The Quest
by AnonymousSong, lily_winterwood

Summary

The Quest for Erebor liveblog, as first written on Tumblr on quiterespectablyyours and exileddurin.

The dual blogs of Bilbo Baggins and Thorin Oakenshield depicting the journey from the Shire to Erebor over the course of seven months.
Hello and welcome to the Hobbit Liveblogs! Though they are not very 'live' now, as the story has been completed, this is the story that was written originally on quiterespectablyyours.tumblr.com and exileddurin.tumblr.com. The Blogs were a collaboration between Lily Winterwood (then evil-bones-mccoy/now omgkatsudonplease) and AnonymousSong (aka Tony). Lily wrote for Bilbo while Tony wrote for Thorin. The original blogs took place between April 20th, 2015 to June 30th, 2016.

The posts here have not been changed other than grammatical corrections. Asks that were sent in by readers of the blog have also been included as well as important pictures and any tags that were used. Extra photos that were deemed unimportant have not been added to this for ease of reading purposes and that they're a bit of a headache to code and there are quite a lot of them.

While the day-to-day posts will not be posted individually in real time as they originally were, each chapter will usually feature a week's worth of posts. The date will be featured before the first post of each day and the time the post was originally posted will be shown with each entry.

Reminder that these are blog posts translated into a novel-like format. Lengths have been taken to ensure that it is easy to read without losing the original format but there is only so much one can do in terms of coding. Thank you for your understanding and for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

April 20th, 2015

Bilbo

7:45AM Very quiet day
Fish at the market quite fresh. Might go in for tomorrow’s haul.
Three letters in the post. One from Lobelia about Mum’s spoons. Over my dead body, maybe!
Smoke ring total: 5 perfect circles. Haven’t figured out how to make them do silly things yet.
#my day #spoon thief

10:20AM Elevenses!
Feeling sweet today, so I had some strawberry pound cake with cream. I might have the rest for tea later.
It’s a wonderful day outside. Dear old Holman’s been trimming the rosebushes; he gave me a couple cuts of the roses for inside. I’ve also been helping with the peonies, the poor things never last too long even with the greatest of care. They’re here one season and then gone the next.
I’m intending to make some seed cakes this afternoon; they’ll keep me going for a while because they store quite nicely.
There are people reading this blog? Well, I daresay I should probably introduce myself properly, then. I’m Bilbo Baggins, I’m a very respectable 51 years old, and I look like this:

Yes, I look like that often. My parents were quite wealthy, you see, and they left me this really nice home. I have it all to myself for now, but things do get quite lonely when you have so many rooms and no idea what to put in them. Probably why I decided to put most of my clothes into two of the rooms.

I have an embarrassing amount of clothes, I know. I really don’t like throwing out the old ones; they’re completely useless to Michel Delving Mathom-house, and I can’t really stand parting with them permanently, either. The rest of my smial is a bit neater, I think, but a lot of my stuff was just handed down from my parents.

Maybe I should tell you more about my parents? I do miss them a lot. My mother was a great beauty, and my father was very rich and respectable. I don’t have anything besides their portraits, but here:
Mum used to tell me stories of the adventures she’d been on. I was young, mind you, and I always wanted to go with her to see the Elves and fight the giant Dumbledors and the Were-worms and have tea with the Badger-folk in the Old Forest, but as children do, I grew up.
Still, it’s nice to think back to the stories she’d tell me. And sometimes – don’t tell anyone – I still sneak out and spend the nights in the forests. I did that a couple Mondays back for Elven New Year! Nothing quite like smoking a nice pipe in the Wood until you’re drowsy and then coming back to your nice warm bed. I do recommend it.
What about you, dear followers? Who are all of you?

#me

2:44PM
#my home #a little sketch i did

3PM
The seed-cakes turned out really well, if I do say so myself! I’ll have one now, and maybe save the rest for later.

Of course, I don’t expect to actually go through with that; they’ll all probably be gone by morning. I have an unfortunate tendency to snack at midnight.

Still, I can always bake more, I suppose.

#my day

3:19PM Confound Lobelia! I told her she wasn’t welcome for tea anymore because she kept on stealing my things. I don’t need her hanging on the doorbell all day, either. Maybe if I wait long enough she’ll think I’m not at home, even if I have the fire going.

#my day #spoon thief

3:28PM Help me out here: how do I get rid of a pesky relative without seeming too rude?

#spoon thief #she knows i’m in here

5:15PM Well, I’ve gone and done it. I’ve finished my cakes and my flour. I shall have to go into Hobbithon tomorrow and pick some up from the Mill. I’ve still got half a ham left for supper, and some cheese and bread; I shall have to properly restock my pantries for the upcoming week soon.

Smoke ring total: 3 perfect circles. A lot of the others dissipated too early.

The almanac predicts good weather this weekend, so I might take some time to go walking. Maybe I’ll pack a picnic on Sunday and go strolling in the woods again!

#my day #also yes i got rid of #spoon thief #after a while

April 21st, 2015

Bilbo

9:16AM Bread, cheese, and eggs for second breakfast. And then off to Hobbithon for more foodstuffs to get me through the next week. I hear there’s more Bree-cheese in stock at my favourite cheese shop, so I’ll have to pay them a visit.
Holman told me that one of the Big Folk has been looking for me since Elvish New Year. I told him that if the fellow comes along again, he’s to tell him I’m not at home. Even if I am. I won’t have anything to do with the meddling Big Folk; they’re far too much trouble for what it’s worth.

#my day

10:41AM

The walk to Hobbiton was pleasant! It rained last night, and the sky is still heavy with moisture. The earth still has that lovely after-rain smell, too.

On my way back, I passed several little Hobbits playing in the puddles on the Road. One of them,
my little cousin Esmeralda, who’s come over from Tuckborough with her friends, asked if I had any cakes. I invited her and her friends over for tea, but not before they get their dirty feet cleaned again! I am now in possession of flour and Bree-cheese. A great deal of other provisions for the rest of the week will be delivered to me later today, hopefully in time for supper.

"#my day #hobbiton #the shire"

3:22PM

I found a bloom here not so long ago
A flower springing up along the road.
But someone came and picked it off the ground
And had the gall to let it wither brown.

If I ever picked you, lovely flower
I would never leave you lying out for hours
But rather keep you safe against my breast
Until you and I together find our rest.

It’s not much, I think. With a little more practice I’m sure I’ll be able to write something much better. Maybe I should spend some more time outside doing this. It might get me in the right mood!

"#my poetry"

4:01PM

Teatime! I got out the rosebud set for Esmeralda and her friends.

"#my day"
Sing hey! for the bath at close of day
that washes the weary mud away!
A loon is he that will not sing:
O! Water Hot is a noble thing!

O! Water cold we may pour at need
down a thirsty throat and be glad indeed;
but better is Beer if drink we lack,
and Water Hot poured down the back.

One of my favourite bath songs. It actually goes for much longer, but you’ll get the full treatment some other day. I do enjoy singing in the bath; no one can criticise me there.
In other news, my deliveries came in this afternoon, just after tea! More pictures to follow.

#my day #my home
A decently-stocked pantry, if I do say so myself. I shall be making more pies all week, and some of the preserves look about ready to eat, too. I’ll make a jolly time of it this weekend with my picnic in the woods.

#my day #my home

April 22nd, 2015

Bilbo

8:01AM
My idea of a perfect morning.

10:51AM The Green Dragon has a new batch of clover-beer! I may head over to Bywater this afternoon for a pint and possibly bring a barrel of it back with me if it is any good. I do have high hopes, of course; this year has had a good clover crop.

#my day

1:01PM
Look who I found on my way to Bywater. She does love wandering through the Hill. Holman says she might belong to the Bolgers. I feed her all the same.

#my day #the shire #hobbiton

1:57PM
Anonymous asked What is your experience with burglary?
…Excuse me? I don’t quite follow. Why do you want to know?
#ask #anonymous

2PM

I’m presuming this is next Tuesday. I shall have to try to remember the date.
2:20PM There’s talk at the Green Dragon about strange folks wandering through the Shire. Dwarves have been spotted at the Golden Perch in the Eastfarthing. Those chatty Brandybucks just can’t keep it to themselves, I guess.
The clover-beer is good, as expected, and I’ve sent little Hanncome Woodson up to Bag End with a cask, as he’s been dying to see Bag End for some time.

6:01PM

My afternoon visit to Bywater extended into the evening. I had several pints and several pies, to say the least! And there was some carousing, in which Posco and Prisca (some of my cousins; yes, I have a lot of them) led everyone in a merry song and dance. Posco, the old rascal, is currently courting Gilly Brownlock, and she was quite pleased to dance with him.
I wonder if that’ll ever happen to me. If I’ll ever be truly pleased at the thought of dancing with someone. I’m polite about it at parties, of course, and my dancing is nothing to sneeze at, but I’m 51 and should by all accounts be marrying and settling down with fauntlings of my own. I know I could be a good father; I do adore all of the little ones who come over for tea, and Mistress Bracegirdle is ever so pleased about me helping her take care of her brood sometimes. A couple less meals for her to worry about, I suppose.
I know people think it odd that I haven’t married yet, and Giver knows I get so many stares from the lasses (and even some of the lads, if I’m not mistaken) in the area, but courting and marrying isn’t really on my mind now, nor will it be in the near future. I’m sure when I find the one who makes my heart bloom, I’ll know.

8:13PM Smoke ring total: 7 perfect rings. I’m quite pleased about it:

My rings of smoke are perfect circles round
They fly out windows to the lands beyond
And if I’m lucky I’ll tuck a smaller one
Through the larger circle, which is fun.
I’m still not good at this. I have no propensity for poetry, I’m afraid, or as Mum would say, not born under a rhyming star. 
Mum says that great stories come from great feelings and experiences, which is why Took write the best books and poetry out of all the Hobbits (according to her, a Took, of course). She says that understanding the great poets – the Elvish singers, the Dwarvish bards – requires an understanding of one’s true feelings. Mum was passionate about stuff like that.
But my adventuring days are behind me now.

#my day #my poetry

Thorin

9:36 pm

While in Bree today, I was visited by an old acquaintance, a wizard named Gandalf. He has told me on previous occasions that he would be of help on my quest to reclaim my homeland and he came to me with news. He has found a valuable member of the company, whose skills will be necessary. However, it would seem that Gandalf’s suggested member is a Hobbit! I have seen Hobbits and they seem to be harmless and gentle folk, with no history of war. I must trust Gandalf in his choice but I admit that I have doubts.
Gandalf said he visited the Hobbit, Mr Baggins, before but a neighbor, Holman Greenhand, reported that Mr Baggins was not home. Regardless, Gandalf promises that Mr Baggins is guaranteed for the quest.

#the wizard #the quest

April 23rd, 2015

Bilbo

9AM
One of my favourite maps. It hangs in my hall, and all of my favourite walks are marked on it in red. I do really love maps; they remind me of all the places I could go.

#my day

10:32AM

Morning walk in the Bindbale Wood!

#bindbale wood #the shire #my day

10:40AM
I should start heading back for eleveses, but the light in the woods today is perfectly lovely.

#bindbale wood #the shire #my day

Thorin

12:03 pm

Restocked my supplies today and traded my pony for a newer, less travel-worn one. Overheard the Hobbits speak of other Dwarves passing through the area. Hobbits are such gossipy creatures. I fear for the secrecy of the quest in allowing a Hobbit of such nature to travel with us.

#the quest #the shire #the golden perch
Daffodil season is here! The fauntlings are out to see them blooming. Sometimes entire broods of the little dears get carted around in wheelbarrows. Can you imagine?

#my day #the shire

4:05 pm
To those still willing to go:
Gandalf has shared with me the address of Mr Baggins. He has said it to be Bag End, Bagshot Row, The Hill, Hobbiton, Westfarthing, The Shire and that there will be a G rune on the door. There is to be food, and lots of it, according to the wizard. We are to meet in three days time.

From the replies received from my previous message, our company looks to have 13 members, myself included. Mr Baggins will make the 14th member. My thanks goes to all who have answered the call, and may Mahal protect you.

#the quest #quest information

6:46PM I shall be roasting sausages and crumpets by the Water tonight; it looks like an excellent night for a small fire and a nice meal outside.

#my day

7PM

A little fire by the Water, perfect for a warm Spring evening!

#the shire #hobbiton #my day

9:52PM It’s a good night for being outside, listening to the frogs, the nightingales, and the earliest of crickets. They’ll all be in full force when summer comes, and the cicadas will only add to the cacophony. I don’t know how I’ll sleep a wink this summer; they’re boisterous now and it’s still springtime.
There’s a merry party in Bywater too, judging by the loud singing across the water and the bright lights. But I believe I am happiest here, alone with my coat and my little fire and the leftover sausages. I should be heading back, but I don’t feel inclined to. Perhaps this could be an adventure all on its own.

#my day

I begin my travels in the morning to Lake Evendim, where I hope to find the support of Dwarves from the seven kingdoms. While this quest is of a quieter nature, I would feel secure with the strength of my kin behind me. Perhaps then, this quest would not seem so daunting.

#the quest

April 24th, 2015

Bilbo

12:01PM

Holman’s got a new apprentice, his distant cousin Hamfast Gamgee who lives farther down on Bagshot Road. Hamfast’s a good lad, he’s good with the plants and talks to them often. I won’t mind him taking care of my roses.

Hamfast’s siblings are a delight, too, though they’re less interested in gardening. I invited all of them to tea, of course. Little May turns as red as a beetroot every time she looks at me, poor thing. But that’s the tweens for you.

#my day #the shire

4:01PM
Tea with the Gamgees! I brought out some of my favourite sets. May particularly likes the rosebud set, but then everyone does.

#my day

4:06PM

More of the spread for the tea with the Gamgees!

#my day

6:01PM
A walk in the woods. I packed a supper, too, as I don’t plan on returning early. I found these on my way in. Aren’t they lovely? I’ve been thinking of planting an acorn above Bag End for a while, actually, but I’ve never really had the chance to…

#my day #the shire

6:25PM

If ever you’d met me
You wouldn’t forget me.
If you never do,
You won’t think I’m true;
But old Oliphaunt am I,
And I never lie.
8:01PM

Something warm for the evening, to help with poetry and memory.

#my day

8:30PM I’d like to write a book someday.

A memoir, of course, of my life. My childhood adventures. Wandering the woods with Aunt Mirabella and Cousin Amaranth. Listening to Mum’s stories of her own adventures. And even the Old Took’s Midsummer fireworks! How splendid they were, bursting in rockets of red and green and falling into showers of gold. I should like to see those happen one more time before I die, though that won’t be too soon, I hope. Midsummer parties at Tuckborough just haven’t been the same since the Old Took died. The fireworks are gone, for one. No more silver stars and green rockets.

I used to be so brave as a child. I once climbed the tallest oak tree in Tuckborough, and then promptly fell out of it and broke my legs. I also went out into the woods by myself and stayed out until Mum and Dad’s search parties found me.

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I’m 51, and sometimes I feel like I’m rotting in this cozy little smial, but that might just be my Took side talking. Every time it speaks up the Baggins part of me reminds me that now I wouldn’t last a minute out in the Wild without enough food to eat. Sometimes I wish the Took side was stronger. Most of the time, I don’t.

I wish I had had enough adventures when I was a child, enough to fill a book, and not leave me grasping now, when I’ve all the time in the world and no ideas.

#my day #me
I have spent the day traveling North, heading for Lake Evendim. It is the decided neutral ground for the meeting of the seven kingdoms and I hope to leave here tomorrow with good news. Dáin Ironfoot, Lord of the Iron Hills, is sending an envoy and I trust that he, at least, will stand with me. I arrived in Annúminas at nightfall. I have heard tales of Arnor's fallen capitals but had yet to see them in person. In some ways, the history of the Dúnedain reminds me of my own people’s past; leaving their homeland behind, they became nomads and wander this land still. I meet with my kin in the morning. I hope that soon, my people’s nomadic ways can come to an end.

#the quest #evendim

April 25th, 2015

Thorin

10:02 am

This quest is doomed to fail, they say. I should abandon this hopeless mission, I was told. That this quest is ours, and ours alone. Dáin sent a letter with his envoy, explaining why he is choosing not to support my endeavour.

“I know the news will bear you hard, -- ------. I know what you will say. You will ask me to remember the times we fought together, side by side. You will ask me to remember the day we requited A--- the D------ for his murder of the King. And perhaps there will come a day that we will face battle together once more. But in the meantime, I have a responsibility to my people here in the Iron Hills, and I will not risk their safety for a wild hope.”

Pretty words to say that we are on our own.

No matter. This mission requires a level of stealth and secrecy that can be better accomplished with those who have already pledged their service to the quest, and have thus demonstrated more loyalty and honour than any army I could ever have hoped for from any kingdom.

I will take my leave soon and head for the home of Gandalf’s burglar. Then our quest can finally begin.

#evendim #the quest #soon

Bilbo

10:50AM What a good morning. It’s quite perfect for smoking a pipe. I shall get my mail, blow a couple rings before elevenses, and it will be a fine morning indeed.

#my day

11:01AM A Strange Encounter

I met an old friend today. He used to set the fireworks off for the Old Took’s Midsummer’s Eve parties. Gandalf, his name was. I can’t believe I’ve forgotten. Who forgets a big wizard like that anyway?

He said that he was looking for someone to go on an adventure with him. I told him I wasn’t interested, but I suspect that’s not the last of him that I’ll be seeing? I’m having him over for tea tomorrow, or maybe next Wednesday, I think? I should’ve probably had my planner on hand with me. The details are muddled.
Ah, well, I’ll be making some berry tarts today, and hopefully he’ll forget to show up to tea tomorrow and all will be forgotten.

#my day #meddling wizard

12:30PM Oh by the way, this morning’s smoke ring total was three. Because that meddlin\_g wizard showed up and interrupted me.

#my day #meddling wizard

4:01PM

A little tea in my garden. May Gamgee is back, with her friends. I do enjoy entertaining them, and May says she’s quite good with her letters now and would love for me to write to her. What a dear little friend!

#my day

5:44PM I daresay I’ve quite recovered from my ordeal with Gandalf today! May and her friends were good company; I’ve sent them home with some bread and the leftover cakes and tarts from tea. I’ll be sitting down to supper soon, and I really hope most of this morning was just a strange dream. Giver only knows why I invited Gandalf over for tea tomorrow. Might as well make some preparations.

#my day #meddlin\_g wizard

6:50 pm

Soon after gathering my things, I departed from Annúminas. The meeting at the Hobbit’s house is tomorrow and I hope to be the first there, to see this Hobbit for myself and judge if he is right for this quest.

I am passing through the Hobbit town of Long Cleeve and plan to be in Oatbarton by tonight. It has been told to me before that Hobbits are similar to rabbits in ways; I never truly understood the comparison until now. I see Hobbit children with every turn of the head. There look to be between three and five young per family!

I wish to see my own people flourish like these Hobbits. So much rides on this quest and I hope that Mahal watches over us so that our future shines brighter than our past.
There have been an unusual amount of Dwarves congregating in the Hobbiton-Bywater area. They keep to themselves for the most part, as we Shire-folk don’t want much to do with outsiders, but I grew curious as to why so many of them were there when I went down to the Green Dragon this evening, and I talked to a couple of them. One of them, a young (for a Dwarf, I suppose, I can’t tell by the beard) fellow who came all the way from the Iron Hills to the East, says he’d been at a meeting up North, and had only just rode into Bywater for a bite to eat. He’s a tall lad, big enough for a horse, which is fitting for his speed and haste. I got some odd stares from the other Hobbits. I know what they think of me. It must be because my parents died young, they say. It must be because I haven’t found a nice lass and settled down. They call me ‘queer’, but only behind my back. I know, I’m not as respectable as I’d like to think because I go wandering off into the woods for days on end, but I’m sure whatever I lack in common sense I make up for with my manners. Or maybe I’m just thinking too much of myself. I asked the Dwarf what sort of meeting it was, but he wouldn’t say too much, just said something about a family and revenge. Dwarves are a very secretive lot, I suppose.

I reached Oatbarton when the sun was setting. If I leave early tomorrow morning, I should arrive to the residence of Mr Baggins by high noon. The Hobbits of this town, like others that I have passed through, watched me with suspicion in their eyes. I could see parents push their young quickly along, and a Hobbit with a feather in his cap stopped me and inquired to where I was headed. Not wanting to seem rude, and noticing the distrustful glances from the older Hobbits, I told him that I was heading to The Hill. “On what business?” he questioned further. I could not tell him the details of the quest, and so simply replied, “To a meeting with a business partner.” The response was grudgingly deemed acceptable and he sent me on my way after pointing the way to the town’s inn. When I arrived, however, the innkeeper regretfully informed me that their rooms with larger beds had already been filled with other Dwarves. I have found myself in a Hobbit bed for tonight. The bed cannot hold my full height and I unfortunately will have to sleep with cold feet.

April 26th, 2015

Thorin

I set out soon after dawn from Oatbarton. Originally, I had planned to follow the road south to The Hill but I was told that this would send me further east than wanted. I was instead advised to follow the Water, as it was a faster route that would lead me straight to The Hill. Trusting those who know these lands better than I, I turned my pony down this new path.
Bilbo

10:29 AM  I might’ve almost run into Gandalf at the market today.
He’s starting to scare me a little, to be honest.
No matter, I have my fish. I’ll put it on ice in the cold-storage pantry and then have it for supper later.
Maybe baking a couple more seed-cakes will help me take my mind off things.

#my day #meddling wizard

10:45 am
I have found myself in, what my map calls the Bindbale Woods. This is not the way I was advised
but I should still be able to travel south through these woods and find myself at Mr Baggins’
residence. Judging by the light, I should be there within a few hours.

#the quest #bindbale woods

12:03 pm
Perhaps traveling through these woods should have been avoided. These trees seem to mock me,
Mahal curse them. The sun burns overhead, urging me onwards without providing me direction on
where I am.

#the quest #bindbale woods #i hate trees

1:45 pm
Why have these woods not been cut down for the Hobbits to expand their towns? Perhaps the
Hobbits sense that these are wicked trees and thus keep away, as I should have.

#the quest #bindbale woods #awful woods

3:30 pm
I DESPISE trees. It is my hope that along our quest, we travel on open land and stay far from trees
and their misleading ways.

#the quest #bindbale woods #more like bile woods

4:04 PM  Gandalf is late for tea. But then I suppose he would tell me he always arrives precisely
when he means to.
But these cakes are not going to eat themselves!

#my day #meddling wizard

5:01 PM
Four has come and gone, and Gandalf still isn’t here. I might as well finish my tea and get things ready for supper. I’ve got a fish to cook, some seed-cakes to put away.
I suppose this means I’m off the hook about adventures, then.

#my day

5:15 pm

Athrigi Barâk mën zazn’zarsthuhru! Du Durinultarg, akhrashi-mën! Nê’ashfukh-ê! Maiklifi binsalb zarâs, adjini matamharin-mên du hars !!

#the quest #I have axes you foul forest! #By Durin’s beard, do not doubt me! #I will chop you! #Curse you useless trees #I hope you burn! #i hate trees

7:00 pm

I AM FREE OF THE TREES

#the quest #FINALLY
I expect a most wonderful supper tonight.

#my day
Now this is what I call seed-cake. It turned out well; I shall have some for my after-supper morsel tonight.
#my day

7:29PM Who’s ringing my bell this time? It better not be a relative; I hate it when they drop by uninvited.
#my day

7:30PM A Dwarf????????????? Is he at the wrong place?
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

7:30PM
THERE IS A DWARF IN MY SMIAL EATING MY FISH. I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS. WHERE DID HE EVEN GET THIS ADDRESS?
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #brawnzdwarf

7:40PM IT GOT WORSE
Okay okay, I know, I’m also panicking about a bloody Dwarf in my bloody smial too, but I just want to let you know it got worse.
That dwarf, Dwalin, has a brother named Balin:
and they’re both here. Eating my food.

By the grass-green hair of the Giver of Fruits, if I find one more Dwarf on my doorstep, someone’s going to be... well, it’d be rude to turn them away, and I’d hate to argue with sharp axes. Being polite is such a bother sometimes.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

7:44PM They just banged each other on the head as a greeting.
I don’t know what to make of it.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

7:45PM

Please tell me this is someone’s idea of a cruel joke. Please. I do not need this many Dwarves in my dining room. Who sent them? You can have them back.
Their names are Fíli and Kíli, by the way.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #thing 1 #thing 2

7:50PM I HAVE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH THESE BOTHERSOME DWARVES AND
7:55PM

NO.
PLEASE.
MERCY.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #this is all your fault gandalf

8:00 pm

The sun is setting at the edge of the horizon but I can spot the Hobbit town before me. I am quite late, though I hope that I am not the last to arrive.

#the quest #the shire

8:05PM That damn meddling Wizard was behind this after all. I knew I wouldn’t be let off the hook that easily. And now I’m playing host to twelve Dwarves who are helping themselves to the contents of my pantry.
I still haven’t quite gotten all of their names, but from what I hear they’re named Balin, Dwalin, Óin, Glóin, Fíli, Kíli, Dori, Nori, Ori, Bifur, Bofur, and Bombur. I think everyone whose name rhymes with one another are related in some way. But I could be wrong on that.
Does it matter, though? They’re eating me out of hearth and home!

#i bloody hate surprise parties #meddling wizard #my day

8:10PM THEY’RE MOVING MY FURNITURE EVERYWHERE!
My pantry is completely raided, one of these damn dwarves has rubbed their boots on my mother’s glory-box, I don’t even know what they’ve been up to with my loo and frankly I don’t want to know – and now they’re moving my armchair out of the parlour and into the dining room where it’ll probably get food splashed all over it! I’ve tried to stop them, but they just keep on going like a
bunch of carts moving downhill. I wish they’d just leave!
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

8:15PM YOU! YES YOU! I DON’T CARE WHO YOU ARE GET OFF MY BLOODY DINING ROOM TABLE! THERE IS FOOD ON THE TABLE!
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

8:30PM THESE BOTHERSOME DWARVES HAVE NO SENSE OF TABLE MANNERS!
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #thing 2 #scribedwarf #bigdwarf

8:35PM These ridiculous Dwarves have ruined my appetite! And just when I thought my night couldn’t get worse, they’re having a burping contest in the dining room and dripping my clover-beer down their beards as if to water them further! Confusticate the lot of them! I’ll be glad to see them leave!
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day
8:46PM ....And I was looking forward to eating my fish and seed-cakes too...
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #my pantry they've pillaged my pantry

8:50PM I have barely been given a moment’s rest! These Dwarves are everywhere and I can’t seem
to get them to stop messing up my things! I’m sure they speak Common – well, all except the
frightening one with the axe in his head – so why won’t they bloody listen?
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

9:00 pm

I seem to have lost my way again. In error, I knocked at the door of what I believed to be Mr
Baggins’ home. However, when the door was opened, I was greeted with confusion.
Apparantly, I had found myself at the home of a Mr Boffin of Overhill. The startled Hobbit directed
me to the correct house. It is now fully night out and I am surely the last to arrive. When Gandalf said
the Hobbit’s house would be easy to find, I fear he was exaggerating.
#the quest #the shire #how long must this day be

9:10PM

They’re going to ruin my dishes, I can sense it.
#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #thing 1 #winedwarf #scribedwarf #pointydwarf

9:27PM I can’t believe these Dwarves.
They just finished eating, mostly because there’s barely anything left in the pantry now, and then
they started throwing my dishes – my mother’s Westfarthing crockery, by the way, which is over a
hundred years old! – like they’re playing some game of catch, and
They’re mocking me. Oh yes, they’re *mocking* me. I told them not to do any more damage to my
home, as they’ve already damaged Grandpa Mungo’s antique cherry chair, and they’ve messed up
my almanac by using it as a coaster, and they’ve crawled all over the tables with my ale, and *my
doilies*! The one with the hat’s using my mother’s crochet doilies as *dishcloths*!
All of my ancestors are rolling in their graves, and I don’t blame them! I haven’t the voice to shoo
them away; I’ve been shouting myself hoarse for the past hour and a half and I can’t get through to
these *blockheaded bearded nitwits* that they need to stop! If this is how Dwarves behave, I’ll never ask another one over for tea.

Not that I ever asked one over to tea in the first place, but the sentiment remains. Bag End is *not* a place for Dwarves, if this is what they do to it!

#my day #i bloody hate surprise parties #i hate dwarvish table manners more #hatdwarf

**9:30PM**

I am done with these smug bastards.

#my day #i bloody hate surprise parties #please tell me it's over #meddling wizard #thing 2 #brawnsdwarf

#brainsdwarfs #axeddwarf

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**9:30 pm**

Mr Baggins’ residence is glowing with light and the sounds of a party seep from the door and windows. It would seem the entire company has arrived before me. Curse those woods.

I had such confidence in my kin supporting this quest. Though these Dwarves are loyal and brave, I hope that my poor news does not discourage them.

I spotted a bench in Mr Baggins’ yard and decided to take a few minutes to have a smoke. The comfort of my pipe calmed my nerves and cleared my mind of my earlier annoyances and doubts.

Now, I simply need to stand and knock on the door. Mahal, grant me luck.

#the quest #the shire

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**9:35PM** …There’s one more of them?!

#no # please #giver have mercy #i bloody hate surprise parties #i suppose that's why no one was sitting in my armchair this entire time even though they went to all that trouble to drag it in there #my day

**9:35PM**
This one says he got lost twice. I can understand once, but how do you do it twice?

#i bloody hate surprise parties #meddling wizard #my day

9:36PM The Great Insufferable Prat Thorin Oakenshield
So the Dwarf who was late? His name’s Thorin Oakenshield. And he’s a complete asshole.
The moment we were introduced he asked me about my experience in fighting. Of course I don’t
have any, being a respectable gentlehobbit and all, but he seemed to think it amusing and called me a
‘grocer’, with this utterly insufferable smirk on his face, and I knew it. I knew it instantly, this
feeling.
Anger.
I’m quite literally at my wit’s end here; my hands are shaking as I write this. The condescension
rolling off Thorin Oakenshield in waves is making my head spin. I hate it. I hate him. I hate all of
these bothersome nuisances that have shown up and made a complete mockery of my home. I want
them gone.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #that asshole #my day

9:38PM Gandalf has taken me aside. I guess he sensed that I was about to put my foot down and
order them all out, and, as the meddling wizard that he clearly is, has pleaded with me to host them a
while longer. He says we haven’t gotten to the important part, and as it is quite late, they might as
well stay the night.
I told him they could stay the night in Bywater; the Green Dragon is better equipped than I to handle
thirteen Dwarves, but Gandalf said that he chose my home for a specific reason, and that it took him
months to convince Thorin and the rest of the Dwarves to even agree to stop by the Shire for this
meeting.
I told him I had doubts about entangling myself in whatever affairs they would bring up, and he said
that I was not the Hobbit he used to know.
Of course I’m not. I’ve outgrown those days, I told him.
And he told me Holman told him that I went off to see the Elves on Elvish New Year.
Fine, Gandalf. I’ll host them for tonight. I’ll listen to what they have to say. But they are impolite
twits, the whole lot of them. I wish them a speedy departure tomorrow, and good riddance!

#i bloody hate surprise parties #meddling wizard #my day

9:40PM Thorin’s helping himself to what’s left of my pantry, and someone’s poured him and
Gandalf some of my father’s Old Winyards.
He might not be too sore on the eyes, but no amount of good looks is going to help the fact that he and his merry band are a bunch of insulting assholes. The Giver is testing me, I know it.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #that asshole #my day #he's sitting in my armchair #the great lout

9:45PM
They quieted down very quickly.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #trumpetdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #bigdwarf #scribedwarf #winedwarf
#pointydwarf #locketdwarf

9:45 pm

I was correct in assuming that the rest of the company had already arrived. They had already eaten and cleaned when I walked in. I told Gandalf how deceptive his directions to Mr Baggins’ residence had been and found myself quickly introduced to the Hobbit himself.

He looked to be similar to the other Hobbits of this area - curly hair, lightly sun tanned skin, and large, hairy feet. He also seemed quite upset, anger and confusion burning behind his hazel eyes. I now wonder if Gandalf guaranteed a burglar without asking first.

I asked Mr Baggins if he had any skill with weaponry, not expecting a positive response. My suspicions were proved correct (though he claims expertise at a game called conkers) and I could not help but to voice my doubts against his burglar skills. I fear this trip was made in jest, with Gandalf simply having a laugh at my expense.
I was given a slightly too small armchair to rest in while I ate my late supper and exchanged greetings and pleasantries with those assembled. I was quite pleased to see my nanaddan seated at the table. Every time I see them, they seem to have grown more.

9:50PM

Now that everyone’s done, I suppose Dwarves usually sing songs after supper? Which, I suppose, is their only redeeming quality at this point. They do sing very well.
I have no clue what they sung about, as they did it in their language, but it’s very deep and moving and I could sort of… sense at what they’re singing about. I think it’s about a home they’ve lost, some sort of place that’s been taken from them. There’s the same melancholy in it that I hear when folks sing about the brave Hobbit-lads who died in the Battle of Fornost. They’ve got nice voices, I’ll give them that, too. Especially Thorin’s. I’m still sore about his comments, though.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #that asshole #my day #hatdwarf #winedwarf #scribedwarf #bigdwarf #brainsdwarf
#thing 2 #brawnsdwarf

9:54 pm

After eating, while things were being cleaned and put away, I found myself wandering. There was evidence of age in the walls and floor, but also of care. I could see that Mr Baggins’ house was built with love and had been carefully tended to over the years.

Like the rest of my kin, I find comfort in stone but I felt the warmth in the walls and knew that this was a well-lived in home, full of memories and laughter.

And Gandalf thought this Hobbit would leave this home for a quest he had no reason to go on?

In the hallway, I found a map of The Shire, fleshed out with red lines that seemed to be walking trails. It reminded me of my long past youth, drawing the paths of Erebor alongside my brother and sister, marking the secret passages we had found that led to the kitchens or outside to the mountain side. Those were the times when it was a game to skip our responsibilities, when the worst disaster in mind was no sweets before supper.

Without even meaning to, I began to sing of our stolen home and the fires that still burn in my memory from the day when Erebor was sacked. It was a song of our exile and soon, the company joined their voices together with mine in solidarity for a lost homeland.

After, the company moved back to the dining room (some saying that more ale was needed now) while I took a moment for myself.

The Hobbit may not come on this quest, but being in his home has reawakened a fire in my heart that I did not know had lessened. I still do not agree with Gandalf’s choice, but perhaps this trip was not a complete waste.

#the quest #the grocer #the company

9:55PM They’ve gone back to the dining room now, and Thorin is sitting in my armchair, of course, because he thinks he’s so bloody important, and now they’ve gotten down to business and are discussing something about a quest, a dragon, and a treasure of some sort. Which I guess they might’ve been singing about previously, since no one bothered to explain anything to me. I don’t know why Gandalf decided to use my place as a business meeting location; I really don’t want anything to do with this, really.

The song had been lovely, and it made me want to know what they were talking about, and see what they were seeing (since some did have tears in their eyes about the whole thing), but I’m still just a little Hobbit after all; I have no business dealing in these things.

#my day #that asshole #i bloody hate surprise parties

9:58PM
You have got to be joking. Me? A burglar? I have never stolen a thing in my life! Who thought this was a good idea? Why did Gandalf sign me on for this?

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

10PM Funeral arrangements.
Funeral. Arrangements.
Because they want me to steal gold from a dragon.
On the other bloody side of Middle-bloody-earth.
I can’t handle this.
I think I’m going to scream.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

10:05 pm

The company asked after news of the meeting of the seven kingdoms. I told them that no aid would come, that the quest was ours, and ours alone. Gandalf was most likely correct in thinking, I continued, that stealth was key to the success of our task.

“Especially the professional level of stealth that Mr Baggins can provide,” Gandalf added.
It was then that the Hobbit spoke, having looked increasingly confused. He demanded to know what exactly was going on. It would seem Gandalf had not explained beforehand. The Hobbit’s irritation became more understandable.

Balin, my old friend and adviser, passed Mr Baggins the contract detailing his involvement. The Hobbit was quite picky. He read through the sections with their various addendums quickly, while also voicing concerns about customary procedures for such quest contracts. The funeral arrangements were particularly troubling to him.

Bofur, one of the three Dwarves in the company descended from the Dwarves of Khazad-dûm, spoke up then. “Think furnace with wings,” he remarked. And then —

The Hobbit swooned.

Gandalf is currently reviving him and helping him get his breath back. If just the talk of a dragon caused the Hobbit to faint, than perhaps he is not all that Gandalf led us to believe he is.

#the quest #the grocer #the wizard #balin #bofur
10:15PM What have I done.
WHAT HAVE I DONE.
DID I JUST AGREE
I
I JUST AGREED TO GO ON THIS ADVENTURE.
I blame Thorin completely.
~~
I wasn’t thinking right, I’m sure, but something just came up in me. They’d put me in the other room with some tea, but I could hear them doubting me, and Gandalf insisting I was good for the job – but they kept **doubting** me. They called me names. Grocer. Little fellow bobbing on the mat. They told Gandalf they’d seen me for who I was and they wouldn’t dream of ‘paying for my upkeep’ on this adventure. They thought I was a joke!
And it was like the Took side of me was rearing up, a bit of old Bullroarer in me dying to prove them all wrong, and the Baggins side just...gave up. Because neither side of me wanted to just **stay** there and take the insults.
So I went into the other room, and I told them I was going.
And that look on Thorin’s face:

I’ve never felt so reckless before in my life.
Thorin Oakenshield, if you are reading this, I just want you to know that I blame you entirely for dragging me on this Giver-forsaken quest, and that if anything happens to me, you are footing the cost of all of the damages I incur. I know the contract might say something utterly different, but I am holding you wholly responsible for all of this nonsense.
It’s only fair, as you did insult me and my dignity multiple times, and you and your pack have made a complete mess of my home. I **will** make you pay.

#that asshole #i bloody hate surprise parties #my day
With the Hobbit in the other room, the company spoke their mind about Gandalf’s choice. Their doubts echoed my own; that he was too soft, too unfit for such a quest. That Mr Baggins seemed much more a grocer than a burglar.

However, upon overhearing our words, Mr Baggins returned, proclaiming quite assertively that he was in fact going on the quest.

And there was the Hobbit that Gandalf spoke of. His back was straight and his head held high, determination tightening his fists. I could not stop the smile that pulled at me. The company seemed to see the difference in the Hobbit as well, accepting his decision.

#the quest #the company #the grocer #perhaps there is more to hobbits than i previously believed

What a lovely map! And apparently it comes with a key, too. I do enjoy maps. Maybe after this adventure I’ll ask Thorin if I can keep it for my collection.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

10:37PM
Thorin just went off on a tangent.

10:50PM I’ve now been treated to the full story of why the Dwarves are here with a map and why they want me to be their burglar. I do love retelling stories, so:

~~

When Thorin was much younger, and presumably much more attractive, he was a prince of Erebor, the Lonely Mountain. His grandfather Thrór was King Under the Mountain, and Erebor was extremely rich and prosperous, one of the chiefest jewels in his kingdom being the Arkenstone, a stone that shone with pure fire and starlight. And it was this Arkenstone – as well as the countless treasures being mined from the deep in this mountain – that brought on the dragon Smaug from the Withered Heath in the north.

He came like a hurricane upon the Mountain, destroying both the city of Dale (a kingdom of Men) and the Kingdom of Erebor in one fell swoop. Thorin, luckily, had been adventuring away from the Mountain when it happened. He was unscathed, but few others were. So many Men and Dwarves
perished in the attack, but strangely and fortunately, neither Thrór nor his son Thráin, Thorin’s father, were killed. Evidently the secret passageway that the map I just posted reveals what was their ticket out of the Mountain in one piece.

Gandalf apparently found Thráin in a place called Dol Guldur, a place so terrible that everyone at the table shuddered to hear it, and Thorin suggested paying some attention to the place as if he’ll still find his father in those dungeons somewhere. Thráin had given Gandalf this map and key, making him promise to find Thorin and give it to him, and so Gandalf has now given Thorin the tools he needs to retake the Mountain by stealth.

And stealth, it seems, is where I come in.

We Hobbits are much more stealthy than Dwarves, it seems. I can definitely imagine it to be so, as they did make such a loud ruckus earlier and do not seem to understand the concept of eating quietly and politely. That, coupled with the fact that Smaug has never smelt a Hobbit before, makes me prime burglar material.

Which, in turn, doesn’t comfort me too much. The one with the hat says he’s like a furnace with wings. Thanks, whoever you are. I really needed that extra bolstering of my confidence over the very foolhardy decision I just made.

Was it the right decision, though?

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #that asshole #hatdwarf

11:15 pm

Our talk returned to the quest and its details. Gandalf revealed important elements that will most certainly help in our success. We talked of how he came to acquire those elements, to which he responded that he recovered them from a prisoner in the dungeons of the Necromancer. Talk turned to the Necromancer for a time, before Gandalf reminded us that our quest does not concern the Necromancer, that we had other things to worry about.

#the quest #the wizard

11:45PM It is far too late for me to be up.

I have hurried the last of our guests to bed, and taken orders for breakfast. His Majesty the King Under Asshole Mountain likes unbroken fried eggs with ham before a journey. I suppose the last thing he’ll want is a bacon and eggs smiley face on his plate, which is exactly what I will do to annoy him.

I say this completely drily. I really honestly do not know how I’ll find any strength to get up early and cook for thirteen bothersome Dwarves and a wizard. In fact, I don’t know if I’ll be going on any bloody adventure in the morning.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #that asshole

11:50PM Alas, poor pantry! I knew it well, ‘twas once well-stocked with provisions and goods and now lies desolate and bare, not a single crumb left on the shelf for even the basest of mice!

…Those bloody dwarves.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day

11:55PM I’ve stowed His Majesty the King Under Asshole Mountain in the best bedroom, which is right next to mine, which also means I can hear him singing that damned song through the walls. Will he ever stop? Does he ever sleep? I’m in for a long night, I can tell.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #that asshole
His Majesty the King Under Asshole Mountain’s arguing with Gandalf again. I think he’s
doubting me quite as much as I’m doubting myself.
I can’t sleep. Every time I think I’m dozing off something dreadful pops into my mind and I can’t
handle it. I can’t stand it.
I want these Dwarves out of my home tomorrow and I want no more of a hand in their business.
I’ll tell them that tomorrow.

#i bloody hate surprise parties #my day #that asshole

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Chapter End Notes

Bolded squiggles (~~~) signify a Read More. They represented when Thorin or Bilbo
chose to write something either 'private' or an overly long post.

Updates will be on Wednesdays! Next chapter will cover April 27th - May 3rd, 2015.

Thank you!
April 27th, 2015

Thorin
12:15 am

The fire had burned low by the time our discussion came to an end. The company retired to the rooms that Mr Baggins led them to, making sure to tell him their orders for breakfast. I was given a spacious room and set about removing my boots. I felt the song of Erebor pull at my breath again and sang it out to the room with its curved ceilings and soft (though regrettably Hobbit-sized) bed.

Gandalf knocked at the door and entered at my word. He seemed puffed up with satisfaction. “I knew that you’d find my choice suitable in the end.”

“I still hold doubts, Gandalf,” I told him.

“There is no space for second guessing!” Gandalf replied. “If you do not travel with Mr Baggins, I fear misfortune may befall you on your quest.” He then went a bit quiet, as if considering his next words very carefully. He spoke softly, “I fear your mind may bend too far towards revenge, and that you may lose yourself as a result.”

Anger burned through me. “I am not my grandfather.”

With a nod, Gandalf responded, “No, you are not. You have the potential to become someone much greater, but that will only come if you allow Mr Baggins to travel with you.”

I thought of the Hobbit with his lack of worldly experience and fussy nature, yet also full of courage. “I cannot guarantee his safety, Gandalf. And I will not be responsible for his fate.”

Gandalf accepted this and soon took his leave for the night. I quickly settled into the small bed provided. Our quest will begin in the morning.

#the quest #the wizard #the grocer

Bilbo

12:51 AM

Anonymous asked: You HAVE to go with Thorin and Company. Why are you bothering me when I’m trying to sleep?
Anonymous asked: I'm afraid if you don't go, misfortune may befall them.
Look, Gandalf. Is this you, Gandalf? It must be you. I'm not going to just be some sort of costly lucky charm. I'm completely useless to them; I'll only get in their way.
I'm sorry, but I can't.

Anonymous asked: No, it's not because you'd be lucky number fourteen. There are other factors. Thorin Oakenshield is proud, but at his heart he is good. And you could bring that out in him.
Gandalf, I don’t want to discuss this anymore. It is late, and I wish to sleep. I know you have my best interests in mind, but this is far too much.

The company awoke before the sun had risen and had quickly gone about collecting their belongings and getting it prepared for travel.

I went to the room next to my own to wake the Hobbit for the journey. His door stood ajar and I looked in on Mr Baggins. He seemed tangled in his sheets, as if he had fought them during the night and his face seemed strained and weary.
I gently shut Mr Baggins’ door behind myself and joined the company, where they had gathered in the dining area. Questions of breakfast were being raised but I asked for silence. Breakfast could found on the road; for now, order needed to be restored to the Hobbit’s home.
It did not take long for chairs to be replaced in their original places, plates carefully stacked away, and the floor swept clean. Balin presented Mr Baggins’ still unsigned contract to me.
“He may still come,” Balin said simply. I placed the contract, along with a note detailing where to meet us, on Mr Baggins’ armchair, where he may see it when he awakens.
For now, we depart to find breakfast and supplies. Then, whether the Hobbit joins us or not, the quest will truly begin.

Anonymous asked: What happened to the little Bilbo who craved adventure and dreamt about elves? Surely your took side is stashed away somewhere just waiting to come out!
Gandalf, stop it with your pestering

We stopped for breakfast at The Green Dragon Inn. The Hobbits that served us seemed surprised to see such a number of Dwarves when the sun had only just started to rise. But they kept comments to themselves, greeting us and quickly bringing food for us.
I could see my nanaddan watching the door to the Inn around their food. I found myself glancing around as well, their worrying infecting my own. Balin and Dwalin, sitting near me, were quietly
arguing if Mr Baggins would appear or not, as well as the pros and cons if he did. Balin seemed quite certain that we would have a burglar after all while Dwalin was doubtful. “Should have seen him when I first knocked on his door,” Dwalin remarked. “Looked well cozy and not one to break from what he knows.” “I liked him,” Kíli cut in. They smiled, “He was a strange fellow but I think he’ll come with us.” Fíli voiced his agreement with his sibling.

Soon, a betting pool had been started, six believing that Mr Baggins would find his way to us in time, the rest convinced that he would not. I kept myself out of the betting, though my eyes could not help but stray over and over to the door.

I believe that this quest can be done without the Hobbit, but that short glimpse of an inner fire has caught my curiosity. However, I cannot in truth tell myself that Mr Baggins has any reason, besides that of gold, to leave his home and soft bed behind for those that he owes nothing. Based on how we have treated his belongings and his provisions, he may not even be willing to assist us anymore.

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9:24AM
Anonymous asked: Although the first impressions clearly left a lot to be desired, don't you think you would (given time) grow closer to the dwarves? They seem a rather merry bunch (manners aside), and I'm positive Thorin has some redeeming qualities. So many of them doubt me that I do not think it worth the trouble to go and get myself entangled with them. I'll only be a burden. And what would you know about His Majesty’s redeeming qualities?

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10:30 am

While supplies were being purchased and stored, Balin pulled me into a private conversation. “I hate to say it, lad, but I believe that we have lost our burglar,” he admitted, disappointment in his voice. “There is still time,” I reassured him. “We said we would wait until 11, and that is what we shall do.” However, those who had voiced their belief in the Hobbit now seemed to be agreeing with Balin -- he was not going to show. All except for Gandalf, who continued puffing on his pipe, seeming quite certain in Mr Baggins.

As time continued to tick forwards, I found myself keeping a continuous watch on the door of the Inn. As the company around me packed their ponies, no longer sparing more than an occasional glance through the windows, I felt myself grow more certain in the Hobbit. I have known the weight of others’ disbelief and doubt and how bitter it tastes on the tongue. I would not throw those chains on another. Gandalf joined me as I moved outside, looking down the road for approaching figures. His pipe was still in hand, a confident air about him as usual. “He will come,” the wizard assured me. “There’s more to Hobbits, and especially Mr Baggins, than what meets the eye.”

I kept silent, only nodding once before going to make sure that my pony was prepared and the saddlebags packed. I looked once more to the road.

It is thirty minutes until 11. It would seem we have no burglar after all.
Anonymous asked: Thorin Oakenshield is stubborn and prideful, and there exists in his family line a shadow of misfortune, but he is also kind and loyal to those who show him the same kindness and loyalty, and he is exceedingly brave. To take on a dragon with only twelve Dwarves is no small feat, Bilbo.

I know. I am looking at his note to me. They are to depart the Green Dragon at eleven o’clock. I know this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and yet I am afraid. I am very afraid of what might happen to me. On my mother’s side there have been folks who have ‘gone off’, so to speak. My uncle Hildifons never returned from wherever he went, and my uncle Isengar went to the sea and returned home a changed Hobbit. What will become of me? Will I return? And if I do, will I be the same? Besides, he is a king, however unreclaimed his kingdom may be. What would a king want with a simple Hobbit like myself? No kings have ever deigned to notice us, not since the days of Arnor and Arthedain. I doubt they’re going to change their minds now.

#ask #that asshole #anonymous

11:15AM And so it begins.

I guess I’m stuck on this adventure now. I overslept this morning, and so the Dwarves were gone by the time I woke up, and I don’t know what came over me, but one moment I was staring at my empty larder and holding the contract in one hand and a note from Thorin in the other saying the Company was departing Bywater at eleven o’clock, and the next I was panicking and packing in a hurry and running all the way to Bywater to meet them! And I was right on time, too. So now I have a pony and I’m riding out of Bywater with a bunch of Dwarves.

Any posts I make about the adventure from now on will be tagged with #adventureblogging. Please feel free to ignore those posts if you don’t want to see me talking about my adventure.

#adventureblogging #my day #i bloody hate surprise parties #that asshole

11:17AM I can’t believe that the Dwarves took wagers on me showing up. Gandalf says he never doubted me for a second. Nice of him to do that, as I’m doubting myself every second.

#adventureblogging

11:20AM Oh bugger, I just realised I left my handkerchief at home.

#adventureblogging

11:25AM I told the Dwarves about my predicament and the one with the hat cut me a strip of cloth from his coat and told me to use that instead. How positively barbaric. When we stop for lunch I hope it’s close enough to a store so I can purchase another handkerchief. I might be sneezing up a storm because of the blasted pony’s hair, but I’d sooner sneeze into my jacket sleeve than put this rag anywhere near my face.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

11:45 am

The Hobbit has joined us! He appeared just as we were departing, out of wind but with a hastily packed bag and a quiet sense of glee. I did not say this aloud but, as much as I argued against his presence, I was pleased to see Mr Baggins. That spark of spirit glimpsed last night has led me to believe that he is unlike other Hobbits.

He was loaded onto his pony, though I am not sure if he enjoys riding. I led the company but frequently looked behind, curious to how the Hobbit would act outside of his home. He stayed
mostly to Gandalf's side, though he would chat with any in the company who approached him. They were mostly conversations about the weather, however.

A shout echoed from the Hobbit and our line halted, checking for the problem. Mr Baggins loudly announced that the company needed to turn around. I feared, for a moment, that he was requesting us to lead him back to his home, having changed his mind. However, it was soon revealed that he had simply forgotten a handkerchief.

A handkerchief. The Hobbit had thought a handkerchief was worth returning for. I thought it to be a jest at first but he seemed quite insistent. Bofur thankfully provided a replacement handkerchief and we were able to continue again.

It was soon after, while glancing back to check on the company, that I noticed Mr Baggins’ shoulders shaking. At first look, I believed him to be weeping but once I looked closely, I realized he was sneezing; quiet sneezes that shook his form. After each one blew out of him, he would scrunch up his nose, eyes squeezed tightly closed, and wiggle his nose, as if that would banish any oncoming sneezes. He looked quite like a rabbit with his nose twitching as it was.

I will admit that it took me a few minutes to look away, my face feeling warmer than usual. When I did, I overheard Nori propose another wager about the Hobbit to his brother, Dori. As it was in Khuzdul, I doubt said Hobbit will know.

We will stop for lunch soon at the Potted Peony, one of the numerous inns catering to travellers along this road. Perhaps they will have handkerchiefs for sale.

12:01PM We’ve stopped for lunch at the Potted Peony, which happens to be right next to a provisions store. I’ve purchased a handkerchief from them, as they are civilised folk who understand what is essential for travelling!

12:10PM
The Potted Peony has an excellent garden.

#the shire #adventureblogging #travelling

12:30PM
2:01PM We’re on the road again. I think I should start to get to know the other Dwarves better, since I’m stuck with them for a while. Only having Gandalf to talk to constantly gets a little dull after a while because there are only so many questions he’s willing to answer. I think I shall approach the one with the hat first. He seems friendly, and he also bet in my favour, so he probably doesn’t think I’m a complete dolt.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

2:10 pm

Travelling is slow today. We are stopping for the night just outside Frogmorton at the All-Welcome Inn. I wish I could put on some more speed so that we may cover more ground, but as all first adventures go, Mr Baggins must be eased into this. Tomorrow I hope for greater speed. Currently our intrepid burglar is talking to Bofur. I notice that he has obtained a proper handkerchief, and is thus handing Bofur’s coat-piece back to him. Bofur was one of the Dwarves who had
wagered for Mr Baggins to come, and seems content enough to help Mr Baggins figure out the names of the rest of the Company. I must now turn my thoughts back to the road ahead, but I am content to know that Mr Baggins is not determined to remain cold towards us.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bofur

2:29 pm
[Original Post]
MR BAGGINS I DEMAND THAT YOU DELETE THIS IMMEDIATELY.
#the quest #bungling burglar #What burglar does not understand secrecy?

2:30 pm
[Original Post]
Mr Baggins, this is PRIVATE information! Delete this information, lest our enemies lay their hands on it!
#the quest #bungling burglar #he knows not what he risks

2:31PM
[Original post]
exileddurin replied: Duly noted.
GET OFF MY BLOG.
#that asshole #replies #exileddurin

2:32 pm
Anonymous asked: What business is it of yours what I do with my own posts?! Is this you, Master Burglar? Your show of stealth is quite lacking, in more ways than one.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

2:37 pm
Anonymous asked: You're one to talk about stealth, for someone who got lost in the Shire. Twice.
Anyone could get lost in the woods. And the second time I mistook someone else’s door for yours. What is the point of openly using a family name if it only leads to confusion?
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

2:42PM
[Original Ask]
That was Bindbale. It’s barely anything. There’s even a nice forest path marked out, nice as you please. How did you get lost in Bindbale?! I do hope one of the other Dwarves is the resident map-reader. Maybe you should have hired me to read your maps instead.
As for family names, they are a point of pride and respectability amongst Hobbits. If you insist on mocking them, I will have no choice but to ask you if your brother’s name is Dworin, to rhyme with Thorin.
#ask #replies #that asshole
He wasn’t named Dworin, for your reference. And see, that right there is why I doubt your stealthiness. You run the risk of jeopardising the quest by telling everyone who I am.

#replies #bungling burglar

You are such a worrywart. No one ever bothers reading these things. Incidentally, whose door did you knock on before you were redirected to mine? Was it Boffin of Overhill? Sometimes the Shire-Post does that, especially when the couriers are brand-new.

#ask #replies #that asshole

exileddurin replied: Why?

Why? Because I would like at least one tiny corner in which I can complain vocally about you, that’s why.

#replies #exileddurin #that asshole #honestly don’t you understand the concept

A productive afternoon. I found out that the one with the hat is named Bofur, and he is, as I suspected, the brother of Bombur (the big one) and the cousin of Bofur (the one with the axe). I also had a conversation with the little orange one, Ori, who turned out to be quite the scholar. He has two brothers as well, Dori and Nori – the snooty one and the one with the pointy hair. I say snooty, because I recall seeing him being extremely particular about his wine during lunch. Not that that’s a bad thing, mind you. I’m not sure what his opinion is of Hobbits in general, though. Óin, the one with the ear trumpet, and Glóin, the one with the locket, didn’t say much to me except offhand comments about the weather and how we’re going slow so I can back out anytime. Apparently they’re still expecting me to give up.

I don’t think my inner Took is taking that very well. I have a feeling I might be getting through this adventure powered by pure spite and the Took inability to back down from a challenge.

As for the ones riding closer to His Majesty, I haven’t approached them yet. We’ve about three hours left until we reach our destination for tonight; I have plenty of time.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #axedwarf #bigdwarf #scribedwarf #winedwarf #pointydwarf #trumpetdwarf #locketdwarf #the company

I’ve approached Balin, who’s apparently some form of advisor to His Majesty. He told me it was nice that I showed up after all, because sending a burglar into the Mountain was probably the best plan that’s come up. Apparently His Majesty had been fixated on the notion of taking the Mountain with an army. Well, I can see how that was lacking in the stealth department.

I mentioned to him that I had no experience with weapons. He confided to me that Ori didn’t have extensive weapons training, either, being the youngest of the group. The fellow’s mostly here to take down the minutes, I guess, as his best weapon is a slingshot.

I felt slightly better at hearing that. That makes two of us. I think I might grow to like Ori.
5:47PM Bifur is glowering at me. Have I done something wrong?
#axedwarf #adventureblogging

6:17 pm

Anonymous asked: I can guarantee the burglar will be a most wonderful asset to your company so long as you're patient with him. For all he is inexperienced I'm sure he is more than willing to try his hand at new things, especially if they will prove his worth to you and the others. I would recommend speaking with him when the opportunity arises. Hobbits are very fond of courtesy and manners after all. A friendly conversation may well help to break the ice. You speak as though you have knowledge of things that have not come to pass, Anonymous. While I am curious as to how you know Mr Baggins, I can see the sense in what you say. I cannot guarantee that if I speak with him, relations will go well. He seems determined to be perpetually cross with me. However, I will try, for the sake of this quest. 
  #ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

6:18PM We’re approaching Frogmorton now. I’ve talked to Fíli and Kíli now; they’re also relatively inexperienced in war, though they’ve had their fair share of wandering around for days on end. Fíli is very protective of his sibling, Kíli, though the two are inseparable enough as it is, always riding together and finishing each other’s sentences. They also seem to have a mischievous streak, telling me outlandish ‘facts’ about Dwarves as we rode on. At one point they told me to address His Majesty a certain way, but when I said it aloud, Dori promptly clapped his hands to Ori’s ears, so I imagine the real meaning of what they taught me was quite vulgar.
  #adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

6:27PM Bofur tells me Bifur was glowering because I’d mixed up the two of them. Bifur is the one with the axe in his head.
  Bifur.
  #adventureblogging #hatdwarf #axedwarf

6:55PM

Anonymous asked Who is thing 1, and who is thing 2? Also, do you know of a book called The Cat in the Hat?
Fíli and Kíli are thing 1 and thing 2, respectively. And no, I have not heard of this book. Is it anything like the tales of Queen Beruthiel’s cats?
  #anonymous #ask #thing 1 #thing 2

7:15PM

We’re stopping here for the night, at the intersection of the Northway and the Road. It's one of the rare two-storey buildings in the Shire, but all the Hobbit-sized rooms are quite sensibly on the ground floor.
  #adventureblogging #frogmorton #the shire #travelling

7:30PM
Bofur seemed quite content in helping Mr Baggins, talking with him and explaining whenever a question surfaced. The Hobbit seems most curious about many things. After introductions were again made to him, he edged his way from Gandalf’s side and began to move up within the company. As he grew closer to the front of the party, Mr Baggins exchanged pleasantries with each Dwarf he passed. When he neared the front, he pulled to Balin’s side and struck up conversation and re-introductions.

My nanaddan joined me then, one of either side, and we exchanged the stories of what had happened since we last saw one another. They told me news of my sister, Dís, and how she fares in the Blue Mountains. Apparently, she is most unhappy with her children going on this quest, as well as myself. Fíli reported that she called it “a sure-fire way to get everyone killed.” Though, despite her arguments against it, she also passed along a wish for luck to find us and protect our steps. My nanaddan left my company after a time, moving back to have their turn to talk with The Hobbit. I sensed mischief by the way of their grins. Their scheme soon became apparent when a vulgar phrase in Khuzdul came from Mr Baggins’ lips. I admit that my own head whipped around, surprised to hear the Hobbit speak something so inappropriate for outside of the privacy of a bedroom. Eyebrows raised among the company, Dori even covering Ori’s ears. My nanaddan seemed quite pleased with themselves; Dwalin covered his own snort of laughter with a cough. Seemingly embarrassed with a faint dusting of red across his cheeks, Mr Baggins slipped back to his previous place near Gandalf and resumed his earlier conversation with Bofur.

Soon enough, we reached our destination for the night, the All-Welcome Inn. We are settling in and there is supper to eat soon. I have advised the company, Gandalf and Mr Baggins included, to be sure to be well rested for tomorrow, as we will be traveling from first light until just before dark.

8:33 pm

#frogmorton #the shire #adventureblogging #travelling
8:51PM

Kitchen at the All-Welcome Inn

#adventureblogging #frogmorton #the shire #travelling

8:57PM

Anonymous asked: A lovely looking place to stay. Will the rooms be big enough for dwarves though? Will there even be enough seeing as there are quite a few of you?

We have managed to secure enough rooms, as some of the Dwarves are sleeping in the same room. I don’t want to know how they’ll divvy up the beds, though. I have my own room on the ground floor, and the Dwarves and Gandalf have theirs upstairs.

#ask #anonymous

9:28PM

I am settling down for the night, apologies for the lack of updates. His Majesty insisted we get a good night’s sleep, as we will be travelling all day tomorrow. He hopes to be in Buckland by nightfall, and we shall have one last inn-stay in the Shire before heading on to Bree in the morning. It shall take us about three more days to reach Bree, which means I will soon be forced to camp with Dwarves. How exciting.

Already I hear rumours that the inn in Buckland that we intend to stay at, the Brandywine Bridge Inn, is only a small establishment and all of us may have to share rooms, as opposed to only some of us this time (I, fortunately, have been given my own Hobbit-sized room at the All-Welcome Inn, and I know His Majesty and Gandalf have their own rooms as well; everyone else seems to have been paired off). I expect I shall get a taste of sleeping on a hard surface tomorrow, if I am obliged to take the floor in a room-share with one of the Dwarves! (Please let it be Bofur or Ori.)

Supper was excellent, of course. I shall miss proper Shire-cooking once we’re out of it. I must enjoy it while it lasts. Dwarves are so unreasonable with meals; they only take three of them at most, and a
great deal of the Company are fine with just one or two. I don’t know how they do it. I have been snacking on the waybread they packed in my saddle-bags. I must replenish my stock before we depart, or else I shall run out of food before the rest of them.
I can hear them moving around in the upper floors. I hope they will not be too disruptive tonight.

#adventureblogging #the company #frogmorton

11:14PM Fíli and Kíli have dragged me out of bed. They say they’re going to raid the kitchen for leftover dessert. Inns in the Shire tend to have have extra food in the kitchens for guests who are hungry at late hours, though not too many people go around talking about it. It’s one of the Shire’s better-kept secrets, I think, otherwise everyone would be raiding the kitchens at midnight.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #frogmorton

April 28th, 2015

Bilbo

12:03AM I have had an interesting late night snack with Fíli and Kíli. They offered me an ‘apology tart’, which was a tart I could have gotten myself from the kitchen table, but I accepted it nonetheless. I have a suspicion that His Majesty put them to it, as they are his sister-children after all.
We spent some time talking about their mother, the lady Dís, who is waiting for them in the Ered Luin settlement, and probably worrying her head off, bless her heart. The way these two talk about her, though, it feels as if she and my mother would have had a lot in common.
I must actually go to bed now, as it is midnight. I am not looking forward to waking at six in the morning for another day on the road. My bum still hurts from the saddle. I may have to walk tomorrow.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #frogmorton

6AM
6:30AM Is it really time to go? I feel like I’ve barely woken up, much less eaten. There’s no way I’m getting back on that pony, either, six hours of sleep has done nothing to soothe my sore bum.

#adventureblogging #the shire

6:35AM I’m on the pony. I feel like I will fall off.

#adventureblogging

6:38AM I want to doze off on this pony, but every time I close my eyes something jolts and I’m awake again. This is the worst.

#adventureblogging

6:40AM I’m getting off this damn thing before I fall off and break something.

#adventureblogging

6:43AM Am now walking alongside my pony. At least this will keep me awake.

#adventureblogging
We set out from the All-Welcome Inn once the sun had risen enough to light our way. Most in the company seemed to have taken my advice and climbed into their saddles, well rested and ready for travel. However, Mr Baggins looked quite exhausted, letting out a stream of yawns. In one of the instances when I looked behind to check on the group, I realized that Mr Baggins was not to be seen, just his pony walking alongside Gandalf’s. He had been there just minutes before, yet seemed to have disappeared. Before I could call out, Dwalin stopped me.

“He’s walking. Doesn’t want to get back on his saddle apparently,” my friend told.

I looked closer and realized that I could in fact see the Hobbit, his eyes narrowed with exhaustion. The saddle is kind to none, most especially those new to it. I had nearly forgotten what it was like to experience the ache at the base of the spine after a long day atop a pony. Mr Baggins will have plenty of time to get used to it; we still have a long road ahead of us.

7:30AM Second breakfast consists nothing but waybread. I’ve never eaten this much waybread in my life. At least I am feeling more awake now.

8:10 AM Nori asked me why I was walking. I said I wasn’t used to riding. He started snickering, until Dori sent him a withering glare. Dori seems to be the resident censor around here, trying to make sure that our words are decent enough for Ori’s young ears to hear. I suspect Ori knows a great deal more about the facts of life than his brother would care to admit.

11:30AM We’ve stopped for lunch in Whitfurrows, halfway between Frogmorton and the Brandywine Bridge. I’m definitely feeling awake now, and the Bridgefields Inn has an excellent lamb stew that I could smell at least a mile away. I suspect that’s part of the reason why we stopped there; everyone else had the same idea.

11:40AM His Majesty is staring at me.

11:41AM I asked Bofur if there was something on my face, since His Majesty hasn’t stopped staring. He said that he thought that the legendary Hobbit appetite was only a rumour. Apparently I eat even more than his brother Bombur.

I’m now a tad embarrassed, to say the least.

11:43AM His Majesty has stopped staring at me. I think Kili kicked him under the table.

12PM Well, I’m done. I’m not full, but I don’t want to go about getting more odd stares from the Dwarves. They really do know how to make a Hobbit feel welcome, don’t they? I suspect over the course of this adventure I’ll be eating a great deal less than what I’m used to. I might even end up being too small for my own clothes at the end of all of this.

That’s an upsetting thought, really. I hate shopping for clothes. Hobbiton fashions tend to be a bit too garish for my tastes. People say I dress like some mathom house-keeper from Michel Delving. I would hate to discourage that notion.

#the quest #bungling burglar #dwalin #adventureblogging #scribedwarf #winedwarf #pointydwarf
Whitfurrows was our stopping point for lunch. Everyone tucked in, especially Mr Baggins. Surprising, as I observed him eating quite a bit of waybread during the morning. I have heard rumors of Hobbits eating up to seven meals a day, though surely that cannot be true. They are tiny creatures; where would they fit it all?

I did not realize I was openly staring at our burglar until Kili kicked me in the shin, rather harshly. They were looking at me with a raised eyebrow, an alarming reversal of our usual interactions. Fili was busy snickering into his stew. I returned to my own meal, keeping my gaze from the Hobbit for the duration of our lunch.

I traded tales with Balin and Dwalin of what they had done since Gandalf gathered us just over a month’s time ago. They had both gone their separate ways, each attending to their own affairs before the quest. Our talk, as it tends to do, turned to Erebor and our hopes for the end of this quest. All of us understand how foolhardy it is to build up the future in our minds, for fate has a way of disappointing those who build castles out of clouds.

#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children #dwalin #balin #whitfurrows

1:30PM Going through Whitfurrows now. A Shirriff stopped us when we were crossing the town square and asked us where we were headed to. As I was the only Hobbit in the group I told them I was taking them to the Brandywine Bridge Inn. They were surprised to see me, a Baggins, with a bunch of Dwarves, and they told me so. I told them it was strictly business, and we were then sent on our way.

So much for being useless, I guess?

#adventureblogging #the shire

2:45PM

Roads go ever on and on  
Over the hills and through the trees  
And I am walking down along  
The path that’s beaten just for me.  

One nice thing about this is that there’s plenty of time and plenty more scenery for poetry. I’m not so sure on this one, though.

#adventureblogging #my poetry

2:48PM Turns out Ori also does a little poetry. I like him more and more. We’ve traded a couple of our poems back and forth, and he gives me some words and rhymes when I’m stumped.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

While passing through the Hobbit town, we were stopped by one with a feather in his hat, as I had been in Oatbarton. He asked where we were headed and quickly, Mr Baggins spoke up, drawing the other Hobbit’s attention, who looked quite surprised.

Mr Baggins drew himself up and said with confidence our destination and when questioned on his involvement with us, he told that it was ‘strictly business.’ I could see smiles pass through the company and knew that Mr Baggins had gained more approval among us. We continued along our way and soon left the town behind, returning to the road. Fili and Kili began a familiar game between them which consisted of each of them saying a word and then to try to say
something associated with both words. They continue until they say the same word. Over time, they have gotten very good at getting to the same word within three rounds.

To make more of a challenge out of it, they enjoy roping Balin and sometimes Dwalin into their game. I personally enjoy rounds where Dwalin plays because of the level of seriousness he devotes to it.

#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children #dwalin

4:00PM I get the feeling that Dori thinks I’m a bad influence on his younger brother. I don’t know what gave him that idea; I’m quite respectable, after all, even if some folks in Hobbiton call me ‘queer’.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

6:30PM We are drawing near to the Brandywine Bridge and the accompanying inn. The Brandywine Bridge marks the easternmost boundary of the Shire. Tomorrow will be the farthest I’ve ever been from home, I think.

After Ori got spirited away by his brother, Bofur came by and we played a game where we tried to figure out what the other person was looking at. I managed to guess all of Bofur’s in about a minute or two, mostly because he kept on saying that he was looking at something green, and we are surrounded by nothing but green.

#adventureblogging #the shire #scribedwarf #hatdwarf

7:15PM We’ve reached the Brandywine Bridge Inn. As suspected, there are only eight rooms open for the fifteen of us. Here’s to hoping I get someone bearable for the night.

#adventureblogging #the shire

7:20PM That dreadful meddling wizard.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

7:21PM I’ve been paired with His Majesty, because Gandalf wants a room to himself.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

7:22PM I’ve protested Gandalf’s decision. He decided to humour both me and His Majesty, as it seems that His Majesty has also voiced objections. We had to draw straws. Guess which busybody Wizard got the winning straw.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

7:24 pm

Things have taken an unwanted turn.

The Brandywine Bridge Inn does not have enough space for all of us to have rooms to ourselves. The company is fine with pairing up but it leaves myself and Mr Baggins in a room together for the night.

We have tried asking Gandalf if he would consider having Mr Baggins stay with him. Gandalf presented instead a way for us to decide who will get their own room. In his hand were three straws, one longer than the others. We would each draw one and whomever has the longer straw gets the single room.

Of course, that damned wizard drew the longer straw. Mr Baggins and I accepted this and went our separate ways; last I saw him he was asking the rest of the company if they would mind switching. I hope that one of them agrees.
7:25PM I’ve tried swapping with the others. Dori refuses to let me room with Ori, of course, thinking I’m a terrible influence and all, and I don’t even know how to approach Bifur to ask if I can room with Bofur instead. I’m sure he wouldn’t be pleased about it either way. And Dwalin is being intimidating again, so I can’t exactly ask to room with Balin either. I guess I’m stuck with His Majesty, then.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #scribedwarf #axedwarf #hatdwarf #brainsdwarf #that asshole #brawnsdwarf

7:30PM I’ve dumped my belongings in the room that I’m to be sharing with His Majesty and gone to dinner. I’ll make sure not to eat too much — I don’t want odd stares again

#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:39PM Our group is scattered amongst several small tables. Fíli and Kíli have sat down at mine. They’re chattering about a game they were playing today, where they’d say two words and then try to guess the association between the two that the other person is also thinking. I played a round with them, though I had nothing but food on my mind as my plate wasn’t as full as it usually was, and was thus quite predictable. Kíli noticed, bless their heart, and gave me their plate, saying they’d get some more later.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

7:43PM His Majesty has come over and sat down across from me. I tried to pretend the plate Kíli gave me wasn’t actually mine. His Majesty’s face was pinker than usual, and he mumbled something that I could’ve sworn was an apology, presumably for staring so much at lunch. I told him not to worry about it, but now I’ve even less of an inclination to eat in front of him. I might either take my plate back to the room, or just not eat it at all and take advantage of the kitchens later. Decisions, decisions.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 2

7:50PM I took Kíli’s plate with me back to the room. I’ll return it to the kitchen later.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

8PM Bofur just knocked at my door asking me if I wanted to join the rest of them in the sitting room. He promises that there will be tea and biscuits. I told him I would think about it.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

8:05PM Heading to sitting room via kitchen, to drop off the plate.

#adventureblogging

8:15 pm

My earlier curiosity about the Hobbit’s eating habits, I see now, had affected Mr Baggins. The company was spread around the dining area in groups, as there were no longer tables. I saw my nanaddan seated by the burglar, chatting loudly about their word game. The plate in front of Mr Baggins was barely picked at, with much less food than he had previously eaten. I took my own food and sat across from Mr Baggins, my nanaddan at my sides. I gave an apology about my stare that came across as judgemental, though the weight of the guilt I felt kept my voice more in my mouth.

The Hobbit soon departed from the dining area, taking his plate with him. Fíli and Kíli seemed to
blame me and recommended that I use tonight as an opportunity to apologize again and fully explain my earlier stare. After eating, I excused myself to take a smoke outside. No one agreed to switch with Mr Baggins, so I find myself with company for the night. I am not looking forward to this. My nights are frequently disturbed by night terrors and I do not wish to share my late night distress with others. Perhaps I am simply overthinking this situation and it will pass without incident. The company has gathered in the sitting room and I will join them soon, after this smoke helps to calm my nerves. #the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children

**9PM** We had a long conversation by the fire, all of us. Or rather, I sat there, and the Dwarves talked about Erebor, as if talking about the place will get us there much faster. I suppose it motivates them in their own ways, so I mustn’t complain. There is something so wonderful in the way they talk about Erebor. Dwarves aren’t known to be great with words, at least not in the Common Tongue; their grace and finesse is saved for the wonders they create in their forges. But there’s something silver-tongued in the way these Dwarves talked of Erebor, crafting for me the images of its glory, the Hall of Kings, the throne room, the mithril-mines, the golden bells of Dale. And the Tookish part of me longed to see that like nothing else. Well, this is my last night in the Shire. No going back after today, though I don’t think I can face going back at all. Not now. #adventureblogging

**9:05PM** I’ve been debating over whether or not to change into my nightclothes. The Dwarves seem to be sleeping in their travelling clothes, as far as I know, but I’m still not comfortable with that notion. I brought my nightshirt and one change of clothes, which I think I shall save for a time when I can wash the set that’s on me right now. It feels so dreadfully inconvenient, only having two outfits to choose from, as I wouldn’t dream of riding my pony in my nightshirt. Certain tools could be hurt, after all. #adventureblogging

**9:08PM** Confusticate that Dwarf! I’d just removed my shirt when he came storming in, loud as you please. He’s gone right back out again, redder than a beetroot. Serves him right. #adventureblogging #that asshole

**9:10PM** I have let His Majesty back into the room. He’s still red-faced. It’s rather entertaining, actually. Apparently Nori asked him why he was hovering outside the door, and said several lewd comments. I’m starting to think Nori’s mind is not the most respectable of minds. #adventureblogging #that asshole #pointydwarf

**9:13PM** He’s apologised for a great deal of things now. For barging in on me changing and for the stare at lunch. I told him he was forgiven for both, but he doesn’t seem convinced. I wonder if he ever forgives himself for anything, ever. #adventureblogging #that asshole

**9:15PM** His Majesty and I have had a discussion over who is to take the bed and who ought to curl up on the rug next to the armchair in the room. I have offered to sleep on the floor, as His Majesty is oh-so-important, but he insisted I take the bed instead, citing my thin sleepwear in contrast to his furs as a reason why he was better equipped to sleep on the floor instead. Well, I can’t argue with the prospect of sleeping in a nice bed in the Shire one last time, can I? #adventureblogging #that asshole
9:20PM His Majesty is washing his face in the basin on the dresser. I really shouldn’t be staring, but I think I deserve at least one long stare at his expense. It’s quite the sight. He’s in his tunic and trousers, having gotten rid of the rest of his clothes, and the sleeves of the tunic are rolled up over his forearms, and he’s loosened the ties of said tunic so that his chest is exposed somewhat and — I’m getting into far too much detail, I know. Needless to say, it’s not a bad sight.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:45 pm

Curse my distracted thoughts! I failed to knock upon entering our shared room (something I could hear, even now, my mother scolding me for) and walked in on the Hobbit undressing. I quickly exited, knowing that my face had grown warm. I stayed in the hallway, outside the door, working to compose myself. I must not have succeeded for Nori walked past and asked as to why I was simply standing in the hallway.

“The Hobbit is changing,” I explained.

The thief grinned, a chuckle working its way out of him. “Does he need any help with that? I’m sure he’d appreciate it.”

I glared at Nori as he walked away, laughing loudly. Before I could respond, a knock came from the door behind me, Mr Baggins’ voice coming through the wood, saying that I could enter.

I went into the room, face still warm, and made sure to apologize for my lack of knocking as well as my earlier staring. The Hobbit forgave me, though I do not believe it to be completely true. He has seemed uncomfortable since he left his home and I have not helped. When Erebor is reclaimed, I will need to be to welcome all my kin and make them feel comfortable; how can I do that if I cannot even make a Hobbit comfortable?

With this in mind, I offer Mr Baggins the bed for the night. His nightshirt is thin and I have experience sleeping on the ground. I also have furs to keep myself warm. Presenting this argument, Mr Baggins finally agreed to take the bed for the night.

I set about getting ready to sleep, taking my outerwear off leaving me in my trousers and tunic. I brush the knots from my hair, taking care to avoid my braids. There was a washbasin and I cleaned the dirt from my face. In the mirror near the washbasin, I glanced up and noticed the Hobbit was staring.

I turned my eyes away, not knowing what to make of his look. I quickly finished my washing and set my furs to the floor. Once I was settled, Mr Baggins blew the candle out, sending the room into darkness, lit slightly with the light of the moon coming through the window.

Mahal let me get through this night with nothing to haunt me.

#the quest #nori #bungling burglar #mahal protect me

10:30PM This bed is far too big for me. It was clearly made for the Big Folk. I feel like I’m drowning in the sheer size of this dratted bed, and there are more than enough blankets on top of it. Thorin, on the other hand, looks discomfited and cold even with the rug and his furs. I’ve therefore taken one of my blankets and put it over him. He seems to be mumbling something in the Dwarvish language as he sleeps. I wonder what he dreams of.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

11:20PM Thorin has jolted awake, panting loudly. I myself couldn’t sleep, so I asked him what the matter was. He says that he has nightmares, remnants of his family’s misfortunes, shadows from a long and bitter past.

I told him that when I was little and my mind made me scared of all the shadows on the walls, my
mother would sing me a song to calm me down again. I offered to sing it to him, and suggested he join me in the bed as it was too big for myself alone. After all, we are both adults who understand our boundaries, and sleeping in the same bed for one night does not necessarily transgress any of those boundaries. And so, just two days into my adventure, I have sung a king to sleep.

April 29th, 2015

Thorin

6:00 am

Despite my prayers against them, night terrors found me last night. Perhaps they came because my thoughts drew them in.

I woke shaking and breathing heavily, the smell of smoke burning in the back of my throat. I knew it was just a dream; I had been away from Erebor when it fell, yet I always dream of being there, watching the stones crack and tumble, the screams of my kin surrounding me. The rumble and blast of heat from the fires fills my ears.

It took a few minutes for the noises to die down enough for me to hear that Mr Baggins was speaking to me. He was inquiring after me, his eyes wide and clear, showing that he had not yet slept.

Without thinking on it, I told him. I told him of my night terrors and how the deaths of my family haunt me. It spilled out as if a gate within me had finally weakened enough and had burst open. I stood and went to washbasin to remove the sweat from my face.

Mr Baggins began telling me of his experiences with night terrors when he was quite young and how his mother had sung him to sleep. He offered the same care to me as well as requesting that we share the bed, for it was certainly big enough for the both of us.

I accepted his offer and joined Mr Baggins in the rather large bed. There was enough room that we were both comfortable without having to touch each other. My heart still raced from being jolted awake but soon, Mr Baggins began to sing softly. It was a nonsense lullaby, one I had never heard. Perhaps it was a song only known to Hobbits. The soft notes soothed away the still creeping feeling of fire and smoke and I soon felt myself fall away into sleep.

#the quest #mr.baggins

Bilbo

7AM Someday I’ll get used to getting up at six. Today is not that day. However, I think my bum is less sore now.

#adventureblogging

7:03AM Sore from the saddle, you foul-minded Dwarves.

#adventureblogging

7:45AM Giver preserve me from the nosiness of Dwarves! Fíli and Kíli demanded to know what
happened between me and their uncle, since apparently His Majesty is humming the lullabye I sang him last night and looking slightly less gloom-and-doom than usual (I swear, he’s frightened half the Shire by now). I told them I just taught their uncle a little song or two from my childhood.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

7:55 am

We departed the Brandywine Bridge Inn as the sun rose ahead of us. Once again, while there was a wave of yawns at the early hour, Mr Baggins seemed to be the most exhausted among us. I do not know how much he slept last night, especially with my disruption. The lullaby that Mr Baggins sang still echoes in my mind and I found myself humming the melody. My nanaddan were quick to inquire as to what the song was; I simply told them that Mr Baggins introduced me to a Hobbit tune that I had taken to. They did not seem completely convinced and soon slipped back to where Mr Baggins was.

I continued to hum the lullaby between conversations with Balin and Dwalin. Balin seemed convinced that the clouds were gathering for a rain in two days time and that we should pick up our speed, lest we get caught in it before reaching Bree. Dwalin said that the rain was three days away and that it would be foolish to tax that ponies too much, seeing as how they are bearing us and all of our supplies.

I agreed that the clouds did look ominous and while our ponies’ strength was important, it would not hurt to travel a bit faster. Better to reach Bree dry then to get caught in a downpour.

#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children #dwalin #balin

8:05AM Passed a farmer taking their sheep out to pasture. I shall miss the sight of proper Shire-folk very soon.

#adventureblogging

8:15AM We’re quickly approaching the guard-house near the Brandywine Bridge itself. I expect the Bounders will be asking questions, so I better get ready.

#adventureblogging

8:18AM His Majesty really should stop scowling. It makes everything more painful. I rather pity the Bounder more than our intrepid leader, for one.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:20AM That wasn’t so painful. In fact, it was Old Nob Hayward on duty! He used to be on the Hay Gate, and he knew me from my younger years of visiting my extended family in Brandy Hall (I’ve Brandybuck uncles, if you cared to know) and once, I’d even caught a fish in the Brandywine and shared it with him. Old Nob and I had a bit of a laugh, and he sent me and the Company on our merry way to the bridge.

I feel like this was another one of Gandalf’s reasons for dragging me along.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #the company

8:25 am

We approached the edge of the Shire. All there was to do was cross the Brandywine Bridge. However, there was a guardhouse just before the bridge with quite an ornery Hobbit inside. He stopped us and demanded we show him our traveling papers, looking suspicious of our group.
He began inquiring as to where we were headed and for what purpose and why would such a small band of Dwarves be travelling through the Shire. Gandalf rode to the front between us, introducing himself before aggressions rose. He made a show of calling Mr Baggins forward.

The Hobbit at the guardhouse quickly changed his attitude, proclaiming that he in fact knew Mr Baggins. The two chatted for a time before we were deemed acceptable to cross the bridge. Gandalf seemed quite pleased with himself.

8:31AM Well, now we’ve crossed the Brandywine Bridge. I’m out of the Shire. What an odd notion.

#adventureblogging

10AM
We’re making our way slowly to Bree. It’ll take us about three days, at the rate we’re going (at least, according to Gandalf). These lands used to belong to the kingdom of Cardolan, but that fell a long time ago.

