

## **Ancient Fanfiction: Metal**

By Celine Baumbach

At the beginning there was pointed metal, burying into me and hammering me loose from the stone and cold earth that had produced me. Then there was a basket, and a bright warmth.

Before, I had been vast, a deposit stretching throughout the earth. Now all that was left of me was the broken off stones carried away by the humans.

Next there was a large, heavy stone, crushing me underneath its weight, over and over again.

There were shouts as one of the people who were using the stone got caught underneath it.

Unlike them, I did not feel pain. Unlike them, the heavy stone did not destroy me but simply made me *more*.

Once the stone had crushed me into small enough pieces, there came the wooden pyre. I weakened under the heat, and when I had cooled enough, the people returned with the stone, breaking me down further into something that felt close to infinite.

They poured me into a clay tunnel, mixed me with burnt and brittle wood, and then there was another fire. Instead of weakening me to break me down further, this one helped the many parts of me to become one.

The people returned once the fire had melted all of me, breaking me out of the clay that had shaped me. They lay me down on a flat surface and began beating me with a large piece of wood. They tore me apart again and gave me a new shape, and when I had cooled down too much to be workable, they threw me into another fire. For some time, my world was a cycle of heat and heavy wood.

They shaped me to their liking, into something long and pointed. When they had molded me, they threw me into water to cool me and ran me along a stone, honing my edges to a sharp point. Then they bound me to shaped wood with strips of leather, and took me back to where I had come from.

In the end, I was pointed metal, burying into other metal and hammering it loose from the stone and earth that had produced it.

Context:

The invention and advancement of metalworking has been very important for most of known history, so it seems kind of obvious to mention it during SASA Inspire. What was really interesting to me about writing this story, however, was describing the process from the point of view of the metal being worked. While not necessarily being one specific metal (there are certainly differences in working bronze, copper, and iron), the process described here is mainly based on iron working – with some creative liberties taken.

Quotes:

Instagram:

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Twitter:

They tore me apart again and gave me a new shape, and when I had cooled down too much to be workable, they threw me into another fire. For some time, my world was a cycle of heat and heavy wood.

Article: <https://youtu.be/1hCQnqN9l4Y>

Image: