

# *Log: The Story of the Hero Who Released the Sun*

Parker Fillmore

Finnish

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*Easy*  
*5 min read*

There was once a poor couple who had no children. Their neighbors all had boys and girls in plenty but for some reason God didn't send them even one.

"If I can't have a flesh and blood baby," the woman said one day, "I'm going to have a wooden baby."

She went to the woods and cut a log of alder just the size of a nice fat baby. She dressed the log in baby clothes and put it in a cradle. Then for three whole years she and her husband rocked the cradle and sang lullabies to the log baby.

At the end of three years one afternoon, when the man was out chopping wood and the woman was driving the cows home from pasture, the log baby turned into a real baby! It was so strong and hearty that by the time its parents got home it had crawled out of the cradle and was sitting on the floor yelling lustily for food. It ate and ate and ate and the more it ate the faster it grew. It wasn't any time at all in passing from babyhood to childhood, from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. From its beginnings it was known in the village as Log and never received any other name.

Log's parents knew from the first that Log was destined to be a great hero. That was why he was so strong and

so good. There was no one in the village as strong as he nor any one as kind and gentle.

Now just at this time a great calamity overtook the world. The Sun and the Moon and the Dawn disappeared from the sky and as a result the earth was left in darkness.

“Who have taken from us the Sun and the Moon and the Dawn?” the people cried in terror.

“Whoever they are,” the King said, “they shall have to restore them! Where, O where are the heroes who will undertake to find the Sun and the Moon and the Dawn and return them to their places in the sky?”

There were many men willing to offer themselves for the great adventure but the King realized that something more was needed than willingness.

“It is only heroes of exceptional strength and endurance,” he said, “who should risk the dangers of so perilous an undertaking.”

So he called together all the valiant youths of the kingdom and tested them one by one. He had some waters of great strength and it was his hope to find three heroes the first of whom could drink three bottles of the strong waters, the second six bottles, and the third nine bottles.

Hundreds of youths presented themselves and out of them all the King found at last two, one of whom was able to take three bottles of the strong waters, the other six bottles.

“But we need three heroes!” the King cried. “Is there no one in all this kingdom strong enough to drink nine bottles?”

“Try Log!” some one shouted.

All the youths present instantly took up the cry:

“Log! Log! Send for Log!”

So the King sent for Log and sure enough when Log came he was able to drink down nine bottles of the strong waters without any trouble at all.

“Here now,” the King proclaimed, “are the three heroes who are to release the Sun and the Moon and the Dawn from whoever are holding them in captivity and restore them to their places in the sky!”

He equipped the three heroes for a long journey furnishing them money and food and drink of the strong waters, each according to his strength. He mounted them each on a mighty horse with sword and arrow and dog.

So the three heroes rode off in the dark and the women of the kingdom wept to see them go and the men cheered and wished that they, too, were going.

They rode on and on for many days that seemed like nights until they had crossed the confines of their own country and entered the boundaries of an unknown kingdom beyond. Here the darkness was less dense. There was no actual daylight but a faint grayness as of approaching dawn.

They rode on until they saw looming up before them the towers of a mighty castle. They dismounted near the castle at the door of a little hut where they found an old woman.

“Good day to you, granny!” Log called out.

“Good day, indeed!” the old woman said. “It’s little enough we see of the day since the Evil One cursed the Sun and handed it over to Suyettar’s wicked offspring, the Nine-Headed Serpent!”

“The Evil One!” Log exclaimed. “Tell me, granny, why did the Evil One curse the Sun?”

“Because he’s evil, my son, that’s why! He said the Sun’s rays blistered him, so he cursed the Sun and gave him over to the Nine-Headed Serpent. And he cursed the Moon, too, because at night when the Moon shone he could not steal. Yes, my son, he cursed the Moon and handed her over to Suyettar’s second offspring, the Six-Headed Serpent. Then he cursed the Dawn because he said he couldn’t sleep in the morning because of the Dawn. So he cursed the Dawn and gave her over to Suyettar’s third offspring, the Three-Headed Serpent.”

“Tell me, granny,” Log said, “where do the three Serpents keep prisoner the Sun and the Moon and the Dawn?”

“Listen, my son, and I will tell you: When they go far out in the Ocean they carry with them the Sun and the Moon and the Dawn. The Three-Headed Serpent stays out there one day and then returns at night. The Six-Headed Serpent stays two days and then returns, and the mighty Nine-Headed Monster does not return until

the third night. As each returns a faint glow spreads over the land. That is why we are not in utter darkness.”