#adventureblogging #cardolan #travelling

10:15AM Waybread. Waybread for second breakfast. Waybread for elevensies too, I imagine. And since we’re out of the Shire, I can only imagine there’ll be just waybread for lunch, tea, and supper. Well, maybe not lunch and supper, as Dwarves eat those, too, so they’ll be more inclined to think up something for those meals. Not sure what my feelings are about Dwarf cooking just yet. I do have my reservations, after all.

#adventureblogging

10:43AM That dratted Wizard is telling everyone about my childhood! He just told Fíli and Kíli about the time I attacked him with a wooden sword at one of the Old Took’s Midsummer parties. My
ears are burning.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #thing 1 #thing 2

10:45AM I informed Gandalf in no uncertain terms that only I am allowed to recount my embarrassing childhood stories. That in turn has led to Fíli and Kíli turning to demand I tell them the story of me falling out of the tallest tree in Tuckborough. This is going to be a long adventure.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #thing 1 #thing 2

11:20AM His Majesty has instructed Fíli and Kíli to ride ahead and find a good spot for the midday camp. Apparently one of Bombur’s caveats for coming on this trip includes a camp for major meals of the day. No wonder we’re making such slow progress.

Bofur says that he’s just on this trip for the free beer. I don’t know what he’s been smoking, as I don’t see anyone carrying beer with them in this party.

Speaking of smoking however, I’m quite glad I remembered to pack my pipe and Longbottom Leaf. I haven’t had any time to smoke, of course. Maybe when we camp for lunch later?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #hatdwarf #bigdwarf

11:45 am

Gandalf began entertaining the company with tales of his various adventures that led him to the Shire. One such story included Mr Baggins, still very young, playing at sword fighting and swiping at the wizard with a wooden sword. Mr Baggins did not seem to appreciate this and quickly told Gandalf so.

Of course, my nanaddan took it upon themselves to pester Mr Baggins for stories of his own. They bothered the Hobbit for a time before I called them forward to scout ahead and look for a place to set up camp for lunch.

#the quest #the wizard #my sister children #bungling burglar

12:40PM Smoke ring tally: 8 perfect rings. Except Gandalf kept on sending his own rings through mine. Showoff.

We’ve camped by a small stream for lunch. Kíli has gotten us a brace of coneys, and Bombur is turning them into stew. I had a rifle through his ingredients pack. Bless his heart, he knows his spices and herbs. My dread for Dwarf cooking might turn out to be unfounded.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #thing 2 #bigdwarf

1PM That wasn’t a half-bad coney stew, if I do say so myself. The others are lolling around for a while longer; Bombur’s cooking has the unexpected side-benefit of making you not want to do much for a while after eating it.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

1:15 pm

We stopped for lunch, making sure to remove the bags from our ponies so that they can rest. The ponies needed more rest than a horse, which results in slower travel for us. The coming warm months will slow us even more.

Although Bombur’s request for camp at the larger meals was a concern, I do not find myself regretting agreeing. The coney rabbits that Kíli caught made a delicious lunch. I know that most of us
While seeing to my supplies, Bofur approached me, seeming quite casual. He struck up a conversation, keeping the topic light. I sensed a different reason for the exchange and I asked about his true intention.

He did not look nervous about this, and asked me directly, “Did anything happen between you and our Hobbit last night? For the bets, you know.”

I turned and I could see Nori and other members of the company watching our discussion. When I looked back at him, Bofur was grinning.

“Mr Baggins and I shared a room and that is all. I do not want to know what your bets are about, but know that there is nothing going on.”

Bofur accepted my response with a nod and went back to the group gathered by Nori. Some groans were heard and I saw money exchange hands.

I do not know what they expected me to report. There is nothing between the Hobbit and I.

2:50PM Back on the road. Ori is reading in the saddle next to me; I really should figure out how to do that.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

3:48PM Either I have truly become accustomed to the hardships of this saddle, or my bum has simply given up feeling anything. Not sure what to make of it, actually.

Another reason why we’re travelling so slowly probably has to do with the fact that we stop frequently to rest the ponies. And, presumably, because even Dwarves can’t go for days in the saddle without feeling sore. Even stone gets worn down after a while.

#adventureblogging

3:49PM In clarification: I wasn’t deliberately comparing Dwarves to stone. That was rude of me either way. However hard their heads are… I’m just going to shut up now.

#adventureblogging

4:15 pm

Once we were traveling again on the road, I began humming again. Mr Baggins’ lullaby has refused to leave me and after a time, Dwalin moved over to speak with me.

“I know what you told Bofur earlier,” he started. “But you’ve been humming that Hobbit tune all day. You sure nothing happened?”

Even Dwalin seemed to have such exaggerated ideas on the happenings of last night! I assured him that it was a regular night and the melody was simply stuck in my like a fly in amber. He did not press the issue, despite seeming to want to, and let our conversation turn to other topics.

#the quest #dwalin #such nosy company

5:23PM Balin just asked me if everything was alright, seeing how it was my first time away from the Shire. I said that so far it’s been nice, as the weather has been quite lovely these past few days. Balin then looked over at the clouds far on the horizon and said he hoped we’d get to Bree before those clouds get us.

Please don’t let it rain; I didn’t bring a cloak and hood. I could pick one up in Bree, of course, but I’d
rather do that dry, thanks.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

6:30PM His Majesty has just sent Fíli and Kíli ahead on the road once more. They said that it’s not fair that they’re always the scouts; someone else should go for a change. His Majesty pointed out that Kíli is very good at archery. So off they went.
I have the dreaded feeling that eventually someone is going to bring up the suggestion that I, as Gandalf’s sneaky burglar, should be sent ahead to scout the way for the rest of them. I need to formulate a list of excuses should the occasion arise.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

6:45PM Bilbo Baggins’s Very Convincing List of Why He Should Not be Your Scout:

- I am a treasure-hunter, as you say, not a campground hunter.
- I have no experience with weapons, what if bad folk show up?
- How are you sure that I won’t hide from the rest of you and let you go your merry ways alone?
- I wouldn’t know the first thing about a decent campground for Dwarves.
- I’ll get lost. I’ve never been here, after all.
- I don’t know the flora and fauna of the lands outside the Shire. What if I accidentally make you all camp in poisonous plants?

I’m still thinking of more excuses for this list. No doubt it’ll get larger the farther I get away from the Shire.
#adventureblogging

6:50PM We’ve stopped at a copse of trees for the night.
#adventureblogging

6:55PM I don’t know what I was expecting. Tents, maybe? At least something to cover the ground? But no, we are to roll our bedrolls out on the bare ground. Well, not necessarily the bare ground — there’s grass. And tree roots. Wonderful.
I shall dream of my soft feather-bed tonight, no doubt.
#adventureblogging

7:10PM Bombur’s supper was also most agreeable. I have increased my smoke ring total for today to a wonderful 12. Gandalf is also smoking, and his rings are changing colour with the setting sun. It’s very nice.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #meddling wizard

8:12PM Oh dear. Where are the facilities?
#adventureblogging

8:14PM That’s why there’s a shovel packed with the other supplies. That’s why some Company members would fall towards the back. It’s for the shovel. I’m mortified, really.
#adventureblogging

8:16PM I am exceedingly glad that I decided to bring my paring knife. And quite grateful that there are leaves on hand to make this task less painful.
#adventureblogging

8:20PM We are never going to speak of that again.
I should remember to cut more of those leaves before we set off tomorrow; I’d hate to be caught in a situation where there’s nothing suitable on hand.

#adventureblogging

8:45 pm
My nanaddan tried to argue against being sent off to be scouts once again, even though Kíli has their bow, which is useful, and Fíli has his sharp instinct, which has kept them from trouble in the past. They finally gave in and rode ahead, barely needed to communicate in anything more than a few glances and motions.

I remember having that ease of communication with my own brother long ago. There were times when we did not need words at all, speaking through the raise of our brows or the tilt of our head. They found a good place for the company to stop for the night and we quickly set up camp. Bombur made a fine supper and talk turned to nights spent in unwanted places, where sleep had been hard to come by or the weather had taken a turn for the worse. Balin told his engaging tale of a night he spent in a tree in the pouring rain with a rather curious owl. There was much laughter and a few songs sung before the sun set behind the horizon. The others climbed into their bed rolls, already mourning the loss of the soft beds from the past two nights. I have first watch and retrieved my pipe, deciding that it would be a good time to enjoy a smoke.

#the quest #my sister children #my brother #bombur #baling

9PM Push has, indeed, come to shove. I refuse to strip in front of all these Dwarves for the sole purpose of donning my nightshirt. But the clothes I’ve been wearing for the past couple of days are ridiculously dusty from the Road. I hope we come across a small stream soon, or better yet, some place in Bree with proper clothes washing areas. Oh, what wouldn’t I do for a proper hot bath!

#adventureblogging

9:05PM Sleeping in my travelling-clothes is an odd experience. I want to hope that it won’t become a habit, but based on the very few proper lodgings that we have between here and the Mountain, I suspect it will become one.

#adventureblogging

9:30 pm
I have become quite used to the sounds of snoring, as Dwarves are said be louder than most. I can tune the noise out and listen for other things in the night. One sound that caught my attention was the Hobbit, shifting every few minutes in his bedroll. I noticed earlier that he climbed in with his travel clothes still on and I doubt that he has had experience camping outside. Hopefully his exhaustion from the past few days allows him to sleep tonight. Sleeping in a saddle is a skill that takes time to master but should also be avoided for the neck strains that it causes.

#the quest #bungling burglar

9:40PM It’s not as if I haven’t slept outside before. I’ve done it several times! But everywhere I lie out here there’s some dirty great root sticking into my back. That, and the Dwarves are loud snorers. I think they could be a travelling band of minstrels; they’re practically snoring in twelve-part
harmony. His Majesty has the first watch. If I can’t sleep, I might as well talk to him.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

10:20PM We smoked our pipes together for a while, against some rocks, the silence between us broken only by the harmonious snores of the rest of the Company. Thorin thanked me for the song I sang him yesterday, as he has had it stuck in his head all day. Serves him right. We also talked of other things, though I can’t recall now for the life of me what we talked about. All I know is that I am tired now, and even a tree root cannot stop me from getting my sleep. Good night!
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

10:35 pm

 Apparently having given up on sleeping, Mr Baggins joined me with his own pipe. We smoked together, letting off a few rings that were barely lit by the fire. We talked of simple things; crickets and other nights around a fire and the comparison between the leaves in our pipes. I also thanked him for his calming song last night and how the tune had been circling my mind throughout the day. He told me the name of the lullaby and that he could teach me the words to it one day.

We sat in silence for a time, listening to the sounds around us. It did not take long for Mr Baggins to begin dozing off. After his head had dipped forward a few times, I recommended that he try to sleep. He agreed, tapping out his pipe and returning to his bedroll. Gloin replaced me soon after for the watch and I retreated to my own bedroll. Under the noise of the others, I can hear Mr Baggins softly snoring. It blends quite nicely with the rest.
#the quest #bungling burglar #gloin

April 30th, 2015

Bilbo

8:15AM Nothing quite like a solid round of Dwarvish singing to get you properly woken up. I’m sure they’d be stomping and banging their fists against tables if their legs could reach the ground from these ponies and if there were tables to bang their fists against. As it is, all they can do is clap and holler. It’s not unlike some of the rowdier Hobbit drinking songs, though, so I shouldn’t complain too much.
#adventureblogging #the company

8:35AM I might want to ask Ori what they’re singing about, though I suspect he’s not going to tell me. I’ve heard the Dwarves don’t teach non-Dwarves their language, after all.
#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

9AM I had an apple for second breakfast, which is a refreshing change from waybread. I don’t think I’ve gotten all of the crumbs of my last piece of waybread out of my mouth just yet.
#adventureblogging

Thorin
We woke with the dawn, ate a quick breakfast, and set out. There were groans of sore shoulders and how Bree was still two days away, though I know that these were made in jest. Though, the complaints of boredom were quite real and soon, with the light of the sun still spreading, the company began to sing.

The songs started off energetic and only grew, until the Dwarves around me were more shouting at each other than actually singing. But it raised spirits and laughter echoed, so I could not bring myself to tell them to stop.

Balin approached me during the noise and confirmed that clouds ahead of us would indeed open tomorrow. Bree would greet us with rain, though hopefully also warm food and beds for the night.

10:12AM We’re resting our ponies now. Some of the Dwarves are picking their ponies’ hooves. I mentioned that I never had to do that before, as most inns in the Shire have those services available for a reasonable fee. There were some raised eyebrows, of course, and then this merry bunch decided to make a game of it, declaring things that they themselves have never done, and seeing which others in the Company have, in fact, done those things.

10:30AM They’re still playing the game. At first everyone except His Majesty was involved, but Gandalf quickly eliminated himself because all the things he hadn’t done were also things none of us had done, either, such as fighting a Balrog. Bofur explained to me what those were. I hope we won’t have to deal with one of those on this adventure.

At my turn, I said that I’d never gotten a tooth pulled. There were some exclamations of shock, and then Bombur tried to say something — probably about my appetite, as Bofur mentioned that Bombur had seemed upset that I could out-eat him — but was quickly shushed by his brother. And a perfectly timed glare from His Majesty.

It’s good to know that he, at least, learns from his mistakes.

11AM As most games involving personal details tend to do, this game has rapidly turned, well, less respectable. I think Nori started it, by mentioning how he’d never had a roll in the hay with more than one person at a time. I could swear he was winking at some others in the Company; I’m almost certain that’s the reason why Dwalin’s entire face went red.

And then, of course, the number of hands that shot up surprised me somewhat, but in retrospect, maybe I shouldn’t have been surprised that Fíli and Kíli have had their fair share of interesting… encounters.

11:15AM I’m rather impressed that His Majesty has remained so oblivious to all of this. Maybe he is purposefully drowning out the Company’s snickering by meditating on his lost homeland or something. I should ask him for tips.

11:17AM Bombur has declared quite loudly that he has never imagined His Majesty in a provocative manner. A great number of hands shot up, and then everyone looked pointedly at me, as I hadn’t raised my hand.

I had to defend my lowered hand by reminding them all that I’d only known His Majesty for a little more than three days. Naturally, that, too, was also greeted with scepticism. These Dwarves really
read too much into everything.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole #the company

11:17:30AM I can’t believe they bet on that one, too. Confusticate these Dwarves!

#adventureblogging #the company #maybe i should have a tag for this ongoing fixation on mine and his majesty's relationship #or lack thereof #what would i call it though? #the bagginshield conspiracy #?

11:18AM His Majesty has threatened to cut off the hands of everyone who responded positively to Bombur’s statement. Only Nori kept his hand up when His Majesty turned around to glare at us. Either Nori knows His Majesty well, or he has no sense of self-preservation.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #pointydwarf

11:20 am

While resting our ponies, Mr Baggins commented that he had never had to pick a pony’s hoof before. The company proclaimed their surprise at this and before long, they were each sharing things they had never done before. And they quickly started raising their hands and declaring when they had done something that the other had not.

We began our travel again and the game continued, each company member taking a turn to announce something they had never before and seeing who among us had done it. It began, like most games, quite harmless, with talk not straying from appropriate areas.

However, there were whispers and stifled laughter quite soon. When I looked back, faces were mysteriously wiped blank, eyes wide with innocence. Dwalin, who had slipped back with the rest of the company, was not trying to hide his snickers. When I inquired about the joke, I was met with denials of any joke being made.

When at last I gave in and turned away, moments later, Bombur called out, “I have never imagined our majestic leader in a provocative manner.” Dwalin roared with laughter, knocking me from the shock that had hit me. I heard sleeves rustle as hands were raised. Gloin loudly repeated Bombur’s words for Oin.

“If I see any hand raised, I will cut it off,” I warned. Another rustle of arms being hastily dropped. I looked back to see Nori’s hand still raised. The thief even winked.

Dwalin is still laughing.

11:25AM His Majesty has joined the game by declaring that he had never passed out from drinking. This, of course, was met with very loud scepticism from Dwalin, who apparently has an entertaining tale or two about His Majesty and a wager at Borin’s Tavern in the Ered Luin settlement at least twenty years ago. Naturally His Majesty contested Dwalin’s memories of the event, which has inevitably led to the promise of a rematch when we reach Bree.

Glad to see that some behaviours transcend cultural boundaries.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf

11:35 am

I joined the game and fell back so that I would not have to fully turn my head to look at the company. After a few rounds, it was my turn and I declared that I had never gotten so drunk that I had passed out.
Dwalin, of course, protested this, as friends do. We argued about a drinking contest between us years ago (though I am sure it is his memory that is wrong) and decided that once we get to Bree, we shall see who can outdrink whom.

#the quest #dwalin

12:10PM We’ve paused the game for lunch. Dori looks relieved about it; there’s only so many times he can clap his hands to his little brother’s ears, after all. I feel a tad sorry for Ori; I know his brother means well, but at the same time all this censorship seems highly unnecessary. Ori is an adult, right? Note to self: Enquire after the ages of the Company sometime in the future.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #scribedwarf

1:30 pm

While packing up, I quietly inquired to Bombur if he could make a small pack of food for the Hobbit. It was not my intention to scare Mr Baggins from his appetite and it will not do to have our burglar go hungry.

#the quest #bombur #bungling burglar

1:40PM Bombur has given me the leftovers from lunch for a later meal. That was kind of him.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

2:25PM We’re on the road again, though I don’t think we’re playing the game anymore. Either we’ve run out of all the interesting things that we’ve done, or we’re hoping to uncover each other’s secrets through some other methodology. I am a bit worried, to say the least. I do rather like keeping my secrets as they are.

#adventureblogging

4:30PM I think I’ve gotten onto Dori’s good side by sharing some of the leftovers with him. He and Nori are both fond of regular meals, and we had a lengthy discussion about the proper times for each meal. They both were interested in the Hobbit custom of seven meals, of course. Dori believes that smaller portions divided into seven time-slots a day may make for a more even distribution of nutrients, as opposed to large meals clumped into three time-slots. I haven’t the heart to tell him that Hobbits eat seven large meals a day, and more when they can get them.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #pointydwarf

5:12PM

My pony bears me well on dusty roads
And takes me far and wide away from home
With laugh and cheer we make our merry way
To Bree and lands beyond, by night and day.

Ori suggests I try not to make my poems too rigidly structured. He believes that there is poetry in the careful selection and ordering of words. I shall attempt something, I think.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #my poetry

5:30PM

A winding road curves
Through hills and dales with blooming
Bright spring wildflowers.
#adventureblogging #my poetry

5:45PM
The sky is tinted
Pinks and golds reflect the clouds
That gather nearer.
#adventureblogging #my poetry

5:50PM
His Majesty glares
Atop his bright white pony
It’s quite amusing.
#adventureblogging #my poetry #that asshole

6 pm
We began our travel again and the game had stopped. For now, at least. I can feel that it will make another showing, most likely after certain members of the company have come up with other ways to embarrass the others.
A wind has picked up and there is the scent of rain in the air. I hope that it will allow us a dry night. I have sent Fíli and Kíli to scout for a place for camp again, somewhere with shelter.
#the quest #my sister children

6:30PM I like trying new structures that aren’t so dependent on rhythm and rhyme. It gets me thinking more about the words themselves. Ori’s let me read some of his poems — well, more like look over, as they’re in the Dwarvish language, or rather, Khuzdul. I can’t read them, but I bet they sound lovely. He says he’s currently working on a walking-song. I think I shall also compose a walking-song of my own.
#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

7PM
Roads go ever on and on,
Stretching for miles into the trees
And I must follow them if I can
So let my feet be swift and fleet.
I really like the first line, but not much else. Ah, well, I’ve got this entire quest to find the rest of this walking-song, haven’t I?
#adventureblogging #my poetry

7:15 pm
My nanaddan have found us shelter for the night. However, it is under a dense set of trees. I do not trust trees. It was well satisfying to start the fire for supper.
#the quest #my sister children
7:20PM We’ve found a place to settle for the night! Bombur is currently working on supper.  
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

7:25PM I have no idea where he got the leeks, or the mushrooms (!!!), or the water, but Bombur is whipping up a delicious-smelling leek and mushroom soup. I am immensely glad that at least one other person knows one end of a pot from another. I may ask to help him one of these days.  
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

7:28PM Or sneak a couple mushrooms for myself, that works too.  
#adventureblogging

8:10PM I tried so hard not to get seconds when suppertime came around, but I think everyone expects me to get seconds by now. Which is still mortifying, but as long as His Majesty continues to glare down the objectors, I won’t let it get to me.  
#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:30PM Those were some excellent mushrooms. I feel quite content. And the ground tonight isn’t as unyielding as it was last night. I shall have a brief smoke ere I go to bed.  
#adventureblogging

9PM Smoke ring total: 8 perfect rings. Dori has first watch. I might get used to this.  
#adventureblogging #winedwarf

9:30 pm  
The fire was burning down and the company had found their places of rest for the night. My nanaddan moved their bedrolls and lay at my sides. They asked for stories of Erebor in its glory, of its great halls within the mountain. I spoke, drawing from memories of my long ago youth, the images of Erebor still shining brightly in my mind. As I described how the sun cast light upon the face of the mountain, I felt a song travel through me. My nanaddan gave their voices, humming the tune and giving it life.  
Have you seen her pale peaks, have you sat in her shade  
Have you dreamt of the bells and the ravens?  
Tell me truly, my lad, would you come around again  
When I speak of the halls of my Mountain?  
Through the fires of the dragon, the waters of the rivers  
I’ll treasure her halls in my memory  
Tell me truly, my lad, would you come around again  
When I speak of the halls of my Mountain?  
Fíli and Kíli fell asleep soon after. Sleep did not pull at me quite yet, so I lay there, watching the embers and smoke from the fire filter up through the trees.  
#the quest #my sister children #The Halls of my Mountain #(to the tune of Loch Lomond)

May 1st, 2015

Thorin
We awoke and set out on the road early, hoping to be at Bree before the clouds release the rain on us. Balin and Dwalin are bickering over if we will make it or not, while the rest of the company looks bleary-eyed. It would seem that rising before dawn is not appreciated among the group.

#the quest #balin #dwalin

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**Bilbo**

**8:24AM** Bloody early rising. Six in the morning is hardly a time for me to be alive, but we had to break camp by then and be on our way to Bree, if we hope to get there before the rain does. I can see the logic in this decision, but I hate it anyway.

#adventureblogging

**9AM** If I’m careful, maybe I could fall asleep in the saddle?

#adventureblogging

**9:10AM** No, not worth the risk of almost falling off again. Someday, though. Someday I will master the art of riding.

#adventureblogging

**9:12AM** Riding a pony. I think Nori needs to have his head checked. No one could possibly live with their minds lodged that solidly in the mud.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf

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**9:30 am**

It would seem, in a way to wake themselves up, the company continued with their wagers about Mr Baggins and I. I cannot fathom why they are so determined about this but I firmly asked them to stop.

#the quest #the company

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**10:30AM** Evidently out of an exasperation at the ongoing wager amongst the rest of the Company for what I will now henceforth term the “Bagginsshield Conspiracy”, His Majesty has forbidden us from mentioning the word ‘bet’ in the context of gambling, and all related terminology, until we get to Bree. Any infractors of this ban are required to fund His Majesty’s and Dwalin’s upcoming drinking contest, and to buy the rest of us at least one round.

He was looking very specifically at Nori when he said this. I anticipate a free pint of ale in Bree.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf #the bagginshield conspiracy

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**10:35 am**

The whispers about the wagers continued, as if they believed I could not hear them! Finally, I declared a ban on all words pertaining to wagers, bets, deals, etc. that relates to gambling until we have, at least, reached Bree.

To make the ban more serious, I said that whomever (Nori) speaks of these words, must purchase ale for us in Bree. The thief simply smiled.
10:45 AM Ah, His Majesty has had an oversight. He forgot to ban nosy questions. Just because none of the Dwarves are allowed to use their little game as the context for prying questions doesn’t mean they aren’t allowed to come up with new contexts. Fíli and Kíli insist they’re trying to keep their mother updated on the emotional state of their ‘beloved uncle’. I don’t know how I pertain to said emotional state, and frankly, I don’t want to know.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #the bagginshield conspiracy

11 am

Why was I cursed with such mischievous nanaddan! Having been denied their talk of wagers, they have taken to walking at my sides and asking a barrage of questions, claiming that it is information for Dís. The questions were all asked in Khuzdul, though they repeatedly mentioned our burglar. I told them quite clearly in Khuzdul, once again, that there is nothing between Mr Baggins and I.

The message has only seemed to go in one ear and out of the other.

#the quest #my sister children #my sister #bungling burglar #there is nothing between the hobbit and i!

11:13 AM Balin and Dwalin continue to argue over when the rain will come. I just want it to come already; I have resigned myself to it. Waiting for unpleasant things is an unpleasant experience in and of itself.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf

11:30 am

I sent Balin and Dwalin forward to scout for a location for lunch, claiming that I was giving Fíli and Kíli a break from scouting. In truth, their arguing about the weather was making me grit my teeth. It was to be expected in a large group made up of siblings that… disagreements would happen. So long as they do not lead to too much maiming, it is between them to find peace.

#the quest #balin #dwalin

12PM Lunch in another copse of trees. The air is thick with the oncoming rain. I can see His Majesty glowering at the trees. Is he still sore that he got lost in Bindbale?

#adventureblogging #that asshole

12:45 pm

We have stopped for lunch under another set of trees. I would prefer we ride quickly for Bree, as the smell of rain is thick and will soon be upon us. But lunch is needed and rain is only water.

#the quest

12:52 pm
Q: that is a lovely song
1:30PM Lo and behold, here comes the rain. It’s still a light sprinkling right now, but Bombur has scrambled to cover the supplies in waterproofed cloths. We’re heading back to the road in hopes of getting to Bree as soon as possible, as waiting this out might take a while.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

1:40PM The rain has gotten heavier.

#adventureblogging

1:43PM Dwalin has lent me a spare cloak and hood. It is far too big for me, but I’m touched by the gesture nonetheless.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf

2:29 pm

Q: Okay then, I believe you find him attractive!

A: Do you stand to gain or lose by my denial or acceptance of this statement?

#bunglingburglar #anonymous #ask

3:30 pm

Curse this rain. It began as normal but has only increased, making even our cloaks useless. We will have to restock more supplies than we’d planned for in Bree, seeing as how some may be ruined due to the water. Thankfully, we will have dry, warm beds for tonight, instead of wet bedrolls.

#thequest

5:58PM We’ve made it to the gates of Bree. The rain is coming down in thick sheets now. More when we finally get somewhere dry.

#adventureblogging

6:12PM Seven open rooms at the Prancing Pony. We’ve all paired off again, but this time His Majesty is staying with his sister-children. Surprisingly, Dori has allowed Ori to room with me on the ground floor. Our room has a bed and cot and a nice lit fireplace so we can dry off all of our wet things.

Gandalf, of course, has his own room. Damn tall Wizard.

#adventureblogging #prancingpony #thatasshole #thing1 #thing2 #winedwarf #scribedwarf #meddlingwizard
6:20 pm

We reached Bree in time for the rain to pound down, as if angry that it will soon not be able to reach us. Our ponies were taken to the stable as we went to inquire after lodging. Before going in, I told my nanaddan that if the Inn was low on rooms, we would room together. They seemed disappointed.

There turned out to be too few rooms for us all, so we have doubled up once again (Gandalf to his own once more). I noticed that Dori has allowed Ori to room with Mr Baggins for the night. Fíli told me that they had become friends quite quickly and had been writing poetry together. Óin loudly proclaimed to Glóin how he lost money betting that I would bunk with Mr Baggins. He is our lucky company member supplying the ale tonight, it would seem.

#the quest #my sister children #oin #gloin #bungling burglar #dori #ori #i shall triumph tonight

6:30PM It says a lot about the mediocrity of a meal when the only satisfying thing about it was finishing, so you would not have to eat it any more.

The ale was good, though. Surprisingly, it was Óin who bought the round, having accidentally let slip that he’d lost twenty gold pieces to Glóin because His Majesty was not rooming with me in Bree.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #trumpetdwarf #locketdwarf #the bagginshield conspiracy

6:45PM His Majesty and Dwalin, spurred on by several tankards of ale purchased by Óin, have started their drinking competition rematch. Fíli and Kíli are egging on both sides, and Balin seems torn between amusement and horror. I asked Bofur if he knew anything about the last time His Majesty and Dwalin had a drinking competition, and Bofur said he heard rumours that the two of them had been banned from Borin’s for two years after their last competition broke three tables and sent several bystander Dwarves to the healers. So I might have that to look forward to.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf #trumpetdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #brainsdwarf #hatdwarf

6:50 pm

Guess whose account we hacked!

#we're in #the quest

6:53 pm

Update on the Indâd vs. Dwalin match:

Indâd has had a slow start, but he’s rapidly gaining on Dwalin. We’re cheering both of them on, of
course, since Balin’s too busy looking horrified.

#we're in #indâd #the quest

6:55 pm

There are so many drafts about Mr Boggins on here! They’re too good not to share.

#we're in #mr boggins #the quest

6:57 pm

It is interesting that the Hobbit is not wearing shoes. His feet are covered in hair, and I can only
presume the soles are tougher than a Dwarf’s feet, as he is walking alongside the Company on the
dusty, rocky road without cringing in pain.

#apparently the size of their feet correlates with the size of their tools #wink wink nudge nudge #we're in #mr boggins
#the quest

7 pm

The Hobbit only comes up to about my chest in terms of height. Hypothetically, I could use him as
an armrest. His hands are also quite small; they can not possibly be more than half the size of my
own. It is only his feet that are bigger than average. I do not think I have viewed a Hobbit in this
much detail before.

#is that the only thing bigger than average #how much detail #we hear interesting things about hobbits #we're in #mr
boggins #the quest

7:05 pm

I should have remembered that being out in the Wild requires one to improvise on several fronts,
including attending to certain bodily functions. Mr Baggins, clearly unused to surviving in the Wild,
has been hopping about indecisively with the latrine shovel in his hands as if unsure if he should use
it. Maybe someone should give him some pointers.

That being said, clearly Mr Baggins has more in common with a rabbit than twitching his nose and
thumping his feet when he sneezes.

#did he just compare mr boggins to a bunny #he did #he's not even trying to hide it #we're in #mr boggins #the quest

7:10 pm

Update on the Indâd vs. Dwalin match:

They’re both tied in number of drinks consumed, and Dwalin is slurring something about he’d like to
punch the cook at the Prancy Pony for giving us stale bread. The proprietor of the Prancing Pony,
the esteemed Mr Barnabas Butterbur, clearly doesn’t find that amusing.

#we're in #indâd #the quest

7:12PM The contest is still continuing, the objective clearly being ‘drink as many tankards of ale as
you can handle as quickly as you can’, with the loser being the first to lose consciousness. In
between then, a great deal of other damages could happen, as evidently these two get quite rowdy
when drunk. I think Óin, as someone with healer experience, is regretting ever mentioning that
banned word. He might have his work cut out for him if a fight breaks out.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #that asshole #brawnsdwarf

7:18 pm

Mr Boggins is looking very concerned. Should someone tell him Dwarves can hold their ale better
than most folks in Middle-earth?
He looks so cute when he’s concerned. Indâd, you’re welcome.

7:25 PM How are they still going at it? The amount of ale that the two of them have drunk would have killed a Hobbit by now!
#adventureblogging

7:26 PM Q: Fili and Kili. Lovely to see you putting your mischief to good use. Don't you think 'Mr.
**Boggins' would make an excellent uncle as well? Do you suspect that Thorin's interest in the latest member to your company to be something more than professional?**

A: Well, nonny, we couldn’t possibly tell you whether or not we want Mr Boggins to join our family! But we do know that:

1. Mr Boggins and Indâd shared a room at the Brandywine Bridge Inn
2. Indâd in the morning was smiling!!! And humming a song!
3. And it was a song Mr Boggins taught him!
4. And Mr Boggins was complaining about his rump hurting!

We know they’re definitely up to *something.* ;)

#anonymous #ask #mr boggins #we're in #indâd

7:29 pm

**Update on the Indâd vs. Dwalin match:**

It’s such a close tie! We would open a betting pool, but that and all other gambling-related words have been forcibly excised from our vocabulary, no thanks to Indâd.

#we're in #indâd #the quest

7:30 pm

Maybe he’ll be too drunk to notice?

#we're in #indâd #the quest

7:35 pm

Of course, if we were to take wagers on the outcome, we would have to bet in favour of Indâd. Dwalin might be slightly better at holding his drink, but Indâd, well, he’d be heartbroken to know we’d bet against him, right?

#we're in #indâd #the quest

7:40 pm

**Update on the Indâd vs. Dwalin match:**

They both seem on the verge of passing out. Will it be a tie? Stay tuned for more!

#we're in #indâd #the quest

7:45 pm

**Update on the Indâd vs. Dwalin match:**

**VICTORY TO OUR INTREPID LEADER AND THE BEST UNCLE IN MIDDLE-EARTH!**

#we're in #indâd #the quest

7:49PM Surprisingly, His Majesty has won this round. However, I must say it has come at the cost of his dignity, as he is singing something rather crude about ‘the ample lands of my bonny sweet lassie’. I’m glad most of the Company have staggered off to find other forms of entertainment, as I can’t imagine they’d let him hear the end of this if they were still here.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:50 pm

And of course Indâd chooses to celebrate his victory by singing “Bonny Sweet Lassie”. Uncle (we’ll call him that, to distinguish between our uncles) Dâín must’ve taught it to him. Dori has ushered Ori back to his room. Poor Ori.
8 pm
Wait. Is Indâd dancing?
we're in #Indâd #the quest

8:03PM His Drunken Majesty is doing this very strange dance where he’s waving his arms around as if he’s trying to swat flies, and then shuffling from side to side. I think Fíli and Kíli are watching this travesty for blackmail purposes. They seem to be extremely amused by all of it.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

8:04 pm
THAT IS NOT DANCING.
#we're in #the quest

8:08 pm
Q: Perhaps your indâd should demonstrate his dancing skills with a certain hobbit.
A: Probably not, as Mr Boggins would surely laugh him out of town!
#we're in #Indâd #mr boggins #ask #anonymous

8:15 pm
THIS IS THE BEST NIGHT OF OUR LIVES!
we're in #the quest

8:20 pm
WE CAN’T EVEN GET A PROPER PICTURE, WE’RE LAUGHING SO HARD.
we're in #the quest

8:21 pm
WE TRIED
we're in #the quest

8:25 pm
MAHAL WEPT IT GOT BETTER
SOMEONE TRIED TO HIT ON INDAD AND MR BOGGINS WENT OVER TO DEFEND HIS HONOUR
we're in #Indâd #mr boggins #the quest
8:26PM Some local fellow, a bit scruffy about the edges, with a rather unsavoury look in his eyes, just came up to His Drunken Majesty and tried to talk to him. Based on the way he kept on touching His Drunken Majesty, he had some less than honourable intentions in mind. So I did the decent thing and made my way over and informed the man that he was not to lay a finger on His Drunken Majesty, or I would have him thrown from the premises. That got him slinking off to harass someone else, the miserable bastard. I do hope Mr Butterbur deals with him right and proper. In the meantime, I have to escort a drunk Dwarf to his room.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:28PM His Drunken Majesty is dangling over my shoulders and slurring something about liking hairy feet. Do I really have to get this great lout back upstairs to his bed by myself?
#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:29 pm
INDAD JUST FELT UP MR BOGGINS THIS IS GREAT
#we're in #mr boggins #Indâd #the quest

8:30 pm
THEY’RE HEADING TO OUR ROOM SWEET MAHAL
#we're in #mr boggins #Indâd #the quest

8:35 pm
NORI OWES US SO MUCH MONEY
#we're in #the quest

8:38PM I have, with great effort, lugged His Drunken Majesty upstairs to his room and locked it on him, so he won’t have the great idea of coming back downstairs and getting himself in trouble again. Now to treat myself to another pint.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:38 pm
Mr Boggins just emerged from our room, locking the door behind him. He’s probably going to get drunk. We better actually go check on Indâd to make sure he won’t choke to death on his own vomit or something. F&K out!
#mr boggins#Indâd#we're in#now we're out ;)#the quest

8:54PM this ale is so goo;d i've had two pints already
#adventureblogging

9PM it reminds me of the stuff they have iat tâhe green dragon
#adventureblogging
9:12PM fili anid klii better not be talking about me
#adventureblogging #tagohng asshole #thing 1 #thing v2

9:15PM i don't remember bthe last time i've had this much fun, arctually. travelling wdith dwarves isn't so badz, at least not for now. a loqt of folks in this compancy have been suedpr welcomin.g i'm glda gandablf dragged me along fthis quest.
#adventurebloggingdglide #nn wizard

9:27PM
Q: Since you're feeling quite amiable towards your company at the moment, I'm curious to know; what are each of their best traits (that you've seen so far)?
A: i think bofur ixs very funny, and ori is vtery good aat poetry, and bombur bis good at cooking. everyyone is respectful even if they’re not very nice, bsut most are xpretty nice even if they loxok frightening, like bifur and dwaclin. balin reminds me of smo of my uncels somtsie.me i dont’ know ltoo much gabout oihn anyd glloin still budy tthey wseem to sbe dcpent nfolks. nori bi hear is quite shabyd but he’s also npretty ufunny and very audacious; i wish i hlad hlwaf of his courage. fili and kili vof course have bueen going out of their waay tto include me in things, though it oftepn comes out zas upersonal and rahber annoyinsg questions. but mi like therm. ancd onf course thorin is a fari leader aqnd dong’t tell yhim i said thifs, but he hnas qa good seanse of humour. and xhis eyes are nice.
#tyhe company #that (confusring?) asshole #ask #anonymous

9:45PM i nod't remeemembr how much i've drunk already. i think i lost count at six. i might regret this qin the morning. i probably wilil. plejase teel me we're not leaving early tomorrow morgn.mi i don't want to travel hungover. yi bet thorni wouldn't want tdo dmo theat beither, so mhaybe we'll stay ahoznter night at erbe anld i can get more of this alep.
#that ajssholetn #adventuriltbeg

10:30PM i thinok thorin might been leefing me up when he wsa drunk, come sto tphnik of it. zawht really scares me is that right now i'm mvad that i swatted his huands away. ubt zthen again, he was drunk, and pi don't want to make him thjink he's donie anything too yuntoward whislt being drunkj.
#adventurebignlg go #that asshole

10:48PM
Q: Hello dear, drunk hobbit. I'm sure not many hobbits can say they've ever had the experience of a drunken dwarf king ' leefing' them up. Already your adventure is proving very unique.
A: haha, i might wbe the fdirst one, true, thast' really funny. ri mmean iv'ie had vtwo uncles who wetn on advneurets beut i don’t recall! if dwarves were invovlde, much lessx dwarf-kings. tshorin tgo ca lizttle handsy but mi apusehd hiwm orff; encouraging him to coontinue would only maek othings roswee, nad iut’s hardly getneedl to encmourage sxuch behkaviour. p
#that asshol #ask #anonymous

10:50PM
Q: Bilbo, what is your favorite way to spend a nice summer afternoon in Hobbiton?
A: oh you mcake me miss my anice anfd warm bag kend now! i would pbe lazing around in the wozods vor by the reapwt, definitely, smoking kmy pipe and writing poetry and reading books. dna ohf couers havnvig sxi deceynt meals a day. nfot thbat bombur doesn’t cobok decently mind you!
#bigdwarf #ask #anonymous

10:58PM
Q: I have to say, the few pictures you've posted of Thorin Oakenshield have made my heart pound! Is he taken? Do you know?
A: geivur only knows if jhe’s takne dor not. edh’s told me nothing dof thce sortk. you’ll hmave to jfight through tbhe rwest of thse company thuugo; at leasdt thrmee-quarters obf tehrm have allegedly thoughyt aof him in ca leshs-than-respectable manner.
#thta assqhloe #ask #anonymous

11:06PM
[Original Post]

exilleddurin replied: i’m bnot therqe you go naon you’yre supposed to bpe asleep thworin
#replies #exilleddurin #that asshole

11:19PM
Q: Bilbo, dear, I think it is best that you go to bed before having another pint. Mind that you have to travel tomorrow and traveling while hungover is never pleasant, especially when riding a pony. (The slight rocking motion will make you lose your first and second breakfast)
A: bugger that i bqet uthorin hans pit worse i mbet he’ll hvae ot cancle setting otu tomorrow becsuae he’ll have a worse hangover than meh. serves mhi right.
#thjat asshol e #ask #anonymous

11:32PM
Q: Despite what the shirefolk say about you, I think you most respectable Master Baggins! And anyone who says you are not has an atrocious state of mind and should seek a healer immediately.
A: i’m pterry odd in sthe sahire, qi knowz. mi have ylots gof mowney anid pi hcave a respectablfe familny name, but eveyryone thinks i’m queer becoause i gbo wandering in the woosd so much. ithey say its’ besueac my perants dised young. btecause myl mum’s ra took. li don’t blame tthem, when ahll that you know of the pwoldr iss orsoted to one pljace, you doon’t have muczh in vyour regard fro bthose who aren’t.
#ask #anonymous

11:35PM
Q: Do you think that you shall ever get along with Thorin? I am under the impression that he is terribly awkward, and perhaps his staring problems are from the fact that you’re unlike anyone he has ever known. Try not to be too hard on the fellow. I do agree, though. He's a bit of an asshole at times. Albeit, an extremely attractive asshole.
A: i’ve seejn tyhe good svide of hrim, ftoo, he is ma very good uncle to ilfi amnd kili and aa ufair leader as i might have said earlier. i do not knhow idf we will ever be ilcose frdsne,i bvut oi do respect him in some senseq. trohee is idnkness in him, though it is hidden tehrough layeprs of assholery.
#tttha asshole #ask #anonymous

11:45PM
Q: I know that you respect Thorin, but can you ever see yourself fancying him?
A: it’s not out sof othe uqevstion. but ‘ive raubely known him pa week. bit fast, innit?
#theat sashosle #ask #anonymous
Q: Have you ever played conkers while affected by drink?
A: no, but iv'e no one to plaey it wizh irght onw so i can’t test it. i’m veiry goiod at conksre though, ilgl vhane you konws. ino one elses’ nuts stand ja chance!

11:54PM i think ita's tiem foer bed. jgood night!

---

**May 2nd, 2015**

**Thorin**

10 am
where avm ai? how did xi get here? i won, i thfink, haha, i won, ftake thathe
wer did mdr baggisn go, he was just here
oh my nanaddan are heere! arm i in wthe room?
my head fweels like it's swimming

10:30 am
who hgad thme idea of the su?n fthe sun should go away please.c
what is that noise?
noh it's kili. they're csnoring. stop.

