

# Rosenthal's

Rosenthal's is a clothing store located at the eastern outskirts of [Kyoto's](#) civilian district. It specializes in Nepleslian and Yamataian formal wear, with an extra emphasis on clothing for combat professionals. It is a frequent supplier of bodyguard clothing to the clans surrounding Kyoto Prefecture.



Taken from [Kyoto: A Perfect Fit](#).

But they sped past all that, and instead stopped in front of a beautifully wood-paneled store front squished between two larger office buildings. It was relatively small — about nine meters across — and had a blue neon sign about 6 meters in the air: “Rosenthal's.” The wood, which covered everything except the doors, was entirely stained and lacquered in a [gentle oak brown](#) and appeared only slightly weathered. The doors themselves were thick, tinted glass with simple, but [weathered brass door handles](#). Men in sharply tailored, solid-grey suits and ties stood at each door, looking at each other. They started to reach for the handles as Nyton and Kotori approached. Where they were was recommended to them by a brief database scan Miharuru had suggested. Perhaps that had tipped someone off. The inside of the store smelled of more wood, but it was soft, and not at all unpleasant. Oak, most likely. The source was all around them — shelves, counters, stands, other displays, the ceiling, the walls, even the floor. Not all of it was oak, either; Nyton could recognize [cherry](#) for the shelving, [ash](#) for various stands and displays, [light birch](#) for the ceiling and floors, which helped bounce the light from the large glass skylight above them, and [tan-brown walnut](#) for the two right-hand-side counters and some of the shelving. There was an occasional [small evergreen tree](#) flanking a display, and one at each of the far ends of the counters. The clothing was mostly Nepleslian. Suits fit nicely on wire mannequins in various parts of the fairly deep store, sport coats lined racks, shirts perfectly folded in stacks. Trousers were toward the back, while a nice display close to the front showed a beautiful selection of leather shoes, from loafers to wingtips. The

store was actually two stores; off to the right was an extension that appeared to have what Nyton needed — Yamataian clothing. He could see men milling about in that section, which seemed to focus more on [bamboo](#) for its decorative needs, though there were pockets of [some kind of red wood](#) here and there.

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“Of course,” Sonoda said. “Such an outfit can be provided immediately. Follow me.” Sonoda walked into the other store area, which was actually quite a bit smaller than the main store. Instead of suits and slacks, it was kimonos and hakama pants. They were actually hung on the walls, on dried bamboo poles, and tatami mats covered the floor. A section of the wall had at least a dozen [obi](#) striped across it for inspection. The ceiling was much lower, and Nyton noticed his head was perhaps half a meter from touching it. The occasional kimono outfit was hung from said ceiling, supported by bamboo rods, but it was for inspection purposes. The lighting was actually very soft, which fit well with the wood colors; most of it took the form of puddles on the tatami, with some occasionally swinging from kimono to kimono. Were it not for the clothing and the reddish-wood counter, the place would resemble an upscale Yamataian home. Nyton and Kotori, however, were taken toward the back, where there was a private fitting room. On the way, Sonoda clapped his hands and barked an order to one of the younger Yamataians wearing an all-black kimono. He dashed ahead of them and prepared the fitting room, which was behind curtains. The room was actually spacious, compared to the rest of the Yamataian side of the store, and there were five mirrors facing Nyton as he entered. Off to the right hung the kimono and hakama he'd requested — and appeared close to his size. The younger man was dashing in and out, adding to the ensemble piecemeal. Kotori behind Nyton and to the left, unimpeded by the rushing man. Sonoda went in front of Nyton and took his coat and hung it on a peg on the left wall. He nodded. “GP-12b, five Type 28 NSPs, two TA-14s, two kodachi swords. Is that all of your armaments, Claymere-dono?”

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