ancient world, before a gauntlet of resets

thinned out their numbers, sent them packing on permanent vacation, or perhaps even altogether did away with them, and offer no apologies.

The serial readers should know how most of my papers go down by now. Often times, I begin these investigations not knowing where they will lead. Each one is a process which demand years to develop. Doctoral theses don't write themselves overnight. If I waited around for every jot and tittle before handing off the first iteration for the review board, then I suspect they would never get written. You see, I present to you one bread crumb, as I am doing now, which then leads to another, and given the time, hopefully another.

Speaking of which, I *begin* the dwarf narrative in ancient Britain of all places. You'd think the Black Forest of Deutschland would prove a better starting point, but this is my fireside conversation and I'll go about it as I please. The **Kolbrin** has proven to be a goldmine of antiquity on a great many subjects, dwarfs being no exception, and of course, the obscure antiquity of Britain takes up the brunt of the narrative for its closing half. There are of course numerous books contained within the Kolbrin. The one I am about to quote from is '**Book of Origins**' which, as the title suggests, proports to describe the island's pre-history, going all the way back to the generation of the deluge.

<sup>2</sup> The first folk holding this land were the Kamledis, called Wictarin in the old tongue, but these were dwellers in the North, while southward were **the dark, shortlegged dwarfmen** known as **Oben**. They were kingless and chiefless, though it is said by some that stocky-statured Kathlon was once their king. None knows who led the dwarfmen here, though men do say the land spawned them, though the land is good. They were hagridden, forest-fearing river-dwellers who painted their faces and legs, users of evilly poisoned weapons. Theirs were the grim gods of death and

darkness, and at their festival times, the dwarfmen sat in sombre caves eating children as part of their evil feasting. They had no priests, only dwarfesses called Chethin, meaning raven-adopted, and there was a great one above the others, called Harada, who lived in a smoky cave called Hegrin.

## Book of Origins 2:2

Already, we have been given a savory smorgasbord of information to work with. The writer seems to think that the dwarfs were not native residents of Britain, and that in fact they had migrated there under mysterious circumstances, perhaps from Norway or the lands of the North. Calling the dwarf men ‘*dark*’ lines up with what we know of the Dark Elves in Scandinavian lore, as they too were the dwarfs. Regardless of their country of origin, he then confesses that the earth itself had possibly spawned them, as were the traditional beliefs. In assuring us that the womb of the earth is good, despite having produced them, he is furthermore implying that the dwarfs inhabiting those parts were lacking the morality of a fruit salad. Just look at how he describes them. They inhabited the deep forests, worshiping the elohiym of death and darkness and using poisoned weapons for tools, even going so far as to snatch human children for their festival feasting. Reading on.

<sup>3</sup> **They were ruled by old hag women**, who prepared hellish brews in firechurns tended by devilish brownswaddled dwarf maidens, for **they also worshipped beings dwelling in smoke**. The last hagwoman queen of the Oben was Kwasir who had a cave shelter hole at Inswitan, which is the Dwarf Isle, now called Iniseug in the Western tongue. Here they worshipped the Old Yearteller, coming from afar on windfloats, the neighing windhorses of later days. The most hallowed of their rites were those celebrated

before the may-flowering, when filthy things were done, for they had no shame. Here, the Children of the Dusk gathered in the month of willows to worship Mamdo and her balebrood, performing vile rites under the command of Blasis, their great mangod.

Book of Origins 2:3



The dwarfs of Britain were ruled by nasty old hag women, telling us all we need to know of their spiritual nature. **The Old Hag**, though they were sometimes known as the 'Night Hag,' were a kind of witch-like fairy creature or goddess, cropping up often in European stories. Accordingly, the Old Hag sat on a sleeper's chest, filling his or her mind with nightmares. When the victim awoke, he or she would be incapable of moving for a spiel, and shortness of breath was often a side-effect.

Today, the post-Newtonians refer to it in bland Scientific terms as **sleep paralysis**, though in days yonder, awaking in a paranormal state was known as being **'hagridden.'** Likewise, the Old Hag is undoubtedly related to the female **succubus**, their male counterpart being the **incubus**. And anyways, as I was saying, the dwarfs were subject to them, reminding us once again of their citizenship within the spiritual realm.

<sup>4</sup> The dwarfmen, both North and South, were skins waddled, though sometimes wearing nettlecloth clothes of black or brown, and like the cat, dove, and dog, they mated openly without shame. They gathered toadstools, brockberries, ivy, wayweed and other unwholesome plants, using these with evil moon dew **to make a maddening brew, which opened a strange door on hellish worlds.** They were ruled by cowed sewds and dradwitches and were unable to number beyond a score.

Book of Origins 2:4a

Having already learned that tidbit regarding their worship of beings dwelling in smoke, the added recipe involving toadstools, wayweed, and a cabinet assortment of psychedelics, including something called 'evil moon dew,' mixed together into a 'maddening brew,' shouldn't come as a surprise. The brunt of their religious practices, it seems, was to open doorways into the hellish spectrum of the fairy world.

