

On The Edge

Von KAl

Kapitel 1: Chapter I

"I just stood there...and then...I heard them.

They were near and I did not know what to do so I hid behind a dead trees root.

Silent I was...and loud they were walking, pushing up the leaves from the bottom and breaking through the perches that were in front of them without any qualm.

They were running, and fast they were.

My whole body was shivering, Vin, shivering, neither I was able to even do one step, nor I was able to give the alarm...I was just, just...frozen."

He was not crying, but in his eyes there was the arch rise of fear and an endless stream of the cold which had touched his body no long ago.

A haze of exertion was torn over his skin and it pushed everyone back, who wanted to be near to him...except Vin.

"It's alright"

Some sedative warm voice whispered like honey and thick warm smoke of a well smelling pipe near Rorys ear.

"It's over now, you must not fear."

A strong and sensitive back of a hand softly stoke his forehead.

Rorys left hand, which until this moment had been pressing the rheumy down-filled headrest cushion against his chest, slowly unstressed. It was a patient method, which Vin used to calm him down, but also an effective one.

Rorys eyes still stared onto the wall behind his counterpart when he remembered what had happened to him some hours before.

When the morning fog had tickled coyly the fields of the Shire and the trees had still been yawning from the crystal-like night he had been out in the forests, to find a quiet place, to think of how to go on.

After all those years which had passed, after all the friends that were gone, the Hillwoods were not a place of light-heartedness anymore. They became a cruel place to him and an unloved one.

Indeed there still was the nature, the birds singing every morning to wake up all around, the grass and the golden fields, the clear nights and the summer breezes, but for him it was different.

The songs of the birds became melodies of his nightmares and the grass was not as

green for him as it had been the years before. The fields were lost labyrinths which cached the last breath of the summer breezes and, with the rustling ears, turned it into the clattering swords and shields, which you could hear from afar.

"Rory, won't you listen?"

The soft voice of his releasing had started again and the tickling of a dark blonde wisp of hair on his cheek pushed him back to reality.

Rory closed his eyes for a short moment and opened them again.

"You must not fear...it is over."

It came gentle through Vin's lips, but demanding and low was his voice.

"Hush, this is my only fear...that in stormy nights on seas, so blustery that my heart can't stand, it's thunderous and loud and scary and over" Rorys voice raised "I'm fearing that my only harbour is the end, when I am lost and falling and hiding and running and..."

"shhhhhh" Vin's lips touched smooth Rorys cheek and soon they went away again.

He knew how to ease the fears and insanity of his treasure and dearest friend when it started.

"Bunters had never been that near before." Rory whispered with a calmer, but even more fearful voice. "How were they able to break through the border? How could they just be able to break down the barrier?"

"This time there were many of them and they started to fight together, which is even more remarkable, because normally they won't fight together in such a controlled unity. If it is true what is rumoured, He must have grown a lot...The soldiers from the barrier said that it must have been nearly 50 Bunters..."

"Oh my...50 of them...there were just three in the group this morning"

"Yes, the soldiers reported that they killed 40 of them, but that the rest broke through the barrier and also...there were twelve soldiers killed while the attack." Vins voice had changed while the last sentence had come through his lips.

"When I hid there behind that root I heard them talking...the Bunters...they smelled me and they searched for me and..." Rory started to shiver again "...when they found my hideout...they tracked me and ran after me...dear I thought my life was over in the next seconds and they were just amused. When the one of them packed me I knew this was my end...why Vin...why am I still alive...why me and not the soldiers, which so bravely fought for us? Why must they suffer?"

Sobbing and shaking Rory pushed his forehead against the warm chest of the Hobbit which sat next to him.

Lavender smelling came from the outside through the open window and the white sheets of the oak wooden bed on which the two of them sat on flew lightly and sank down again, swayed by the soft wind.

It was the wind which was so treacherous singing from distant battlefields. It brought advices of bloodshed afar and plenty of the downfall coming closer with every minute. The world had changed and it faded.

The loom of the midday sun was playing on the white, limewashed walls and seesawing and dancing.

Rorys fists strained again. His soaked hair, which had got clammy by some tears that after all had ran hushing from his cheeks, fell into his mild face and pasted on the rosy skin.

Vin lightly put his arms around him and caressed his inhibited shoulders.

He kissed Rorys forehead and then touched his chin to push up the head of his friend.

Rorys eyes were like a mirror. Vin saw anything in them, anything he trusted in. With his darker blue eyes Vin lay them to rest.

His glance was able to cover Rorys fears in a safe case, far away from the very moment.

The hobbit with the light brown hair looked into Vin's eyes.

"Thank you" Rory whispered. He closed his eyes and touched Vins chest with his head again. These moments were what gave him strength and held him until he was able to walk on his own again.