

# Memories of an Elf

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## 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.