

Brief:

An exercise in emulation, inspired by the weapon stories featured in *Nier: Automata*.
Written to demonstrate the progressive description of how a weapon came to be.

The Axe of Etar: Lv. 4

An axe beholden to the wrath of nature, its blade ensnared by razor sharp vines.

In the middle of a clearing, two trees stood side by side. As the sole survivors of a rotted forest, their branches grazed each other in affection. Despite the desolation around them, their roots embraced beneath the ground, breathing life into each other for centuries.

Together, they survived the ravages of war, the passing of time. They held strong even in the harshest cold of Winters and the fiercest heat of Summers. And in the Springtime when they bloomed, they were a true sight to behold; pink petals danced along their branches, spiralling like a song into the wind.

The two were the image of beauty. That is, until one day, a curious man came by to test the mettle of his fine axe. Setting his sights on one of the trees, he aimed his golden weapon and swung, chopping its trunk in two. Satisfied at the blade's might, the man fled in high spirits, while the tree's partner stood in agony at the death of its beloved. Overcome with grief, it wept so hard that its own branches turned sallow. Its pink petals fell to the ground, never to bloom again.

The man awoke the next day to see that his weapon had changed, its blade caressed now by barbed vines, so sharp that the slightest touch could tear skin from bone. Imbued with the power of a vengeful nature, the axe had transformed, so that one day its victims might feel the same sorrow of a tree chopped in two.