Log thanked the old woman and then he and his companions pushed on towards the castle. As they neared it they saw a strange sight which they could not understand. One half of the great castle was laughing and rocking as if in merriment and the other half was weeping as if in grief.

“What can this mean?” Log cried out. “We had better ask the old woman before we go on.”

So they went back to the hut and the old woman told them all she knew.

“It is on account of the dreadful fate that is hanging over the King’s three daughters,” she said. “Those three evil Monsters are demanding them one by one. To-night when the Three-Headed Serpent comes back from the Ocean he expects to devour the eldest. If the King refuses to give her up, then Suyettar’s evil son will devour half the kingdom, half of the castle itself, and half the shining stones. O that some hero would kill the monster and save the princess and at the same time release the Dawn that it might again steal over the world!”

Log and his fellows conferred together and the one they called Three Bottles, because his strength was equal to three bottles of the strong waters, declared that it was his task to fight and conquer the Three-Headed Serpent.

In the castle meanwhile preparations for the sacrifice of the oldest princess were going forward. As the King sewed the poor girl into a great leather sack, his tears fell so fast that he could scarcely see what he was doing.

“My dear child,” he said, “it should comfort you greatly to think that the Monster is going to eat you instead of half the kingdom! Not many princesses are considered as important as half the kingdom!”

The princess knew that what her father said must be true and she did her best to look cheerful as they slipped the sack over her head. Once inside, however, she allowed herself to cry for she knew that no one could see her.

The sack with the princess inside was carried down to the beach and put on a high rock near the place where Suyettar’s sons were wont to come up out of the water.

“Don’t be frightened, my daughter!” the King called out as he and all the Court started back to the castle. “You won’t have long to wait, for it will soon be evening.”

Log and his companions watched the King’s party disappear and then Three Bottles solemnly drank down the three bottles of strong waters with which his own King had equipped him. As he was ready to mount his horse,

he handed Log the leash to which his dog was attached.

“If I need help,” he said, “I’ll throw back my shoe and do you then release my dog.”

With that he rode boldly down to the beach, dismounted, and climbed up the rock where the unfortunate princess lay in a sack. With one slash of the sword he ripped open the sack and dragged the princess out. She supposed of course that he was the Three-Headed Serpent and at first was so frightened that she kept her eyes tightly shut not daring to look at him. She expected every minute to have him take a first bite and, when minutes and more minutes and more minutes still went by and he didn’t, she opened her eyes a little crack to see what was the matter.

“Oh!” the princess said.

She was so surprised that for a long time she didn’t dare to take another peep.

“You thought I was the Three-Headed Serpent, didn’t you?” a pleasant voice asked. “But I’m not. I’m only a young man who has come to rescue you.”

The princess murmured, “Oh!” again, but this time the “Oh!” expressed happy relief.

“Yes,” repeated the young man, “I am the hero who has come to rescue you. My comrades call me Three Bottles and you, too, may call me that. And while we are waiting for the Serpent to come in from the Ocean I wish you would scratch my head.”

The princess wasn’t in the least surprised at this request. Heroes and monsters and fathers alike seemed always to want their heads scratched.

So Three Bottles stretched himself at the princess’ feet and put his head in her lap. He settled himself comfortably and she scratched his head while he gazed out over the dark Ocean waiting for the Serpent to appear.

At first there was nothing to break the glassy surface of the water. They waited and at last far out they saw three swirling masses rolling landward.

“Quick, my princess!” Three Bottles cried. “There comes the Monster now! Get you down behind the rock and hide there while I go meet the creature and chop off his ugly heads!”

The princess, quivering with fright, crouched down behind the rock and Three Bottles, mounting his horse, rode boldly down to the water’s edge awaiting the Serpent’s coming.

It came nearer and nearer in long easy swirls, slowly lifting its three scaly heads one after another.

As it approached shore it sniffed the air hungrily.

“Fee, fi, fo, fum!” it muttered in a deep voice, repeating the magic rime it had learned from its evil mother, Suyettar:

“Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell a Finn! Yum! Yum!

I’ll fall upon him with a thud!

I’ll pick his bones and drink his blood!

Fee, fi, fo, fum!

Yum! Yum!”

