

My Darkest Gem

An Orcish Loveletter

Von Venedig-6379

To my darkest gem,

I'm sitting here, waiting for war, following the orders of the big boss. The guys are angry and hungry – they wanna eat meat. They also complain about the rain. I'm angry, too – because I miss you. And my heart is hungry for your heart. And the rain helps me hiding my tears – I don't cry, because I lost a finger, I don't cry, because I'm afraid of those nasty humans and halflings. I cry, because you aren't with me.

At night I think about your last and stern words: "Fight 'n' return, I'm waiting for you. Don't you dare to lose! I would die of shame and desire." You yelled at me, my strong-wild beast. Nobody yells like you.

Scrubbing my armour the shiny and silvery metal reminds me of your clear eyes, the blood stains make me think about your red lips. The knob of my sword looks exactly like your nose. We are walking through the marshes. The weed is as dark and glossy as your hair. Let me braid your hair. I already started braiding the thin hair of my comrades.

I kiss the milk teeth of our children (yes, I took my lucky charm with me, I've taken them from the box and made a necklace; don't be angry – our children will lose enough teeth for another necklace). I hope that they play and fight every day, cheerfully, although I'm not there.

I need your broad chest, pillow for my sleep, and your beefy arms that stroke my poor head. I need you to rant and rave, because I feel somewhat hopeless – your harsh voice always motivates me. I wish you could kick my ass.

I hope that your tavern-business is going fine? Save some beer for your lover and fighter.

Kissing and biting you in my dreams,

N.

