

THE GEIS OF WOLVES

A Reader's Guide to the World



Britain, c. 360–939 CE
a five-book saga by EIRÍKR VAGN



The Britain of The Geis of Wolves

A WORLD OF THE OLD GODS AND THE NEW

There was a god in the wild once. Cernunnos, the Horned One, lord of beasts and the green dark — and as the forests of Britain fell to axe and plough and the spreading kingdoms of men, he began, slowly, to die.

This is the world of *The Geis of Wolves*: an early-medieval Britain caught in the long passage from the old gods to the new, where the kingdoms of Dál Riata, Mercia, Wessex, and Northumbria carve the island between them, and something older watches the wild shrink, year by year, toward nothing.

The Curse

When the royal house of Dál Riata despoiled the wilderness it was sworn to protect, the dying god did not forgive — he bound the line in a geis, a sacred and terrible vow. They would become the wolves. They would guard what remained of the wild. And they would never break faith, on pain of becoming something far worse than beasts.

Those who keep the curse are its wardens. Those who break it are unmade by it. And the god, fading, made his wolves deathless — so that they might guard the wild for as long as the wild endured, and watch, undying, as the world they knew passed away around them.

The Old Pack

At the heart of the oldest wood, near Eoforwic, stands an antlered throne older than Rome — the seat of the cursed kings, and the home the wolves build in the ruins of an older world. From here the pack ranges the green country: sheltering the hunted, keeping the wild, and holding to a vow across centuries while kings rise and fall and the new god's churches spread across the land.

The Saga

The Geis of Wolves spans six centuries and five books — through exile and founding, through the rise of Christian kings and the coming of the Northmen, through holy wars and bloodlines and the long, slow death of the old magic. It is a story of a cursed people, the home they make, and the cost of keeping faith when the god who set the vow can no longer keep his end of it.



“We are the teeth of the forest, the shield of the wild. The hand is open.”

— the creed of the Old Pack

The saga begins in

THE LONG EXILE

and continues in THE ANTLERED THRONE