

Lost Hope

Von -Eliza-

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Disclaimer: I own nothing of lotr*sigh*, or can you give me the money to buy them???

No...damn it *looking disappointed*

Author's Note: So this was my first try in anything fanfiction like, so be kind, but I still can use some criticism, and would be happy to receive some.

And yeah english is not my first language

R/R

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Everybody's screaming.

The Soldiers are screaming that all are to go to the outer walls.

I can't, the words of two of the three hunters, the man and the elf, still burned into my memory.

I couldn't understand them, for they were speaking elvish, but still it was clear about what the two were fighting.

About a none existing hope.

Everybody understood it

At least at the last words of the Man.

"Then I shall die as one them!"

These words were screamed out with so much pain ... so finally.

Like he already accepted it.

At that moment all my own hope was crushed.

Crushed by realization.

Crushed understanding.

Crushed accepting.

Accepting my own oncoming death.

And this acceptance of my own, accepting death, scares me, even more than death itself.

I'm so confused ... scared.

So scared....

And as much as I search for hope in my heart, I can't find it.

I just don't find a reason to hope.

"Give me your sword."

I look around for the voice which disturbed my musing.

Then I see him, the man of the fight with the elf, is sitting at the stairs, looking at me expectantly.

I slowly get my feet to move over to him.

They are so heavy, so heavy without hope.

As I'm finally standing in front of him, and giving my sword over to him, he asks about my name.

"Haleth, son of Háma, my lord." I answer him with my voice heavy from despair. "The men are saying that we will not live out the night. They say that it is hopeless.."

I don't tell him that it was him and his friend, who cruelly ripped my hope from me.

I don't see a reason to do so.

I know that my voice is having a hint of begging in it, begging for hope, for reassurance.

But I can't help it, for I'm looking for these things as I search his eyes.

But the only thing I see is a look of understanding.

He looks in my eyes, like he's searching something in them.

I don't know for what he's searching, but I think what he saw the look of begging in them, the same begging like in my voice.

He stands up and swings my sword around, with a grace I never saw, with a grace which spoke of power.

And for one moment he seems like a king of old, of which my mother told me so much about.

In this moment I see so much power, determination and so many more things in him, that I can only stare.

With the words, "This is a good sword, Haleth, son of Háma." he hands me back my sword.

He leans forward, closer to me, puts his hand on my shoulder and he looks in my eyes. „There is always hope.“

And as he says these words , I look deeper in his eyes, and see everything I was searching for.

My reassurance ... my hope.

For I have found the hope I was looking for.

I found the hope in the one who took it from me.

I found my hope again...

The end

I know that this wasn't very good, so sorry.

Please leave a comment, and tell me what you liked, what you didn't, and what I could do better.

Pretty Please?!?

Love

Jewel

