

Songs of The Orcish Steppes

The elf had a fiddle, and she knew songs we'd never heard before. She said they were human ones, but we weren't sure if we believed her. What do humans know about prairie skies and lonesome winds on the cattle trail? They have their close-set lands across the River, and orcs have our lands here, and that's how it should be.

Pretty songs, though. Real pretty. I ended up learning a few for my guitar. Maybe there *are* humans out there who know what it's like to ride herd, with only your memories for company. If not here, then somewhere.

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