**Bilbo**

10:30AM SWEET MOTHER OF BUGGERIN BLOODY BOLLOCKS SOMEONE TURN
THE SUN OFF
WAIT
SHITE
THE SUN IS UP
adventureblogging

10:32AM HAVE THEY LEFT WITHOUT ME?
I'M THEIR BLEEDIN BURGLAR THEY BETTER NOT HAVE

---

10:35 am
lwait the sun is out..w.hy is bthat bad?
#the quest
10:35AM IF THEY HAVE LEFT AT LEAST HIS MAJESTY WILL BE TRAVELLING HUNGOVER, WHICH SERVES HIM RIGHT WHO IN ERUS GREEN ARDA WOULD TRAVEL WITH A HANGOVER ANYWAY
#adventureblogging #that asshole

10:37AM OH WAIT ORI JUST CAME BACK THEY DIDNT ABANDON ME AFTER ALL
#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

10:39AM HE BROUGHT ME BREAKFAST AND SOME WATER HOW SWEET OF HIM!!!
#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

10:55 am
i think i hit kili witnh my elbow but i havee mto get upk
i pried to stand and it didn’t wrko
#the quest

11 am
wait what time iws oit
#the quest

11:05 am
i got okff the floor!
my mouth is vxery dry
where awre my bootvs
#the quest

11:08 am
wait i see kilzi
but ewhere is fili
#the quest

11:10 am
i fouund fili!
ehe gave me water
#the quest

11:11 am
WAIT WHAT TIME IS IT
#the quest

11:30AM All right. Feeling better. Must have been the food. Ori’s also brought me a mug of willow-bark tea which he says is from a very contrite Óin. He’s tried to get rid of most of the taste by adding honey to it. It still tastes disgusting, but I’d do anything to get this headache to go away.
#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #trumpetdwarf

11:33AM Ori says that we’re staying in Bree another night, because His Majesty is in no fit state to
lead us. Granted, not a lot of are in any fit state to follow, either. My head is still pounding, but not too terribly. I don’t want to know what the ale’s done to Dwalin or His Majesty. I might go back to sleep, since we’re not going anywhere today.

11:35 am

Óin brought me a cup of willow-bark tea. He is apparently making rounds to the rest of the company that needs it; which is quite a few of us. It would seem that we have to take a rest day here in Bree while we get back on our feet.

I asked Óin if he could have Balin sent up; our supplies need to be restocked and I trust Balin to make a better list of things needed than I.

My head continues to pound, despite the tea. Perhaps a wash will help.

11:40 AM Ori says he’ll be upstairs with Dori. Apparently Nori’s also nursing a hangover, as well as Bofur and Glóin. So I guess that definitely puts a ‘no’ to travelling today.

11:45 am

Why has Kíli tied up my hair with their leather straps?

1:25PM That was a nice nap. I don’t remember the last time since starting on this Giver-forsaken quest that I’ve been allowed to nap like that. Ori’s probably still upstairs. If I can get out of bed without making a fool of myself, I shall scrounge up a late lunch and then explore the town.

1:30PM I have requested a bath be sent to my room. The Hobbit working for Mr Butterbur, Nob, is an excellent fellow with a very agreeable disposition. Apparently Bree has a sizeable Hobbit population, which comes as a pleasant surprise for me. I’d gotten a bit too accustomed to being the only Hobbit amongst Dwarves and a Wizard!

1:30 pm

My head feels significantly clearer.

Balin joined me after my wash and we discussed supplies. There are, thankfully, enough in the company who are able to collect our provisions and he soon left to gather them. I made my way to the Prancing Pony’s common room and ordered a meal, something to counter the ale I could still feel affecting me.

Once I was seated with my meal before me, Gandalf sat at my table, as if he had been waiting. I was sharply reminded of the last time I was in Bree, with Gandalf across from me as he sat now, urging me onto this quest. It feels already like a time long past. We spoke again of the quest, this time with him attempting to persuade me to lead the company into
Rivendell. He claimed that Lord Elrond could help decipher important documents. I have made my distrust of Elves quite clear to him before, but Gandalf insisted that without Lord Elrond’s help, the quest would fail.

#the quest #balin #the wizard

1:50 pm

Gandalf has departed, saying that he intended to roam Bree. Something was said about lemon lozenges?

I realize that I have quite a number of messages to attend to! My apologizes on my delay in responding.

#the quest #the wizard

1:55 pm

Q: Is someone still drunk?

A: Thankfully, I am not at the moment. When I awoke, I was. I most likely should not have been posting.

#the quest

2 pm

Q: Oh dear, oh dear Thorin. You are going to have quite the hangover in the morning.

A: Yes, I am all too well aware of this misfortune. Thank Mahal for Óin and his tea.

#ask #anonymous

2PM

O! Sweet is the sound of falling rain,
and the brook that leaps from hill to plain;
but better than rain or rippling streams
is Water Hot that smokes and steams.
The bath was very refreshing, and it helped clear my head and get rid of all the dirt that’s gotten onto me lately. I think I shall now have a wander about the town and see some of the sights.

#adventureblogging

2:05PM

Q: How do you think your quest is going to go? Are you worried at all about facing a dragon? I know I would be.

A: Worried? Oh of course I’m worried, it’s a dragon for Giver’s sake! But I’m trying hard not to think too much about it. We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it, all right?

#ask #anonymous

2:05 pm

Q: There is a rumor that you have a fancy for the hobbit. How do you feel about this?

A: Do not believe every piece of gossip that you hear.

#ask #anonymous

2:10 pm

Q: You have night terrors??!? Ahahahahahahahahahaha

A: Why do you laugh, Anonymous? Does having night terrors make me less of a Dwarf? Does it
make me cowardly? We all have things that haunt us, even you, hidden behind your anonymity, but that does not make us lesser. When we run from the things we fear, that is when we have become true cowards.

#ask #anonymous

2:15 pm

Q: Hey Thorin, did you know your nephews hacked into your blog? We know all your secrets... or at least a few. (I cannot believe you compared Master Baggins to a bunny. It's the pointy ears, large feet and chubby cute little body, isn't it?)

A: THEY DID WHAT?!

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

2:15PM Nob, bless his heart, has told me about some of the interesting shops in Bree. Of course, I shall have to visit the cheese shops, but Nob has also recommended a couple toy stores, a bakery, and a sweets shop. I am particularly interested in the sweets shop, as I hear they have sweets from as far as the lands beyond Rhûn!

#adventureblogging

2:17PM

A day in Bree.

#adventureblogging #bree

2:20 pm

It has come to my attention that my meddlesome nanaddan found their way into my account last night! They posted personal things as well as written an account of my drunken antics. Please ignore all that they posted! I will not delete what they had written, however much that I want to. They are my nanaddan and however rambunctious they may be, I cannot bring myself to get rid of the things that they make. Also, it is quite satisfying to have proof of my victory over Dwalin.
2:20PM Oh good, a proper latrine.
#adventureblogging

2:25PM ...Actually, I think I might have preferred digging my own.
#adventureblogging

2:28PM Going to completely forget what just happened and go look at the shops.
#adventureblogging

2:30 pm

Also, I would like it to be noted that I most certainly can dance! Quite well, actually.
#the quest

2:35PM

The cheese from this town makes my heart sing.
#adventureblogging #bree

2:44PM
I have no clue what these are called, but they were brought here all the way from Harad, and they taste delicious.

#adventureblogging #bree

2:52PM
My purchases! And before you ask, no, I do not intend on sharing them.

#adventureblogging #bree

Q: Thorin, we don’t know much about you! What's your favorite color? Preferred food? Do you do any type of crafting other than smithing? Do you ever see yourself settling down and marrying? Would you ever have children? Anything you think worth telling us?

A: I do not see why you would want to know these things but I see no harm in answering. I very much enjoy the color blue, though I find green just as appealing. For preferred food… There is a baker in the Ered Luin who makes these small cakes that he puts in little cups of parchment. I particularly enjoy the blueberry ones. Besides smithing, when I was young, I enjoyed sketching.
As to your other inquiries, I am unattached, but I prefer to dedicate myself to my craft and to this quest. I find it disingenuous to lay down roots of family whilst my homeland remains unreclaimed.

3:06 pm

Q: I am in awe of your fantastic hair! Is there anything you do to keep it in such great condition while battling the elements of the wild?
A: There are certain ointments and tinctures that I use to maintain my hair, the ingredients of which have been gathered from sources as far off as Rhûn and Harad. I do not think you will enjoy knowing what the precise ingredients are, so I will not inform you of them. However, to prevent tangles from day-to-day wear I also comb regularly and keep portions of my hair and beard in braids.

3:10PM

I have discovered the place where the folks of Bree go to wash their clothing. It’s a small stream with several flat rocks; I may have to bring my own clothes down for a wash.

3:11PM

Q: Out of curiosity, how often do you read Thorin’s blog?
A: Well, I don’t obsessively check it, if that’s what you wanted to know.

3:37PM

Q: Master Baggins, I for one am very curious about you. So I was wondering if you could answer some questions about yourself? what’s your favorite food? Favorite plant? Were you as a child closer to your mother or your father? Who was your last serious relationship with? What's your favorite meal of the day? Mine is second breakfast.
A: Sure! However, asking a Hobbit for their favourite food is probably like… is probably like asking a Dwarf for their favourite jewel or an Elf for their favourite star; there are too many to choose from!
Though, I do hear that Elves do treasure the star of Eärendil, so that may be an unfair comparison. But I digress. I am particularly fond of seed-cake, though I also do enjoy scones with cream and strawberries! They go especially well with tea. However, I wouldn’t say that those two are my absolute favourites, as I am fond of desserts in general, and do enjoy making them when I have the time and the ingredients.

My favourite plant is the heart’s ease! It grows wild in the fields near Bindbale, and while Holman has tried to cultivate some for Bag End, I rather prefer seeing them growing wild and freely. As a child I must admit I was closer to my mother; my father was kind as summer but did not have half the amount of excellent stories that my mother could tell. I know they both loved me dearly in their own ways, though.

My last serious relationship? It has been a long while since I last had tender feelings towards anyone, but I do remember (with a certain degree of embarrassment) my tween infatuation with Herugar Bolger. He’s five years my junior and married now, so nothing ever came of that.

I approve of you liking second breakfast! Though I must admit I prefer teatime best, as it’s when most of my visitors come to chat with me. Contrary to whatever I may have said before, I do like entertaining guests, as long as I know them and know that they’re coming!

#ask #anonymous

3:45 pm

I am retiring to my room in the hopes that sleep before supper can help clear away the last of the pounding in my head.

#the quest

4PM

Am now in possession of freshly-washed clothes. Will be drying them in my room in front of the fire. Hopefully Ori won’t mind me hanging up my breeches?

#adventureblogging

4:08PM

Q: I noticed you were answering questions and I have some of my own! What's your favorite color? Favorite flower? Do you want to have children? Favorite thing to do in your spare time?

A: My favourite colours are the gold of wheat fields during the harvest and the green of the grass above Bag End. I’ve already mentioned my favourite flower: the heart’s ease. Holman calls it love-in-idleness.

As for fauntings of my own, well. I don’t know. It would require getting married first, as I am nothing if not a gentlehobbit, and I don’t think I’m the marrying type. I mean, most folks my age should have already settled down, and yet here I am, unattached. It is quite convenient for adventures, though.

My favourite thing to do in my spare time is probably reading, warm and cosy in my hobbit-hole by the fire. I miss it now, just thinking of it.

#ask #anonymous

4:08PM

Q: I heard a rumor that you're a virgin. Is it true????

A: What business is it of yours what I do in the bedroom?

#ask #anonymous
4:20PM Ori has come in and seen my breeches dangling on a clothesline. His face turned bright red and he mumbled something about coming back later. I suspect he’s going to tell everyone in the Company what my undergarments look like. I should have bought his silence with some of the Haradrim sweets.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

5PM Suppertime is approaching. My clothes have mostly dried now, so I can stow them away and not scare off poor Ori later.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

5:12PM Heading to supper now. I have a bar of the Haradrim sweets with me in case any mention of my drawers crop up during supper.

#adventureblogging

5:15 pm

After my brief rest, I was awoken by my nanaddan returning from purchasing supplies. I informed them that their mischief in my account was not appreciated and that neither were their exaggerations of what occurred between Mr Baggins and myself.

They insisted that they had not been lying and that they did not even report on the kiss shared between the Hobbit and I. I believe them to be lying; I have faint memory of the night and I do not have any recollection of doing such things.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar

5:15PM Supper is shaping up to be eventful. We are heading out from Bree tomorrow, so all the supplies have been replenished this afternoon through the efforts of those Company members who were not hungover. Those who were have been more or less set back on their feet courtesy of Óin’s tea, except Dwalin is still looking moody at having lost to His Majesty. His Majesty is smug about it, and generally looking none the worse for wear.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #that asshole #the company #brawnsdwarf

5:20PM Dwalin is teasing His Majesty about the things he did while he was drunk, which apparently include dancing, singing a lewd song from the Iron Hills, and ‘getting handsy’ with me. Fíli and Kíli insist that we kissed, too, but I am pretty sure that didn’t happen. My memory of last night may be incomplete, but I am certain that we did not kiss.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

5:30PM My Haradrim sweets have been very effective in ensuring that no discussions of my undergarments leave the table.

#adventureblogging

5:45 pm

I entered the dining area and seated myself by Dwalin, who was looking quite upset; his eyes were narrowed and hands were in tight fists. The lasting effect of the ale was clearly still torturing him. In jest, I clapped a hand to his shoulder as I sat. “You did well last night, my friend, though it would seem that I was victorious.”

Dwalin seemed near to biting my hand that rested on his shoulder. However, his jaw, previously
clenched, loosened into a smirk. “Aye, and I heard that you made a fool of yourself attempting to
dance and got quite handsy with the Hobbit. Fíli and Kíli even say that you two kissed.”
“We did not!” I declared, crossing my arms. “I am in possession of my memories of last night and
know that that did not happen.”

Dwalin just chuckled, apparently finding that taunting me helped to cure his headache. While I
believe my nanaddan to be spreading mischief, I am growing worried that my memories are not as
complete as I would want them be and that maybe something did happen.

#the quest #dwalin #my sister children

6 pm
No, it is simply my nanaddan playing tricks.
#the quest #my sister children

6:05 pm
Though, unlike their mother, I cannot tell at times if they are lying or not. This is one of those times.
#the quest #my sister children #my sister

6:30 pm
I told Fíli and Kíli that there shall be no more mischief tonight, lest I have them sleep with the ponies.
They agreed quickly.
#the quest #my sister children

6:45PM Have finished supper and am heading back to my room. I do not intend to drink again,
given how disastrous last night was. Also, travelling with a hangover does not seem like a wise idea.
I shall smoke my pipe awhile and then go to bed early.
#adventureblogging

7PM Ori has come in and apologised for letting slip to Fíli and Kíli what my breeches looked like. I
told him it was of no matter; they all would have seen it sooner or later. This journey is shaping up to
be a long one, after all, and by the end of it I suspect I shall have no secrets kept from this pack of
meddling lumps.
#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #thing 1 #thing 2

7:12PM Ori has shown me his sketchbook. The drawings within it are intricate and beautiful, and I
asked him if he could sketch me. He has agreed.
#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

7:45 pm
I returned to my room, for the noise of the dining area was doing nothing to help my head, and had a
smoke. Before I took my leave, Balin informed me that at the speed our company travels, it would
take near to a month to reach Rivendell.

The journey to Erebor stretches before us and it feels as if time is moving so slowly. I should have
patience with my age but I find that reaching Erebor cannot come soon enough. I have dreams of it,
some pleasant, others disturbing, and it is a shock come morning to wake and not be within its walls.
There are times when I can almost remember how its stone felt beneath my fingertips. When my skin
heats as if feeling the forges burning. When I can recall the sounds of the mines at the edge of my
hearing.

I feel as though the mountain is calling out to me and I cannot answer fast enough.
Isn’t it nice?

#adventureblogging #me #scribiedwarf

8:45PM I have decided to turn in for the night. Today has been an interesting day, after all, and tomorrow we are expected to rise early for travelling once more. I have Ori’s sketch tucked away inside my pack now; it is a very uncanny likeness of me and I shall cherish for the years to come.

#adventureblogging
May 3rd, 2015

**Bilbo**

**7AM** Despite the fact that I took the effort to go to bed early last night, this morning was no less painful. Someone needs to petition His Majesty for a later start time.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

**7:45 am**

We rose at the usual early hour and made the ponies ready to travel. It was only one day of rest, but yesterday seemed to remind the company that waking after the sun has risen is an option. The quest has been underway for a week now, yet leaving Bree feels like the true beginning; it was where the quest was decided on. The rain from the previous days has made the roads muddy and sodden. It is looking to be a long day of travel.

#the quest #bree

**8:15 am**

I have told myself to put it from my mind, but the words of my nanaddan have stayed to pester me throughout the night. My memories of my intoxicated night are scattered, but I believe that I was in control of myself and would not have done anything against Mr Baggins’ wishes. However, I cannot recall the entire night, especially the later portion. And my nanaddan seemed quite insistent…

#the quest #my sister children

**7:15AM** I think I might actually miss Bree once we’re out of it. It smells like fish and horse and other unmentionables, but it also has a sweets shop, and I don’t think those will appear too often out in the Wild.

#adventureblogging

**8:30AM** We’ve left the town now, and are heading in the direction of the Chetwood. We’ll be passing other small towns like Archet and Staddle, but we don’t intend to visit any of them.

#adventureblogging

**8:45 am**

I have asked Balin about his own memories of the night, as he did not have more than three pints. He, unfortunately, had spent it taking Dwalin up to their room and being sure that he was taken care of while unconscious. I believe Balin to keep this matter in secrecy and while asking the other members of the company is a possibility, I fear their ideas about Mr Baggins and I will spiral into further ridiculousness if they were made aware.

#the quest #balin #dwalin

**9 am**

If I had done something, however, it would be rude to not apologize for such a thing. If my nanaddan...
are not lying, then it is on my honor to apologize. However, if they are lying… three can play at that game.

#the quest #my sister children

9AM

A house we passed on the way out of Bree.

#adventureblogging #bree

9:15 AM I’m rather sad I didn’t make the acquaintance of more Hobbits than Nob. Maybe on my return trip I will talk to some more. They seem to be decent folk, though their culture is different from that of the Shire’s. Of course it would have to be, as they consort with the Big Folk and all those travelling strangers on a regular business. I wonder if Bree-Hobbits go on adventures?

#adventureblogging

9:39AM

Q: Wow! I think Ori did a fantastic job capturing your likeness! He's obviously very skilled at drawing. Do you have any particular talents that you excel at?

A: Well, I do have some skill at conkers and slingshots; my aim is pretty good for things like getting apples off tree branches and scaring squirrels. But I don’t think that amounts to much in a battle. I suppose I could convince someone in the company to teach me archery, but I’d probably still be rubbish at it when push comes to shove.

I’m also quite good at cooking! I have several of my favourite recipes from Mum memorised, and maybe someday I’ll have the opportunity to show the Company that I’m not completely useless by cooking for them.

And I suppose I’m decent at writing and drawing, too, but my script and my sketches are nowhere as intricate and fine as Ori’s.

#asl scribedwarf anonymous

10AM His Majesty has dropped to the back of the line to apologise for kissing me last night. And he thinks the rest of the Company won’t notice? They’re all making these small gestures to each other. I’m afraid the Bagginshield Conspiracy is alive and well.
10:01 AM Oh wait. Drat. I think I let slip to Ori that that was I termed the entire damn wager.

10:03 AM Have had to reassure His Majesty that we did not kiss in Bree. He is somehow capable of being mollified and angered in the same expression. It’s impressive, actually.

10:30 am

I fell to the rear of the company, to where Mr Baggins was. I felt the eyes of the company on me, though a glare set their gazes away. I could tell they were listening intently, however, each of them as nosy as the next! Mr Baggins seemed confused as to my intent and I quickly attempted to get to the point.

“Mr Baggins,” I tried but my voice failed me! My throat was hoarse, no doubt caused by yesterday’s hangover and dehydration. I tried to clear my throat but I could feel that my voice was not with me. Once more, I tried, speaking in a whisper. “Mr Baggins, I wish to apologize for any action that I may have done in my drunken state to offend you.”

The Hobbit stared at me oddly. I continued, “My nanaddan have informed me that while intoxicated, I may have kissed you. While I have no memory of it, I, again, apologize if it is true.”

Mr Baggins assured me that his mind was still clear at that point in the night and that no such thing occurred.

I immediately looked to where my nanaddan last were, to see them watching with wide eyes. At my glare, they turned their heads, though their shoulders shook with laughter. “Of course,” I said hoarsely to Mr Baggins. “Very well. I am pleased, then, that no such action was forced upon you. Excuse me, Mr Baggins.”

I quickly returned to the front of the company (though the telltale rattle of coins sounded behind me). My nanaddan used Dwalin as a shield against my glare and he seemed too amused to stop them. No matter. There is always tomorrow.

11:04AM I should try not to eat all of my sweets before the day is up. Surely I will regret it if I do.

11:10AM But I do not want the Haradrim sweet-bars to melt all over my things, either…

11:15AM A Haradrim sweet-bar for elevensies it is, then. And another one after lunch.

11:45AM Dwarves are such gossips. And I thought the Hobbits were bad. Ori’s blabbed to Fili and Kili about the Bagginshield Conspiracy. They’re shamelessly using the term now. I don’t even like the name-smush.

11:47AM Of course, the alternative is ‘Oakenshaggins’, which somehow sounds even worse. I have dug my hole, and I must lie in it.
**12:23PM** Lunch is bread and cheese. Bombur promises something spectacular for supper. I will hold him to it.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

**12:30 pm**

In the effort to make up lost time from resting yesterday, it was decided that we would stop for lunch but not set up the usual camp; a simple meal will suffice until supper. There are those who may seek the mountain for their own, and speed is important in this quest.

#thequest

**1:40PM** I have, apparently, fallen to the all-time low of talking to my pony. The stablehand in Bree, Bob, says that she’s, well, a she. I must think up a name for her.

#adventureblogging

**2:20PM** No, those periwinkles are not for eating!

#adventureblogging #myrtle

**2:25PM** I have steered my pony away from the periwinkles by bribing her with an apple. If she manages to go an entire day without getting distracted by the flowers at the side of the road, I will feed her one of my apples.

#adventureblogging #myrtle

**2:40PM** Bofur thinks it’s funny that I’m talking to my pony. I told him I preferred to talk to Myrtle because Dwarves talk back to me. He almost fell off his own pony in laughter.

#adventureblogging #myrtle #hatdwarf

**2:45PM** Bofur signalled something to Glóin and somehow got a sack of money. Apparently His Majesty didn’t ban the gestures pertaining to wagers and gambling in the Dwarvish sign language, and now they’re capitalising on that loophole. I think His Majesty will need an entire army of advisors once he is King Under the Mountain, or else none of his laws will ever be watertight enough to be followed.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #locketdwarf #thatasshole #thebagginsheildconspiracy

**2:50PM** I asked Ori why Bofur thought me naming my pony Myrtle was funny. After all I did it because she kept on trying to eat the periwinkles on the side of the road, which are sometimes called running myrtles in the Shire. Ori sniggered and told me that Dwarvish bridegrooms are usually wreathed in myrtle prior to going to their wedding chambers.

Well. I don’t see how my pony has anything to do with that.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #hatdwarf #myrtle the #bagginsheildconspiracy

**2:50 pm**

While looking back to check on the company, I noticed Bofur and Glóin speaking in Iglishmêk to one another about the Hobbit. He had apparently named his pony ‘Myrtle’ and were discussing how this affected their wagers. I debated reintroducing the ban on talk of wagers and being sure to include
that it is also banned in Iglishmêk and Khuzdul and any other language they may try to use, but my voice is still hoarse. It does not look well if a leader cannot command his voice to do more than a whisper.

Also, I am not entirely sure what Mr Baggins’ pony’s name has to do with their wagers.

#the quest #bofur #gloin #bungling burglar

**3:00PM** We’re quite deep in the Chetwood now. His Majesty is firmly glaring at all of the trees around us, as if expecting them to run around and get us abysmally lost. I feel like with each passing minute my conviction that Thorin Oakenshield has the worst sense of direction in all of Middle-earth grows stronger. Just continue to follow the path, Your Majesty, it is honestly not that hard.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

**3:26PM**

*Original Post*

exileddurin replied: Out in the wilds, the path is also liable to lead you astray. Not all maps are reliable.

Yes, but *Bindbale*. The Shire’s roads are respectable. And we’re still in somewhat respectable lands, aren’t we?

No, I refuse to let you live it down.

#replies #exileddurin #that asshole

**4:30PM** Balin is once again wondering if it’ll rain. Didn’t it *just* rain, though? Why does it rain so much in the Bree-lands, anyway?

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

**4:50PM** Bombur is asking that we make camp soon, so that he can get to working on supper. His Majesty has sent out Nori and Dwalin. Dori is looking scandalised, for some reason. I asked him why, and he told me “they’ll be back in an hour with no campsite selected”. Huh. I’m guessing there’s no giant conspiracy around *them* being a couple, is there?

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf #winedwarf

**5 pm**

Camp for supper has been requested and because my voice is lost for a time, I quietly asked Balin to call for Dwalin and Nori to look for a campsite. Dwalin, for standing by while my nanaddan played their prank on me, and Nori, simply for the look on Dwalin’s face. The thief seemed fine with this arrangement and sent out a taunt in Khuzdul to Dwalin as he went past.

We shall either find them in time with knives at each other’s throats or off in the trees.

#the quest #balin #dwalin #nori

**5:20PM** Dwalin and Nori have returned, but contrary to Dori’s fears they have, in fact, found us a place for camp.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf #winedwarf
I have been proven wrong. Nori and Dwalin succeeded in finding up a suitable campsite that is well covered in case of rain, and neither of them has been maimed in any way.

#the quest #nori #dwalin

5:30PM Dwarves are very fond of their meat, it seems, as we have left Bree with several barrels of salted and smoked pork, beef, and fish. However, Bombur has also brought a packet of uncured veal, and he is intending to make veal bukkenade tonight!

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

5:40PM Just helped Bombur chop and boil the meat. There’s a small stream nearby; a lot of these streams will eventually end up at the marshes that lie ahead of us. I’ve considered washing my other outfit as well, but I’m sure there will be other streams later on in which I can do that.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

5:45PM As we worked, Bombur told me about his family. He’s married to a tanner back in the Ered Luin, and they have five children with one more on the way. I told him that if he ever needed help entertaining and feeding his brood, I would be more than happy to assist him, as I have had plenty of experience with Mistress Bracegirdle’s children.

He laughed and said he hopes he’ll be able to introduce us someday. His eldest, he says, is fifty-eight and already has the loveliest voice he’s ever heard. The statement took me by surprise for a moment, as she’s seven years my senior — how old does that make the rest of the company in comparison to me? — but then I reckoned that Dwarves must live longer than Hobbits, if fifty-eight is still childhood for them.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

6:10PM The veal bukkenade is done, and it smells amazing. Bombur thanked me for my help, though I mostly just stirred the pot and added the herbs when he said I should. He's using a different recipe from the one I’m accustomed to, but that’s understandable. I guess the Dwarves have their own version of bukkenade from the Hobbits. This one has more exotic fruits and nuts, so I guess Bombur also took advantage of Bree’s shops yesterday!

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

7:30PM And once more, another satisfying supper, made all the more delightful by the addition of one of the honey stick-candies. I will be very disappointed when I run out, I suspect, so I shall have to take great care to make my current stock of sweets last as long as possible.

#adventureblogging

7:32PM Which is, of course, much easier said than done.

#adventureblogging

7:45PM His Majesty apparently still has a sore throat from his drinking contest in Bree, and yesterday and today have done nothing to help soothe him of it. I had thought it was odd that his voice sounded a bit hoarse these past few days, but I didn’t think to comment on it now until he’d brought it up himself.

I gave him one of my honey candies, as he clearly needs one more than I. They’re a good remedy for sore throats. Gandalf’s lemon lozenges would have worked, too, but the old Wizard is determined to have the entire bag to himself. How unfair.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard
**7:50PM** Bofur thinks His Majesty looks ridiculous with the stick of the honey candy poking out of his mouth. Apparently he’s also gained ten coin from what has just transpired.

I don’t know how this conspiracy works anymore. It just looks like some people gain and others lose from whatever His Majesty and I do every day.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #the bagginshield conspiracy

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**8:05 pm**

After eating supper and helping to clean the mess left behind, I went to speak to Glóin to see if he would ask Óin a question for me, as if my voice was much too soft for Óin to hear. I needed to know if Óin had any remedies to help bring my voice back.

However, Mr Baggins, nearby and overhearing, offered me one of the sweets that he had purchased in Bree. It was a dark yellow ball on a stick. He informed me that it was a honey candy and would do well to soothe my sore throat.

I accepted the sweet and placed it in my mouth. It took time for my tongue to moisten it but soon, I could feel the relief in my throat. I thanked Mr Baggins, as well as I could, and returned to where I had been seated.

As I sucked on the candy, the scratch of pain I had felt before had eased and with a few tries of clearing my throat, my voice had returned! Not as fully as before, yet, but much better than the whisper it had been stuck at for most of the day.

Also, I do not want to know why that exchange caused coins to change hands. I really do not.

#the quest #bungling burglar #oin #gloin

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**8:40PM** Smoke ring total: 4 perfect rings. I am also talking to Myrtle again, telling her how much I miss Bag End and my flowers and my little cousins trampling around in the mud as they undoubtedly would be doing these days. It’s too late for me to turn back, so I imagine this won’t be the only time I tell Myrtle how much I miss my home.

It’s too late for me to turn back, and yet I also don’t want to. I signed the contract. I’ve travelled this far. I’m even starting to reevaluate my opinions of these Dwarves. No, it’s too late in every sense of the term, and I’m fine with that.

#adventureblogging #myrtle

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**9:10PM** The fire has died down to a smoulder. Bifur has first watch, and will be replaced by Kíli. I could stay up to talk to them, but I suspect I will regret it in the morning, so I shall go to sleep now.

Good night!

#adventureblogging #axedwarf #thing 2

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**10 pm**

The fire has long since died down and the snores of the company have surrounded me.

I can still taste honey on my tongue.

#the quest

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Chapter End Notes
Small note: Because quiterespectablyyours was made as a side blog by Lily, Bilbo was unable to send Asks because side blogs cannot send Asks (if he had tried to send one, it would have just shown Lily's main blog name). But, the handful of times that we needed Bilbo to send an Ask to Thorin, we simply sent it under the Anonymous option. This is why Thorin asks if it is Bilbo talking to him on April 27th at 2:32 pm. It is also why all of the asks from Bilbo to Thorin are also marked #anonymous; because they were technically sent from an Anonymous sender. It is stated by Thorin or Bilbo, however, each time that Bilbo sends something, to try to avoid confusion.

Exileddurin, on the other hand, was made as a separate blog and was thus able to send Asks or reply to posts when needed.

The next update will be up next Wednesday and will feature the posts from May 4th, 2015 - May 10th, 2015. Thanks!
Here’s the posts from May 4th to May 10th!

It has been pointed out that the formatting for this is much easier to read on mobile. Please feel free to let us know if you have any comments on readability or notice any mistakes.

Next week will be May 11th through May 17th!

May 4th, 2015

Thorin

3:30 am

Anonymous asked: I will admit, I do not know much of dwarf culture, but I was told that dwarfs only love romantically and marry once. Is this true? I know sometimes these myths can get out of hand. Many humans are under the impression that there are no dwarf women, which is absolutely ridiculous.

Of course it is ridiculous that there are no Dwarf-women; we are not hewn from the stone as so many outside our communities believe we are. However, there is a paucity of Darrowdams, so it is usually they who initiate the marriage process, and should their offer be denied, they will rarely, if ever, choose another spouse.

Yes, it is true that we marry only once in our lifetimes, and the one we marry is the one we love (and are married to) even beyond death. It is said that Mahal has preordained for each Dwarf their future spouse, or their One, though often even our most ardent beliefs are not played out so truthfully in reality. There are those of us who prefer to dedicate themselves to their craft, those of us who love someone unattainable, those of us who are unsure if we even have a One. The statements of which you speak are not false, but certainly not representative of all Dwarves’ approach to love and marriage, either.

#ask #anonymous

Bilbo

7AM Couldn’t sleep at all last night on account of a great big blasted owl hooting all night. I think when I did manage to sleep I had a dream I got snatched up by a giant owl, too. Currently not a happy camper.

#adventureblogging

8:30AM It seems that our intrepid leader has gotten his voice back. And of course, his first decree is to make sure all talk of wagers and bets are banned in all the tongues he can possibly think of. Which, admittedly, is just Khuzdul, that sign language thing, and the Common Tongue. I suspect
he’s hoping that none of the Dwarves will start studying the Elvish languages simply to get around the ban. No one can possibly be that desperate, right?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #the bagginshield conspiracy

8:40 am

I had an uneventful third watch for the night and was pleased to find in the morning that my voice had returned fully. The camp was quickly packed and we set out with the sunlight filtering through the trees. Balin led the group, as I have had the misfortune of losing my way through woods before. Able to speak clearly once again, I announced that the ban on talks of wagers was still in place and included not only the Common Tongue, but Khuzdul and Iglishmêk as well. There was some grumbling but Bofur spoke up after a moment.

“What happens if we do talk about it, hypothetically speaking?”

I admit that I had not thought about that but quickly came to a solution. “The one found speaking most of wagers or bets of any kind will have to keep middle watch for a month’s time.”

Low curses followed this. Middle watch was the worst one to be assigned. Even with this ban and the consequence of said ban, I feel as if they will continue nonetheless. Perhaps they will learn how to speak to one another with only their minds. I do not put it past them.

#the quest #bofur #balin #wagers ban

8:45AM Apparently, yes. *Apparently*, Ori knows the Elvish term. Why, I will never know. I don’t think Thorin is aware of it, though.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #that asshole #the bagginshield conspiracy

9:30AM There’s been some muttering about Rivendell and why we’re going there. I asked Gandalf what Rivendell was and why everyone seems a bit grumpy about it, and Gandalf, in his usual cryptic way, said that it’s the Last Homely House East of the Sea, and the dwelling of Elrond Halfelven and his kin.

“Yes, but why are the Dwarves muttering about it? We’re going to see the Elves; they can’t be all that bad, can they?” After all, I have encountered Elves myself in the Shire sometimes, when I go wandering in the woods in the twilight on certain special days. Some of them come from Lindon, from the Grey Harbours where those who set sail never return. Sometimes they and I would talk, and I would listen to them sing, and partake in their feasts and merriment. Elves are good, decent folk, and they do not smell half as bad as these Dwarves.

“There is no love lost between the Elves and the Dwarves,” said Gandalf. “They have held long and bitter feuds in the past, only ever uniting against a mutual hatred for Orcs. The last time the Elves and Dwarves enjoyed peace between their kinds was in Eregion, where the wealth and knowledge of the Ñoldor and the Dwarves of Khazad-dûm crafted great wonders and forged legendary friendships between Elf and Dwarf. But those days have gone into Shadow.”

“What ended the peace?” I asked, but Gandalf would not answer me. Typical Wizard.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

9:45AM I asked Bofur, since his family came from Khazad-dûm, why the peace between Elves and Dwarves ended. A shadow fell over his usually-cheery face. I’m suspecting the Balrog we discussed several days before was involved, but there could be even worse things, too. I’m just glad we’re not intending to make a stop anywhere near that place. No offense, Bofur.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

10:25AM Fili and Kili have gone up to their uncle and are talking to him. I suspect it concerns the
prank they pulled yesterday. His Majesty looks far too agreeable, though.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

10:30AM Ah, His Majesty has revenged himself on his sister-children by informing the rest of us of an Incident the two had perpetrated in their childhood years that involved their cousin Gibli’s rattle, a wheelbarrow, and three cats. By the end of the anecdote, Fili and Kili were looking suitably humbled, and other members of the Company who had known the two when they were even younger were vying to tell their own stories.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

10:45AM I believe the Company has collectively put Fili and Kili out of commission for pranking for a while; their faces are redder than the tomatoes in my garden and they’re muttering very darkly amongst themselves. I suspect a war of some sort is about to happen.

#adventureblogging #the company #thing 1 #thing 2

11 am

My nanaddan approached me, smiling with innocence on their faces.

“So, Indad,” Fili began. “You’re not upset about yesterday, right?”

“With the whole kiss thing?” Kili added.

“I am not upset,” I assured them. They seemed to relax and I let them sit with that for a time. However, I called out to the company, asking them if they had knowledge of a certain Incident regarding my nanaddan. When they said that they did not, I spoke at length of this Incident, emphasizing on how traumatized the cats had been afterwards.

Balin and Dwalin also added in their own retellings of misadventures my nanaddan found themselves in. Fili and Kili looked quite displeased with all of the story telling. I hope that it ends the pranks, for a while at least.

#the quest #my sister children #dwalin #balin

11:10AM We’ve passed the Forsaken Inn, which marks the borders of the Bree-lands. However, the Chetwood stretches on past this, and it’ll be a couple more days before we’re properly out and into the Midgewater Marshes. Not looking forward to that.

#adventureblogging

11:20 am

We have officially left behind the lands of Bree, though the woods, unfortunately, still stretch before us. However, there are marshes past the trees and I am not sure which I like less.

#the quest

12 pm

I informed Bombur that we would not stop for a long lunch today and instead keep it to a simple meal, as it was yesterday. He seemed disappointed but agreed. I promised the chef that once we had made our way through the woods and marshes, we would stop so that he could surprise us with a lovely lunch. That made him much happier.

#the quest #bombur
12:20PM We’ve had a bit of a short lunch again. I think I am starting to get used to not having as much food to eat as I would like. It’s not a feeling I like, but I also don’t want to be too much of a burden on the food supply. Dwarves eat a lot, too, if not as much as Hobbits.

#adventureblogging

1:30PM I’ve decided that the other ponies need names. We have sixteen, plus Gandalf’s horse, and all of them will have names that suit their riders by the time I’m through with them. Except the pack-ponies. Those can remain unnamed for now.

#adventureblogging

2 pm

My nanaddan seem to be whispering quite a long conversation between themselves. Their hands are moving quickly, as if arguing things out. I am tempted to separate them but I know whatever they are planning will still happen, despite that.

I asked Balin if he would be first watch tonight. He is amused by Fili and Kili’s antics but has never let that stop him from putting his foot down.

#the quest #my sister children #balin

2:45PM I have deliberated for some time on what names to name the ponies. I think Bofur’s shall be named Bongo. He seems amused by that, and asked me what kind of flower it was. I told him it was not a flower, but rather the name of a creature that lives far to the East, in the Last Desert with the Were-worms and the Oliphants. He asked me what those were. I told him they were mythical beasts that the old Hobbits-heroes of legend fought in bloody wars in the past.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

3:20PM Ori is interested in the old Hobbit legends. I don’t think I have the heart to inform that face that most the details I’d just told Bofur were completely spun out of thin air. I suppose I shall have to tell him about Oliphants now.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #scribedwarf

4:24PM Fili and Kili have joined in on the questions about Hobbit legends just as I was finishing the story of the littlest Oliphant. They say that their tutors in the Ered Luin have told them that Oliphant-like creatures called mûmakil live in the jungles of Far Harad. I like the name Oliphant better, though.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

5:30 pm

I have asked Bofur and Bifur to scout out for a campsite for us for the night. I had noticed Fili and Kili trying to include Bofur into their whisperings. I fear for what sorts of mischief those three can cook up together.

#the quest #bofur #bifur #my sister children

5:45PM I have named Ori’s pony Daisy and Nori’s Minty. Now these are flowers they recognise to some extent — apparently only four flowers have proper names in Khuzdul? — and they wanted to
know why I picked those. I said that daisy means innocence, and mint means virtue. That last one had Nori laughing so hard that he did fall off his pony.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #pointydwarf

6 pm

The company came to a halt when Nori fell from his pony, roaring with laughter. He attempted to explain the reason behind his merriment through his lingering laughter but all I managed to get out of it was something to do with mint and the Hobbit. I very much do not want to know.

#the quest #nori #bungling burglar

6:12PM We have settled down for the night. Fíli and Kíli came up to me and asked if I would put my bedroll next to His Majesty’s. I asked them why, and they immediately donned identical ‘innocent’ expressions. I suspect it has something to do with the conspiracy, so I shall move my bedroll as far from His Majesty as I can.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #the bagginshield conspiracy

7 pm

It would seem Nori’s earlier fall from his pony was due to Mr Baggins naming the ponies. Nori’s own, now dubbed ‘Minty’, means virtue in the Hobbit’s language of flowers. Mr Baggins seems to favor an… ironic sense of humor.

#the quest #nori #bungling burglar

7:20PM All throughout supper the Dwarves kept on asking me for various meanings of flowers. I think they’re trying to figure out what the banned words are in the language of flowers, so that they can pass around flowers instead of words.

#adventureblogging #the company #the bagginshield conspiracy

8:15PM Come to think of it, myrtle means love, and running myrtle means fond memories. If we’re going by flower meanings, I didn’t think this one through enough. Those dratted Dwarves are tossing gold at one another again. His Majesty has set Balin on first watch.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #the bagginshield conspiracy

8:25 pm

While Dwalin and I were smoking and discussing memories of times past, he paused at a call of his name. He turned and caught a small bag of coins. He did not look at me while counting out what sounded like ten coins.

“What is this for?” he asked in Khuzdul to Nori, who had thrown the bag to him.

“Flowers,” Nori answered simply.

Dwalin noticed the look on my face and shrugged, tucking the money away. “What? I didn’t say anything. Can’t set me on watch for that.”