There are dwarfmen still living among us in the forest depths and in caverns under the Earth, though none here has seen one. They quickly take to flight, and though fearing it, will take refuge within the forest. Sometimes a bold one will stay and will greet the wayfarer with, "Hail, man; I saw you from afar but stayed." To which the reply must be made, "Before

seeing you I was as one dead, but now life comes again.” Then, providing a gift is also given, the wayfarer remains unmolested.

### Book of Origins 2:4b

By the time this particular text was penned, the last remaining dwarfs had apparently returned to the caverns of the Earth, though some may have still inhabited Britain’s mirkier forest depths. The writer claims they will quickly take to flight when crossed with a human, but then, what he seems unaware of is that dwarfs could make themselves invisible, according to Germanic storytellers—a common attribute of the fairy folk. Taking flight might simply entail slipping into the shadows of the trees while the traveler passes.

Look, if it were up to me and I crossed paths with a perverted dwarf on my way to the summer cottage, invoking the name of Yahusha HaMashiach, Son of ALAHAYAM, seems like the best bet. Responding in secret sayings and offering it a bribe, no thank you. How tall do you suppose a dwarf can grow, two and a half, **three feet** at most? I could totally take him in a bar brawl. And anyways, why else do you suppose they were ultimately run out? The arrival of **Yoceph of Ramah** [aka Joseph of Arimathea], the Father of Britain faith, likely had something to do with it.

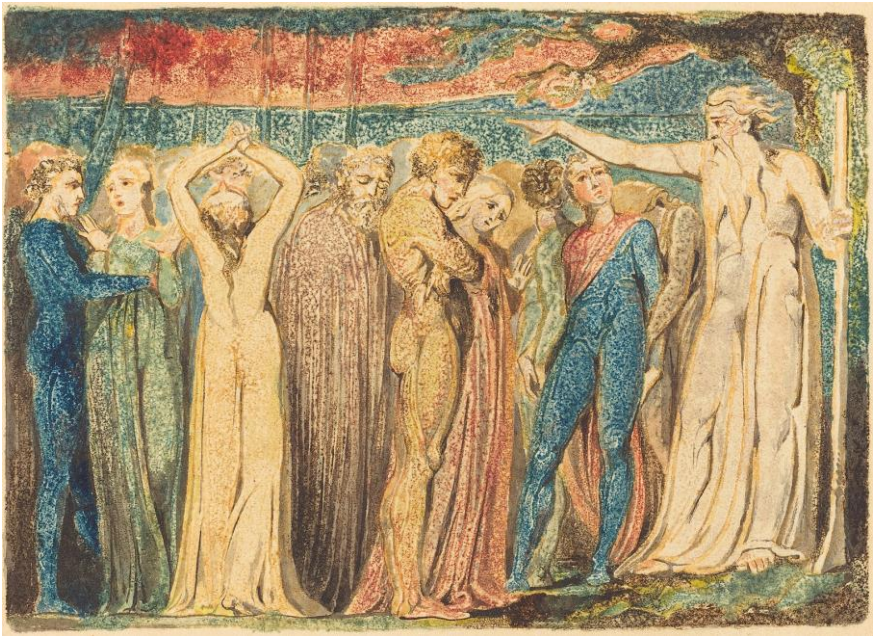
<sup>5</sup> In the generations of the dwarfmen, broad Britain was a many-marshed land, where dismal ferns and tangled forests hindered passage from place to place. The Oben were not numerous and their children few, but they were hardy and long-lived. Their caves were painted, even in the darkest depths where daylight never fell, for the eyes of the Oben were like those of cats. They were not skillful hunters but set many traps, and **in lots of ways were like children. They were playful when not engaged in dark doings**, but their menfolk were



not manly, nor their women womanly. **They were cunning and devious, not to be trusted.**

Book of Origins 2:5

Everything about the description given to us wrecks of the fairy-folk. By all appearances, the dwarf-men of Britain behaved as playful children out in the open. That is, when they were not engaged in dark doings. Also like the little people of Ireland, they were cunning and devious by nature, with a mind bent towards trickery and not to be trusted.



Yes, there were other earlier factors as to why the dwarfs drifted away from Britian, which I may turn to if interest demands. The advent of Christianity however, via the arrival of Yoceph of Ramah, appears to be nail in the coffin which assured their demise. We are told why that is in 'Book of Britain,' yet another selection from Kolbrin.

Then were the shipborne wanderers [*Yoceph of Ramah and company*] given land over from the Isle of Departure, saying that could they live where no one else could because of the spirits, then their holiness would be established before all the people. The strangers were sorely tried by the Druids, but the spirits troubled them not. Nor did the sickness of the place come upon them, and the people wondered.

Book of Britain 1:9

The Isle of Departure is the same as Avalon, the Isle of Apples, which today is known as Glastonbury. It is the location of Yoceph's settlement, and the Druids did not think he would last. The reason being is that it was surrounded by a rugged marshland, stricken with disease, and home to evil ruachoth who had long troubled Britain. Recall what we have already read. The dwarf-men lived in the south of Britain. The Isle of Departure would have been their abode, ruled over by the hag-women. Today, Christianity is rapidly on the decline and the hag-women are out and about, sitting upon the chest of sleeping people, and many prefer it that way. The pagans can try but they will not win the final day.