“Stop boasting, son of Suyettar!” Three Bottles cried. “You’ll have time enough to boast after you fight!”

“Fight?” repeated the Serpent as if in surprise. “Shall we fight, pretty boy, you and I? Very well! Blow then with your sweet breath, blow out a long level platform of red copper whereon we can meet and try our strength each with the other!”

“Nay,” answered Three Bottles. “Do you blow with your evil breath and instead of red copper we shall have a platform of black iron.”

So the Serpent blew and on the iron platform that came of his breath Three Bottles met him in combat. Back and forth they raged, Three Bottles striking right and left with his mighty sword, the Serpent hitting at Three Bottles with all his scaly heads and belching forth fire and smoke from all his mouths. Three Bottles whacked off one scaly head and at last a second one, but he was unable to touch the third.

“I shall have to have help,” he acknowledged to himself finally, and reaching down he took one of his shoes and threw it over his shoulder back to his comrades who were awaiting the outcome of the struggle. Instantly they

loosed the dog which bounded forward to its master's assistance and soon with the dog's help Three Bottles was able to dispatch the last head.

He was faint now with weariness and his comrades had to help him back to the old woman's hut where he soon fell asleep.

Night passed and Dawn appeared. A great cry of relief and thanksgiving went up from all the earth.

"The Dawn! The Dawn!" people cried. "God bless the man who has released the Dawn!"

Only at the castle was there sorrow still.

"My poor oldest daughter!" the King cried with tears in his eyes. "It was my sacrifice of her that has released the Dawn!"

Then he called his slaves and gave them orders to gather up his daughter's bones and to bring back the leather sack.

"We shall need it again to-night," he said. He wiped his eyes and for a moment could say no more. "Yes, to-night we shall have to sew up my second daughter and offer her to the Six-Headed Serpent, him that holds captive the Moon. Otherwise the monster will devour half my kingdom, half the castle, and half the shining stones. Ai! Ai! Ai!"

But the slaves when they went to the high rock on the seashore found, not the princess' bones, but the princess herself, sitting there with her chin in her hand, gazing down on the beach which was strewn with the fragments of the Three-Headed Serpent.

They led her back to her father and reported the marvel they had seen.

"There, O King, lies the monster on the sand with all his heads severed! So huge are the heads that it would need three men with derricks to move one of them!"

"Some unknown hero has rescued my oldest daughter!" the King cried. "Would that another might come to-night to rescue my second child likewise! But, alas! what hero is strong enough to destroy the Six-Headed Monster!"

So when evening came they sewed the second princess in the sack and carried her out to the rock.

Log and his companions saw the procession move down from the castle and they saw that the castle was again disturbed, one half of it laughing and one half weeping.

“It’s the second princess to-night,” the old woman told them. “Unless her father, the King, gives her to the Six-Headed Serpent, the Monster will come and devour half the kingdom, half the castle, and half the shining stones. He it is that holds the Moon captive and the hero that slays him will release the Moon.”

Then he whom his comrades called Six Bottles cried out:

“Here is work for me!”

He drank bottle after bottle of the strong waters until he had emptied six.

“Now I am ready!” he shouted.

He mounted his mighty horse and as he rode off he called to his comrades:

“If I need help I’ll throw back a shoe and do you then unleash my dog!”

He rode to the rock on the shore and dismounted. Then he climbed the rock and released the second princess. He told her who he was and as they awaited the arrival of the Six-Headed Serpent he lay at the princess’ feet and she scratched his head.

This time the Serpent came in six mighty swirls with six awful heads that reared up one after another. In terror the second princess hid behind the rock while Six Bottles, mounting his horse, rode boldly down to the water’s edge.

Like his brother Serpent this one, too, came sniffing the air hungrily, muttering the magic rime he had learned from his mother, wicked Suyettar:

“Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell a Finn! Yum! Yum!

I’ll fall upon him with a thud!

I’ll pick his bones and drink his blood!

Fee, fi, fo, fum!

Yum! Yum!”

“Stop boasting, son of an evil mother!” Six Bottles cried. “You will have time enough to boast after you fight!”

“Fight?” repeated the Serpent scornfully. “Shall we fight, little one, you and I? Very well! Blow then with your sweet breath, blow out a long level platform of white silver whereon we can meet and try our strength one with the other.”

“Nay!” answered Six Bottles. “Do you blow, blow with your evil breath, and instead of white silver we shall have a platform of red copper.”