He was right, but I still set him on third watch anyway.
9:20PM It’s as if the entire Company has decided to snore up a huge racket tonight. I cannot sleep; I am tossing and turning in my bedroll at the slightest provocation. Perhaps I will have a brief wander in the woods. Balin will understand, and my sense of direction is keener than most.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #the company

9:23PM Have slipped into the trees with my pipe, wrapped in Dwalin’s cloak and hood. Perhaps a smoke will help me sleep easier.
#adventureblogging

9:25PM Two perfect rings so far. It is so quiet out here with only the crickets and owls for company; I cannot even hear the Dwarves from here. The spring chill is just short of seeping into my skin, as the cloak keeps me warm enough. I am reminded of those nights of the Elvish New Year spent under trees and stars. Sometimes I would fall into dreams of warmth and dancing and wake to find myself on my own doorstep. If I fall asleep out here like this now, will I wake up in Bag End tomorrow morning?
#adventureblogging

9:30PM I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to rest my eyes a bit out here. Only three perfect rings. What a shame.
#adventureblogging

9:45 pm
I was awoken from my light slumber by nature’s call. I got up and checked in with Balin, who had nothing to report since his watch had started. My nanaddan seem to be asleep and Balin said that he had an eye on them.

I went to the trees and was stopped by a slight noise. I glanced around to find the source. I saw a figure against the base of a nearby tree, wrapped in what looked to be Dwalin’s cloak. I wondered what Dwalin would be doing out here.

However, as I got closer, I remembered that Dwalin had allowed Mr Baggins to borrow his spare cloak when we had been stuck in the rain outside of Bree. I wondered why I had not done so; a leader should look out for their people.

I found that it was indeed the Hobbit, asleep. Apparently Balin had not seen him leave the campsite. The cloak was much too big for him, but it made a decent blanket, most likely keeping the most of the chill out. However, I could not simply leave him there; it would hinder our quest if our burglar was to fall sick.

I debated waking Mr Baggins, but he frequently complains of how tired this quest has made him already. I could hear a slight whistle in the Hobbit’s snore. Gently, I reached down and picked Mr Baggins up. He was surprisingly light and thankfully continued to sleep. I carefully brought him back to the campsite (eyeing the other sleeping members of the company, lest they see) and laid him down on his bedroll. I doubt I would be able to get him into it without waking him. But I made sure that the cloak fully covered him. Once Mr Baggins was seen to (ignoring Balin’s smirk), I headed back into the woods to take care of my original intent.

#the quest #bungling burglar #balin
May 5th, 2015

Bilbo

6:30AM I had the most interesting dream last night. I dreamt that a bear had taken me to his house, and we had tea and honey-cakes, and he let me sleep on a bed of warm hay that didn’t scratch me at all. And then I woke up to find myself on my bedroll in the Company’s camp. I don’t remember getting there.

#adventureblogging

7AM The Dwarves are grinning knowingly at me.

#adventureblogging #the company

Thorin

7:15 am

The sun had barely begun to rise and yet someone has already seen fit to inform the entire company of my actions last night. Balin does not look ashamed at all. I can feel the wagers being discussed.

#the quest #balin

7:25AM Am awake enough to enquire why everyone is grinning knowingly at me. Bofur merely chuckled and said something about His Majesty. What on earth has he done now?!

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole

7:30AM Apparently he’d carried me from the woods back to my bedroll. Balin had seen it all. I didn’t know Balin was also in on the conspiracy.

#adventureblogging #the bagginshield conspiracy #brainsdwarf #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8AM Fili and Kili have managed to rope Bofur into their dark mutterings. I have a bad feeling about this.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #hatdwarf

9:15AM So I went up to His Majesty and thanked him for bringing me back to my bedroll last night. He fumbled with his words for a bit before settling for a terse “don’t mention it”, which, given the pointed stares from the rest of the Company, had more than one meaning. So I fell back beside Gandalf again and tried to ignore the scribbling noises behind me. I think the Company has turned to passing notes for the conspiracy.

#adventureblogging #the bagginshield conspiracy #that asshole

9:30 am
Mr Baggins came forward and thanked me, quite politely, for bringing him to his bedroll. I cleared my throat, having found it clogged, and told him not to mention it. I hoped that the company, who were eavesdropping, understood to *not mention it*. Mr Baggins quickly retreated back to the rear of the group.

#the quest #bungling burglar #wagers ban

10AM

*Anonymous asked*: **What's your problem with Lobelia anyway? Surely you must have a reason for disliking her.**

She’s after my house. I wouldn’t be surprised if she’s already descended upon it, to be honest. And whenever she visits, she steals my spoons. *My mother’s antique spoons!* No, actually, my real problem is with her constant scrutiny of my respectability. She is always determined to find me doing things out of the ordinary in order to justify her calling me queer, disreputable, a danger to the youth of the Shire, all sorts of – well. She’s not wrong, is she? I am all of those things now, if I wasn’t before.

I am sure she has her good parts. I have no real interest in seeing them, as she refuses to see mine.

#ask #anonymous #spoon thief

10:30AM His Majesty has banned written methods of wagering as well. They’re going to start blinking in code next, I can tell. If they have gotten around His Majesty’s other bans, that must mean this conspiracy means a lot to them. Or they simply have too much time on their hands and too much money at stake.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #the bagginshield conspiracy

10:45 am

I noticed a notebook being passed around the company and asked it to be passed forward (because I had an idea of what it was). The panicked look I received at the request confirmed my suspicions. The notebook was passed forward and I found notes of wagers across several pages. Each page was titled with the underlined word “Bagginshield.”

I raised the notebook so that the entire company could see. “Who does this belong to?”

A hand was sheepishly raised: Glóin. “It’s mine.” He smiled, “You didn’t say anything about written, erm, discussions.”

I considered that as the notebook was passed back to Glóin. “True, I did not ban written wager discussions. And I thank you for your honesty, Glóin! However, you are still on middle watch.”

The company gave their condolences to Glóin, who simply shrugged, accepting it. I was also sure to state that written discussions of wagers, bets, or anything similar were banned as well.

#bagginshield #really? is that the name they have come up with for this farce #gloin #the quest #wagers ban #this is getting out of hand

12PM Bombur tells me that he hopes to have a nice large, long dinner on the rest day after we get out of the marshes. I didn’t know we actually took rest days, since the one we had in Bree was mostly accidental, and I told him so. Bombur laughed and said that of course we had to have rest days; not everyone can get up at six, be on the road at seven, travel for twelve hours on ponies, and do so for weeks on end without completely losing their senses. As I do see the reason in taking some time off constantly traveling, I had to agree with him.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf
Gandalf joined me near the front of the company and once again began to talk of Rivendell and that
we should head to it, lest this quest fail. “I took your advice and let Mr Baggins in on the quest,” I reminded him, “and now the company will
not stop their wild fantasies about our… relations together!” “Be that as it may, you also find yourself with a burglar,” he responded. “Believe me, you will be
well pleased that Mr Baggins has joined us on this journey. As you shall also be if we head to
Rivendell!”

“This quest is ours, and ours alone! I do not need or want help from *Elves*.” “You let your past judgments cloud your future! You cannot do everything yourself. The ability to
read your grandfather’s map lies beyond your power, beyond mine, and for those things, we need to seek help. Lord Elrond may possess the tools we need to read it properly. You refusing to seek his help will do nothing but hinder you.”

With that said, Gandalf returned to the rear of the company, puffing on his pipe. I still protest the idea of Rivendell and asking *Elves* for their help, but I can see only foolishness in ignoring the warnings of a wizard.

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**Anonymous asked:** I read that as "I debated wanking Mr Baggins." I daresay your nephews have influenced me (totally blaming them, not my own filthy mind).

My sister-children (as Kíli prefers to be referred to as ‘they’) should not be encouraged to continue their insinuations that Mr Baggins and I are a couple.

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**Anonymous asked:** I noticed you reblog a lot of gems. Are there any type of gem cuts that you prefer over others? Or all gems equal in your eyes?

It is difficult to prefer a single type of cut over another, as not all stones are created for the same cuts.

I am no gemcutter; it is not my craft, but even I am aware that some stones make better cabochons, and others make better facets.

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1:40PM Fíli, Kíli, and Bofur are grinning at me from where they’re riding together and whispering like a pack of thieves. I have a really bad feeling about this.

2:20PM Have decided to name Bombur’s pony Peony for bashfulness, as he isn’t as loud as the rest of the Company and generally, when the subject isn’t about what culinary genius idea he’s got next, quite shy. He seems to like that.

2:40PM Fíli’s pony is named Foxglove for youthful folly. He seems slightly less pleased with that. I think he was hoping for something a little braver.

2:50PM Not sure if I should call His Majesty’s pony Amaryllis for pride, or Honeycomb for that one
I really liked in my youth about the wanderer with the emerald sword who fought the dragonflies and the Dumbledors.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

2:52PM I like Honeycomb better.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

I have been informed that, thanks to our burglar, my pony now has a name. It is, apparently, now called Honeycomb. It is not the name I would have picked, not that I would have named my pony in the first place, but it will do. I have found that I do quite like honey.

#the quest #bungling burglar

3:20PM And Kíli’s pony shall be called Hyacinth, for playfulness. They and Fíli thought it was hilarious that I named their uncle’s majestic steed ‘Honeycomb’, but to be truthful Amaryllis isn’t much better.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

3:50PM Am feeling peckish, but it’ll definitely be a while before I agree to eating waybread again. I think I shall raid the vegetable stocks, as I notice few of the Dwarves seem to like green, leafy foods. Bombur and I might be the only ones who’ll eat the salads, once all the meat gets gobbled up!

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #the company

4PM The singing has started up again. The Dwarves have a song about all the crafts they could possibly devote themselves to, and while this performance of it lacked the alcohol that such drunkenly jovial tunes should be sung with, the spirit was still there, so to speak:

Send drinks for the ones who are toilin’ in the mines
Their backs a-bent up in the rocks
For they bring ye jewels, gold, and mithril too
And your halls are burnished with their stock

Sing hey! Three cheers for the miner folk
Our craft’s a noble thing!

Send drinks for the ones who are smithin’ in the forge
Their hammers singing in the night
For they make ye swords, knives, and hammers too
So you’re well-protected in a fight

Sing hey! Three cheers for the blacksmith folk
Our craft’s a noble thing!

And on and on they went, through all the crafts that a Dwarf could possibly devote themselves to, until everyone in the Company who had a craft at all had a lyric or two to sing. Which, I suppose, is awfully kind of them.

#adventureblogging #the company
The company began singing, their voices echoing around the trees. It was the Crafting Song, and I found myself joining in by the second part, singing of cheers for the blacksmith folk and continuing onto other parts. We sang through each skill that the company possesses, ending with a loud cheer. There were wide smiles on each face and it was good to see the company in such high spirits.

#the quest #the company

4:35PM They asked me to sing a Hobbit song. And given the cheery tone of their song, I had to go with a similar one in tone:

Ho! Ho! Ho! to the bottle I go  
To heal my heart and drown my woe.  
Rain may fall and wind may blow,  
And many miles be still to go,  
But under a tall tree I will lie,  
And let the clouds go sailing by.

They liked that, I think. There was a lot of clapping, at least, and Bofur said I had a good voice. I think even His Majesty smiled a little.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

4:45 pm

Mr Baggins has treated us to a song of his own. His voice was clear and bright and I felt myself smile at the cheerfulness of the tune. A round of applause from the company sprang up once he was done and he seemed to turn a bit red under the attention.

#bungling burglar #the quest #his voice is not as low as a dwarf's though #but it is a good voice #and it sings well

5:15 pm

I asked Óin and Dori to scout for a campsite for the night. Dori seemed torn, wanting to stay to be sure that company did not lead Ori astray somehow while he was gone. I suspect that a campsite will be found quite quickly.

Fíli and Kíli went off to see if there was anything to hunt, as we will soon be in the marshlands and this was one of the last opportunities to do so.

#the quest #oin #dori #my sister children

5:20PM Óin and Dori have been sent off to scout for a camp for the night. Bifur and Bofur have come up to me; apparently Bifur wants to tell me something. The problem is, Bifur speaks so rapidly in his mixture of Khuzdul and sign language that even Bofur has some trouble deciphering all of it for me. I think at some point His Majesty was brought up? And something about making a move. Really, a great deal of it was lost in translation.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #winedwarf #axedwarf #hatdwarf #that asshole

5:40PM Óin and Dori have led us to our campsite for the night. This might be the last solidly dry one. Our road takes us around the Midgewater Marshes, but that doesn’t mean we’re protected from all the midges and other bugs that live in such an area.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #winedwarf
5:42PM Good news! Kíli has managed to shoot down a young buck, so we won’t have to dip into our provisions again for supper. Bombur is anticipating heavy usage of our provisions during the time we spend in the Marshes, as food will probably be scarce there — unless you like the taste of frogs and salamander!

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #bigdwarf

6 pm

As predicted, Dori and Óin returned within minutes to lead us to the site they had found. My nanaddan have returned with a lovely young buck, looking very proud of themselves. I voiced my own pride at the catch, seeing that Kíli had made a fine kill shot. I congratulated them on their skill and Bombur seemed quite happy with the meat for supper.

#the quest #dori #oin #my sister children #bombur

6:40PM A nice roast venison for dinner. Bombur really is quite excellent at these things. I shall have to put in special effort for my meals, whenever I get around to making them. I know we’ve still got some sausages left (the Dwarves are very good at making sure those don’t go bad by eating them) and eggs, too, so I’m sure a decent Hobbit breakfast could be in the works sometime between now and Rivendell.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

7:32PM Smoke ring total: 6 perfect rings. Gandalf has been turning them different colours, though, and then getting them to join with his own rings into a giant multicoloured cloud. He thinks it’s hilarious.

His Majesty is also smoking some interesting rings that will go wherever he’s commanding them to go. They might be the only things in Middle-earth that obey him right now, as Fíli and Kíli are currently in cahoots with Bofur over some dreadful plan of theirs. I feel like I should warn His Majesty, except I don’t know exactly what I would be warning for.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #hatdwarf

7:45 pm

After supper, a few reached for their pipes for a smoke. Gandalf, his pipe never too far away from him, blew multicolored rings, moving them this way and that and gathering them into a cloud. He seemed most amused with himself.

I blew my own smoke rings and enjoyed sending them about as Gandalf had done his, though I do not have the magic to change the colors. It was a lovely way to finish a fine day though I am still keeping an eye on my nanaddan.

Bofur requested the first watch and I said that that was fine; it is not often that a certain watch is asked for, but if Bofur wishes for it, I can see no problem in it.

#the quest #the wizard #my sister children #bofur

8:15 pm

My nanaddan have placed their bedrolls on either side of me. I asked them if they were planning to play any mischief on me. They demanded to know what I was talking about; what mischief could they possibly have in mind? The innocence they painted on their faces makes me doubt that.

#the quest #my sister children
8:28PM I have placed my bedroll on the other side of the fire from His Majesty’s, mostly because Fili and Kili have their bedrolls next to their uncle’s and I want no part of whatever mischief they’ve got up their sleeves. I think Bofur has first watch tonight.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #hatdwarf

9:05PM

chessaschessboard asked: What exactly are Dumbledors?
Ferocious giant insects from Hobbit legends! They, along with the Hummerhorns and the Honeybees, are the guardians of the Golden Honeycomb of Paradise. It’s all in this poem that my mother used to read to me as my favourite bedtime story. She always called me her little Errant Knight.

#ask #chessaschessboard

9:15 pm

Bofur is making quite a lot of moaning and groaning noises. The rest of the company is asleep, their snores nearly drowning Bofur out, but I can faintly hear him. Is that why he wanted first watch? For the privacy of… relations with someone?

#the quest #bofur

9:20 pm

Bofur just said Mr Baggins’ name in quite a breathy manner! Are he and the Hobbit having… relations? They seem to talk quite often, making each other laugh, and I have heard them telling each other of the customs of our different races. But I did not know that they were so close… He’s done it again! Quite clearly, he has called out Mr Baggin’s name! I do not look to confirm what I believe to be happening, for I would not wish to disturb their privacy.

#the quest #bofur #bungling burglar #this is most discomfiting

9:25 pm

I have tried to turn silently within my bedroll in a way that blocks out Bofur’s noises. I cannot hear Mr Baggins, if they indeed are having relations. Perhaps he is the quiet type or, unlike Bofur, he is purposefully keeping himself quiet so as to not disturb the company. Or… perhaps his mouth is otherwise occupied… CONFOUND IT! I do not need nor want these thoughts in my head! I simply wish to sleep, for we have another long day before us in the morning. I shall just block out the sounds as best as I can, turn away lewd thoughts from my mind, and just sleep.

#the quest #bofur #bungling burglar #i really do not need this

9:30PM There’s quite a lot of ruckus from the other side of the fire. I think there’s… there’s moaning? Is someone in pain?

#adventureblogging #?????

9:35PM I’d sat up to figure out who’s making the noises, but Bofur winked at me from his guard position, so I lay back down on my bedroll. Hopefully it’s just my ears playing tricks on me.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #?????
I cannot sleep. Despite my efforts, I continued to hear Bofur for a time until he finally went quiet. The silence afterwards was nearly as maddening as the noise, for I found that it had gotten stuck within my head. I quietly hummed different songs to myself to get it out of my mind but it refuses to leave.

#the quest #bofur

10:30 pm

I have had one pleasant thought, however. This will surely put a stop to those ridiculous wagers within the company. I do not understand their obsession with it. Besides, Mr Baggins does not even seem to like my presence and he seems much less willing to court me, despite what was within Glóin’s notebook.

And, as I wrote earlier, Mr Baggins and Bofur seem to get along quite well. Why can they not all obsess over them? Why are they adamant about dragging the Hobbit and I together?

#bungling burglar #bofur #the quest #i truly do not understand #why they insist on this needless matchmaking #it will not come to fruition

11 pm

Curse my thoughts and how they keep me from sleep. I began to wonder on what if Bofur requests more first watches? I will have to see about putting my bedroll down far from Bofur or Mr Baggins, for it is not my desire to eavesdrop on whatever relations they are having.

Or I may simply deny Bofur his requests. Give him the third watch instead. I usually sleep my deepest during the third watch, so if such noises were to arise again, I shall simply sleep through them.

#the quest #why am i still awake #the noises have stopped but my thoughts are too loud

11:30 pm

I just heard Bofur wake Glóin for the second watch. It seems that I will be the one making complaints of the early hour come morning.

#the quest #bofur #gloin #i wonder if this is meant to be a taste of my own medicine #though i do not recall ever keeping anyone up with noises so lewd

May 6th, 2015

Thorin

1:30 am

Anonymous asked: You seem to be dwelling over this. Do you perhaps fancy Bofur? *wink*

I fancy nothing more than to be able to sleep without accidentally overhearing other people’s private affairs.

#ask #anonymous #bofur #why am i still awake

Bilbo
6:10AM Can it be? Can it really be that I am awake at six in the morning without feeling liable to go off like a tea-kettle at anyone who looks remotely like a morning person? It must be a miracle.
#adventureblogging

6:20AM Where’s Thorin?
#adventureblogging #that asshole

6:22AM Seriously, though, where is he? His bedroll isn’t where it should be, but Honeycomb and his pack are still here.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

6:25AM I’m actually kinda really concerned about this? I asked Bombur about it and he shrugged and gave me some bread and cheese for breakfast. Everyone else is awake. Maybe His Majesty is just utilising nature’s facilities. Though that doesn’t explain the missing bedroll.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole

6:27AM Wait. I think there’s something going on in the trees.
#adventureblogging

6:32AM It was His Majesty. He’d somehow wandered out of the woods with his bedroll and he looks… well. His expression is unreadable but I imagine he’s feeling pretty ticked. I looked over at the suspects from last night, and they’re acting as if nothing’s out of the ordinary. A very convincing act for most people, I guess, but not for me. I’m pretty sure they had a hand in all of this.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #hatdwarf

6:45 am

Despite exhaustion, I awoke at six only to find myself alone, surrounded by the trees. I quickly climbed to my feet, shaking myself out of my bedroll and looked around for the camp. There was no sign of the fire from last night, nor sign of the company or ponies. I realized that I had somehow been moved from the campsite during the night, instead of the company having departed before I woke. I rolled up my bedroll, already suspecting the culprits for my shocking awakening. I had no evidence that it was my nanaddan and thus could not accuse them, but I am fairly certain it was their mischievous selves.

Curse Bofur and Mr Baggins for plaguing my mind and keeping me awake! If I had slept as usual, I would most likely have felt myself being dragged into the woods. I strained my ears to try to find sounds of the company, as I could not afford to be lost within the woods now. There was no time for any of these ridiculous pranks! Did my nanaddan, did the company not understand the quest and what we are journeying to do? They act as if this is some game!

I finally located the sounds of the company, talking amongst themselves and packing the ponies. When I entered the campsite, only Balin commented that he had wondered where I had gone. My nanaddan barely noticed that I had been missing. I have kept my angry accusations to myself but they still linger in my chest.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #hatdwarf

9 am

Balin and Dwalin seem to recognize that I am upset about this morning and have thus kept their words to themselves. Where my mornings are usually filled with discussions or compatible quiet, now it is weighed down by concerned glances and awkward silence. I would rather have this, however. I am currently too angry to talk with anyone in a calm way.
9:30AM We’re well on the road now. I’m concerned about His Majesty. He is a kettle about to blow any minute, I suspect.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

10AM And he’s blown it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

10:20AM I… Well. I have no words, really.

~~

Thorin got set off by his sister-children being their usual inquisitive selves about how he slept last night, which I can only imagine only further paints their guilt in his mind. He then stopped us all to give us a very sound piece of his mind. No one was exempt from his anger, really — he talked about the wager, the prank that was pulled on him this morning — everything.

And he somehow managed to pin a great deal of it on me. Because apparently all the talk of wagers is distracting folks from the Quest at hand. Because we’re on a dangerous mission to reclaim a hoard from a dragon, not to play matchmaker.

But how is that my fault? I never asked for them to do that. I recognise that Thorin Oakenshield has his good parts, but that is leagues away from a marriage proposal, or whatever these Dwarves think is going to happen between us. Once again, why me?

I haven’t thought too hard about the misgivings in my heart about the Quest but Thorin’s tirade reawoke that within me, I think.

Why am I doing this? Why am I here? What good am I to these Dwarves? Thorin has thrown those questions at me all over again.

And I still don’t have the answers.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #the company

10:23AM Thorin is also functioning under the misconception that Bofur and I are a couple. Quite specifically, that we are ‘tumbling in the hay’ (a Shire saying, not his words) a bit too loudly for him. I would like to make it known that I have not ever tumbled with Bofur, nor do I intend to do so in the near future. He is a good friend, and that is all.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #hatdwarf

10:25 am

My nanaddan approached me eventually, looking quite calm and innocent. They inquired as to how I slept last night. I stopped my pony, feeling the anger that had built up since I awoke, perhaps since the start of this quest, finally burst.

“You two are behaving like children!” I yelled. Fíli and Kíli quickly looked ashamed, and also a bit startled. It is rare that I lose my temper with them, but all of this has gone too far. “Perhaps I should send you two back home!”

The rest of the company had stopped after I had and I turned to them then. “You all have been behaving like children! With these ridiculous wagers and these pranks! Do you believe this to be a game? Do you think dragging me into the woods in the middle of the night will help us succeed in this quest?”

Most of the company seemed quite chastised, heads lowered. If they had been standing, they would probably have been kicking their feet against the dirt.

“You all agreed to come, knowing full well the dangers of this quest. We are to reclaim a hoard from...
a dragon, yet you all seem quite happy playing matchmaker between Mr Baggins and I! He seems quite fine with Bofur, if their loud relations last night were anything to go by!

“But if none of you can take this quest seriously, then I suggest that you go back to what you call home! I mean to reclaim a homeland, but if you would rather do childish pranks and toss coins at each other on if the Hobbit will sneeze today, then I say begone!”

Shocked wide eyes greeted my shouting and I turned myself to face forward again. Honeycomb started moving again, though I could feel the stillness behind me. I wondered if any would follow after all that I said.

It took a few long moments, but I heard the company begin to move again, quiet as a pack of ghosts save for their ponies. I could not bring myself to look back again, to see if any had actually turned away.

#the quest #my sister children

10:30AM I have to eat my words: Bofur is just a friend. I cannot even say good at this point, because a friend is not a good friend if they drag your name through the mud as part of a prank on someone else, right?

I have confronted Bofur about what Thorin said during his rant about us being too loud. He got very sheepish and admitted that he was making the odd moaning noises last night as part of the prank this morning. And that at one point during the entire charade, he’d used my name.

I told him it was in bad taste, though I worded it a little more strongly than that.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

10:35 am

I can see Balin from the corner of my eye, concern dragging at the lines on his face. I released a silent sigh.

“None have left,” he told me softly. I looked to him, seeking honesty, and he nodded to my silent question. “Your company remains complete.”

#the quest #balin

10:45AM I have attempted to tell Thorin the truth, but he refuses to listen to me. If His Majesty will not listen to reason, then so be it. I am fed up with this mess, and the oncoming marshes are doing nothing to make me any more pleased about this dreadful adventure.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

10:51 am

Anonymous asked: Perhaps you should talk to Mr. Baggins about the mysterious way you were moved. He seems a polite and discreet individual, I’m sure he may be able to help you find out who played this prank so you can warn them of the importance of the quest, and he’d be far less likely to be amused by it and gossip about it amongst the others.

I have no interest in talking to someone who indirectly contributed to this prank by keeping me awake last night.

My anger is directed at more than just those individuals responsible for the prank, however. The entire company needed a reminder that we are not undertaking this Quest out of frivolity. The callous way in which the company has treated every interaction between me and Mr Baggins makes me
even less willing to approach him.

10:54AM
Anonymous asked: If I may offer some advice? It certainly seems like His Majesty is riled by something (I suppose the prank may be to blame as you supposed), but it's clearly unfair to blame you. Perhaps it might be a good idea for the two of you to talk such things and the quest itself over, away from the meddling of the others? Not entirely sure how one would go about having a private conversation whilst on the road, but maybe in the evening when the others are sleeping. I'm sure you'd both feel better for it.
I don't think you understand, whoever you are, but he is outright ignoring me. I've done what you suggested already and he simply would not listen.
Giver save me from the stubbornness of Dwarves; I know this damn conspiracy has gotten out of hand but that is no reason to treat me like I am a stone wall, as if I had a hand in any of that business!

11AM
Anonymous asked: If Thorin begins to act more amiably towards you, maybe you could share some more of those sweets with him. I'm sure they'd give him a better temperament (so long as you have some left and don't mind sharing them of course).
And cause the rest of the damn Company to talk for weeks on end about the significance of me offering him sweets? No thank you.

12:25 pm
We stopped for a short lunch. The company remained silent and tense, hardly looking at one another. Bombur gave more food than usual, perhaps as a way to raise the mood. It was appreciated but lunch ended with barely a word having been spoken.

12:30PM I have never had such a stilted, silent lunch, as short as it was. I suspect the silence will continue for a while.

1:20PM Not many of the Company are talking to Bofur. I imagine what ‘transpired’ last night has completely ruined their little conspiracy. Serves them right.

2:43PM Bofur has apologised to me. I told him that while I accept his apology for now, I am still not
quite done being angry with him. He seems to understand. He’s a decent fellow, really, who just got a bit caught up in something not so decent.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

2:45PM Fíli and Kíli have also tried to apologise for their actions. I told them that their uncle deserved their apologies more than I, as he was the one they carried into the woods. I’m sure they meant it as harmless revenge for His Majesty telling us about the Incident, but it didn’t quite come across that way in the end.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

3:15 pm

My nanaddan approached me, looking sheepish. They politely apologized for dragging me into the woods and for their insistence in continuing with the wagers. They seemed genuine and I released a sigh.

“Thank you. I am still upset, but I appreciate your apology.” They both grinned at me, until I continued. “However, you’re both on scout duty for a month.”

They both grumbled out their complaints but accepted the punishment. The tense silence eased a bit between us and they returned to riding near my side.

#the quest #my sister children

3:30PM Fíli and Kíli went up to apologise to their uncle. I don’t know how well he took it, but since he hasn’t stopped to yell at them again I guess he accepted their apology.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

4:30PM There aren’t as many trees in this part of the Chetwood as there were previously, and there’s also been an increase in muddy areas. Some of the ponies got stuck and had to be rescued. This is going to be such an enjoyable leg of our journey. Not.

#adventureblogging

5 pm

True to my word, I sent my nanaddan out to find a campsite for us for the night. The grounds have already begun to turn muddy. I instructed them to be sure that the site has dry and stable ground. They promised to do their best and rode away.

#the quest #my sister children

5:20PM His Majesty sent Fíli and Kíli out as scouts again. I hear that they’re going to be scouts for the rest of the month as punishment, since they complained about it that other time. Well, I don’t know if it’s wise to send them both out together where they can plot away from the rest of us, but His Majesty isn’t talking to me, so I don’t know how I’d go about getting that suggestion to him.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

6:15PM The pools of stagnant water are increasing. I hope we find a place that isn’t horrifically muddy for the night.

#adventureblogging #i don't like this #dwarves have boots i just have feet
6:20 PM Fíli and Kíli have returned, and the place they found is decently dry and stable, though it is also literally at the side of the road instead of a little ways in, so that says a lot about this part of the woods.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

6:25 pm

We have arrived at our campsite. It is just off the road, still in visible sight if anyone passes by. Balin doubts that anyone will be heading this way but I am still unsure. I announced that I was taking the first watch, Glóin on second again, and Nori on third.

A fire was quickly started and Bombur set out getting supper ready. I suspect another quiet meal is ahead.

#the quest #balin #gloin #nori #bombur

6:30 PM Bombur’s making eggs for supper to try and cheer us up. I know in my experience breakfast for supper can cheer practically anyone up, but I doubt it’s going to work on this gloomy Company. Most of them are mad at Bofur for supposedly tumbling me and messing up the conspiracy. I’m mad at Bofur for using my name in his part of Fíli and Kíli’s prank, and at His Majesty for pinning all the blame on me and refusing to listen to me (fine talk he had of us all acting juvenile). His Majesty is mad at me for distracting the entire Company, and at Fíli and Kíli for their prank. And I’m sure we’re all mad about the impending marshes.

The only person who’s not mad about anything is Gandalf, and he’s been puffing on his pipe all day, so who knows what state of mind he’s in.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #hatdwarf #the company #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #meddling wizard

6:48 PM Oh for Giver’s sake. I refuse to eat my supper in such gloomy company. I’m taking my plate somewhere else.

#adventureblogging #the company

6:50 PM Dratted mud getting all over my feet. I hate everything.

#adventureblogging

7 pm

Supper was a stiff affair, as suspected. Most in the company kept to their own, chatting quietly, if at all.

Gandalf sat at my side, smoking his pipe as usual. I watched as Mr Baggins slipped away with his meal.

“It would seem your Hobbit is regretting his decision to join us,” I informed Gandalf. The wizard puffed out a breath of smoke. “Well! After you accusing him of leading the company to distraction — !”

“He is a distraction!” I said, standing. “The company can talk of nothing else! Their minds should focusing on this quest, but instead they are talking of pony names! He complains of missing his home, yet I think he should never have left it.”

I was sure Gandalf had more to say, more warnings about how if Mr Baggins is not allowed to continue with us, our quest is doomed to fail. I had no stomach for any of it, though. I walked away from Gandalf and moved to the other side of the camp, preparing for the first watch.

The company, having been as silent as they were, had most likely heard all that I had said. They
remained quiet, however.
#the quest #bungling burglar #the wizard #the company

7:29PM I have decided to turn in early for tonight. Everyone is so silent and grumpy. Even Gandalf is just pensively smoking his pipe and ignoring His Majesty; looks like he’s gotten mad about something at last. I have a feeling he’s just argued with His Majesty again about my presence in the Company.
I’m sure I wouldn’t even be here in the first place if Gandalf hadn’t been pulling the strings. So why did he do it at all?
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole #the company

7:40PM I think the emotions of today have just gotten to me.
I want to go home.
#adventureblogging

8:30 pm
The fire died down to embers as the sun dipped behind the horizon. Bedrolls had been laid out soon after supper; none seemed to want to face the silence. Even the snores of the company, usually so loud and blending together, were quieted and clashed.
My own reprimanding words from earlier echoed in my head. I do not regret them and still believe what I said to be true. However, the difference in the company — between the high spirits from just yesterday and today’s low mood — is more distracting and worrisome than anything else so far. Perhaps it was because the snores of the company were quieter, but I became aware of a soft sound, as if someone was crying. I looked at each bedroll, seeing only chests slowly rising and falling.
Finally, however, I noticed the figure with his shoulders hitched up and shaking.
It was Mr Baggins, softly sobbing. He was small, curled into himself, barely any noise coming from him above the other sounds. He sounded heartbroken.
Most likely missing his home. I did not speak to the Hobbit, but instead listened for a time until he fell asleep. Gandalf was wrong. Mr Baggins should not have come on this quest.
#the quest #bungling burglar #the company

May 7th, 2015

Bilbo

6:12AM Another day of quiet gloominess ahead of me. I hate this. Why did I agree to this?
#adventureblogging #nice of us to get gloomy when the marshes set in

6:20AM Bofur asked me if I’d been crying in my sleep. I told him it wasn’t any of his business. That came out a little more harshly than I’d have liked, since most of my anger at him has dissipated overnight. I’m still a bit angry, though, to be fair. I think I’m allowed at least one more day of it, at least.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf
6:23AM He offered me that piece of coat he cut for me as a makeshift handkerchief as a peace offering. I have to admit, it made me smile. I’ll just stow it in my pack.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

6:27AM Anonymous asked: It will work out Bilbo. *sneaks you more of your favorite pipeweed* And Bofur is a kind hearted dwarf, even if it was foolish of him to get involved with that prank. Thank you. I know Bofur is a good dwarf, and he and I will work things out eventually.

#ask #anonymous #hatdwarf

6:30AM His Majesty’s mood doesn’t seem to have improved. He’s told us that we’re going to get through the marshes as quickly as possible, so we’re not likely to stop for lunch and we’ll be chasing the sunset before we settle down for camp. I see his reasoning, as slowly making our way through a place with “midge” in its name sounds like a terrible idea. But it doesn’t make the actual endeavour any less painful.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

6:45AM On the good side of things, though, I think I’ve gotten used to riding in this saddle.

#adventureblogging

Thorin

6:45am

I awoke to no surprises, thankfully. My sleep had been fitful and tense. Balin and I looked over the map and determined that unless our traveling pace was increased, we would spend much too long in the marshes. After discussing it further, I announced that we would have to skip our stops for lunch and travel until sunset so that our time in the marshes was as short as possible. There were no complaints to this, as none wanted to be near the marshes for any longer than need be.

#the quest #balin

7AM What is that smell?!

#adventureblogging #did i really wake up for this?

7:02AM I hate this place already and we’re only two minutes in.

#adventureblogging #it will take us weeks to get this stench out of our nostrils #and you thought the gondorian blue cheese was bad

7:30AM I am seriously considering raising the suggestion that we ride through the night because I do not want to be in this miserable mudhole more than necessary.

#adventureblogging #you know i hate a place when i consider sacrificing sleep to get through it

7:35AM I told Balin about my idea and he said that the road we’re taking only takes us around the marshes. If this is what it’s like at the edge of the marshes, I’d hate to know what it’s like in the midst of it.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #thank the giver for small mercies

7:40AM Balin also pointed out that people would complain if we rode through the night. In fact, he was surprised that I brought it up, as I’d only just gotten used to rising at six in the morning. I guess he underestimated how much I detest the looks of this marsh.
Anonymous asked: Why not wait until there's no prying ears or eyes (during the night maybe) and try and get Thorin alone to talk it over. Surely he can't ignore you if it's just the two of you. Once it's all sorted then everyone will feel less gloomy.
I know you mean well, whoever you are, but I'm done talking to him. If he won't listen, I won't waste my breath with him. I was not involved in what happened, and I do not need to justify or explain myself to him. If he wants a conversation, he'll have to start it himself.

This marshland is a horrid place. The smell of the mud and stagnant water invade the senses and seem to coat the back of the throat. I think I despise these marshes more than the trees.

Anonymous asked: Bilbo, I want you to know that there is no shame in missing the Shire. Two years ago I left my home, and the beautiful garden that was there, and every day I find myself missing it. No matter what Thorin says or does, you must believe in yourself. There is more good in you than you know.
Thank you for your kind words. They mean a lot to me in these terribly marshy times.

Anonymous asked: If the tension doesn't break soon it will be a very long journey indeed.
You don't say.

The creatures in this Giver-forsaken mudhole are inexplicably and unnecessarily large. I dislike them immensely. The midges that give the marsh its name are too big to be called midges. I wonder what they eat when they can't get Hobbit. Or Dwarf, for that matter.

Poor Bombur has had to hand out the food as quickly as possible to prevent the midges from getting into the supplies. I suspect this is also going to be a problem at suppertime.
Lunch became a fight against the midges, first with Bombur, whom they nearly flooded, and then
with each of us as we attempted to eat. I am not looking forward to the coming days.

#the quest #bombur

My nanaddan started hitting the gathered midges off of each other. It began as helpful slapping but
soon dissolved into them having a mock fight. I told them off and they stopped.
A few minutes later, however, Balin reached over and smacked Dwalin in the back of the head. At
his brother’s offended glance, Balin explained, “There was a big bug.”
I shook my head again to rid myself of the midges, lest anyone get the idea to hit them off of me.

#the quest #my sister children #balin #dwalin

I hate these bloody marshes.

#adventureblogging

Anonymous asked: A fine leader you are, if you refuse to listen to those you are leading! Master
Baggins may be soft, but you hired him to be a part of your Company, and a part of your
Company he is. And if he does not belong on this quest, as you say, then it is because you have
made him feel so, not because it is of his own will. He has left his home to help you when your
own kin stayed behind, and you could do worse than show some gratitude. Please, at least let
him speak to you without you interrupting.

As some of you might be aware, the choice to include Mr Baggins on this quest was mostly due to
Gandalf’s persuasions. I was willing to give the Hobbit the benefit of the doubt, especially when he
initially volunteered to come along, but thus far he has proven to be more of a hindrance than an
asset. I hesitate to say that he is specifically “undermining my authority” but it certainly feels like it,
given the way the company has continuously circumvented my requests in order to continue to
discuss mine and Mr Baggins’ private lives in a most invasive and rude manner.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

Anonymous asked: An important part of any group is the dynamic they have together as I’m
sure you’re aware. The marshes may not seem half so bad, nor the quest so difficult if the
people involved are happy in one another's company. As to Mr. Baggins being upset; of
course he may well be missing home, but he would probably find the experience easier if the
Company were in a better mood with one another. If he's ignored and blamed for things out
of his control he'll feel isolated and thus upset.

Mr Baggins is not being ignored by the rest of the company, if you were concerned about him
possibly being isolated. Why do my attentions to him bear scrutiny, and the attentions of the others
do not? If I do not wish to speak with him, then I will not speak with him. He is not my child; I am
not responsible for his welfare.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #the company

6PM
Anonymous asked: I don't understand. Even if Bilbo is having relations with Bofur, which I very much doubt, why are you so upset? I understand he has been a bit of a distraction, but he hasn't been one on purpose. I don't see any reason to be so annoyed with him. I do not need strangers telling me how to manage my own thoughts and actions.

#ask #anonymous #bofur #bungling burglar

7 pm

Anonymous asked: Don't you at least feel sympathetic for Master Baggins? He's a hobbit unused to the hard ways of the world. You yourself must have been very much upset when you lost your home. Perhaps it's only a short term thing for Bilbo, but the ache of being away from home is still an ache, no matter the person—hobbit or dwarf or the amount of time. Mr Baggins left his home of his own choice, while my people and I were forced from ours. If he wishes to return home, then let him. It will still be there for him.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

7:20PM The only thing preventing me from complaining about not stopping yet is that if we stop later, then we would have made more progress through the marshes, and thus it will take us less days to get through the entire damn thing. I can see hills in the distance. Hopefully we’ll be in them by the end of the week.

#adventureblogging

8:15PM We’ve finally made camp as the sun begins to set. I intend on going right to bed after whatever morsel we have to eat for supper, as my mood is far too sour for socialising with anyone. Good night.

#adventureblogging

9 pm

My nanaddan set out to find us a suitable campsite. It took them quite a while before they returned. The site they found, while seemingly the best place to rest for the night, still had its muddy areas and the smell of the marsh.

Supper was fast and quiet, save for the curses of the company as they swatted at the midges that attempted to lay claim their the meal. Despite the lingering tension among the company, most of the bedrolls were placed near each other, as the marshes carried that damp feeling. The collective heat of the company should keep most everyone warm.

I assigned Bifur to the first watch, Glóin again to the second, and Dori to third. Gandalf believes that we should be past the marshes in two days time. I hope he is right, as I never wish to see these marshes again.

#the quest #my sister children #bifur #gloin #dori #the wizard

9:23 pm

Anonymous asked: Sorry everyone can't be big, strong, Thorin!! Cut Bilbo some slack he's out there because he believes in you and the company and if that's not brave then I don't know what is.

I observe him crying once and all of you seem to insist I should be wiping his eyes as if he is no more than a child. I am more than aware of the fact that he is not strong, but he is no wilting daisy either. My not speaking to him is not going to kill him.

#ask #anonymous #the more you talk to me of speaking to the hobbit the less inclined i am to do it #i refuse to
May 8th, 2015

Bilbo

6:30AM  
Anonymous asked: Have you seen Thorin’s blog lately?  
No, I’ve been ignoring him entirely.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

6:45AM  
My bedroll’s soggy from the mud. This is inconvenient. And frankly quite disgusting. I hope I find some time once we’re out of this mudhole to get my bedroll washed.

#adventureblogging

Thorin

7 am

Upon waking, we unfortunately discovered that the mostly solid ground from last night had turned soft from dew. Just removing ourselves from our bedrolls was a hassle, as pressure on the wet ground turned it to mud. By the time the campsite was packed up, there was a layer of the foul smelling mud on near everything. I despise this place.

#the quest #curse this marshland

7:20AM

Anonymous asked: It seems you have a fair amount of support, Master Baggins. A bit of people are scolding Thorin for his unfair treatment and refusal to hear what you have to say. Further than that, they seem to blame him for your heartache, which is interesting, I’d say. His Majesty can rot in his little corner for all I care. He is a stubborn, pig-headed prat, but I already knew that from our first meeting. The thing is, his sister-children did play a rather cruel prank on him — they might have considered it harmless, but it certainly didn’t translate like that with His Majesty. That, coupled with the Conspiracy, well. I’m frankly surprised it took him this long to snap. Of course I would have preferred that I didn’t get dragged into it, as he does continue to function
under the misconception that Bofur and I are… more than friends … but at this juncture he will believe what he wants to believe, and if he refuses to hear my explanation, that is his loss. He is not the cause of my heartache; I cried that night because I was frustrated and homesick, and not because His Majesty won’t deign to talk to me. I am not that petty.

