

Unremembered Loss

For all the news and information from the world of Rathrae, and for the story Unremembered Loss

Issue 5

January 2010

Welcome to the fifth issue of the *Unremembered Loss* news letter. In this issue we'll look at dwarfs through one persons eyes. We all know that dwarfs are short and have long beards, but here is look from a more personal point of view. Don't forget to forward this newsletter on to your friends and if your not getting the newsletter automatically sign up at <http://DouglasGClarke.com/lists/>

Douglas G. Clarke

Dwarfs

What can I tell you about dwarfs? - They are at the same time intriguing and insufferable. Now I must admit that my personal experiences with dwarfs is limited to a dozen chance encounters with dwarfs passing through my town and one particular dwarf I would call a friend.

Of course I have an uncountable number of stories, comments, and snide comments from the lips of friends, drunks, and complete strangers - the strangers hurling their comments at dwarfs backs as they walks away.

Do you want a stone wall built? Do you want each stone to be laid with care and love? Do you want a wall that will last a thousand years and look barely a year? Do you care about ascetics, about balance and color and feel and flow? Then you should by all means contract a dwarf.

But, do you have a budget? A schedule? A shape or color in mind? Do you need the work done quickly or do you need to sleep near by? Then you may want to rethink hiring a dwarf.

Dwarfs are long lived and their view of life is likewise long term. The word temporary conjures up decades in a dwarf's mind, and permanent is measured in centuries.

I have seen dwarfs move quickly - when they've felt the need. I've also seen many a store owner, waiter, caravan master, and guide loose their tempers without the dwarf in question even noticing.

What about dwarfs in intrigues us then, instead of us just writing them off? For me it is that they seem to care. They care about their work - don't ever ask a dwarf to "throw" something together. They care about their families - which is not that intriguing, until you consider that they marry at around forty years of age and stay married for six or seven hundred years. Dwarfs care about their friends - willing to go to great lengths for a friend, even willing to risk their long lives to save the sixty year life of a human friend.

It strikes me that I've never met a dwarf who would not consider a human a friend, but how many humans I know who won't even talk to a dwarf. Are we Jealous of their long lives, of their dedication, of their willingness to care, or do we

just see ourselves as better? Purer? Higher?

Perhaps it is their ability to always be right. It always amazes me how much more a two hundred and fifty year old dwarf knows than I do at the age of twenty one. The only time I can ever remember a dwarf being wrong about anything was when two dwarf had a disagreement about which kind of ale was better - the honey or the pale. Now honestly I don't know which dwarf was wrong, but I assume that they couldn't both have been right.

You might think that always being right might make a dwarf arrogant, but I have never meet one who was. Perhaps that is what makes them infuriating - they are always right, but they're not going to try and convince you of it. They just let you discover it on your own.

I for one would always welcome a dwarf guarding my rear. Their loyalty and trustworthiness combined with a the mighty swing of an axe, is a combination that not many can argue with. Besides that, the dwarfs I've know always seem to have the best ale, be it honey or pale.

Julie