So the Serpent blew and on the copper platform that came of his breath Six Bottles met him in combat. Back and forth they raged, Six Bottles striking left and right with his mighty sword, the Serpent hitting at Six Bottles with every one of his six scaly heads and belching forth fire and smoke from all his mouths. Six Bottles whacked off one head, then another, then another. At last he had disposed of five heads. He tried hard to strike the last, but by this time the Serpent had grown wary and Six Bottles’ own strength was waning. So he reached down and took one of his shoes and threw it over his shoulder back to his comrades who were awaiting the outcome of the struggle. Instantly they loosed the dog which bounded forward to its master’s assistance and soon with the dog’s help Six Bottles was able to dispatch the last head.

Then his comrades led him, weary from the fight, to the old woman’s hut and soon he fell asleep.

While he slept the Moon appeared in the sky and a great cry of relief and thanksgiving went up from all the world:

“The Moon! The Moon! God bless the man who has released the Moon!”

The King who was awakened by the sound looked out the castle window and when he saw the Moon, returned to its place in the sky, his eyes overflowed with grief.

“My poor second daughter!” he cried. “It was my sacrifice of her that has released the Moon! To-morrow morning I will send the slaves to gather up her bones and to bring back the leather sack into which, alas! I must then sew my youngest daughter for evil Suyettar’s third son, the Nine-Headed Serpent. Ai! Ai! Ai! How sad it is to be a father!”

But on the morrow when the slaves went to the rock they found the second princess sitting there alone gazing down upon the scattered fragments of the Six-Headed Serpent.

“Here she is, safe and sound!” they reported to the King as they led the second princess into his presence, “and, marvel of marvels! on the beach below the rock lies the body of the Six-Headed Serpent torn to pieces! Its heads, O King, are so monstrous that six men with derricks could scarcely move one of them!”

“God be praised!” the King cried. “Another unknown hero has come and saved the life of my second child! Would that a third might come to-night and rescue the life of my youngest child! Alas, she is dearer to me than both the others, but I fear me that even if there be heroes who could dispatch the first two Serpents, there is never one who can touch him of the Nine Heads that holds the mighty Sun a captive!”

“This last and mightiest battle is for me!”

And the poor King wept, so sure was he that nothing could save the life of his youngest child.

When Log and his companions heard of the King’s grief, Log at once stood forth and said:

“This last and mightiest battle is for me!”

He opened the strong waters and drank bottle after bottle until he had emptied nine.

“Now let night come as soon as it will!” he cried. “I am ready for the Monster!”

He started forth telling his comrades he would throw back a shoe if he needed help from his dog.

So it was Log himself who slashed open the sack for the third time and released the Youngest Princess who was much more beautiful than her sisters. She fell in love with the mighty hero on sight and was so thrilled with his godlike beauty that when he put his head in her lap she hardly knew what to do although her father always declared that she scratched his head much better than either of her sisters.

They had not long to wait for soon all the Ocean was a glitter with the swirls of the ninefold Monster who was coming to shore with the captive Sun in his keeping.

“Await me behind the rock!” Log cried to the Princess as he leapt upon his horse and started forward.

“Oh, Log, my hero, be careful!” the Princess cried after him.

Nearer and nearer came the swirls of the nine-coiled Monster. One after another of his nine heads rose and fell as he approached, and every head sniffed more hungrily as it came nearer, and each head rumbled as it sniffed:

“Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell a Finn! Yum! Yum!

I’ll fall upon him with a thud!

I’ll pick his bones and drink his blood!

Fee, fi, fo, fum!

Yum! Yum!”

“Stop boasting, evil son of an evil mother!” Log cried. “You will have time enough to boast after you fight!”

“Fight?” roared the awful Monster. “Shall we fight, poor infant, you and I? Very well! Blow then with your sweet breath, blow out a long level platform of shining gold whereon we can meet and try our strength each with the other!”

“Nay!” Log answered boldly. “Do you blow, blow with your evil breath and instead of shining gold we shall have a platform of white silver.”

So the Monster blew and on the silver platform that came of his breath Log met him in combat. Back and forth they raged, Log striking right and left with his mighty sword, the Serpent hitting at Log with all his nine scaly heads and belching forth fire and smoke from all his nine mouths. Log whacked off head after head until six lay gaping on the sand. But the last three he could not get.

Suddenly he pointed behind the Serpent and cried:

“Quick! Quick! The Sun! It is escaping!”

