

Unida'kin

by Sev'kin Dragonheart, Grobbulus - 2020

Sev'kin would sit at a fire side next to Felora and tend the flames. Tilting her head her lips parted into an almost sad smile.

"Joo evah 'ere da tale o' Unida'kin...?"

She nodded. "Ah tell Joo..."

Green eyes hardened. Her words were soft and were just above the crackling of the fire they sat before. She spoke with her deep Trollish accent.

Unida'kin was not born the smartest creature in Azeroth. In many ways his village would say he was simple in mind. He was a large brooding troll with a lopsided face that made an even more crooked smile. Despite his appearance he was kind and had a good heart. Yet what the Loa truly blessed him with was his ability to fish.

He would start at dawn and by dusk have 13 baskets filled with a variety of rare delicious fish. Day in day out, it was the same until one fateful day his littlest sister came upon him, it was midday and his baskets were empty.

"Unida'kin! Unida'kin! Why are your baskets not full?"

The large troll stared out into the sea. "Littlest sister...can you not hear the most beautiful song?"

The small trolless looked to the waters and listened. She heard nothing. Shaking her head to her brother, "No... Unida'kin... I hear only the sea..."

Unida'kin growled and stood watching the waters.

The next morning littlest sister saw Unida'kin upon his fishing rock. He had not moved his lunch from prior day untouched. Baffled she called out.

"Unida'kin! Unida'kin! Why have you not eaten?"

A weary Unida'kin stared out at the sea. His voice held rage as he replied. "Can you not hear it?! Such a beautiful song!"

The littlest sister shook her head. "No...no! I hear nothing, please come home!"

As she went to pull Unida'kin back he tossed her to the side like a rag doll. Crying out the littlest sister's arm took crimson as she was injured. Snarling at her brother she left him alone with a scowl.

When dawn broke the next morning, the littlest sister saw her eldest brother on his fishing rock unmoved. Still angry with him from the previous day, she went to the village to do her errands.

Dusk fell, the littlest sister returned from the village and went to look for Unida'kin. He was not upon his rock. Relief turned to panic as she saw her eldest brother walking into the depths of the sea, fishing pole in hand.

Rushing forth through the beach she screamed, "Unida'kin! Unida'kin! Why do you not stop! PLEASE BROTHER! STOP!"

It was too late; the waves crashed over the massive troll leaving only the foaming waves of blue.

The village searched throughout the night...nothing.

Upon the next dawn Unida'kin's broken fishing pole washed upon the shore. No one knew of what happened to Unida'kin; some say he caught a massive fish that pulled him into the ocean, others whispered his mind was simple and mad, asking for death.

Yet the night after he disappeared, the littlest sister crept down to her eldest brother's fishing rock and watched the waters silently to toss a wreath of mourning flowers into the sea. Tears burned down her cheeks.

She went to turn away to home only to perk up at a sound. To her horror she heard the most beautiful haunting of songs whispering within the waves, only to go silent upon the shore.