

Salamander

The monster-hunter frowned. “You have a *human* assisting you in the forge? Is it safe?”

“She, actually,” the icicler replied. “Sharon - that’s her name - is perfectly safe, as long as we all wear our insulators. And she’s invaluable to me. You’ve noticed the potency of my icicles? Thank Sharon. She can even manipulate molten ice with bare fingers. Makes it *much* easier to get the doses right.”

The hunter laughed. “I stand corrected! My apologies. Ha! She must *love* the forge.”

Sharon smiled. “I do, ma’am,” she replied, in understandable Speech. “The work suits me. ...It could be warmer, though.”

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