The Serpent looked around and Log whacked off a head. Now only two remained, but try as he would Log could

get neither of them.

Again he tried a subterfuge.

“Your wife, O Son of Suyettar! See, yonder, they’re abusing her!”

The Monster looked and Log whacked off another head. But one now remained and as usual it was the hardest of them all to get. Log felt his strength waning while the Monster seemed more nimble than ever.

“I shall have to have help,” Log thought.

He threw back his shoe to his comrades and they at once loosed his dog. With the dog’s help Log was soon able to dispatch the last head. Then Three Bottles and Six Bottles helped him off his horse and supported him to the old woman’s hut where he soon fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning the blessed Sun rose at his proper time and people all over the world, falling on their knees with thanksgiving and weeping with joy, cried out:

“The Sun! The Sun! God bless the man who has released the Sun!”

At the castle they waked the King with the good news but the King only shook his head and murmured in grief:

“Yes, the Sun is released but what care I since my favorite child, my youngest daughter, has been sacrificed!”

He dispatched the slaves to gather up her bones and presently these returned bringing the Princess herself and telling a marvelous tale of the beach littered with nine severed heads so huge that it would need nine men with derricks to move one of them.

“What manner of heroes are these who have rescued my daughters!” cried the King. “Let them come forth and I will give them my daughters for wives and half my riches for dowry! But they will have to prove themselves the actual heroes by bringing to the castle the heavy heads of the Monsters they have slain.”

When Log and his fellows heard this they laughed with happiness and, strengthening themselves with deep draughts of the strong waters, they gathered together the many heads of the mighty Serpents, bore them to the castle, and piled them up at the King’s feet.

Then Log stepped forward and said:

“Here we are, O King, come to claim our reward!”

The King, true to his promise, gave them his daughters in marriage, the oldest to Three Bottles, the second to Six Bottles, and the lovely Youngest to Log. Then he apportioned them the half of his riches and, after much feasting and merrymaking, the heroes took their brides and their riches and bidding the King farewell started homewards.

As they rode through a great forest they sighted a tiny hut and Log, motioning his comrades to wait for him quietly, crept forward to see who was in the hut. It was well he was cautious for inside the hut was Suyettar herself talking to two other old hags.

“Ay,” she was saying, “they have slain my three beautiful sons, my mighty offspring that held captive the Sun and the Moon and the Dawn! But I tell you, sisters, they will pay the penalty....”

To hear better Log changed himself into a piece of firewood and slipping inside the hut hid himself in the woodpile near the stove.

“Ay, they will pay the penalty!” Suyettar repeated. “I shall have my revenge on them! A fine supper Suyettar shall soon have, yum, yum!

I’ll fall upon them with a thud!

I’ll pick their bones and drink their blood!

Fools, fools, to think they can escape Suyettar’s anger!”

“But sister, sister,” the two old hags asked, “how will you get them?”

Suyettar looked this way and that to make sure that no one was listening. Then she whispered:

“This is how I shall get them: As they come through this forest, the three men with their brides, I shall send upon them a terrible hunger. Then they shall come suddenly upon a table spread with tempting food. One bite of that food and they are in my power, he-he! Ay, sisters, to-night Suyettar will have a fine supper! Nothing can save them unless, before they touch the food, some one make the sign of the cross three times over the table. Then table and food would disappear and also the ravening hunger. But even if that happens Suyettar shall still

get them!”

“How, sister, how?” the other two asked.

“Presently I should send upon them consuming thirst, and then put in their pathway a spring of cold sparkling water. One drop of that water and they are in my power, he-he! Nothing can save them from me unless, before their lips touch the water, some one make the sign of the cross three times over the spring. At that the spring would disappear and also their thirst. But even if they escape the spring, I shall still get them. I shall send great heaviness on them and a longing for sleep, then let them come upon a row of soft inviting feather beds. If they cast themselves upon the beds, they are mine, he-he! to feast upon as I will! Nothing can save but that some one make the sign of the cross three times over the beds before they touch them. Oh, sisters, I shall get them one way or another for there is no one to warn them. If there was any one to warn them, he wouldn't dare tell them what he knows for he would also know that if he told them he would himself be turned into a blue cross and have to stand forever in the cemetery.”

As Log knew now all the dangers that threatened, he slipped away from the woodpile and, when he was outside, took his own shape and hurried back to his comrades.