That being said, I do appreciate the support that has come for me out of all of this. It’s good to hear that people aren’t questioning my decision to get entangled up in this quest business in the first place.

7:45AM I think His Majesty is even grouchier than before. Must be the midges. I bet they get all tangled up in that hair of his, considering his beard isn’t as long as intricate as the others.

8AM Oh sweet and merciful Giver, please tell me what I have done wrong, for surely if I have done nothing wrong I should not be spending days in this terrible marshland. I don’t know if my nose knows what smells are anymore.

8:15 am

The midges are everywhere! They refuse to leave me be, continuously nesting in my beard and hair. Every time I try to swat them away, more seem to appear. Balin’s usually white beard is tinged grey from the bugs that have gotten stuck in his hair. I am loath to find out how many are hidden in the hair of the rest of the company.

10AM When will we be out of this place?!

11:30AM Of course I must count my blessings, as Bombur seems to have the added bonus of appealing to the midges, and is constantly fending them off. I have had to swat away a few myself, but never as many as he.

1:45PM I’m mostly riding by Ori these days as I’m not yet ready to talk to Bofur, Fíli, or Kíli just yet. Which, of course, means that Dori’s following us within earshot to make sure I’m not corrupting his little brother or something. I think he does this to everyone Ori rides by, so it’s not because of me or anything.

That being said, I really do wish Ori would put a stop to that. Plants that are too closely pruned will never properly grow.
Anonymous asked: You remember when you were upset and he sang to you? He's not a wilting daisy but neither were you that night, and still some comforting was welcome. You are free to do what you will, Your Majesty, but it wouldn't do to so easily forget a kindness. I have no desire to intrude on his privacy, unlike the rest of the company who have ridden roughshod over mine. His act of kindness that night was in response to a temporary show of weakness on my part which I will thank you not to remind me of again. I accepted his assistance in that situation; in this he did not ask for mine, so I decided not to intrude.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

3PM I hate these bloody marshes.
#adventureblogging #it was worth repeating

3:28PM I suppose exhaustion and this regular waking at six thing was bound to catch up to me one of these days. Luckily, Glóin was there to catch me before I slipped off my pony entirely.
#adventureblogging #locketdwarf

3:30 pm

As if feeling our desire to leave, the muddy roads of the marshes keep catching the hooves of our ponies. We have had to stop to free our ponies a few times, and it is slowing us down. I hope that this does not make our time in this awful place last any longer.
#the quest

3:40PM I’ve been having a lovely conversation with Glóin about his family. He showed me his locket! His wife Mizím is said to be a great beauty (though, to be honest, the portrait he has of her really does not do her justice) and his son Gimli is 62, which, from what I gather, is roughly the terrible tweens for the Dwarves. Apparently Gimli wanted to come along on the Quest, and was solidly denied due to his age. I can’t imagine that would’ve pleased him; I remember being petulant and irresponsible in my tweens, too. Glóin also has a daughter, Glóa, though this locket is old and he regrets not getting her portrait done ere he went on this quest. Though she did buy him a leather strap with a protective spell embossed onto it before he left, and he wears it in his hair all the time.
#adventureblogging #locketdwarf

4:45PM
Anonymous asked: I hope your journey through the marshes is quick!! I recommend to stay close with those friendly with you and to ignore Thorin until he stops being a total ass and blaming you for things you didn’t do! Best of luck!

Thank you! Glóin and the rest of the Company have been excellent folks to talk to. I’m also sure given time I will be able to talk to Bofur, Fili, and Kili again without too many hard feelings. Ignoring His Majesty is also much easier than I’d expected, and at this rate I could potentially go the entire quest without having to address him personally.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #locketdwarf #hatdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #the company
5 pm

Fíli slipped away to tend to nature’s call. While he was gone, there was a slight shout of surprise from behind the company. Kíli rode back to see what had had happened. When they returned with Fíli, Kíli was laughing, trying to explain what was funny while Fíli repeatedly told them not to. Finally, Kíli calmed enough and told us that the shout had apparently been Fíli, surprised by a frog that had decided to jump at him while his trousers had been down. Fíli looked embarrassed and threatened to shove a frog down Kíli’s trousers.

#the quest #my sister children

5:30PM Nori looks very odd without his hair shaped in points like he usually has them. He’s apparently given up shaping his hair in the mornings; the creams he uses to get his hair like that attract midges. He says it’s temporary and that he hopes we’ll stop to clean ourselves off once we get out of this Giver-forsaken marshland.

I hear there’s only half a day left before we’re properly out of the marshes and heading for the Lone-lands, so maybe we’ll chance by a small brook or stream and we’ll be able to get ourselves clean.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf

5:45PM Though, come to think of it, I’ve never bathed in a stream. I don’t even know how to swim. My Brandybuck uncles have tried teaching me, but they didn’t get me into the water long enough to teach me how to do more than just tread water and shout for help.

#adventureblogging

5:50PM I’ve never bathed in front of other people, either.

#adventureblogging

6PM This is more inconvenient than I’d thought before. If the Company decides to stop to bathe in a stream I will have to take guard duty back at the camp and wait until the others are done before I go wash.

That sounds like a plan.

#adventureblogging #the company

6:15PM I hate these bloody marshes.

#adventureblogging #once more with feeling

7 pm

While Dwalin and I were chatting, he suddenly stopped, a hand going to his throat. He started coughing violently and after a few moments, he was able to cough up whatever had choked him.

“Damn midge,” he wheezed. “Went right in my mouth.”

Balin chuckled. “It tends to happen when you leave your mouth open.”

Dwalin was too busy coughing to say anything in return, and instead just glared at his brother.

#the quest #dwalin #balin

7:25PM My only consolation is that this is the fastest we can go and we’ll be out of the damn place by midday tomorrow. If this is the pace we take to get us to Rivendell, where I suppose there will be
more food and warm beds and the opportunity to get clean again, I am all for it.

#adventureblogging

8:35PM We’ve made camp for the night. Dinner was, again, rather miserable, and Bombur seems to be scratching himself an awful lot. I think he might be developing a reaction to the constant bites from the midges.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

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9 pm

The campsite that my nanaddan found was thankfully more solid than the one from last night. We will be out of the marshes before tomorrow night, if we are not devoured by these blasted midges.

#thequest #mysisterchildren

9:20PM I was just settling down in my miserable bedroll when I heard this huge commotion. Fíli and Kíli had just leapt out of their bedrolls. Fíli’s squeal was particularly undignified. Dori asked the two of them what happened, and Kíli told him that there were frogs in their bedrolls. Of course now all the Dwarves are frantically checking their own belongings, but it seems that only Fíli and Kíli got unwelcome visitors, so I suspect I know who put them in there in the first place. His Majesty is smirking like a cat with a bird in its mouth. I hope he’s satisfied.

#adventureblogging #thing1 #thing2 #winedwarf #thatasshole

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May 9th, 2015

Bilbo

6:30AM I’ve suddenly found myself on breakfast distribution duty, as Bombur’s not feeling too well. The midges have bit him all over in the night and he’s covered in quickly swelling bites, poor fellow. Óin is hunting about for nettles to make him nettle tea to make the swelling go down.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #trumpetdwarf

7:20AM His Majesty has announced that we’re going to ride as quickly as we can to get out of the vicinity of the marshes. Balin says we aren’t more than two hours away from the edge of the marshes, and we’ll keep going until we find a water source clean enough for the Company to clean their hair and beards.

#adventureblogging #thatasshole #brainsdwarf

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Thorin

7:30 am

The bites from the midges of the marshland affected Bombur enough that he was unable to provide breakfast. Mr Baggins took over and quickly handed out food. I could see the rest of the company scratching at their beards and hair, as well as any exposed skin that the midges had gotten to. I have
to resist pulling at my own hair, as it itches fiercely from the marsh invading it. Balin determined that, with quick travel, we could be out of the marshland within two hours. I repeated that announcement and instructed that we would move fast until a place for us to clean our hair and beards was found. There were calls of agreement to this plan among the swatting away of the midges. I will be glad to be rid of this place.

#the quest #bombur #bungling burglar #b算法

7:45AM I could do with rinsing my hair, too.
#adventureblogging

8AM I think His Majesty just joked about frogs within the earshot of Fili and Kili. Fili glared, but Kili laughed. It’s good to see they’re getting along properly with their uncle again.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

8:05 am

Dwalin stayed at the head of the company, impatient to put the marshlands behind us. “These damned bugs have bitten my arms raw. Could barely sleep with them biting at me.” He glared at the small cloud of them that constantly hung around us. “The creatures of this place are vicious.”

“I do not know,” I said, watching my nanaddan from the corner of my eye. “The frogs seemed friendly enough.”

Fili glowered darkly at me, suspicion in his eyes, as if I were about to toss a frog at him to prove my point. Kili, thankfully, laughed. I felt myself smile in return.
#the quest #dwalin #my sister children

9 am

We should reach the end of the marshlands within the next hour or so. It cannot come fast enough. Dwalin seems ready to use his hammer to swat away the midges that still cling near us.
#the quest #dwalin

9:40AM We’re getting closer to the edge of the marshes. The ground isn’t as horrifically soggy.
#adventureblogging

10:00AM WE’RE FREE OF THE MARSH
#adventureblogging

10:03AM VALAR BLESS THIS SOLID GROUND
#adventureblogging

10:30 am

We have officially left the Midgewater Marshes behind. The company seemed quite glad, all smiling as if a weight had been lifted. Fili and Kili asked if they could scout ahead to see if they could find a stream. I instructed them to wait until we were farther away from the marshland.
#the quest #my sister children
12:30PM Bombur is disappointed that he won’t be able to do the long lunch he was promised because of his illness. But Óin’s found some nettles now, so Bombur will only have to suffer until we find clean water to clean and medicate his midge bites.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #trumpetdwarf

12:45 pm

Bombur continues to suffer from the bites of the midges but we stopped briefly and he was able to pass out lunch for us. It was quite satisfying to be able to eat in peace, without having to constantly ward off bugs that were intent on invading the food.

#the quest #bombur

1:15 pm

We are heading further into the Lone-lands, a place of grasses and little shade. Kíli has already voiced their desire to hunt in this area, as there are sure to be rabbits. I find myself glancing behind often, as this area allows one to see over quite a distance. If there is any who follow us, intent on stopping this quest, it would be easier to spot them here.

#the quest #lone-lands #my sister children

1:58PM We’re well on our way into the Lone-lands now. Looks like a lot of grassland and moors, and the occasional tree cover. But I’d take that over the marshes anytime.

#adventureblogging

3:37PM Working on a nonsense poem based off my favourite childhood poem:

There was a knight of foolery  
Of derring-do and bravery  
He lost his home and jewellery  
And so he turned to knavery

He built a little acorn ship  
A sail of cloth, an acorn cap  
A needle-sword with pointed tip  
A casket filled with amber sap

He sailed upon the sund’ring seas  
With songs that he sang merrily  
He fought the dastard Gumblesnee  
And took his hoard quite cheerily

It’s pretty silly, I guess, but Ori liked it, so I guess it’s not too bad.

#adventureblogging #my poetry #scribedwarf

3:45 pm

I sent my nanaddan out to find a clean water source for us to wash away the filth in our hair and beards. They seemed happy to go, the wind and the promise of clean hair beckoning them
4:12PM I guess Bofur and I are talking again. I did miss that silly laugh he does at his own jokes.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

4:45PM We’ve come across a nice little stream! The water is cold and clear, and Óin has collected a potful to boil his nettles for Bombur and anyone else who’s developing a reaction to their midge bites.
#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #bigdwarf

4:50PM Of course, while the water boils, everyone else has made a beeline for the stream to wash and comb their hair and beards. Gandalf and I are waiting our turn. He seems to have gotten through the marsh unscathed. Must be a wizard thing.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

5 pm
My nanaddan returned, having found a stream. They led us back to it and Óin set about making his tea and ointment for those suffering from the midge bites. Meanwhile, the rest of the company quickly left their ponies and headed for the water.

It was shockingly cold water but it felt wonderful to wash out the grime from my hair. I wet my brush and ran it through my hair, unbraiding my braids as I did so that I could get all of it completely clean. My nanaddan chose to remove their shoes and stand in the shallow parts of the stream, and then to simply dunk their heads in the water, running through their hair with their own combs.

Many of the company had to use brushes to dig all the midges from their hair. Nori especially seemed delighted to have a chance to wash his hair, as he had been quite upset earlier about not being able to put it in its usual intricate design. Though, he also seemed to be having fun flicking water and those around him (mostly Dwalin). Balin’s beard quickly regained its usual white shade, no longer having that dinged tone the marshes had given him.

It will take a while for everyone to be finished, but it will feel quite worth it in the end.
#the quest #my sister children #oin #nori #dwalin #balin

5:01PM He doesn’t even seem to have bugs in his beard. Definitely a wizard thing.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

6:30PM We’ve decided we’re camping here by the stream, since no one wants to leave this source of clean water for the night. Most of the Company has cleaned themselves off by now, Óin is fixing up nettle tea and nettle poultries for everyone with bad midge bites. Poor Bombur’s practically covered in poultries.
#adventureblogging #the company #trumpetdwarf #bigdwarf

6:31PM I’m on supper duty tonight, by the way. Don’t expect anything too fancy; I think I’ll be using up the last of the sausages and what’s left of the vegetables that haven’t wilted in the marsh for soup tonight. And maybe an egg or two, for a sausage egg drop soup.
#adventureblogging
7:35 pm

We have set up camp near the stream. Óin has seen to those who required medicine to relieve the swelling of the midge bites. Bombur seems to be covered in the ointment, and Dwalin as well has most of his arms covered.

Since Bombur remains incapacitated from his midge bites, Mr Baggs has again taken over meal duties. While the food did include a fair amount of vegetables, which were complained about under low breath, it was quite good. Mr Baggs has shown some usefulness after all.

#the quest #óin #bombur #dwalin #bungling burglar

8:00 pm

Well, that wasn’t so painful, cooking dinner out in the wild for a bunch of Dwarves. Some of them mumbled and grumbled about the vegetables — a lot of them did, actually — but to his credit His Majesty wasn’t one of them. And Bombur was very pleased with what I’d done, so that’s good, I guess.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #bigdwarf

8:02 pm

Bofur has roped me into something he calls a ‘braid train’. Most of the Company beards and hair have dried out by now, and they’re working their hair back into their usual hairstyles by sitting around in a circle braiding each other’s hair. Well, Nori’s not putting his hair into points just yet, but that hasn’t stopped him from insisting Dwalin help braid his beard. Dwalin doesn’t look too thrilled about it.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf

8:30 pm

Bofur has taught me some of the techniques for Dwarvish hair braiding. Apparently there are different kinds for the person who is doing the braiding — a friendship braid looks different from a family braid which looks different from a significant other one. I’ve, of course, learnt the friendship braid. I had to check with Dori to make sure I was doing the right one, but still, it was pretty fun helping Bofur with his braids.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #pointydwarf #winedwarf

8:45 pm

His Majesty is braiding his sister-children’s hair. That’s...sweet of him, I guess.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

9 pm

The campsite’s fire helped to dry our hair quickly. Soon, Dori began fussing over Ori’s hair, getting him to brush it out again so that he may help him braid it. Bifur went to help Bombur, as his hands were covered in ointment.

I called my nanaddan over and had Kíli hold still while I made sure that their half ponytail was clipped correctly in the back and that their hair was properly combed. They complained at first but once freed, they quickly moved behind me to start to braid the back of my hair into its usual braids.

Fíli allowed my help for his own braids, choosing to redo my front braids in return.

It was a familiar practice, though Dís was usually a part of this. It was comforting to perform such peaceful actions with my nanaddan. I could feel the last of the tension between us slip away and the grins they gave me showed that they could feel it dissipate as well.

#the quest #dori #óri #bifur #bombur #my sister children #my sister
9:25PM I think generally the tension’s lifted with our spirits, having gotten out of that Giver-forsaken muck-bog. Of course, the Company hasn’t quite gotten back to their old ways yet, but they’re lightening up, and that’s what matters.

#adventureblogging #the company

10PM His Majesty has declared that we’ll rest here tomorrow and let everyone — but especially the ponies — catch their breath. I guess the frog prank did them all good in the end. His Majesty’s personal stormcloud might’ve been blown away for now because of it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

May 10th, 2015

Thorin

6:20 am

Despite today being a day of rest, habit still woke me just before the sun rose. I relieved Balin of watch and he happily retreated to his bedroll. I retrieved my pipe and sat smoking while waiting for the sun to rise. The company continues to sleep, taking advantage of the opportunity to do so.

#the quest #baling #the company

Bilbo

6:30AM Woke up to find that most of the camp was still asleep, save for His Majesty, who apparently regularly rises with the sun despite looking and acting nothing like a morning person. He’s smoking a morning pipe, and I’d considered joining him for a moment before remembering that he still wasn’t talking to me. I’d also almost forgotten that today’s a rest day. Guess I’ll go back to sleep, then.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

6:45 am

I noticed Mr Baggins rise before he realized that the rest of the company was still asleep. He looked over to where I was seated and met my gaze. After a moment, he turned away and settled back in his bedroll.

#the quest #bungiing burglar

7 am

Anonymous asked: Thorin, out of curiosity, how old are you? And where does it put you on the dwarf-age scale? For instance, I'm sixteen and a human, which means I'm considered an adolescent.

I am 195 years. I have been considered a fully grown adult for quite a time. I consulted with Balin on the average lifespan of Man and based on his estimation, I believe my age would roughly translate into a Man of 55 years.
9AM Most of camp is up now, myself included. The weather is gorgeous, and the Lone-lands are a welcome sight compared to the marshes. It’s mostly moorland, lots of hills of grass and low shrubs. And wildflowers, too, though they’re mostly small pale things, not very suitable for flower-chains. I’m not sure what date it is, but I suppose the Hobbiton flower festival might be happening around this time, as the weather is perfect for it. I can’t believe I’m missing that. I’ll be missing berry season, too. What wouldn’t I give for some strawberries and cream now! And blackberrying! I love blackberrying. They usually grow wild in the Shire, and I can never seem to make it from the shrubs back to Bag End without eating half of my haul. I don’t suppose I’ll be back in time for peak blackberry season, which is a shame.

9:30 am
Slowly, the members of the company woke and stayed awake. Breakfast was enjoyed individually and there was a sense of peace that was not present in the usual early morning rush. Hair was carefully brushed and re-braided and packs were repacked. It would be wise to also wash out the bedrolls today, as most of them are caked with marsh mud.

10:15AM I washed away most of the marsh from my feet last night, but now I’ve gone through my feet hair to make sure there aren’t midges in there. Not as many as the small colonies in the Dwarves’ beards, but still, good riddance.

11 am
My nanaddan have decided to go hunting in the hopes of adding meat to the meals. Dwalin decided to join them, claiming boredom.

12:30PM We’ve spent most of the morning washing our clothes and bedrolls. Some of the Dwarves have a lot of blankets to wash, and His Majesty is very carefully cleaning his furs. The marsh smell is probably going to cling to our blankets a while longer, even though we’ve all tried our best to get rid of it.

12:45 pm
The company is making use of the stream and cleaning their bedrolls and blankets. I have asked Dori for a bar of soap to borrow to clean my furs. I did not have a sponge and had to gently use a comb instead to get the mud out; hopefully this will not damage the fur. Fili, Kili, and Dwalin have returned from their hunting with quite a number of rabbits. Bombur
1:20PM Bombur has, as promised, laid out for us a lovely lunch of roasted rabbit with potatoes and rosemary. He seems mostly recovered from the midge bites, but I told him I’ll be doing supper, as lunch has clearly knackered him.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

2:45 pm

Bombur did not disappoint and lunch was delicious roasted rabbit. After helping to clean, some of the company decided that more sleep was needed and that a nap was the solution. I, along with a handful of the remaining company, went to tend to our ponies.

I asked Bifur to borrow a brush for my pony and he allowed me one. I have heard him chat in Khuzdul to the ponies before and know that he enjoys their company.

I brushed Honeycomb, making sure to work off the caked mud, as well as cleaning his hooves. While I did this, I noticed Bofur cleaning and tending to Mr Baggins’ pony, whose name escapes me. I had also seen Mr Baggins helping to braid Bofur’s hair last night. As long as their relations do not lead to loud noises again, I am pleased that they have found happiness with each; at the very least, I am happy to have heard no more talk of wagers.

#the quest #bombur #bifur #bofur #bungling burglar

2:50 pm

I have remembered that Mr Baggins’ pony’s name is Myrtle.

#the quest #bungling burglar

3:15 pm

I returned to my bedroll, the sunlight and breeze tempting me back to sleep. My nanaddan settled at my sides, declaring that they intended to join my nap. They told me of their earlier hunting trip with Dwalin and how he managed to empty a den of rabbits only to get his foot stuck in the den entrance.

My nanaddan were able to round up the escaped rabbits but they described Dwalin’s curses about being stuck.

Dwalin is thankfully napping, as my nanaddan are now, and did not hear their retelling of his earlier misfortune.

#the quest #my sister children #dwalin

3:45PM Now I’ve got to worry about dinner for this Company. I don’t have sausage or vegetables anymore, I still have some eggs, and salted beef, and potatoes. And a loaf of slightly stale bread from Bree. Not sure how the bugs didn’t get that.

#adventureblogging

3:50PM And onions. We still have onions and garlic. Why, I don’t know. I’m surprised every time I find food that’s survived the damn marshes.

#adventureblogging
Anonymous asked: **Bofur and Mister Baggins are not in a romantic relationship!**
The evidence currently points in the opposite direction. I refuse to believe your statement until either of the parties you have mentioned have confirmed or denied it.

#ask #anonymous #bofur #bungling burglar

4PM And flour. We have flour. It is a tiny little sack, considering the lack of ovens out here in the wild, but it’s nice to know we have some. Bombur packs excellently.
I’m sure His Majesty dislikes the fact that Bombur’s supplies take up an entire pony all on its own, but I bet everyone else in the Company would defend Bombur’s supplies if push came to shove. I know I would, at any rate.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #bombur

4:30PM I think I have an idea for supper.

#adventureblogging

5:17PM Fíli and Kíli have offered their help in searing my beef and potatoes. I’ve minced the potatoes and beef, cooked them, and mixed them with onion and flour, and now they need to be seared into patties, which the two of them seem happy to help with.
They apologised to me as they did so, so I’m not sure if they’re apologising for the prank or their general ineptitude at cooking. Because they are pretty bad at cooking. But at least they haven’t burnt anything too badly.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

5:20 pm

I was awoken from my nap by Fíli and Kíli waking and going to assist Mr Baggins. The Hobbit seems to have taken over dinner. He looks to be comfortable with the food and are instructing Fíli and Kíli on how to help him. I am not sure if someone should warn Mr Baggins about accepting cooking help from my nanaddan.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar

5:45 pm

Gandalf seemed to have been waiting for me to wake and quickly came to inquire about going to Rivendell. I told him that my answer had not changed. He became quite cross and informed me that if I did not listen to his counsel and head to Rivendell, then he saw no reason to be on the quest, arguing with me the entire time, and threatened to leave!

I do not like that he would use such methods, but I grudgingly agreed to consider stopping at Rivendell. While he was not completely pleased with this, he accepted and left me be.

#the quest #the wizard #the elf and hobbit loving wizard

6 pm

I am having another smoke, as this is a day of rest and do not intend to spend it upset. I will have to see about refilling my leaf pouch at the next available place to do so, though I have low hopes of doing so since the lands West of here most likely do not have much commerce with the Shire, and I do not particularly like Southlinch from Bree. I have been going through my leaf faster than I normally do and would be most displeased to find myself without any. Though, if I was to run out before our next stop to restock, perhaps someone in the company will share theirs with me.

#the quest
7:05PM

samconbeat asked: Good Evening, Mister Baggins, I wonder if you might answer me a question on flowers if you have time? You see I have a bit of a problem. A very rude gentleman I work with has been making things very difficult in my tea business, but he has of late been bringing me flowers. I do not trust him in the slightest and considering he has no interest in anything sentimental, I wonder if you’ve heard of flowers being given to show insult or dislike? Is passive aggression through flower meanings a thing?

Oh yes, I’ve definitely seen my fair share of passive-aggressive bouquet exchanges! The shades of various flowers have meanings, as well as how you present the bouquet: upright means positive connotations, downwards means negative ones, right hand means yes, left hand means no!

Some common flowers I’ve noted that are meant to signal an insult include orange lilies, which mean hatred or dislike, and garlic, which does mean courage and strength and wellness, but the flowers themselves smell so terrible that you can’t help but feel that the giver means it ironically, or wants to insinuate that you’re something evil that must be warded off.

I do hope that helps you!

#ask #samconbeat

7:40PM Another victory for the Shire! I have served the Dwarves a simplified version of a beef and egg butty, which consists of my beef and potato mixture, painstakingly seared by Fíli and Kíli in Bombur’s frying-pan, to which I added a fried egg and some cheese for each patty and then placed them in between two slices of bread. The bread’s not the kind I would’ve picked for the meat and eggs, as the eggs break very easily, but the Company liked them much better than the soup from last night. None of them picked up on the onions, at least.

#adventureblogging #the company #thing 1 #thing 2

7:54 pm

samconbeat asked: Good evening Mister Thorin. I would first say that I have sympathized with you over the events of the past week, but after your last answer to a message I wonder if you do realize how much you sound like your companions? It was very rude of them to assume and wager on your private life and I would say it is rude for you to assume on that of Mister Baggins and Mister Bofur...

I would also point out that you haven’t really given Mister Bilbo or Mister Bofur a chance to clarify the situation, yet speak as if this is their own fault rather than your refusal to deal with them. I do not assume to know you or your reasoning, Mister Thorin, but for the sake of maintaining the little peace that seems to have returned, perhaps do unto others as you would wish them do to you, yes?

It is very hard to say that I am assuming things when I have clearly heard them having relations with one another. And, unlike what the company has done with regards to me and Mr Baggins, I am not profiting off of their interactions with one another through wagers. This is what chiefly motivates me not to interact with Mr Baggins, as I do not wish for the quest to become derailed once more through talks of gambling and bets. Nor do I wish to invade the privacy of their relationship. I am merely observing that I wish them happiness with one another. I have no idea who sent the last message, but I have no doubt it is someone trying to stir trouble.

#ask #samconbeat #bofur #bungling burglar
8:24PM The Dwarves demanded seconds. I said we were out of bread, but they insisted, so I had to make another batch, and now we’ve run out of eggs. Confusticate these Dwarves! They’re not getting a hobbit breakfast anytime soon now.

#adventureblogging #the company

8:34 pm

samconbeat asked: Fair enough, though again I would caution against assumption in this case if only because what you heard took place during what was no doubt a very bad and very poorly planned prank. Perhaps you should ask Mister Bombur if he has any good frog legs recipes to drive the point home to your lovely nephews? You’ve been taking the somewhat antagonizing questions and accusations in stride and I thank you for answering me when I’m sure you’re getting sick of defending yourself all the time. Good evenin

I thank you for your advice, but I still fail to see how feeding frog legs to my sister-children (as Kíli prefers to be referred to as ‘they’) will convince them to confess to any sort of wrongdoing regarding Bofur and Mr Baggins.

#ask #samconbeat #bofur #bungling burglar

9 pm

Mr Baggins’ supper was revealed to be quite good and did not feature any vegetables that were grumbled about, unlike last night. Seconds were fought over and Mr Baggins had to return to cooking so fulfill the requests.

Once finished, bellies patted in satisfaction, some retired to their bedrolls, seeking to get as much sleep out of today as possible, while the rest stayed awake, gathered and chatting quietly. It has been a day of peace, the previous tension nearly gone. I hope that this peace can be held onto as we begin our travels again tomorrow.

#the quest #bungling burglar

9:07PM Bofur told me as I was cleaning up that he’d brushed down Myrtle and cleaned her hooves for me. I was a bit sad that I didn’t get to do it myself, as I have grown fond of her, but that was sweet for Bofur to do. I suppose he’s still trying to apologise for the prank.

I offered to help with his braids again in return. He seems pleased about that.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

9:30PM There are so many stars out tonight. I hadn’t been paying attention to the night sky all that much, but tonight felt like one of those days. My bedroll and spare clothes are clean, the air is fresh, the ground isn’t soft, and the only sounds I hear are the night breeze and the snores and low voices of the Company.

I’ve studied the stars a little, and I think I can pick out some of the more important ones. Of course, there’s the Burning Briar to the North, the one the Elves call the Valacirca. And beneath it, there is the Little Briar, and then Wilwarin, the Butterfly. To the West, there’s the Silmaril of Eärendil and Alcarinque, and to the South, there’s Morwinyon, which I think forms part of the cluster the Elves call Telumendil.

I wonder what the Dwarves call these star-clusters. Ori says that he can see Durin’s Crown, but I don’t know what that looks like. Maybe that’s the Dwarvish name for the Valacirca?

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf
May 11 - May 17

Chapter Notes

Chapter three and the blogs have had a minor edit - Glóin’s daughter’s name has been changed to Glóa. The original post that she is mentioned on is on Bilbo's blog on May 8th, 2015 at 3:40PM.

Skylocked on Tumblr was lovely and sang one of the Dwarven songs mentioned in this chapter [9:15AM on May 12th]. You can listen to it [here]!

May 11th, 2015

Thorin

7:05 am

When the company rose at the usual time to pack up the camp, I expected more grumbles at the early hour. However, it would seem that yesterday’s chance to rest and recuperate was put to good use. Though, Gandalf’s seems to be the darkest gaze this morning. His glare is reserved for myself, as I assume he is most upset about my refusal to go to Rivendell. I purposefully ignored his look and soon, we started our travels again.

#the quest #the wizard

Bilbo

7:30AM And we’re off again. I would say I’m disappointed, but we couldn’t have stayed here forever. Rivendell awaits, provided His Majesty’s pride doesn’t overrule Gandalf’s advice or something. Gandalf’s been muttering about the stubbornness of Dwarves for a while now; I guess he and His Majesty are still arguing over whether or not stopping in Rivendell is a good idea. Personally, I think it’s a great idea. Clean clothes, proper baths, proper meals, warm beds, and Elves. But I guess the last one might trump all others if His Majesty continues to be a prat.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

10AM The Company’s discussion today seems to be about the treasures in Erebor. Granted, not many of the younger members of the Company know anything about the treasure-hoard other than legends and rumours. I know pretty much nothing, so I couldn’t possibly add to the discussion. But eventually talk came around to a set of jewels called the White Gems of Lasgalen, which apparently had been commissioned to be set into a necklace by the Elvenking of Mirkwood, but were never actually delivered.

I asked why not. Gandalf muttered something scathing about how Dwarves typically believe that everything they make is inherently theirs, no matter who ends up purchasing those things from them. He’s still mad at His Majesty, I take it.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #the company #that asshole
Perhaps it was the good weather combined with yesterday’s lingering peace, but Dwalin, Balin, and I began conversing of Erebor and its riches within. We were building castles out of clouds but it was a pleasant way to pass the time and soon, the talk spread across the company. Fíli and Kíli rode close to me, so as to hear my words as best as they could, having been born long after Erebor’s fall and so having never seen it. There were other members, some too young or not having originated from Erebor, who were listening intently, eyes becoming bright with the images presented to them.

Various treasures of Erebor with vast worth were described and eventually caught on the White Gems of Lasgalen. I kept quiet during this time, as I have little love for the Elf who commissioned the necklace they were set in.

Finally, talk turned from a company wide discussion to individual chats, mostly revolving around Erebor’s treasure and the plans for each once they were obtained.

**11:12AM** Balin has told me, when I moved to the head of the group to ask him questions about the gems, that Thranduil had refused to pay the Dwarves their agreed payment for the reworking of the White Gems into a necklace for the Elven-queen. Thus, the necklace had been withheld. However, the Elven-queen had died within that very year, or at least rumours of her death had reached the Dwarves of Erebor, and so the necklace lay unclaimed and unpaid for in the treasuries of Erebor until the dragon came.

“I wonder if Thranduil’s refusal to help us came from this argument over the White Gems,” Balin said, and His Majesty, who had been riding on his other side and deliberately refusing to acknowledge my existence, chipped in with:

“No, it was because he did not wish to help us. Since when have Elves deigned to help the Dwarves, even though we marched with them in their wars? Our people fought in the War of the Last Alliance, and yet it is remembered in history as the Last Alliance of Elves and Men. Our existence has been erased by the Elves for as long as we have existed. Thranduil merely hoped the dragon would continue the job.”

“Thorin,” said Balin in a clearly placating tone, “I am sure he merely thought it impossible to fight the dragon, and that he did not wish to send his own soldiers into needless peril.”

“Needless peril!” scoffed His Majesty. “Needlessly our own people lost their lives to this dragon, that is needless peril. Thranduil merely did not care to ease our suffering. His immortality stagnates him. To him, we are but footprints on the sand before the tide sets in.”

And on and on they argued about the reasons the Elvenking might’ve had for refusing help to the Dwarves of Erebor, with Balin citing historical examples — the ‘Necklace of Felakgundu’ was brought up at one point, something that I might want to ask Balin about at a later time when His Majesty isn’t there to interrupt — and His Majesty drawing in on his clear distaste for all things Elvish, until I couldn’t take it anymore and had to ride back to where Gandalf was.

11:45 am

Mr Baggins decided to ride forward to converse with Balin about the White Gems. I attempted to ignore the conversation, as I disliked the topic, but felt myself being drawn in. Balin has always been quite skilled at recounting and describing past events in a way that made them intriguing. I knew the history myself but I still listened in.

So, when it was that Balin saw fit to bring up the disreputable Elf that commissioned the necklace of the White Gems, I could not help but to speak my mind about the Elf and his arrogant and
condescending view of my people.

Our argument lasted for quite a time and left us both feeling sour. I noticed that Mr Baggins had slipped quietly away at some point, though I cannot recall when.

#the quest #bungling burglar #balin

**12:40PM** Of course the question was raised that if the Elvenking decided to claim the White Gems of Lasgalen, would the Dwarves end up going to war to prevent him from claiming what he hadn’t paid for.

Someone brought up a fellow named Dáin Ironfoot. Apparently His Majesty has a cousin (or something?) in the Iron Hills, which aren’t too far from Erebor, and he could come help if they did have to fight off the Elves for their treasure. Dwalin then pointed out that Dáin didn’t lend his support to this Quest, but there seems to be no doubt in everyone’s minds that once Smaug is gone, Dáin would help them secure their treasure.

That puts a lot on my shoulders, I think.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf #the company

**12:45 pm**

The topic of the White Gems seems to not want to leave the company’s mind today. The question of war came up, asking if we would fight against Elves if they attempted to claim the White Gems. My nanaddan quickly brought up Dáin Ironfoot of the Iron Hills, declaring that he would fight at our side. Though he did not see fit to send help for this quest, I believe my nanaddan; Dáin would fight alongside us if war with the Elves was to break out.

#the quest #my sister children

**1:20PM** Lunch wasn’t bad — it wasn’t the brief snacks we were doing before, but Bombur wasn’t making elaborate roasted rabbits, either. I’ve supplemented my stew with some of the sweets from Bree, as I’m infinitely glad that they managed to survive the marshes. I shared some of the brittle with Ori; he seemed to like it a lot.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #scribedwarf

**1:30 pm**

After lunch, Balin and I conversed again, moving past the argument from before. We continued our talk of Erebor, though we kept it low, as we were reminiscing—recalling the feel of the stone, the always present heat of the forges, the vast halls which stretched for miles.

“We’ll see it again, lad,” Balin said with a soft smile. “We’ll walk the halls again and see Erebor reborn, once again filled with light.”

I pray that he is right.

#the quest #balin

**3:15 pm**

Mr Baggins has come forward again to ask Balin more questions about the White Gems. I have purposefully sped up Honeycomb’s pace and called my nanaddan to my side so that we may chat. Why is there such a fixation on Elves and those gems today? Perhaps Gandalf has set some magic, so as to try to subtly persuade me to change my mind about Rivendell.
3:48PM I’ve gone up and asked Balin about the history behind the ‘Necklace of Felakgundu’ and how it applied to the White Gems. He told me that the Necklace, which was also known as the Necklace of the Dwarves, was one of the greatest works of art by the Dwarves in the First Age (if not ever), and that it eventually was modified to fit a Great Jewel from the crown of a Dark Lord within it. Evidently the Dwarves believed that they had not been paid their due from the Elven-king that asked them to make this modification, and slew said king in their anger. If the Elven-king of Mirkwood knew about this, I wouldn’t blame him too much for fearing retaliation of some sort from the Dwarves regarding the White Gems.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

4 pm

We have just passed a long since abandoned castle in ruins. My nanaddan tried to convince me that an exploration of the grounds was a wise idea but I turned their heads away from such thoughts. There is no knowing what lurks in those ruins and it would only distract from the quest. My nanaddan look disappointed.

#the quest #my sister children

6:30 pm

I have sent Fíli and Kíli out to scout for our next campsite. Before they departed, as I recognized the gleam in their eyes, I commanded that they leave any ruins be, that they are not to enter them at all, and to find a campsite away from them. Once again, they looked at me with disappointment, as if I was ruining their fun.

#the quest #my sister children

6:35PM Fíli and Kíli have gone ahead to scout for another campsite for the night. We’re starting to see the ruins of both the kingdoms of Cardolan and Rhudaur. According to Balin, Rhudaur actually stretches onwards from the Weather Hills to the Bruinen River, but several castles exist in these parts — we passed one this very afternoon. It didn’t look very cheery from where we were, though I wonder if it’d be a decent shelter in a pinch.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #brainsdwarf

7 pm

My nanaddan have returned to lead us to the campsite as well as to present the rabbits that they caught for supper. They are complaining about the interesting looking ruins that they passed and how comfortable and sheltered each one looked. I told them again that they are to stay away from the ruins. I feel as if I will have to tie them down to the campsite tonight, lest they sneak away.

#the quest #my sister children

7:25PM We’ve found a nice outcropping of rocks on the next hill, with an advantageous view of the rest of the lands around us. It’ll be perfect for keeping watch. I keep on feeling like we’re being followed somehow, but I know it’s just a silly feeling.
8PM Supper was also pretty good; Fíli and Kíli got us more rabbit, though I suspect at this rate I shall soon be quite sick of rabbit. Maybe someday we’ll come across a colony of wild sheep and then have mutton for dinner. I might like that more than rabbit right now.

8:12PM Maybe I should give the waybread another try.

8:30 pm
Gandalf tried to approach me once more after supper but, before he could speak, I told him that I will not hear any more argument for Rivendell, not at this moment at least. I am enjoying the calm and do not wish to ruin it with more talk of Elves. Gandalf accepted this and turned away. I fear it is not this is not the end of his stubborn argument.

9:15 pm
As the company finished the after supper clean up and began to prepare themselves to sleep, I told my nanaddan that they would have first watch. They seem to have quite a lot of energy today and I trust them not to miss if something approaches us; I have carried the uneasy feeling of being followed. Glóin remains on second and Nori agreed to third watch.

9:30 pm
Anonymous asked: A question, Mr. Thorin, if you wouldn't mind: I've noticed you refer to your sister-children as "nanaddan", which to the best of my knowledge means "nephews"...except I also recall that you've mentioned Kili prefers to be referred to as "they". Would you mind clarifying? I may have mistranslated. “Nanaddan” is short for “nana du naddan”, or “children of my sister”, so yes, you have mistranslated. The masculine term is “nanadashat”, or “nanadash” for short.

9:50PM We were all settling down to bed when we heard the noise in the distance. Fíli and Kíli, who had first watch, thought that they were orcs, though Gandalf suspected troll activity. Either way, Fíli and Kíli were talking about orc raids and how they’d sneak up on people and slit their throats without them noticing. Naturally His Majesty took offense to the way they were discussing the entire thing, and told them off for it. Kíli at least had the decency to look sheepish.

10:14PM Balín has told us about the battle of Azanulbizar, which had been waged in response to the murder and desecration of King Thrór when he went to reclaim the Dwarvish kingdom of Khazaddûm. His Majesty, grandson of the late King, and Dáin had fought together and killed Thrór’s murderer that day; Dáin beheaded the orc, whose name was Azog the Defiler, and His Majesty set his head on a pike. Despite the victory ultimately going to the Dwarves, the battle had resulted in more than half of their forces dead or dying. His Majesty’s father, Thráin, had then wanted to reclaim
Moria, as the Orcs had suffered greater losses than them, but Dáin claimed to have seen Durin’s Bane — the Balrog — from beyond the East-gate, and so the victory was ultimately for nothing more than revenge upon the murder of the King. They’d felled all the trees of the Dimrill Dale to burn their dead, and it was there that His Majesty, Balin, and Dwalin all made the decision to wear some part of their hair short in remembrance of all those who had died. I wondered if there would be any who would seek further revenge upon the Dwarves for the death of Azog, but His Majesty took offense to that as well and said something about how all the Orcs who’d fought in that battle that day were all probably dead by now. Based on the noises I heard off in the distance, I feel like I rather doubt that.

I found myself dozing against a rock, near the warmth of the fire, when a sound in the distance woke me. My nanaddan, on watch as the rest of the company had began to lay in their bedrolls, make jokes of Orc raids. They are young and do not know just how harsh the world can be, and I reprimanded them for their jokes. I wish to hear no words making light of things such as Orc raids. Balin took it upon himself to explain to my nanaddan why such topics were so unsettling. I walked to the edge of the rock that we were camped upon, not wanting my own reaction to the story to be seen. It is one that haunts me enough; in my dreams and in my mind during the day. The suffering wrought by the War against the Orcs is still remembered to this day by my people. I sometimes wake with my nose full of the smell of the fires afterwards.

Mr Baggins questioned if any Orcs would seek revenge from the battles and I found myself harshly disagreeing with that thought. Surely, all the Orcs would have been wiped out by now. The company, alert due to Balin’s retelling, had their eyes set on me. I could see some with awe and some with sympathy in their gaze.

I retired to my bedroll, though I doubt I will be able to have any sort of restful sleep tonight.

May 12th

Thorin

5:35 am

I woke early, a night terror jolting me awake. Nori kept his gaze turned away, giving me privacy. The rest of the company continued to sleep while I steadied my breathing. The day had barely begun and I could feel that it was going to be a long one.

I joined Nori where he sat on watch and we quietly smoked while waiting for the rest of the company to wake up.

