

The sun crept slowly over the mountains surrounding the fjord. The soft pinks and yellows with a streak of red. In his mind he heard his late father-in-law saying “Red sky at morning sailors take warning but red sky at night sailors delight” His mouth curled into a soft grin.

He turned to look at the remnants of the village he had grown up in. Where the thriving village of Moonheim once stood now instead of the voices of the children yelling and playing their games, or the sound of hammer on iron or the sound of the looms with the womenfolk exchanging news there was a deep penetrating silence. The village had seen better days, much better he muses as his eyes catch the neighbors house where the roof angled inward a small rivulet of water splashing onto the floor, moss for a carpet and ivy as wall decorations.

He looked north toward the edge of town at the old blacksmith's shop where the anvil still stood. The ringing hammer and the hiss of the water as hot metal cooled to those slightly lower malleable temperatures. His grin broke into a huge smile hidden behind his long healthy beard. His absent minded tug at his beard as he thought had long become a habit. He reached for it now as his eyes turned just a little bit misty. ‘The memory of the haggling and how her wedding necklace had not only the cost of coin but his labor for the blacksmith as well those long hours of keeping the flames just so, the blisters and burns on his hands when he learned how to pound the [iron](#). Oh how he longed for the days at sea this was actually hard work The blacksmith's assurance that he could create the little girl something she could be proud of something uniquely from him.

He chuckled at the reference to her as a little girl even at that time she was all grown up and knew where their lives were going. Sometimes looking at her he felt that they had always known each other not just in this little village of their birth but somewhere somewhen he caught glimpses of it but when he tried to look closer at the “memory” it dissolved like ash when water poured through it. He stops chasing the memory letting the thought fade. Maybe she would tell him, a chuckle, most likely she won't. It seemed that some things had to remain unsaid.

Another not quite happy memory pops into his mind, one he wished he could forget, the monthly making of the soap. It was a horrible smell that assaulted the nose and even curled the little hairs in the back of it. When that awful lye was added. He sees her right beside him trying to be a big girl for him. Her attitude is one of if you can, so can I. Moonheim was famous for [soap](#). He had sold plenty in all the ports of call making coin for winter in the village. Courtesy of some unique women their soap had color and smelled good, but the making was sheer torture. He preferred, when he could manage to escape the soap making, instead making the colored and scented candles he sold along with the soap.

Blue eyes swept to the west just outside of town. The witch's cottage, the woman responsible for the color in the soap torture, looked surprisingly as if it were still occupied though he knew her burial mound was behind her cottage and that had been long occupied. This is where she had gone to play and learn, her favorite place in the village well, maybe second favorite because the other one shared more important firsts than any other place. The midwife's house was next with a door off its hinges just about to succumb to the forces of gravity and nature. The old chair where the midwife held sick children rocking them gently moved now of its own accord acknowledging his presence. This too was a place of happy and sorrowful memories. Childbirth was something many women never recovered from and even more the tiny babes. She studied the ways of the midwife, the ways of the closest thing to a doctor this village had ever known. His girl somehow combined the ways of the two healers, the white witch and the midwife becoming someone only she could be.

He looked until the bittersweet became more bitter than sweet. Remembering bringing the present into painful clarity. Thane's heart cycles through his raw emotions as he remembers Elianna. How she moved from his constant shadow, to best friend and finally to wife. Their love which was so much more than the small word, love, could ever contain. Then with that thought he finally looks at her childhood home; to where it all began,