“Away!” he cried. “We are in great danger!”

They all spurred their horses and rode swiftly on until Three Bottles suddenly cried:

“Hold, comrades, hold! I am faint with hunger!”

“Me, too!” cried Six Bottles.

At that instant a great table, laden with delicious food, appeared before them.

“Look!” cried the one of them.

“Food!” cried the other.

They flung themselves from their horses and ran towards the table. But quick as they were, Log was quicker. He reached the table first and, raising his hand, made the sign of the cross three times. The table disappeared as suddenly as it had come and with it the strange hunger that had but now consumed them.

“Strange!” Three Bottles exclaimed. “I thought I was hungry, but I’m not!”

“I thought I saw food just now,” Six Bottles said. “I must have been dreaming.”

So they mounted again and pushed on.

“Danger threatens us,” said Log. “We must hurry and not dismount no matter what the temptation.”

They agreed but presently one of them cried out and then the other:

“Water! Water! We shall soon perish unless we have water!”

Instantly by the wayside appeared a spring of cool sparkling water and it was all Log could do to reach it before his fellows. He did get there first and make the sign of the cross three times whereat the spring disappeared and with it the thirst which had but now consumed them all.

“I thought I was thirsty,” Three Bottles said, “but I’m not!”

“Why did we dismount?” Six Bottles asked. “There’s no water here.”

So again they mounted and went forward and Log, warning them again that danger threatened, begged them not to dismount a third time no matter what the temptation.

They promised they would not but presently, complaining of fatigue, they wanted to. Their brides, too, swayed in the saddle, overcome with weariness and sleep.

“Dear Log,” they said, “let us rest for an hour. See, our brides are drooping with fatigue! One hour’s sleep and we shall all be refreshed!”

Instantly beside them on the forest floor they saw three soft white feather beds. Log leaped to the ground but before he was able to make the sign of the cross over more than one of the beds, his comrades and their brides had fallen headlong on the other two.

And that was the end of poor Three Bottles and Six Bottles and their two lovely brides. There was no waynow of saving them from Suyettar. She had them in her power and nothing would induce her to give them up.

As Log and his bride sadly mounted their horse and rode on they heard an evil voice chanting out in triumph:

“I’ll fall upon them with a thud, he-he!

I’ll pick their bones and drink their blood, he-he!”

“Poor fellows! Poor fellows!” Log said, and the Princess wept to think of the awful fate that had overtaken her two sisters.

Well, Log and his bride reached home without further adventure and were received by the King with great honors.

“I knew my heroes were succeeding,” the King said, “when first the Dawn appeared again, and then the Moon, and last the mighty Sun. All hail to you, Log, and to your two comrades! But, by the way, where are Three Bottles and Six Bottles?”

“Your Majesty,” Log said, “Three Bottles and Six Bottles were brave men both. By their prowess they released the one the Dawn, the other the Moon. Then in an evil adventure on the way home they perished. I can tell you no more.”

“You can tell me no more?” the King said. “Why [97] can you tell me no more? What was the evil adventure in which they perished?”

“If I told you, O King, then I, too, should perish, for I should be turned into a blue cross and stand forever in the cemetery!”

“What nonsense!” the King exclaimed. “Who would turn you into a blue cross and stand you forever in the cemetery?”

“That is what I cannot tell you,” Log said.

The King laughed and pressed Log no further, but the people of the kingdom, scenting a mystery, insisted on knowing in detail what had happened the other two heroes. Presently the rumor began to spread that Log himself had done away with them in order that he might gather to himself all the glory of the undertaking.

The King was forced at last to send for him again and to demand a full account of everything.

Log realized that his end was near. He met it bravely. Commending to the King’s protection his lovely bride,

the Youngest Princess, Log related how the three mighty Serpents whom they had killed were sons of Suyettar, and how in revenge Suyettar had succeeded in destroying Three Bottles and Six Bottles together with their brides. Then he told the fate about to overtake himself.

He finished speaking and as the King and the Court looked at him, to their amazement he disappeared.

“To the cemetery!” some one cried.

They all went to the cemetery where at once they found a fresh blue cross that had come there nobody knew how. There it stands to this day, a reminder of the life and deeds of the mighty hero, Log.

The King was overcome with sorrow at losing such a hero. He took Log's bride under his protection and he found her so beautiful and so gentle that soon he fell in love with her and married her.

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