6:25 am

The sky is heavy with grey clouds. Balin predicted that our travel would be short today and that the rain would be harsh when it falls. I asked the company to pack up faster so that we can use the little time we have to travel as much as we could. They agreed with little argument, eyes trained upwards.
Bilbo

**7:30AM** Lovely weather this morning. And by lovely, I really mean hideous. Looks like it might rain.
(Please don’t rain.)

#adventureblogging

**8 am**

The mood of the company is nearly as heavy as the clouds.

#the quest #the company

**8:24AM** To chase away the dreariness, Dori has started humming something under his breath, some sort of Khuzdul song that all the Dwarves quickly picked up on and started singing. It sounded nice, even though I didn’t understand the words.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

**8:30 am**

Dori began to sing, his voice carrying lightly and soon, the company joined in. I did as well, though much more softly, as the song spoke of home. The memories that haunted me last night came forward again, the image of my last glances of Erebor burned into my memory.

*For now and forever I’ll be marching home*

#the quest #dori

**8:45AM** Ori has told me that the lyrics go something like this:

*And her beard was as soft as the downy wing*
*Of the birds that fly home at the call of spring,*
*O! Why did I leave her, why did I roam?*
*For now and forever I’ll be marching home!*

Bofur claims that he knows a dirtier version that they sing in the Iron Hills. I’m starting to get the impression that they like bawdy songs in the Iron Hills, since apparently the raunchy ditty that His Majesty sang while drunk at Bree was also from the Iron Hills.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #scribedwarf #(song used with permission by determamfidd)

**9AM** Of course, the Company had to set the record straight — it’s not just the Iron Hills with a penchant for dirty drinking songs, but *everyone*. Here’s the first couple of lines of a song they’re singing about sweethearts, as translated by Ori:

*They say that all Dwarves have a sweetheart*
*The One who is oft in your head*
*You’ll move the great mountains to find ‘em*
*And then take them right to your bed*
It could be worse, of course — I’ve heard worse at Brandy Hall — but Dori’s face had gone red at the last line. And since I’d enlisted Ori to translate for me, there was nothing he could do to stop his little brother. Someday he’ll figure out that Ori definitely knows what ‘taking someone to bed’ means.
...I hope.

#adventureblogging #the company #scribedwarf #winedwarf

9:10 am

The song choice has moved to a… lively tune describing finding your One. My nanaddan seem to find this song particularly amusing as they are smirking at me as if they had just discovered a vein of gold.

I believe they inherited it from their mother, Dís. She would always give me a similar look whenever songs or topics touched on the subject of Ones and relations. I am not entirely sure why she, and her children, give me such a look, as I have made it quite clear to them that such things do not interest me.

#the quest #my sister children #my sister

9:15AM Here’s the full translation of the Sweetheart song. I think Ori made a special effort to make it rhyme and fit the meter and everything:

They say that all Dwarves have a sweetheart
The One who is oft in your head
You’ll move the great mountains to find ‘em
And then take them right to your bed

Sweetheart, sweetheart
O where is my sweetheart, my love, my One?
Sweetheart, sweetheart
Mahal bring my sweetheart to me

I wandered afar for my sweetheart
I turned every bush, every rock
There wasn’t a hole that went unsearched
I found no great challenge in locks

And then I declared my search over
(Perhaps they had died in my youth
Or maybe they haven’t been born yet)
My craft could be my only truth

Sweetheart, sweetheart
O where is my sweetheart, my love, my One?
Sweetheart, sweetheart
Mahal bring my sweetheart to me

One fine summer morn in my crafting
A customer knocked at my door
Mahal wept the first time our eyes locked
My sweetheart had come ‘round before
So take this precaution my good friends
When finding your One don’t forego
The folks who might live right beside you
Your One could be under your nose.

Sweetheart, sweetheart
I found my own sweetheart, my love, my One
Sweetheart, sweetheart
Mahal brought my sweetheart to me

Fíli and Kíli took great care to grin at their uncle as they sang this. His Majesty didn’t participate in singing this one. I bet if I read his mind right now I’d get a string of thoughts like ‘this is juvenile’, ‘I don’t even believe in the concept of soulmates’, and ‘someone please inform Óin that he is singing off-key’.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #trumpetdwarf #the sweetheart song #(to the tune of My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean)

9:30AM Apparently Óin isn’t so much singing off-key as he is singing the tune of the Firebeard variant. Apparently there are more than just one kind of Dwarf — there are seven houses (tribes? clans?) of Dwarves, one for each of the seven ancestors. Most of the members of the Company are Longbeards, though some have some ancestry from the other houses. Óin and Glóin, for example, had a Firebeard mother. Apparently she had once been one of the best axe-dancers in all of Middle-earth.
I should’ve liked to have seen that, I think.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #locketdwarf

10AM They asked me to sing another Hobbit song, so I obliged. I can’t remember any love songs off the top of my head, so I went with the Bath Song instead. I didn’t sing too much of it, but they liked what I did share; Nori thought it was adorable that I sang in the bath. I don’t know whether he meant that as an insult or a compliment.

#adventureblogging #bath song #pointydwarf

10:25AM I also sang them a bit of this really old walking song:

Home is behind, the world ahead,
And there are many paths to tread
Through shadows to the edge of night,
Until the stars are all alight.
Then world behind and home ahead,
We’ll wander back to home and bed.
Mist and twilight, cloud and shade,
Away shall fade! Away shall fade!
Fire and lamp, and meat and bread,
And then to bed! And then to bed!

I’m thinking of extending it a little myself, add in some more lines. But that’s for another day, I think.

#adventureblogging

10:30 am

Mr Baggins was asked to sing as well and he responded with two Hobbits songs. His voice is just as high and clear as when last he sang, his tunes holding comfort in their words. Interesting to learn that
Hobbits have a song for their baths, and one so ridiculous! But it was cheerful and continued to lift the spirits of the company.

#the quest #bungling burglar

11:15AM His Majesty is singing in Khuzdul up ahead. I asked Ori to translate, and Ori said it was a song about Erebor, because of course His Majesty knows more than just one song about Erebor:

Many years have gone by since I looked on her tow’rs  
And her halls carved of stone, laid with mithril  
Though I wander afar, my heart always will be home  
In the deep, glittering halls of my Mountain.

To be honest, it was a good song. His Majesty sings well; his voice is quite low and his timing tends to be slow, which makes him ideal for singing at a funeral. He’s definitely subdued the mood of the Company with that song, which I think rather defeats the original purpose of this song-sharing.

#adventureblogging #(to the tune of Loch Lomond) #that asshole #scribedwarf

11:30 am

While the company spoke with Mr Baggins about his songs, Kíli has quietly asked if I would sing. I told them that I had no lively song that I wished to sing but Fíli, joining in, assured me that it could be any tune. I was not sure how this request could be linked to any mischief so I agreed. My mind still felt as clouded as the sky due to my restless sleep and I sang a part of The Halls of my Mountain, as it had been swirling through my head since I awoke. However, it seems to have dampened the mood of the company, as they have stopped singing. The clouds look to have gotten darker.

#the quest #my sister children #the company

11:53AM

sweetlittlevampire asked: Ah yes, but the good thing is - if it rains, there will be less midges and other bugs which might torment you and the ponies when it’s warm and sunny.

The majority of the midges are behind us, though I do see your point. Still, I do not fancy having to race to get shelter before all of our provisions are soaked.

#ask #sweetlittlevampire

12:45PM We had a bit of a subdued lunch, thanks to His Majesty the Everlasting Stormcloud. The clouds have lightened up a bit, which is nice, but they’re still there, and I still do not trust them not to suddenly dump water all over our heads.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

1 pm

The quieted mood continued through our stop for lunch. Balin kept a skeptical eye on the clouds. The storm is going to break soon.

#the quest #balin
2:45PM We’re passing some more ruins, things like abandoned huts and houses. Some of them have mouldy thatched roofs, others have giant holes. His Majesty has forbade Fíli and Kíli from investigating any of them.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

3 pm

There have been more ruins passing us. My nanaddan seemed to be practically bouncing in their saddles, filled with the desire to explore. I firmly told them that they were not to go near nor enter the ruins. Now it would seems that even their moods are dampened.

#the quest #my sister children

4:26PM There’s the first sprinkles of rain. His Majesty has sent his sister-children out to find us shelter. And because of the impending storm, I think he’s less inclined to avoid spending the night in one of the ruins.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

4:30 pm

With the rain finally beginning to fall, I removed my earlier ban on the ruins and asked my nanaddan to scout for sheltered campsite for the night. They have taken to the task with wide grins, despite the steadily increasing rain.

#the quest #my sister children

5:38PM

So apparently we’re spending the night in an abandoned barn. As you can see, part of the roof is gone, but some roof is better than no roof, especially with the rain starting to get heavy.

#adventureblogging #lonelands #traveling
6PM We’ve gotten everyone, including the ponies, into the barn. There’s piles of extremely old hay, which we’ve had to discourage the ponies from eating. Bombur is trying to get a fire started, but the rain leaking in through the roof isn’t doing him many favours.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

6:15PM Glóin is also, apparently, extremely good at starting fires.

#adventureblogging #locketdwarf #firedwarf

6:30 pm

We have all gathered within a long-abandoned barn. Part of the roof is collapsed, letting in the rain, but there is just enough room for the ponies and us to stay dry. The chill from the rain, however, cannot be stopped by the remaining parts of the roof.

#the quest

7PM Supper was simple; it involved some of the salted fish, I think. We’re all gathered around the fire for warmth now.

#adventureblogging

7:34PM Somehow the conversation has gotten onto talk of sweethearts and lovers. Bombur and Glóin are the only ones who have wives and families waiting for them; the others are either single or, in the case of Ori, have someone who’s promised to wait for them. Several members of the Company noted that His Majesty fell into the former category. He is, apparently, what they term as ‘like stone’, someone who dedicates their life to their craft because they do not experience amorous inclinations towards anyone.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #scribedwarf #that asshole #firedwarf

7:40PM His Majesty insists that he chose to remain single as a matter of principle; that he refused to court anyone as long as Erebor remained unreclaimed, as he would not have his consort rule over a dispossessed people.

Balin tells me that despite pressure from his own family, His Majesty has refused countless offers of marriage from members of noble families in all seven houses. Either that’s serious dedication to the idea of reclaiming Erebor, or His Majesty really is just ‘like stone’.

Though, of course, who says it can’t be both?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brainsdwarf

8PM I was asked about my own relationships, if I had a spouse or a beloved waiting for me in the Shire. I told the Company, of course, that I was not, that I was not inclined to marriage and had not felt the need to pursue romance and courtship since my terrible tweens.

Of course, Óin had to ask about me and Bofur, to which I replied that Bofur and I were merely good friends.

“But Thorin said the two of you were having relations!” Óin exclaimed.

“I think he was mistaken, as I was very soundly asleep on the other side of the fire during that time,” I replied.

“So it was part of the prank?”

I nodded. It feels so good to have the truth out in the open.

#Adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #hatdwarf #that asshole
**8:05 pm**

The talk around the fire turned to the topic of relations. Bombur and Glóin, the only two to have started this quest already married, gladly talked of their two families. The rest of the company confessed to being single. Even Mr Baggins, who, when asked, assured that Bofur was simply a friend and no more.

But, what had I heard, then? Had I been wrong?

#the quest #bombur #gloin #bungling burglar #bofur

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**8:20 PM**
The Company is looking gleeful. I feel like in a couple of hours, I may be regretting telling them the truth.

I better go to bed, then, so that I miss all of this. Good night.

#adventureblogging #the company

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**8:45 pm**

I pulled Bofur aside and asked that he explain his relationship with Mr Baggins along with what prank had been mentioned. He seemed quite uncomfortable but he told me the truth: He had been part of the prank that led to me being dragged into the woods in the early morning and had simply invented the noises I heard that night so as to distract me from sleep. He apologized profusely and insisted that Mr Baggins had no part in the prank as well as no knowledge of it until it had already transpired.

I seem to owe Mr Baggins an apology, though he has already retired to his bedroll for the night. I will have to wait until morning.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bofur

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**May 13th, 2015**

**Thorin**

**7:30 am**

We began our travels once again and yesterday’s rain had thankfully stopped. It had continued through the night, resulting in water coming through the ruined roof of the barn and collecting in small pools. Except for the noise, it managed to miss the bedrolls and the supplies. I have to apologize to Mr Baggins today, as I have learned that I was wrong about his and Bofur’s relationship and accused him of things that were untrue. I know that, like the rest of the company, it takes a few hours to fully wake, so I will wait until the sun has risen more before approaching him.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bofur

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**8 am**

*Anonymous asked:* **So if this quest ends up being a success, does that mean you'll change your URL?**

I will not change this Uniform Resource Locater once this quest is at its end, as that would be similar to changing the title of a book at the end. This title labels me as I am during this quest and shows as to what this space is documenting.
However, when Erebor is reclaimed, perhaps I will begin anew and create a new place to document the rebirth of my homeland.

#the quest #ask #anonymous

8:15 am

Anonymous asked: Tsk, tsk. Thorin, had we not all told you that it was a misunderstanding? That Bilbo really was unbound to Bofur? Yet you maintained on the thought that it wasn’t possible that it wasn’t true. You are ridiculously stubborn. It is an arrogant person who rubs the mistakes of others in their faces. I admit that I was wrong about Bofur and Mr Baggins’ relationship and acknowledge that I owe Mr Baggins an apology.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #bofur

8:30 am

Anonymous asked: Good evening, I hope you are staying dry. I was hoping to ask a question, but as it may be rather private, I understand if you would prefer not to answer. In a post earlier, you mentioned that you have no interest in "Ones". I myself have never felt drawn to another, much to the increasing frustration and ire of my family. As a woman, I am expected to have children until my brother can produce true heirs. I was wondering if you were similar in not being interested, or if it is something else?

Why does your family expect children from you when you are, as we say, like stone? They should not force upon you an identity that you do not wish to have.

As for myself, I have not felt any inclination to seek my One, if they do in fact exist. I have my doubts about an individual having a One, though I have seen successful relationships founded upon the concept. However, I do not believe that the concept applies to myself, and I have chosen to devote my life to reclaiming my homeland, rather than search for someone who may or may not exist.

#ask #anonymous

8:45 am

Anonymous asked: A Question for Mr. Oakenshield, What do you think of Mr. Baggins?

Mr Baggins is a member of the company. He is our burglar. He is the burglar of the company.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

9:45 am

I attempted to drop back to talk to Mr Baggins but Balin stopped me, talking with me about the weather and how far we should travel today. He seemed to be trying to tell me something with the hard stare of his eyes but I could not understand what sort of warning he could be trying to pass on.

#the quest #bungling burglar #balin

Bilbo

10:15AM Not much to report for this morning. It’s pretty clear today, and the rain’s made the world smell amazing. But the smell of a cavalcade of ponies and Dwarves quickly took care of that.

#adventureblogging #the company

10:20AM I think His Majesty wants to talk to me about something. I am not in the mood to deal with him; I was kept up all night by a leaking barn roof. Also, I didn’t have second breakfast. Most folks who know me know that lack of sleep plus lack of food does not a happy Bilbo Baggins make.
10:30 am

I see now what Balin was warning me from. I believed that it was late enough in the morning to speak with Mr Baggins, as the rest of the company was looking awake and focused. However, when I pulled to his side and began to talk, the Hobbit gave me such a dark glare that I quickly left him be. I did not know so much anger could reside in such a small being! Is he displeased with me? He has reason to be, with how I have been ignoring him this past week due to my false anger. Perhaps he will not listen to any apology that I make.

#the quest #balin #bungling burglar

10:45 am

I tried once again to speak to Mr Baggins, willing to endure his anger to be sure that he is given the apology that he is due, yet I was stopped by Bombur. He inquired about the possibility of more meat for the upcoming meals, as our own supply is meager. I discussed with him on sending Fili and Kili or other members of the company out to hunt for more rabbits or other creatures in this area. He seemed pleased with the possibility, though I did warn him that because of the ruins, there might not be much around here.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bombur #my sister children

11AM Balin says we’re about two days away from Weathertop and the old watchtower there, which is the boundary between the old kingdoms of Arthedain and Rhudaur. From there, it won’t take us long to get to the Last Bridge, and eventually the Bruinen, and Rivendell. It’s not so hard; we’ve just gotta take it one landmark at a time.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

11 am

Once again, I was interrupted in my attempt to speak with Mr Baggins! Nori stopped me to ask if he could take two company members to quickly go explore in some of the nearby passing ruins, for possible supplies or treasures. I instructed that I did not want anyone going into the ruins, for they felt ominous. The thief seemed disappointed but accepted my words.

#the quest #nori

11:12AM Every time His Majesty looks like he’s heading over in my direction, someone in the Company has been stopping him with their own queries. The Company must be collectively trying to prevent him from incurring my wrath. That’s loyalty for you.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

11:30 am

My nanaddan have asked to scout for a location to stop for lunch. They do not usually volunteer for these scouting missions but they seem sincere. I sent them out with Dwalin with the added instruction to keep their eyes open for any animals to add to our supplies.
12:10 pm

We have stopped for lunch. Before I could head over to Mr Baggins, Gandalf began to walk towards me. Not wanting to hear more talk of Elves or of Rivendell, I let Glóin pull me into a conversation about his family, Óin adding in details at a shout. Gandalf seemed frustrated with this but turned away to leave me be.

#the quest #bungling burglar #the wizard #gloin #oin

12:20PM Lunch! Finally! Skipping elevensies and tea have been hard on me, but Bombur’s cooking is, always, excellent. Even when it’s an herb salad. The others aren’t as pleased about the overabundance of greens, even though Bombur has put in the remnants of yesterday’s salted fish in with the herbs.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

1:15 pm

We are traveling again. Ori has stopped me this time, asking me to review his written account of the quest so far.

#the quest #ori

1:30PM I now feel more inclined to interact with people, which is an improvement. Maybe His Majesty will now attempt to tell me whatever he meant to say earlier this morning.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

2:45 pm

My talk with Ori lasted a long while. He kept up a stream of clarifying questions, wanting accurate details, and drew me into retelling stories of my youth in Erebor, so that he might have a better picture of his mind of how it once looked. He seemed quite interested in the descriptions of Erebor’s great library. Ori also showed me some of the sketches he had completed so far; he has quite a talent.

I expressed this and saw him, as well as Dori and Nori, puff up with pride.

#the quest #ori #nori #dori

3:15 pm

I have been stopped with every attempt to speak to Mr Baggins. Perhaps the rest of the company is also aware of his anger with me? That would be very possible, as I have been ignoring Mr Baggins and most of his interactions with the company. However, are they protecting him from my presence or me from his anger?

#the quest #bungling burglar

3:45 pm

If the company is stopping me so as to protect Mr Baggins’ feelings, do I truly make him so uncomfortable? Could he be upset with me about something more? Perhaps my assumption insulted him more than I was aware. Perhaps I said or did something that was offensive in Hobbit culture. If he does not accept my apology, I am unsure as how to convince him that I am sorry for my error.
4PM Well, I guess His Majesty was successfully dissuaded from approaching me today. I don’t know whether that’s because the Company kept on asking him questions about other things every time he so much looked in my direction, or because he actually has a sense of self-preservation.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

4:45 pm
I sent my nanaddan out to find a campsite for the night. The ponies are still weary from yesterday’s rain and it would not do to overwork them.
#the quest #my sister children

5:30PM We’ve stopped for the night. There are shrubs of berries by this campsite. I shall look into this more closely.
#adventureblogging

5:43PM Blackberries! What are they doing out here this early?
This is great, though!
#adventureblogging

5:45 pm
After setting the campsite up for the night, I realized that I could not find Mr Baggins. I cast my gaze around, trying to find where he had gone when I spotted him playing in some bushes. He seemed to be picking at something among the brambles; upon closer inspection, I realized that they were housing berries.
#the quest #bungling burglar

5:50PM I forgot how thorny bramble-bushes can be. The ones in the Shire tend to be thornless, but there are still some truly wild shrubs in places like Bindbale with thorns on them. These are pretty prickly, but the mature berries will probably taste wonderful. A bit tart given the early blooming time, but delicious nonetheless.
#adventureblogging

6:03PM I’ve collected a can of blackberries. Bofur asked, suspiciously, if the berries were poisonous. I responded by having him eat one. He seems to like them well enough.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

6:15PM Bofur’s gone off to get his own berries now. The rest of the Company are following suit, I think. They’ll make short work of the bushes, I’ll bet. Bombur may even do a blackberry something for dessert.
We don’t do nearly enough desserts on this Quest. This must be rectified.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company #bigdwarf
6:20PM His Majesty is staring again. Does he want my berries? I’m not sharing, in any case. Bofur took far too many.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #needs to stop staring moodily at people it's quite irritating #and definitely not polite

6:30 pm

The company soon joined Mr Baggins in the bushes, pushing through the prickly brambles for handfuls of blackberries. Mr Baggins himself seemed to have quite a number of the blackberries and was happily devouring them. He would take a single berry each time, look it over with a critical eye, and then pop it into his mouth. There was a dark dye across his fingers and hands from the berries. I finally realized that the company was too busy picking berries to interrupt, so I made my way over to Mr Baggins. Before I could make it however, my nanaddan stopped me, holding up a large hoard of berries and declaring that they had picked enough for the three of us to share. I agreed to sit with them, eating through the mass. By the end, Fili’s beard was slightly dyed and Kili’s mouth and hands were stained.
#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children

7:24PM Supper has traces of blackberry in it.
#adventureblogging

8:39PM I think I will make up for the sleep I missed last night by turning in early. Provided no one makes a racket tonight, tomorrow will hopefully find me in a better mood.
#adventureblogging

8:45 pm

I left Mr Baggins alone during supper, as I have learned that he is discomforted when feeling that his eating is being observed. After the clean up, my nanaddan pulled me into talk of more blackberries. When I finally looked over to Mr Baggins, I found that he was in his bedroll already! How had this proven to be so difficult? I will apologize tomorrow.
#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children

May 14th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am

We have resumed our travel. The sky is grey and the clouds stretch out both ahead and behind us. I hope that we are able to make good distance before the rain falls. Yesterday, I was unable to give Mr Baggins the apology that he is due. I plan to fix this today.
#the quest #bungling burglar
Feeling better and ready to deal with whatever His Majesty might throw at me today.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

samconbeat asked: Good evening once again, Mister Thorin. I'm happy to hear the air is clearing within your company and commend you on attempting to make amends with Mister Baggins. A noble choice and not one people make often enough, I think. I decided to mention this to you because, despite outcry from the faceless masses, you have shown a very important piece of yourself that is worth note. We can not all act perfectly, nor will we all make the right decisions at the right times. To ere is mortal. It is our ability to recognize our mistakes, to admit them and work to correct them that makes us wise. I think you are wise, Mister Thorin.

Not perfect, but wise enough to put what is right above your pride. I say this now over something so simple because someday the mistake may not be so simple and an apology at the right time may not be enough. I hope if that day comes you will remember your wisdom and make the right choice again. Know that many whom you may never meet (and many you already have) have faith that you will. Good evening.

I thank you for your kind words, though you speak as if you have foresight. If that is indeed a gift of yours, I would advise you not to divulge further information from the future, lest our quest be compromised.

Anonymous asked: I hear you've accepted the truth. Which means a certain hobbit is single and ready to mingle.

I assume you speak of Mr Baggins. I believe that he is already mingling, however. He speaks on a daily basis with the company.

Anonymous asked: Have you considered sending Master Baggins' blog a message to let him know you'd like to speak with him? He seems to be more amenable to a conversation, but I don't think he's aware that the others are trying to keep you from him.

I would rather speak to Mr Baggins face-to-face, as I believe he is ignoring my questions. Or, perhaps, he is not receiving them.

Anonymous asked: Don't you think you should change the tag you use for Mr Baggins? He is your burgler, but he is hardly bumbling!

No, he is bungling. BUNgling, to be precise.
8:15AM It’s overcast. Balin thinks it might rain again. I hope our shelter tonight is somewhere with a full roof.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

8:30 am
Anonymous asked: Another Question for Mr. Oakenshield, What do you think of Mr. Baggins' curly hair and ears?

Mr Baggins’ hair is quite curly, much unlike Dwarvish hair, and his ears are quite skilled at hearing, though they are pointed much like Elvish ears, which is unfortunate.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

9 am
Perhaps this apology will not be so easily accomplished. I am aware that Mr Baggins is angry with me, quite likely because of my actions this past week, and it is hard to believe words to be true when one hears them in anger. I may need a way to show Mr Baggins that I am sincere in what I say. But how?
#the quest #bungling burglar

9:36AM I have admitted defeat and returned to waybread for sustenance during the meals that the Dwarves do not account for. Someday I will educate Bombur on the virtues of a Hobbit meal-schedule, and we shall have stops for second breakfast and tea at the very least. I’m sure His Majesty will absolutely hate being delayed, but I’m sure other members of the Company would also be interested in stopping for more meals.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole #the company

9:50AM Still hate waybread, though. Too dry and tasteless, and it doesn’t actually fill my stomach like it’s supposed to.
#adventureblogging

10 am
My nanaddan asked if they could go to hunt, claiming boredom. Nori went along with them. I reminded them that the ruins are to be avoided. They seemed to conveniently not hear me.
#the quest #my sister children #nori

10:58AM We’ve passed several Windflower patches. In the Shire, Windflower grows on graves, though there’s a legend that the fields of the Northfarthing sprouted a blossom of Windflower for each Hobbit who died at the hands of the Orcs from Mount Gram.
#adventureblogging

11 am
We have started to pass white flowers, growing in bunches. I know that Mr Baggins has an appreciation for flowers; perhaps giving him one will be enough to get him to listen to my apology.
I will wait until after we have stopped for lunch. Food also is sure to put Mr Baggins in a better mood.

11:02AM The Windflower blooms on the shores of the Lake
Where our bright Hobbit-lads their own lives did forsake
In defense of a kingdom whose king had been lost
In the coldest of winters, the fall of Fornost
For the long hardy wars we fought 'gainst a Witch-king
Through plague and invasion our people still sing
But though we had vict'ry, these news will not bring
My sturdy young archer-lad back home to me
Did the Elf-lords sing for you, did the Princes pay tribute
Did they crown you with flow'rs as they lowered you down?
And did they make a nice speech for your family
Did they pay their respects at the side of your tree?

That was a pretty powerful song back in the days after the battle but before the Thain, back when the Shire was still part of the kingdoms of Men. The Big Folk really do tend to overlook us in their histories. They also tend to overlook us literally, too.

11:20 am
Fíli and Kíli have brought back quails and Nori seems satisfied, through I cannot visibly see why. He has a hand casually placed on his pack. I have a feeling that there are some nearby ruins with missing treasure.

11:34AM We’ve stopped for lunch, as Fíli and Kíli have caught several quails and Bombur wants to spend some time to prepare them properly. I might offer to help him pluck the birds.

11:45AM I am covered in feathers. I should be careful, lest I get mistaken for a quail myself.

11:50 am
Dwalin asked me why I seemed so distracted. I had failed to realize that I had been so quiet and told him that I have been thinking how best to apologize to Mr Baggins. Dwalin was quiet for a moment before he let out a roaring laugh, wished me luck, clapped me on the shoulder, and then headed over to Glóin. Dwalin has been my friend for many years and yet there are still times when I do not understand his actions.
Anonymous asked: Hobbits seem fond of both food and flowers. Perhaps offer him one or the other to help with the apology? Though be careful with the flowers, they have hidden meanings after all. You’d want to find out what they meant first before giving them else you might cause offence without meaning to.

I do not think there is a meaning for the white flowers that we are passing, but if there is, I hope Mr Baggins understands that I am not as well-versed in the lore of flowers as he. Also, there are no other flowers here with which to make my apology.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

12:20PM I’ve managed to get most of the feathers off me in time for lunch. Bombur’s done a good job roasting and garnishing the birds, especially given how he had less than an hour to do so. Sometimes he makes me doubt my own abilities as a cook.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

1:20 pm

With lunch and its clean-up completed, I am going to go pick a flower from one of the bunches growing in this area and present to Mr Baggins, so that he will listen to my apology.

#the quest #bungling burglar

1:32PM
I have given Mr Baggins the white flower. He looked at it quietly for a few moments before thanking me and turning away. His tone of voice and face did not indicate if the flower succeeded in making him willing to listen or not. I will wait a time before I speak with him again.

#the quest #bungling burglar

1:36PM
[Original Post]
BOFUR NO

#me #that asshole #the bagginshield conspiracy

1:40PM His Majesty has given me one of the Windflowers. I can’t believe his nerve. Doesn’t he know he’s desecrating someone’s memory by stealing flowers from their grave?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #seriously though

1:46PM Is he trying to send me a death wish?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #seriously though

There is still no indication if the flower worked or not. I cannot tell if Mr Baggins still has it or not.

#the quest #bungling burglar

4:12PM The clouds seem ready to unload on us. Balin has suggested we find shelter soon.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

4:15PM Balin suggested sending Fíli and Kíli out early to look for a campsite, due to the heavy clouds above us. I protested this, arguing that we could still go for another hour at least before having to look for a place of rest.

#the quest #bложить бурлар

5:35 PM The clouds continue to hold the rain, not dropping it down on us just yet. However, with the sun covered, to wait too much longer to find a campsite would mean scouting in the dark. I am sending my nanaddan out with instructions for somewhere with shelter.

#the quest #my sister children

5:38PM Fíli and Kíli have been sent out to scout again. Wonder if His Majesty is still warning them away from the castles.
5:52PM  
Anonymous asked: Oh dear no, I don't think he means anything bad by it at all! I have a feeling he's trying to make amends for his behaviour this past week by giving you a flower, since he's probably heard hobbits are fond of them. However I doubt he knows the meanings behind every flower and unfortunately chose the wrong one.  
...Did he not know that he was taking them from someone’s grave? Funny way to make amends. He really should just stick to giving people rocks to say he’s sorry.

6:10 pm  
Anonymous asked: Mr. Oakenshield, what do you think of the "kiss-it-better" philosophy of making up, in reference to Mr. Baggins?  
I do not believe Mr Baggins would appreciate a kiss, especially one that is unsolicited. I do not kiss people who do not want to be kissed.

6:25 pm  
My nanaddan have finally returned, having found a suitable campsite. There is little shelter to be found in this area, besides the ruins.

6:54PM We’re spending the night under a rocky outcropping from one of the cliffs. It’s sheltered, but just sheltered enough for us to fear for our lives if it gets rainy and windy.

7:12PM Bombur has cooked up something simple but wonderful for dinner — potato soup. Taters might be the only vaguely vegetable-like things that these Dwarves will eat without complaint. And I suspect that’s because you can serve taters in so many different ways and they’ll still taste great with everything.

7:15 pm  
We are settled in our camp for the night and supper is being served. Perhaps now is the time to finally talk to Mr Baggins and to apologize.

7:24PM His Majesty has sat down next to me. How do I tell him that I’m not in the mood to indulge him, not with that death wish he sent my way earlier?
7:25 pm
I placed myself next to Mr Baggins, about to speak, when he stood with his bowl and moved to a new seat. Did he misunderstand why I sat where I did?
#the quest #bungling burglar

He has done it again. I moved once again to seat myself next to Mr Baggins and he stood without a word and sat himself somewhere else. Is he still angry with me?
#the quest #bungling burglar

7:36PM I’ve tried to move, but he keeps on following me.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:40PM Giver save me from the ridiculousness of Dwarves!
#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:43 pm
I have tried several more times to talk with Mr Baggins but each time, he stands and moves away. I can feel the company watching as I move after him but I am determined to apologize. How can it be this hard?
#the quest #bungling burglar #the company

7:45PM Maybe if I sit next to Gandalf, he won’t bother me.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard

7:52PM Apparently not. Gandalf lit into him about Rivendell, though, which was perfect for my own getaway. I’m taking the latrine shovel with me into the rain, so they’ll have an idea of what I should be doing, even though I have no intent of actually utilising the shovel.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

8:10 pm
Mr Baggins is indeed quite evasive when he tries. He placed himself next to Gandalf and I followed him nonetheless. This proved to be the wrong choice as Gandalf quickly began to remind me of the good reasons to go to Rivendell. This started a small argument between us and it gave Mr Baggins the chance to disappear completely. Perhaps he does have the skills to be a burglar after all.
#the quest #bungling burglar #the wizard

8:30 pm
Apparently, Mr Baggins slipped away with the latrine shovel. However, he has been gone for quite a while. I am waiting for him to return, as it has been nearly two days and I still have been unable to apologize.
#the quest #bungling burglar
Dori has pulled me aside to talk to me about cheese, of all things. He is quite passionate about the subject. I want to check to see if Mr Baggins has returned but Dori is speaking with such intensity, I feel that it would be rude to interrupt him.

#the quest #bungling burglar #dori

8:50 pm

I think it might be safe enough to emerge from my hiding spot. I can hear Dori boring His Majesty with a long talk about the fermentation process for the Gondorian blue cheese.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #that asshole

8:54 PM

Dori has managed to switch over to a discussion on the two major schools of casei culture for Bree cheese without even batting an eyelash. I think I owe him something. Maybe cheese. Either way, good night.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

9:02 PM

I excused myself from Dori's discussion of cheeses and found that Mr Baggins was already asleep in his bedroll! Du Durinultarg! No more of this! I will apologize to Mr Baggins in the morning. This is becoming ridiculous.

#the quest #dori #bungling burglar #(by Durin's beard)

May 15th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am

We have begun our travels once more. The sky remains cloudy, though not as much as yesterday. On the map, Weathertop and its watchtower are said to be a few hours' travel from us. Balin estimates that we should make it there sometime after noon. It would make for a good spot for lunch, and to get a look at the land before and behind us.

#the quest #balin

7:40 am

I have noticed that Mr Baggins is glaring at me. The flower has not worked.

#the quest #bungling burglar

Bilbo

7:45 AM

Ori asked me why I was avoiding His Majesty yesterday. I tried to shrug it off and say something about him being a prat (really, when is he not?) but eventually he got the whole Windflower thing out of me. It really does feel a bit silly telling Ori about it, but he at least had the
decency to look horrified for my benefit.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #that asshole

8:15 am

I asked Balin for assistance in the matter of apologizing to Mr Baggins, as it is turning out to be much harder than I could have planned, and he has revealed to me the error of my ways. I apparently gifted Mr Baggins with labamrazkhnung, a flower that blooms on the graves of Men! Dwarves are buried in stone, and thus I have never seen the flower and connected it to such a meaning.

It is no wonder that Mr Baggins is upset with me.

#the quest #balin #bungling burglar

8:30 am

I asked Balin what I could gift Mr Baggins, as the last one did not go as planned. He admitted that he did not know what would appease the Hobbit and suggested that I ask. As I cannot ask Mr Baggins, I will have to question the company.

#the quest #balin #bungling burglar

9:10 am

I asked Bofur for advice on what Mr Baggins would appreciate as a gift for an apology. He seemed excited by the prospect of planning a gift and quickly suggested a rock. I would not have thought a rock would be something Mr Baggins would want, but Bofur insisted. When I asked if there was a specific sort, he said that he did not know.

#the quest #bofur #bungling burglar

9:20 AM Gandalf is looking amused. I asked what he was chuckling about, and he nodded over to where His Majesty is talking to Bofur and Ori. I fail to see how that’s funny.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole #hatdwarf #scribedwarf

9:30 am

Bofur and I have asked Ori if he would perhaps know what type of rock Mr Baggins would like. He seemed unsure of this venture and admitted that he had no idea what sort of rock to suggest. We three debated different types, though we did not come to a conclusion.

#the quest #bofur #ori #bungling burglar

9:45 am

My nanaddan suggested that I gift Mr Baggins with mithril. I reminded them that we are currently traveling on a quest and thus do not have access to mithril. And that mithril is not a rock.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar

10:20AM Balin says he’s had a discussion with His Majesty, and that we’re having a late lunch at about 2 in the afternoon, when we reach Weathertop. I guess I’ve no choice but to fill the spaces in between with more waybread.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole
10:30 am
As we could not think of what sort of rock Mr Baggins would prefer, I decided against it. I would prefer not to accidentally insult the Hobbit through another means. Though I have told Bofur to keep an eye out for good-looking rocks.
#the quest #bungling burglar #bofur

11 am
Weathertop has come into view. It should be a few more hours before we reach it.
#the quest #weathertop

Anonymous asked: Trying some good food (if you can find any) might be a good gift, make sure to tell Bilbo about the mistake regarding the flower and why it happened too; I'm sure he'll understand once he knows it was only because you were unaware of the meaning. I have no doubt his taste in food is different from my own, and I could not possibly make Bombur do extra work. And I do intend to apologise for the flower as well.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #bombur

11:33 am

12:45PM I am singlehandedly making my way through the Company’s store of waybread. I hate waybread. I do not want this to be my legacy, that I ate all of the Company’s store of a food that I hate.
#adventureblogging

1:25PM Weathertop is rapidly approaching. Bombur is excited about lunch. I can’t wait to eat whatever he’s got up his sleeve.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

1:45 pm
We will be in Weathertop’s watchtower soon.
#the quest

1:47PM
Anonymous asked: If you don't mind my asking whilst you're hungry; what are your favourite foods? Perhaps if there's a stop off somewhere soon you could stock up on some things you enjoy eating.
I think right now I would kill for some mince pies and seed-cake. My stomach is growling so loudly that it’s a miracle Myrtle hasn’t been spooked by the sound.
#ask #anonymous #myrtle

1:48PM
Anonymous asked: I absolutely love your blog, seeing your posts always makes me happy :D
Thank you!
#ask #anonymous
2:05PM We’re in the watchtower on Weathertop. It’s quite the view, really. You can tell why they decided to make this place one of the boundaries between Arthedain and Rhudaur.
#adventureblogging

2:13PM We’re unloading the ponies for a small camp for lunch. I’ve taken an apple out of the supply to feed to Myrtle, as my promise of sneaking her an apple if she refrains from eating the running myrtle by the side of the road has been quite overdue.
#adventureblogging #myrtle

2:20PM His Majesty came over to talk to me, but just as he was starting to talk, there was a flash and a bang and Myrtle bolted. Now I’ve got to go find her, or I’ll be ponyless until we get to Rivendell. If we go to Rivendell.
(I really hope Gandalf’s advice wins out there. I don’t bloody care about the feud between Elves and Dwarves; I want a warm bed and clean clothes.)
#adventureblogging #that asshole #myrtle #meddling wizard

2:23PM Giver grant me patience. His Majesty is coming with me to find Myrtle.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

2:25 pm

I noticed that Mr Baggins was on his own by his pony. It seemed a good opportunity to apologize, so I went to him. However, just as I began to speak, a loud noise spooked Mr Baggins’ pony and it ran in fright.

I offered to join Mr Baggins in looking for Myrtle. He did not look entirely pleased but did not overly protest.
#the quest #bungling burglar

2:30PM Of all the folks who’s going pony-chasing with me, it had to be him. Of course it had to be.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #myrtle

2:48PM He’s still trying to apologise. Look, if he can chase down Myrtle for me I’ll consider it even, but otherwise I am not in the mood to deal with this.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #myrtle

2:52PM To get him off the damn topic about how he’s sorry for the flower thing I told him he was forgiven. Now he’s trying to apologise for the Bofur thing, too. If he starts trying to kiss my feet in supplication, I’m out of here.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #hatdwarf

3 pm

I have apologized to Mr Baggins about gifting him the labamrazkhnung and he has accepted! Now to ask him to forgive my accusations involving him and Bofur.
#the quest #bungling burglar
3:07 PM I told him that we can consider ourselves even if he helps me find Myrtle. I don’t have high hopes. Giver’s fruits, he got lost in *Bindbale*!

#adventureblogging #that asshole #myrtle

3:10 pm

Mr Baggins has informed me that if Myrtle is found then all is forgiven.

#the quest

3:18PM I knew we weren’t going to find Myrtle without another argument. Now it’s about his abysmal sense of direction. I have never wanted to punch someone in the face so badly, not even when young Paladin Took stole my tomatoes. (And even then, I just wanted to box his ears. They were my prize-winning tomatoes, all right?)

Maybe it’s the lack of lunch talking.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #myrtle

3:25PM This has quickly devolved into us hurling personal insults at each other. I didn’t know he had such a long list of things he disliked about me.

Okay, I knew he had a list. But not *this* long!

#adventureblogging #that asshole

3:35PM He brought up my appetite. That’s low. That’s really low, Thorin Oakenshield.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

3:36PM I can’t do this. I’m going to find Myrtle on my own.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #myrtle

3:38 pm

While we were searching for Myrtle, Mr Baggins and I got into an argument that quickly fell out of hand.

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It had been over an hour ago since Myrtle ran in fright and when I assured Mr Baggins that I would see to it that she was found, he asked me how I would be able to find Myrtle when I managed to get lost in *Bindbale* Woods, as he enjoys reminding me. He stated that I would not be able to find my way out of a sack.

Having had quite enough of Mr Baggins poking at my poor sense of direction, I found myself saying harsh things back in anger. I pointed out that I, at least, could survive in the world.


“Really. A question of my attitude, Mr Baggins? Do tell. What about my attitude irks you?” I asked.

We had both stopped and turned to speak our minds to each other.

“Where do I begin,” he started, exasperated. “What’s the harm in letting the company make a couple wagers? It’s irritating, yes, but not as irritating as censorship.”

I cut in, “This sort of thinking is what is leading the company astray! Filling their heads with distractions!”
“Not all of us can devote every waking thought on a bloody Mountain that we haven’t ever seen before, and yet you seem to expect us to!” Mr Baggins yelled. How can he know the longing that grips one who has lost their home? How can he understand the pain of loss when his life has known no hardship? Then to scoff at one who is chasing the comfort that he already possesses...

“I am sorry that we cannot all be soft things with nice warm homes, with no worries greater than the names of ponies,” I spat at him.

“What’s the harm in naming a couple of ponies? We don’t even need rain to dampen our moods at this rate, as your personal stormcloud does the job wonderfully!”

“At least I pull my weight on this Quest, as opposed to eating it!” Mr Baggins looked at me with wide eyes. I realized then that words had gotten out of hand. Silence stood stilted between us.

After long moments, Mr Baggins turned away and walked away. I could not bring myself to follow him.

Despite them being spoken in anger, my words were my true feelings, as I am sure Mr Baggins’ words were.

#the quest #bungling burglar

3:40PM I have found Myrtle. She was grazing by a small stream. Weathertop is nowhere in sight, but if those hills that I see are part of the Weather Hills, Weathertop must be amongst them somewhere.

