

Memories of an Elf

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Kapitel 1: My old home

Where did I live? Give me some time to visualize it... it has been a long time ago. I lived in an old mixed forest, which was light and friendly. In the beginning you can touch the black and white bark of the many silver birches and few dark scot pines surrounded by golden meadows swaying in the warm wind. There was a small trail which lead to the older parts of the forest, its core where there were more and more... oaks! Walking on the soft forest floor, which was covered in old and dry brown leaves and acorns you could sometimes catch a glimpse of some red squirrels running and hiding their treasures.

If you go further you would finally come to the oldest part with the tallest oaks which had an exceptional huge diameter, big enough for houses. Yes, I lived in trees. You wouldn't see my house, if you didn't know where to look at, because the biggest branches and greenest leaves would hide it. My house was built by my ancestors and it was built with wood, dark oak logs and wood shingles which forbade the hotness of the dry summer and the coldness of the white winter to come into the rooms which where many, because my house was sitting in one, but many trees and bridges looking like branches connected it parts. I could invite many guests proving bedrooms and two big kitchens.

If there was a storm my house would rock back and forth which can be frightening at first, but it's a solid house. If you looked out of the windows you would see the green foliage in spring, and the blackest branches and twigs covered by frost and snow. Sometimes you could see the silhouettes of big ravens sitting in the trees and waiting for some food.

You had to climb on the branches or had to use a silver rope-ladder to reach my house. If you wanted to transport huge stuff like chests of food and barrels filled with fruit juice (and wine perhaps) you needed block and tackle, but we had also our secrets cellars vaults in the earth hidden by leaves and old grey and green foundlings overgrown with moss.

The rooms were cozy and filled with books, because I love books. And if it's not a book you would find parchments and paper one my big desk, which was my favorite place. There I would sit and read and write and draw. My chair was comfortable although it was made of blackened metal and red (and soft) velvet. Even more comfortable were my big red armchair and my even bigger bed with it many pillows and thick blankets. When you wake up in the morning you can hear the singing of blackbirds and the common chaffinches and the chirping of the passerines.

There was a colorful coverlet which my mother made. She had although chosen the paintings hanging on the walls which surprisingly didn't show landscapes with meadows and woods, but the green and blue sea and white and green shores. We love the open rushing sea, but hide in the calm and fragrant woods. (At the sea there was a great forest, too, but it looked bizarre and ghostly, because the wind made the grow in strange ways.)

The kitchen was big enough for five persons. There you could chat, bake bread, make butter, cook a hot stew or chop vegetables or fruits for a refreshing salad. There was always a bouquet of flowers or twigs from the woods and meadows standing on the table. We had a room where we would dry herbs and fruits for tea and another room

for cheese. We ate in the dining room which had many windows for the light to come into the room. The table was long and heavy and had drawers under the table board. In the drawers were stored the cutlery, but also dices and cards, because we used the tables for playing games, too.

There weren't rooms build onto other rooms, but we had short stairs which lead you to rooms who were build higher in the treetop. There was one chamber called the moon room. You could look out of the windows to follow the moon riding through the night or gazing at the blue stars in the black sky. There was a little (but safe) balcony, too. If you extinguished the light of the candles and oil lamps you were able to see even more stars.

Kapitel 2: Journey

As I told you in my last letter I lived in a deep forest in the trees. Maybe you remember that I mentioned paintings of the sea. That's where my journey took me several times in my life, or our journey I should say, because I usually travelled with my beloved partner.

Although I loved the trees and meadows, I must admit that there has always been a desire burning in my heart which would never let me forgive the sea. It had been the place where I had met my husband and where his kin lived, my own family once had come over the sea to the shores of Middle Earth.

It was a long way from the high and green treetops of my home to the flat and white shores in the west, to Eryn Vorn. My homeland lays in the south of Mirkwood near the Ostbucht. We definitely lived in the nicer part of Mirkwood (and I preferred trees over the Realm), although it became darker and more dangerous for some hundred years, but that is another story.

Our family would look for our houses which went usually smoothly, but we needed a year for preparations. We sent and received a lot of letters, making sure everyone knows when to expect us and asking about peaceful or dangerous places. We even sometimes asked the merchants who travelled to and from Erebor about the quality of the paths. World is always busy and it's always useful to know where orcs and trolls were roaming, where the eagles fly or where you could expect a homely place.

We renewed our traveling clothes and boots. We also sharpened our knives and swords and made arrows for bows. I never like the bows, my fingers are made for art, not war... my husband was a fine archer, though, and he shot birds and other animals we could eat. I rather liked my small axe I bought at Thale, but he would give me an odd look. "Dwarven stuff", he said. "An axe can be useful, too", I used to answer, "and I don't intend to actually kill somebody with it." Fortunately we seldom travelled alone, and if we were the two of us, we chose peaceful times for our journey.

We went to the Elven King in the North asking him kindly for strong horses. He never said no, but he always gave us a task. Sometimes we brought wine and other goods, like books, instruments or jewelry, with us to the elves we met. That's why he not only gave us horses, but also a WAGEN. Sometimes we had to report to him what's going on in the lands outside of our big forest. Sometimes we had to fetch other things for him (which were usually books, art and jewelry again, he loved gems, silver and gold). We tried several ways. For many years we went south, passing an old fortress. Then we crossed the mighty Anduin, where we met a group of Elves who lead us to Lorien. We really liked those Elves, because they appreciated trees as much as we do. Caras Galadhon was indeed the most impressive way of living within nature we know. Our houses were just cottages and our trees young and small compared to that silver city with huge mallorn-trees. We walked on the naked earth, they had white streets and silver fountains. Our trees would lose their leaves in late autumn and were naked in winter, the flowers dying, the meadows sleeping, until spring came back, but their trees were forever golden and green and there were always white flowers growing in the meadows. We would stay there for two weeks or three, meeting friends, talking and refreshing our knowledge about their language. Sometimes we would bring a message from King to Queen. Seeing Lady Galadriel was always quiet interesting, but also pretty intense. She was wise and beautiful, with piercing eyes.

Leaving Lorien behind we had to walk through the NEBELGEBIRGE. We didn't like that part, because the mountains were cold and grey and dangerous, although we heard that there was a mysterious lake showing the night-sky. We hurried and didn't look back, until we reached a river called Glanduin. We would follow it's LAUF until we came to the Nin-in-Eilph After that we crossed Gwathlo, which is called GRAUFLUT in your language, using the bridge of Tharbad. There was a time when we would see little humans (or were they even humans?) living there. ...

This was usually the time were our mood rose, because we knew it was a nice region there and we had an actual way to walk on. It was called GRÜNWEG.