

A Room of Their Own

By Kurokawa Taizen



Because Unnr desired not to lead a useless life, she was estranged far to an abandoned workshop where neither good nor ill would come home to roost. The most expedient option her family afforded; to not give the complete appearance of leaving a daughter to die.

The attached living space was sufficient. A wooden wall and iron-clad door separated it from the smithy, made to contain rather than keep out.

The rough anvil seemed like a fallen star, lodged immovable into foundation. The remaining tools maimed as if hewed cold in conflict throughout their make.

She stoked the forge and borrowed a passable hammer. On the final strike, the old hammerhead crumbled off the haft to make way for the new.

Unnr struck dead and true. Her blows deliberate on measures above, and below. When every tool held fine weaves of silver, crystalline patterns, she came to know Seren very well indeed. They would make so many wonderful things together.

The Woodsman needed replacement axes. Though Unnr forged them, Seren impressed tree roots on metal; joining head to haft. Touched, he left forest novelties and these she laid upon Seren for the curiosity of both.

To The Carpenter and crew, she provided saws, chisels, and small items; wood grain permeating throughout. None questioned her request to remove the dividing wall nor the preternatural ease this was accomplished. Unnr set a table beside Seren, for dining and reading aloud in steadfast company.

For The Innkeeper, Unnr turned out cutlery that Seren enjoyed stylizing in all manners. Steady work that guaranteed a daily seat and meal, particularly when patrons left with their favored sets.

When The Merchant had naught to ply, she acquiesced on his word her goods would never decorate. As the fame of "Lady Ironwyrd" spread, she had no right to complain of such and Seren adored adorning new variety.

As The Lovers lacked the means for gold, Unnr offered iron bands. She had no practice for finery, but Seren guided her through. When the wife shattered hers through the chain mail of a brigand, The Lovers gladly replaced the ring.

A new boline, curved and shone like a crescent moon. Unnr filled the open doorway of The Herbalist in its entirety and threw out two men who did not belong. There were worries she too would be accused of witchcraft. A sentiment appreciated, but unfounded.

When Runi spied strange men in the woods muttering a family name Unnr never spoke, he retreated unseen to warn. Soren coaxed Unnr out for daylong excursion, claiming additional aid for Eir with child. Audr suddenly lacked space in her halls for supposed travelers. Koli distracted with coin and banter, condolences for the dearth of hospitality. Svana provided refreshments, dosed to dull senses and strength. Hrafn and crew escorted them away with no uncertain words and force.

As Unnr stepped over her splintered door and considered Seren sitting amused beneath a broken pile of assailants, a formal introduction to everyone was probably long due.