

Sarrin's Introduction

By day I walk this small town, sit in the square telling legends and old wives tales to the children. They remind me of my own children, who are now long gone from me. These children call me only “the old one”. A title I am sure I have earned in this village.

I came to this town for the reclusion. I became so tired of the “eager young students” come to study under the “widow” Wanting secrets where only instincts remain. They don’t ever care about my lessons I have learned in my especially long life. They don’t want to hear about the loss and pain. The loneliness or the treasure of a good friend.

At night I sit by the fire, just an old woman now. Yet in the flames my memories dance for me. Once in a while I find myself echoing their words. But, who really pays attention to an old woman beside the hearth of a small inn talking to herself. The locals accuse me of having one too many pints in my day. But the young Inn keep knows that I only drink the water from our small well.

She is a very pretty young woman and she reminds me a lot of a good old friend of mine. She gives me a room out of the kindness of her heart. She calls me grandmother, and while I knew her grandfather and his Grandmother, I was too old when her grandfather was born.

Still, she claims me as family and I accept that. She is as close to family as I will ever find again in this life again. Which is well enough, I am too old to be of much use to any family I would have left. Those I knew and loved left this world a long time ago. With as much as Rose resembles Gwynyth and her cousin Glenna, my family may have come and left this world again already.

I know that my time now grows short. I often tell Rose that I will move on soon, now that my tasks are done. I tell her that the gods will smile on her for caring for a strange old woman in her final hours. I am leaving everything to her, which she is not all that impressed with but she doesn’t know about the land deeds and writs under my bedding. She asks only that I write down the memories that dance for me in her flames. So, this writing is the beginning of the Tales she asks for. She will find them all in the morning.

For Rose,
I thank you dearly for your comfort and generosity. For the love you have shown an old strange woman. Make the most out of the things you find in my bedding. All that I have is yours now. I ask only that my grave be in a peaceful place filled with Laughter and Love.

For those who come after,
Hold strong to those who touch your heart, they become your clan, your family. And in
the end Family is all you have left.

* A small note. ~ The following tales are told from the mind of an old woman. Expect
them to be out of order and a bit... off... But they are my tales and all I have left to tell.
Enjoy them and learn what you can... But mainly enjoy them. *