

And since we'd never been encased in ancient Norse war armor or ridden flying horses, we didn't know that cold wind whistles into iron helmets and freezes your eyeballs.

But we were finding out.

"Stoppptttt!" I screamed.

"No time!" shouted Miss Hilda, the armor-clad lady flying ahead of us. In her mythological life, Miss Hilda was Doom Rider, one of the famous Valkyries from Norse mythology. They were the three daughters of the supreme Norse god, Odin, and they chose which heroes died in battle. So far, they hadn't chosen us.

Oh, yeah — in their other lives, the Valkyries were the lunch ladies at Pinewood Bluffs Elementary.

"Look there!" said Miss Marge through her silver helmet, pointing to the earth below.

Blinking the icicles from our eyes, we saw a white island in a frozen sea.

"Iceland!" said the third warrior lady, Miss Lillian. "Land of the Norse gods!"

The Valkyries sang their favorite tagline — "Hoyo-Toho!" — and all seven horses dove like missiles

seeking a target. Hanging on for dear life, my eyes shut as tight as I could make them, my mind spun with the events of the last few days. They weren't pretty.

First, the evil Norse god Loki stole Dana away to the Greek Underworld. Then Sydney, Jon, and I snatched the famous Lyre of Orpheus from a museum and rescued Dana. Next, Loki brought the giant, one-eyed Cyclopes to the power plant in Pinewood Bluffs to make him a suit of magic armor. Once his armor was complete, he stole a half-dozen fire monsters from the Babylonian Underworld and set them loose to burn up our planet. Oh, and then he turned around and had Dana's parents kidnapped, sent them to the Norse Underworld, and started searching for something called the Crystal Rune.

All so he could overthrow Odin and take power for himself.

Miss Marge's booming voice cut through my thoughts. "Odin's messengers approach. We fly to them!"

As the Valkyries urged their giant horses to fly faster, the air echoed with a long, eerie call. Two ravens —