No sign of His Majesty where I last left him. Please tell me he hasn’t wandered off too far.

#adventureblogging #myrtle #that asshole

3:42 pm

I am currently trying to find my way back to the company. Unfortunately, I did not pay attention to where we were walking before. This… may be a problem.

#the quest

3:45PM Really, I might be angry with His Majesty, but I wouldn’t want him wandering around in the Wild to die of starvation, either.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

3:48PM I’m starting to get concerned. We’ve been lost for quite some time now.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

3:50 pm

I have stopped, lest I get more lost. I have a map with me, though it does not have the close details of this area. But perhaps I can still use it to return to Weathertop.

#the quest

3:56PM
I’ve found him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

4 pm

Mr Baggins has returned and he seems to have found his pony. He says that he thinks he can get us back to the camp.

#the quest #bungling burglar

4:15 PM We’ve found our way back to the camp as they were packing up. Bombur had leftovers set aside for us. I’m not sure what lunch had been, but I’m too hungry to ask.

Some of the members of the Company wondered what took us so long. I tried to explain by saying that Myrtle had bolted and we had to find her and bring her back, but I don’t think any of them believed me.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #the company #myrtle #i think #the bagginsshield conspiracy #is back

4:25 pm

We were able to return to the company. Lunch had already been eaten, though Bombur had left some to the side for Mr Baggins and I that we could eat while on ponyback. Some of the company seems to be under the impression that Mr Baggins and I were not truly lost, despite us telling them so.

Thankfully, at least Balin believes that our story is true.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bombur #the company #balin

4:30PM Please don’t read this.

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Thorin, this was a long time coming. I don’t know what possessed me to come with you on this Quest, nor do I know what possessed you to accept me. I know you’ve had your doubts about me — that you still have your doubts. But was it really doing me a kindness by hiding those doubts (and badly, at that) instead of telling me face-to-face that I don’t belong on this Quest?
I am sick and tired of being viewed by you as the charity case you took in because Gandalf wheedled and threatened you to. I’ve gone too far to turn back now, but unless something happens between now and Rivendell that’ll get us on better terms with each other, then Rivendell is as far as our mutual paths will go.

I have respect for you as a leader of your people, and I thank you for taking me out of the Shire even for this brief moment. But I have my limits of being belittled and disrespected, too. The argument we had today helped in clearing the air between us, but it also brought out all of the things that you find displeasing about me, and maybe there’s too many of them for us to continue down this road together.

I wish you luck on your journey.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thorin oakenshield

4:35 pm

We are traveling again. I can hear the company whispering among themselves. I have the unfortunate feeling that the wagers have begun again.

#the quest #the company

5:45 pm

I have asked Fili and Kili to find a campsite for the night. They agreed and left without too much hassle. I believe Balin had a talk with them, for they have been uncharacteristically quiet since lunch.

#the quest #my sister children #balin

6:25 pm

We have arrived at the campsite for the night. Despite the late lunch, the company already seems eager for supper. I find that I do not have much of an appetite.

#the quest #the company

7:05 pm

Anonymous asked: Regret tends to ruin appetites.

Of that, I am all too well aware.

#ask #anonymous

7:17 pm

Anonymous asked: Although good food isn't an option at this moment in time, it may interest you to know Bilbo is fond of mince pies and seed cake, for future reference.

Thank you for that information. I will keep it in mind for future use.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

7:30PM I think we might be back to ignoring each other. It’s almost a relief.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:45 pm

Supper was somewhat quiet, with only light conversation present. However, the mood of the company was bright; they were simply enjoying a subdued night.

#the quest #the company
Anonymous asked: You two are quite the mess. At this point I think you need to be locked in a closet together until it's resolved. But since that isn't an option on your journey I'd suggest to any eavesdropping nephews that you and your burglar should be forced to share a pony until you can behave.

I would strongly discourage any such antics, whether it come as a suggestion from you or my sister-children (as Kíli prefers to be referred to as ‘they’).

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #my sister children

8PM Fíli and Kíli have offered me what they term a ‘sorry our uncle is an ass’ hug. Now they seem reluctant to let go of me, and are arguing over who’s hogging me more. Should I remind them that I would prefer to sleep unhampered by two unwashed Dwarves?

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

8:30PM Well, apparently I will not be sleeping unhampered by two unwashed Dwarves tonight. Fíli and Kíli seem to think that I make an excellent pillow, and keep on making quips about how their uncle is missing out on this ‘cuddle pile’. Giver grant me patience.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

8:45 pm

I retreated to my bedroll after the supper clean up, as I could feel Gandalf’s eyes on me. My nanaddan are on the opposite side of the camp with Mr Baggins, draped over the Hobbit. While I never mind them sleeping next to me, it is amusing to know that someone else will get to deal with my nanaddan’s snores.

#the quest #the wizard #my sister children #bungling burglar

May 16th, 2015

Bilbo

6:25AM Bombur has just woken up, so I guess I’m distributing breakfast since I’ve been up and in the stores since six. Bacon and nuts it is, then. I think Ori has bad reactions to nuts, so I shall make sure not to put any on his plate with his bacon.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #scribedwarf

Thorin

6:35 am

Mr Baggins is handing out the breakfast plates this morning, as Bombur seems to have awoken late.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bombur

6:44 am
Mr Baggins waited to present me with my plate last. His face was carefully blank, though his eyes were intense. My plate was handed to me without a word and then Mr Baggins walked away. I am not sure what it means.

#the quest #bungling burglar

6:45AM His Majesty just made the strangest expression at his plate. I can’t possibly imagine why. Perhaps he, too, has reactions to nuts.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

6:46 am

Ah, that explains it. Mr Baggins’ humor is… interesting. The bacon and nuts on my plate are arranged like… certain anatomical parts. It would seem that Mr Baggins is still upset with me.

#the quest #bungling burglar

7:30 am

We are traveling once more. The sky continues to hold its dark clouds, though they do not yet look heavy enough to rain down on us. However, we may encounter the rain tomorrow.

#the quest

8AM I’ve been thinking about what Thorin and I argued over yesterday.

~~~

I’m caught between apologising and, well, not apologising. The words still hurt, and he can say he’s sorry all he likes, but it’s never going to drive away the feeling that I’ve been nothing but useless these past few weeks. I think we’ll have been on this trip for a month very soon, and I don’t know how to feel about that. A month, and where are we? Wandering through the Lone-lands. If I hadn’t come along, would the Company have gone faster? If I hadn’t come along, would the Company really be more driven and focused on the end goal? I mean, we’ll never know, but Thorin’s making me wonder about these things again.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

9 am

The argument between Mr Baggins and I yesterday continues to plague my mind. I am fully aware that my personality is not as bright as some company members. I do not fault myself nor them for these differences.

And this quest is of the utmost importance. I ask for seriousness because this is what this quest requires.

I know these things and yet… the Hobbit’s words still persist.

#the quest #bungling burglar

9:45AM

~~~
I mean, I’m glad I had this opportunity. I’m glad I got out of the Shire at last and saw a piece of the wide world beyond. I might just stay at Rivendell for a while when we get there (and I’m sure Gandalf will win out in the end over His Majesty’s pig-headedness) and then make my way back, and hope that I don’t run into anything unsavoury. Maybe catch part of a party of Elves heading to Lindon and get dropped off in the Shire when they pass through. I’m sure they know a way back that doesn’t involve going through those blasted marshes.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

---

There are many in the company who have never seen Erebor, including my nanaddan, born long after its fall. They do not even have dreams or memories of Erebor to follow them, yet they can understand the importance of reclaiming it.

#the quest #the company #my sister children

---

I have voiced these frustrations with Balin, telling him of Mr Baggins’ words to me. He knows just as well as I how much the desire to reclaim Erebor grips the heart.

He shared this with me: “If you keep a tight hold on your sword, whether in battle or not, your arm will eventually get tired. Keep holding past that and you could damage your hand and arm. There are times when you need to put your sword down and rest so that you can pick it back up later.

It is not a bad thing to be so focused on Erebor, but in doing so, you may end up hurting yourself. Give yourself a chance to rest.”

#the quest #bungling burglar #balin

---

grandnutin asked: Bilbo, what were you like as a child? Did you ever get into any trouble, and if you did, which of your parents was the one to punish you?

The worst punishment I had was going to bed without supper; I really have to say my parents spoilt me as a child. I got into my fair share of scrapes as a Hobbit-lad: falling out of trees, nicking crops from the farmers, breaking windows with a slingshot — typical childish mischief. But I’d also always tag along after several of my Took uncles who’d ‘gone off’ into the blue on adventures (leastaways the ones who returned to tell their tales), and begged Gandalf for stories of the wide world beyond the Shire whenever he’d visit.

#ask #grandnutin

---

I asked Dwalin if he would describe me as a ‘stormcloud.’ He has not yet answered me due to his continuing laughter.

#the quest #dwalin

---

We have stopped for lunch. Gandalf approached me again and before I could turn away, he stopped me to insist that it was not about Rivendell. I gave in and let him speak. He simply asked me if Mr Baggins and I had settled our differences during our talk yesterday. I told him that we had discussed our differences but had not settled them. He seemed annoyed by this but left me be. I am now thinking back to what had scared Myrtle. It had been a strange flash of light and explosion
of sound that had appeared from nowhere... like magic.
Meddling wizard.
#the quest #the wizard

1 pm
Mr Baggins has been very quiet throughout lunch. The rest of the company chatted as they usually
do but the Hobbit merely ate his food with barely a word.
It seems that I am not the only one affected by our argument.
#the quest #bungling burglar

2:28PM
~~~
Or maybe I could go on. Go out into the world. Visit other Elves. Find the old ancestral lands of the
Hobbits near the vales of the Anduin, wander farther East to find the mythical beasts of Hobbit lore. I
don’t need Dwarves to have an adventure.
#adventureblogging

2:35 pm
I looked back to check on the company and when they noticed my gaze, whispered conversations
hushed.
Perhaps there is a bit of truth to Mr Baggins’ words. While I do not enjoy the wagers that invade my
own privacy and that of the Hobbit’s, I am not so cold as to silence the company in their attempts to
pass the time. But it would seem that the company, and Mr Baggins, are under the impression that I
dislike anything that is not about Erebor.
I do not wish to lead with an iron fist; I wish to be a leader that helps to fix the problems of my
people, to use the power that I possess to help those that I can.
#the quest #the company #bungling burglar

4PM
~~~
But I’m sure I’ll miss Bag End eventually, so maybe not as far East as I’d like.
#adventureblogging

4:30 pm
Anonymous asked: I know perhaps that these are usual questions, but for the sake of my
curiosity; I hope you won't mind. What do you dream about? Do you typically have night
terrors? What are you recurring dreams, if you have them? It's said that our dreams reflect
our innermost selves, do you agree with this?

Typically, I do not put much thought into my dreams and thus do not remember many of them. However, I recall times of dreaming that I am dancing in the halls of Erebor atop a field of molten
gold. I do not know if that dream or any others have any particular significance or if it reflects my
innermost self.
#ask #anonymous
Anonymous asked: Good evening, I've a question for you and I do hope I don't offend. You've mentioned before that Kili preferred to be called they. My reading skills what they are, I thought at first that you meant Kili preferred to always be paired with his brother in mentioning. Now, I think I see an error in my thinking. If it is acceptable to ask, does Kili not align with he or she, but is they? I wish to refer properly, only. I myself am both and neither at once...

Kíli asks to be referred to as they as they believe they do not strongly align with any concepts of gender that we Dwarves may have. The closest Khuzdul term is Zatakhuzdûn, or one who embodies the whole dwarf.

5 pm

I have sent my nanaddan out to scout for a campsite. The clouds are still grey, hanging over our heads as if it is holding its breath, but I believe that our night should be dry. Balin agrees, though he predicts that the rain will begin in the morning and follow us during the day tomorrow.

5:15 PM

~~~

And it would be awfully lonely travelling with just myself. I don’t think any of the Dwarves would want to desert the Company to come with me, though. They have a homeland to reclaim. I don’t.

5:45 pm

Mr Baggins was just as subdued during supper as he was during lunch. I have retrieved my pipe for a smoke in the hopes that it would help to chase away the sour feeling in my stomach.

6:45 pm

We’ve settled down for tonight. Fíli and Kíli have roped in Bofur and Ori with the promise of using me as a pillow again, and so I have had to acquiesce to another ‘cuddle pile’.

7:55 pm

My nanaddan have once again placed their bedding by Mr Baggins. Ori and Bofur have also joined them and the five seem to be piled atop one another. I cannot imagine how comfortable it is, having been elbowed in my sleep more times than I can count by my nanaddan, but they seem to be happy. Even Mr Baggins, who seems to be the pillow of the pile.

8:15 pm

Dwalin just referred to me as thanb’shathr. He is still snickering about it.
8:30PM Sometimes I forget that Dwarves have their good parts. These four are collectively very good at cuddling. I might remain on the Quest specifically for these four.

May 17th, 2015

Thorin

7:30 am

We are traveling once again. The clouds promise rain and we have made sure the packs are covered for when it finally falls. It looks to be a dreary day.

#the quest

Bilbo

9AM Another day of travelling. I hear plans of resting at the Last Bridge by the River Hoarwell. There’s talk of bathing there. I’m particularly excited about that. I’m pretty sure I smell like Dwarf by now. Or at least very ripe Hobbit.

#adventureblogging

9 am

My nanaddan have begun their word game again and have tried to rope me into a round. When they can usually get to a common word within three rounds, it took upwards to a dozen for me to finally do so. I can feel my mind refusing to focus. They have moved on to getting Balin to join their game.

#the quest #my sister children #balin

11:30 am

The smell of rain is heavy in the air. Balin predicts that we will be able to make it through lunch, but only just before it hits us.

#the quest #balin

12:45 pm

The company is going through their lunch with their eyes turned upwards. It is rare to see them eat so quickly.

#the quest #the company

2PM The most interesting thing that has happened today so far is that it has started raining. I hate everything.
The rain has begun and it feels that it is only going to get heavier. The clouds stretch across the sky and I see no end to them.

#the quest

4PM His Majesty has sent his sister-children out to scout for shelter, as the rain is starting to fall harder. I’m cold and miserable and I hope they find something soon.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

4:15 pm

Despite it being earlier than usual, I have sent my nanaddan out for a campsite with shelter. The rain is beating down and even with their cover, the packs will soon be soaked. The company already is, looking miserable and wet.

#the quest #my sister children #the company

5:45PM
We’ve found a place for the night. Another one with half its roof gone. I should invest in corks for my ears.

#adventureblogging

6 pm

We have made camp for the night within an abandoned cottage. Half of the roof is missing but it will have to do for the night.

#the quest

6:53PM Supper was rather miserable considering the leaking roof, though Dwalin, Fíli, and Kíli did
their best to patch up the holes that could be reached. Quite a bit of rafter climbing was involved, of course, as the cottage once belonged to Big Folk.

7:05 PM Balin, who’s on lookout, says there’s something out there.

7:07 PM Balin says there’s a party of Orcs coming past. We’ve had to stamp out our fire and hide. Here’s to hoping we don’t get killed.

7:09 PM Confound it, of course I’d be stuck hiding in a wardrobe with His Majesty. This is going to be a long wait. Here’s definitely to hoping we don’t get killed, whether by Orcs or by each other.

7:45 pm

After dinner, Balin reported that orcs were approaching. In a flash, the company was up, stamping out the fire and hiding our packs. The ponies were already within the cottage and Gandalf thankfully set a spell of silence over them.

Quickly, the company dove into hiding spots around the cottage. I found myself in a rotting wardrobe and someone joined me before I quickly closed the door, surrounding us in darkness. The person who was in the wardrobe with me was in front of me, pressed against the door while I tried not to let my back press against the back of the wardrobe. Even the brief look I got of the back showed a rotting set of splinters.

It took me a few moments to realize that the figure in the wardrobe with me was much smaller than anyone else in the company. Meaning it had to be Mr Baggins.

I could feel the splinters shifting behind my back and so I pressed forward. Unfortunately, the wardrobe was quite small and that meant that Mr Baggins was pressed against my front. I tried to move back again and Mr Baggins snapped at me to keep still.

We began arguing in shouted whispers. Outside, I could hear the orcs coming closer. I quickly covered Mr Baggins’ mouth, fearing that we would be discovered.

In response, he bit me! I still have the mark to prove it! I removed my hand and inquired as to why he thought biting me was necessary. He quickly shushed me.

Outside of the wardrobe, I could hear the orcs come closer. Mr Baggins' hands gripped my arm and I could feel him shaking. I kept my breathing as quiet as possible and heard him do the same.

The orcs spoke and Mr Baggins’ grip on my arm tightened once more. I began to lose feeling in the tips of my fingers.

The orcs finally moved on after long, tense minutes. We stayed silent long after they were gone, to be sure. Eventually, Balin called us out, proclaiming that we were in the clear. Mr Baggins and I fell out of the wardrobe, as if it had been waiting to spit us out. There were raised eyebrows among the company that continued upwards while we restarted our argument about his decision to bite me.

Mahal save me from their wagers, I can feel them increasing.

7:45PM I’m not dead!

That was eventful. And in more ways than simply ‘praise the Giver because I’m still alive’.

~~~
As I mentioned earlier, in our mad scramble for various hiding places in the cottage, I had the misfortune to be trapped in a tiny old wardrobe with His Majesty. It smelt of rotting clothes and unwashed Dwarf. And His Majesty wouldn’t stop bloody fidgeting. So I had to tell him to stop moving around.

His Majesty (HM): If you’re going to hide in the wardrobe with me, then be quiet! A burglar is supposed to be stealthy, you know!

Me: You’re fidgeting and making the wood creak! You’re one to talk about stealth --

HM: (slams his hand over my mouth)

Me: (bites)

HM: (removes his hand) What was that for?

Me: Didn’t we agree to be quiet?

HM: (shuts up, bless him)

We could hear the Orcs practically on our doorstep by now, so we both froze in place and listened in as best we could. I have no idea what they talked about, but Gandalf told me later afterwards that they were talking about smelling Dwarves and ponies, but the rain was muddling the scent so badly that they weren’t sure where we actually were, and so they set off without properly investigating the cottage. Which is good for us, of course, as Gandalf could only hide and silence so many of us with his magic.

In any case, the Orcs were gone after what felt like ages, and then Balin gave us the all-clear, and we pretty much tumbled out of the wardrobe in an undignified heap. I of course had unfinished business with His Majesty:

HM: Why did you bite my hand?

Me: Why did you put it over my mouth? You have no right to touch me like that.

HM: I merely thought it to be the most expedient way to assure your silence.

Me: I am capable of remaining unseen and unheard, unlike you, O Great Fidgeter!

HM: The wardrobe was cramped. There were splinters digging into my back. And you made it even more uncomfortable. I’ve lost all the feeling in my right arm from where you clutched me for about ten minutes straight.

Me: At least it was your arm. And it wasn’t that tight.

By now the rest of the Company was watching us interestedly, so we decided to just drop the argument. I think my ears are burning.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard #brainsdwarf #the company

7:50PM Though really, in all truthfulness, he did have no right to put his hand over my mouth like that, especially given such little warning. Other methods of shushing me would have worked just fine, thank you very much.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

8PM And the furs aren’t to make him look puffier than he really is. He actually is quite strong. Getting squished into a wardrobe with him is like being trapped in a closet with a brick wall.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:02PM A very warm brick wall. A sun-baked brick wall?

#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:02 pm

Anonymous asked: When me and my brother would fight, my father would take me aside and ask me a very important question: Do you want to be right, or do you want to be happy? I always wanted to be right, but not as much as I wanted to be happy. What would your
If this is in reference to the argument between Mr Baggins and I, it was not an argument about if one of us was right or not. We were voicing our critiques of one another.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

**8:04 PM** Way to make someone feel inadequate.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

**8:05 PM** But then again, I mean, he *is* a blacksmith, I think. Aside from being, you know, lost royalty. So it makes sense that he would have some muscle. I should stop thinking about this.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

**8:15 pm**

The rain continues outside. Though it is a tight squeeze, especially with the ponies, we have all found room to sleep. I hope that we wake to find that the rain has stopped.

#the quest

**8:25PM** I really need to go to bed and forget all of this ever happened.

#adventureblogging #that asshole
May 18 - May 24

Chapter Notes

Skylocked (also found at HD4191) drew several more scenes for the Blogs:

May 16th, 2015 at 7:25 pm was illustrated [here]
May 19th, 2015 at 6:55 pm was illustrated [here]
May 20th, 2015 at 8:45 am was illustrated [here]

May 18th, 2015

Bilbo

7AM The rain’s over. Please let it be the last. My things aren’t properly dry even though we spent the night under shelter. I have no doubt some of the food stores got soaked.
#adventureblogging

7:15AM I hope the bag with the waybread got drenched, so we’ll have to throw out the soggy waybread. I hate waybread.
#adventureblogging #it sticks to the roof of your mouth

Thorin

7:30 am

Our travel has begun once more. The rain has finally cleared and the skies are mostly clear overhead.

The company reports that some of the packs were dampened in the rain last night but nothing was too badly damaged, save a bit of the food.
#the quest

8:01AM

Anonymous asked: What other methods of shushing did you have in mind?

The tried-and-true method of putting your finger to your lips and saying the word ‘shhhh’. Or even not needing to say the word ‘shhhh’. I know what a finger to the lips means.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

8:45 am

Dwalin has been questioning me about the events in the wardrobe yesterday. He, along with other company members, seem to be under the impression that something happened between Mr Baggins and I, other than the argument that we had. I informed him that nothing that he is thinking happened.

He accepted this, though he continues to cast glances between myself and Mr Baggins.
My nanaddan have joined in the questioning. They, unlike Dwalin and Balin, refuse to believe me about what transpired in the wardrobe.

9:25AM Good news. Balin says we’re about a day or two away from the Last Bridge. Which, of course, means a long-expected bath. I will still be guarding the camp while the Company bathes, of course, as I have no desire to see more of these Dwarves than what their clothes already do not cover.

10:30AM Ori wanted to know what His Majesty and I were arguing about last night that involved arm grabbing and biting. I told him that His Majesty had been a fidgety prat and had then tried to silence me by putting his hand over my mouth, so I bit him. I had him pass on to His Majesty at the head of the group a message reminding him that if he puts his hands on my mouth again, I’ll squeeze the feeling out of something other than his arm.

10:45am I have just received an odd message, passed forward by the company from Mr Baggins. He said, and I quote Dwalin, “Thorin, our burglar wants you to know that if you stick your hands in his mouth again, he’ll feel something with his arm.” I… am not entirely sure what this message is supposed to mean as I have not done nor do not plan to stick my hands in Mr Baggins’ mouth. I told Dwalin as such and asked him to pass the message back.

11AM I’ve gotten back a message about how His Majesty is planning to stick more than his hands in my mouth???

What is going on?
I don’t think he got the message right, but if he did, and he’s not being respectful of my boundaries, I will have to bite.

11:02AM I’ve told Ori to pass onto His Majesty the reminded that I bite, and that I will bite whatever he tries to stick into my mouth.

11:15am Dwalin as reported Mr Baggins’ reply. It was simply the information that apparently the Hobbit likes to bite. There is still a faint half-ring on my hand where he bit down yesterday. I told Dwalin that I am well aware of the biting and the message was passed back.
**11:30 AM** What does His Majesty look forward to?
I think the Company is interfering with our messages.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

**12 PM** We have stopped for lunch, and I have confronted His Majesty about the messages that he has been sending me.

Apparently said messages have indeed been interfered with.

I have my suspicions as to who the culprits are.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

**12:15 pm**

We stopped for lunch and Mr Baggins quickly approached me to question me about the odd messages he received. I told him that it was his messages that were odd and we came to the conclusion that the messages had gotten muddled and twisted as they had been passed down the company line.

#the quest #bungling burglar #the company

**12:30 PM** Fili and Kili are having fun passing messages to one another via the rest of the Company. They’ve somehow managed to turn ‘I had three apple pies, two steaks, and six potatoes’ into ‘I had cake apples, sixty-three, two slices of potato’. It might have been lost in translation with Bifur, or maybe Oin’s not quite hearing things right. Or maybe both, tossed in with Nori deliberately messing up the message.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #the company #axedwarf #trumpetdwarf #pointydwarf

**12:40 pm**

The morphing method of the messages soon became clear as my nanaddan passed messages to each through the rest of the company, with myself, Mr Baggins, and Gandalf not joining. It was amusing to watch the message start one way and come out another. The company had fun trying to identify who had distorted which part.

#the quest #the company #my sister children #bungling burglar #the wizard

**1:25PM** The game continues (yes, it’s now a game, Giver save us all) as we continue on our merry way through the Lone-lands. I’m starting to get a bit bored with the repetitive scenery. At least beyond the Last Bridge we’ll be going through Trollshaws forest.

#adventureblogging

**1:35 pm**

The company is still playing their message game (my nanaddan are currently trying to think of a name for the game) and their laughter at each end reveal is a welcome sound. Balin is happily
chatting with me, having stepped out of the game after the first few rounds, and discussing the coming days. He is quite looking forward to the chance for all of us to bathe. The cramped quarters last night did well to remind us all that it has been some time since our last bath.

#the quest #the company #my sister children #baling

1:45PM His Majesty doesn’t like the sound of Trollshaws forest, I think. Is it the trolls part, or the forest part, I wonder?
#adventureblogging #that asshole

3:15PM We’re passing by some more recently-destroyed houses. Gandalf says there’s been increased troll activity in these parts. He suspects some have come down from the Ettenmoors to wreak havoc. Well, I hope we won’t run into any of them. I don’t particularly fancy meeting trolls. I imagine they’d hanker for a taste of Hobbit.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

3:25PM I would use the Company as a shield against getting eaten by trolls, but having them get eaten by trolls instead would be quite rude.
#adventureblogging #the company

3:45 pm
Gandalf reports troll activity in our area. The game has died down a little, still going only within a handful of the company members. The rest have either grown bored or are keeping their eyes out.
#the quest #the wizard #the company

4PM I should stop worrying about trolls.
#adventureblogging

4:30 pm
My nanaddan have tried to pull me into the message game but I told them that I had played enough this morning. Their smiles turned sheepish.
So, the mistranslations seems to have not been entirely an accident.
#the quest #my sister children #these mischief makers

6 pm
I have pulled my nanaddan to my side to warn them to keep their eyes sharp while scouting for a campsite. They are confident in their abilities and I remind them that confidence can be a blinder and to watch each other’s backs.

It is not just Gandalf’s warning of trolls that worries me. The orcs from yesterday still pull at my mind. Our quest has been easy this far and I can only hope it continues to do so.
#the quest #my sister children #the wizard

6:10PM His Majesty has sent out Fíli and Kíli to find a camp now. I think we’re hoping to press on
as much as possible, so that we don’t have too much to go before we reach the Hoarwell and the Last Bridge.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

7:02PM We’ve found place for a camp.
#adventureblogging

7:15 pm
We have reached and set up camp for tonight. My nanaddan reported no odd sightings or anything out of the ordinary during their scout for the campsite. I still asked Dwalin to be first watch.
#the quest #my sister children #dwalin

7:34PM Gandalf and His Majesty are arguing about Rivendell yet again. Will they ever stop?
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

7:45 pm
Gandalf approached me once again and there was no patience in his face. He has insisted once again that we go to Rivendell. He explained again how the Elves there would help to read a clue to help with the quest, one that would be crucial. I finally relented and told him that I would provide my final answer tomorrow. He wanted an answer tonight but I told him to wait. He accepted and left me be. Cursed wizard.
#the quest #the wizard

8:20PM Oh dear.
Oh dear, it’s happened.
I’m out of sweets.
#adventureblogging #oh no

8:22PM I had my last honey candy tonight. I hope we stop off at Rivendell, as they might have more sweets. In the meantime, I must remain strong in these bitter times.
#adventureblogging

8:45 pm
My nanaddan have returned to sleeping at my sides. They told me of the nights they spent piled on Mr Baggins and insisted that I was ‘missing out.’ I assured them that I am sure Mr Baggins smells just as unwashed as the rest of us and do not need to join their pile for that information. They groaned at my answer, proclaiming that I was crushing their hopes. Hope for what, I do not know.
#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar
May 19th, 2015

Bilbo

8:01AM
Anonymous asked: I have a question if you have a moment: would you rather be right, or be happy? I got asked this a lot as kid if I was fighting with family, but I figure its a pretty telling thing to ask, if you’d be willing to answer. You make it seem like people who are right are all a bunch of miserable sods. That being said, I’d much rather be happy, myself.
#ask #anonymous

Thorin

8:30 am
Anonymous asked: I'm the one that posed the question: right or happy? I actually did just intend to get your view on it, though I admit it was the recent troubles that sparked the curiosity. So, to reiterate: would you rather be right, or be happy? Being happy and being right are both important. However, I believe I would rather be right. There are many things in my life that depend on me being right, while my own happiness affects only myself.
#ask #anonymous

9AM We’re expected to be at the Last Bridge by five tonight, if we keep at this pace. I can’t wait.
#adventureblogging

9:30 am
My nanaddan are poking fun at each other, proclaiming how dirt-caked and dusty they are. Looking at them now, I realize that Fili’s blond hair is looking rather brown. The Last Bridge cannot come soon enough.
#the quest #my sister children

11:20AM Lunch is going to be brief, so Bombur’s just been doing some simple cheese and fruit stuff. I can’t believe not all of the waybread was thrown out. How much waybread did we pack anyway?
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

11:30 am
Due to daily usage and the rains destroying parts of it, our food storage has begun to run low. This led to a lunch of cheese and fruits, much to the company’s dismay. My nanaddan vowed to go hunting and find meat for supper, looking at their apples in disappointment.
#the quest #my sister children #the company
12PM I still hate waybread.
#adventureblogging

12:15 pm

While glancing back at the company, I noticed Mr Baggins glaring into the distance, angrily eating a piece of waybread. I have heard him complain about it before, but I do not believe I have ever seen someone eat something so angrily until now.
#the quest #bungling burglar

12:30 pm

My nanaddan noticed my staring at Mr Baggins (though he thankfully did not, glaring too fiercely into the distance) and claimed to have seen the Hobbit eat four pieces of waybread, all within an hour. I doubted their story but they insisted that it was true.
If it is true, how much can Hobbits eat?
#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar #surely it was not four pieces

1:45 pm

Balin tells me that we will be at the Trollshaws forest by tomorrow. I have asked if there was any way to avoid the forest, to perhaps go around it. Balin insisted that the road takes us through it.
Dwalin suggested that we tie a line between Honeycomb and his pony, as well as tying me to Honeycomb, to be sure that I do not wander off and get lost. I assigned him third watch for the night.
#the quest #balin #dwalin #i hate trees

2PM The trees of the Trollshaws forest can be seen in the distance.
The scowl of His Majesty, too, can be seen from a distance.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

2:45 pm

My nanaddan have gone to see if they can shoot something down for supper. Nori decided to join them, citing boredom. Fili and Kili seemed perhaps too excited about Nori joining them. I can only imagine the mischief they have discussed before on previous hunting and scouting trips.
#the quest #my sister children #nori

4 pm

Balin predicts that we will reach the Last Bridge within the hour. I can feel my skin begin to itch from the dirt as the opportunity of a bath draws closer.
#the quest #balin

4:14PM I can hear the sound of a river.
#adventureblogging
Nori and my nanaddan have returned from their hunting trip with a decent haul of pheasants and rabbits.

#the quest #nori #my sister children

4:55PM We’re here. We’re at the Last Bridge. We can finally wash off all the stink we’ve accumulated from the Lone-lands. Thank the Giver.

#adventureblogging

5:10PM We’ve set up camp on the western bank of the Hoarwell. His Majesty has declared tomorrow a rest day. There were a lot of cheers about that.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

5:12PM And now the Company are all rushing about to get into the river and wash. It’s complete chaos. I hope I won’t get trampled.

#adventureblogging #the company

5:15PM Fíli and Kíli have presented me with some recently shot pheasants and rabbits for dinner, as I mentioned during camp set-up that I would be cooking dinner while the rest of them bathe. The two of them asked if I really was going to pass up the chance to bathe with their Uncle. I pointed out that Gandalf was also not in the group; why aren’t they pestering Gandalf? Fíli then declared that he had no desire to see Gandalf without his robes.

“And you want to see me without my own clothes?!” I demanded, feeling my ears turn red.

They laughed at me and said that they didn’t want to, personally, but they knew others who would be more open to seeing such things.

I told them not to be ridiculous. No one in the Company wants to see that sort of thing. It’s indecent.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #meddling wizard #i feel like this is part of #the bagginshield conspiracy #are they losing money on us i wonder

5:15 pm

Camp has been quickly set up and the company is heading for the water, undressing as they go. There is a trail of clothes leading to the water and already, within moments of being in it, there is a splash fight going on.

Mr Baggins and Gandalf have opted to stay at the camp while the company bathes. The Hobbit has volunteered to make supper tonight, using the game that Fíli, Kíli, and Nori caught.

I overheard my nanaddan questioning Mr Baggins on why he was not joining the company, while claiming that there were some who would be open to seeing the Hobbit without his clothes.

I called out to them, telling them to stop pestering Mr Baggins. They tried one last time to convince Mr Baggins to join the company’s bath but they finally left him be.

#the quest #bungling burglar #the wizard #my sister children

5:57PM Supper has been served. The pheasants were roasted and the rabbits worked into stew, and now the freshly-washed Dwarves are all eating dinner in their underwear — which, let me tell you, are simply ridiculous. No wonder they all sweat so much; the things are long and woolly and I hardly think they give your bits the proper airing they deserve.

#adventureblogging #the company
What an interesting sight our camp must make. The thirteen of the company dressed in only their undergarments, hair wet and dripping, with Mr Baggins and Gandalf still dressed in their normal attire.

Mr Baggins is staring into his bowl of food, as if trying to keep his eyes away from the crowd of half-naked dwarves. Gandalf, on the other hand, is smoking his pipe between bites of rabbit stew, chatting with Dori about the practicalities of bringing a bottle of wine on a quest.

#the quest #the company #the wizard #bungling burglar #dori

6:20PM My turn for a bath. Bofur says the river’s a bit cold, but I think I might like that. The day’s been pretty hot.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

6:22PM I might even spend tomorrow in my nightshirt and breeches so that I can wash both sets of clothes properly. They’re all musty and dusty from travel.
#adventureblogging #maybe not though #at least a pair of trousers #won’t do to let the entire company see my drawers

6:25 pm

Mr Baggins has taken his leave to bathe. As soon as he was out of earshot, I noticed my nanaddan and Nori begin to whisper amongst themselves, most likely planning some mischief during the Hobbit’s bath.

#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children #nori #what mischief are they planning

6:44 pm

Anonymous asked: If they’re planning mischief that might upset the hobbit, perhaps you should try and intervene? I’m sure Bilbo would be grateful once he finds out you stopped their shenenigans.

I have discovered their mischief and seen to it.
#ask #bungling burglar #anonymous #details will be posted soon

6:45 pm

I kept my eye on Nori, Fili, and Kili. Eventually, Nori got up and quietly made his way closer to the river where Mr Baggins was. I stood and followed him. Nori went directly for where Mr Baggins was, though he kept himself hidden. As far as I could see, Mr Baggins seemed to be washing out his hair and thus did not spot Nori and he continued to creep closer. The thief waited until Mr Baggins dunked his head underwater before snatching up the small, folded pile of clothes at the river’s edge.

Nori began sneaking back, triumph on his face and Mr Baggins’ clothes under his arm. He was nearly back to camp before he noticed me and froze.

I took Mr Baggins’ clothes from Nori and informed him that he was to replace Glóin during the second watch for the next week. He seemed more disappointed that the prank had not been fully successful and returned to camp.

#the quest #nori #my sister children #bungling burglar
6:52PM I was visited by His Majesty during my bath. He claimed to have been there to return my clothes. Naturally, I accused him of stealing them in the first place, and he turned into the exact shade of my tomatoes and insisted that Nori stole them instead. Of course, I had to apologise for my assumptions. And then I sent him away.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #pointydwarf

6:55 pm

I brought Mr Baggins his clothes back, though I accidentally surprised him at my approach. He sunk down to his nose into the water, his eyes wide. I turned my own eyes away to give him his privacy and announced that I was simply returning his clothes. Mr Baggins accused me of stealing them in the first place, but I explained that Nori had been the culprit. Mr Baggins apologized for the accusation before sending me away.

#the quest #bungling burglar #nori

7:10PM

~~~

I have been studiously ignoring His Majesty again. Which, of course, is pretty much just doing what I already do, except this time it’s less out of anger and more out of, oh I don’t know, mortification that he had to deliver my breeches back to me because I didn’t notice Nori stealing them?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #pointydwarf

7:15 pm

I have informed Glóin that Nori is taking over the second watch for this next week. His cheer was loud enough to echo.

#the quest #gloin #nori

7:30PM Ori says that my hair is getting pretty long, and that I should wear some braids in it like everyone else. The Company’s gathered in yet another one of those ‘braid trains’, since they’re all washed and fed now.

I guess my hair is getting a bit long. I’ll see about cutting it at Rivendell.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #the company

7:35 pm

My nanaddan sat at my sides and I helped them to braid their hair back into place. Around us, the rest of the company was doing the same, family helping each other.

#the quest #my sister children #the company

8 pm

Bofur and Ori have been teaching Mr Baggins some of the friendship braids and letting him help with their own hair. Now, they are braiding Mr Baggins’ curly hair. It is not long enough yet for a proper braid; instead there are multiple small braids.

I do not believe that Hobbits usually braid their hair but it looks quite fine on Mr Baggins.
8:10 PM Ori and Bofur have woven some very nice braids into my hair for now, and I’ve helped them with their own in return. Soon my own braiding skills won’t be completely terrible, considering that right now I can only do the most basic friendship ones. Ah, well, practice makes perfect.

8:55 pm
Mr Baggins seems to be asleep. This fact has not stopped my nanaddan from laying their bedrolls by him and curling up on the Hobbit. Before they had laid down, they had attempted to have me join them but I resisted. Bofur and Ori have also joined the pile and made themselves comfortable. They all do look quite cheerful, piled atop one another like that. At least now they do not smell too terribly.

May 20th, 2015
Thorin

6:20 am
I awoke at the usual early time. Dwalin was on third watch. I joined him where he sat and told him that he could sleep if he wanted to. He said that he was staying up for amusement’s sake and pointed to Mr Baggins.

I looked over to see that the company was piled atop Mr Baggins, all asleep and snoring. Dwalin tells me that they had all been there once his watch had started, Nori joining them once he had relieved him of watch.

6:30 am
Anonymous asked: (Different anon, but on that note) But does your happiness not also affect the people who care for you? I know your sister and your nadaddan would love to see you happy. Same with your friends. Your happiness is important too, Thorin.
I thank you for believing that. While my happiness may lead to those close to me being happy, it does not define the lives of those that I need to help. My happiness will not feed those who need food, will not house those who need shelter. My happiness does not protect anyone.

6:50 am
Dwalin has started yawning quite a bit. The rest of the company still sleeps; a few woke briefly before settling back down again once remembering that today is a rest day.
7:15 am
Dwalin has joined the pile around Mr Baggins. I am surprised the Hobbit has not woken up yet due to the surrounding symphony of snores.

#the quest #dwalin #bungling burglar

7:40 am
Gandalf has awoken and taken himself down to the river to bathe. I can hear him humming and singing even from here.

#the quest #the wizard

Bilbo

8AM ...What is this.

#adventureblogging

8:03AM No, seriously, I thought I went to bed alone, and now I have woken up at the centre of a pile of Dwarves.

#adventureblogging #the company

8:05 am
Mr Baggins has awoken and seems to be quite surprised at the pile of Dwarves laid around and on him. He has attempted to wiggle out from under them but to no success.

#the quest #bungling burglar

8:07AM No success in getting out of this Dwarf pile. They keep clinging on tighter every time I try to escape.
Giver save me. I will eventually die of starvation or crushed innards, whichever comes first.

#adventureblogging #the company

8:09AM His Majesty is awake. Maybe he’ll help me escape this pile. I will have to think up a suitable bribe, as I can’t imagine he’d do it out of the kindness of his own heart, given how I’ve been so rude to him lately.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:10 am
Mr Baggins has noticed that I am awake and aware of his situation and has asked for my help in getting him out of the pile. As his attempts to wiggle out of the pile are highly amusing, I told him that I would help if he would share some of his pipe weed with me.

#the quest #bungling burglar

8:12AM His Majesty has informed me that he will assist me in my escape from the Dwarf pile for a price: some of my pipe-weed.
On the one hand, freedom. On the other hand, having to give His Majesty some of my Longbottom Leaf. This is a surprisingly tough decision.
Mr Baggins as agreed to my terms, though he seems honestly torn by it.

Freedom has outweighed Longbottom Leaf. Having the feeling in my legs again is an excellent plus.

I have extracted Mr Baggins from the pile. There were some sounds of disappointment from the still sleeping company but they quickly piled atop each other and fell back asleep. Mr Baggins is shaking his legs, as apparently he had lost feeling in them.

Have joined His Majesty at the tree he’s leaning against. I’ve filled both his and my pipes with Longbottom Leaf, and he’s lit both of them for us. I can’t even remember the last time we were this civilised with each other.

I retrieved my pipe and sat against the tree I was at before. Mr Baggins joined me, though he asked if I planned to get lost, being near a tree and all. I told him that a single tree is not dangerous — it is when there are many of them that one should watch out.

Smoke ring total: 3 perfect rings so far. His Majesty is making my rings do strange things in the air. Showoff.

It is almost odd, that we have gone even this long without arguing.

The smoke’s making me a little sleepy.
8:45 am
Mr Baggins appears to have fallen asleep. I have carefully extracted his pipe and put it out. His head is leaning against the tree at an odd angle. He is slightly snoring, though the snores of the company are louder.

#the quest #bungling burglar #his neck is going to hurt if he continues sleeping like that

8:55 am
Mr Baggins has shifted and is now lying against my arm. He is still asleep, I believe. I am… not sure what to do.

#the quest #bungling burglar

9:10 am
Mr Baggins is still asleep. I have tried multiple times to move but he makes a very displeased noise every time I attempt it. He also appears to be drooling into my tunic.

#the quest #bungling burglar #trapped by a hobbit

9:25 am
This has become a problem. Nature calls, but I cannot get up. Besides the protests Mr Baggins voices every time I attempt to move, he is also leaning quite far onto me and if I were to stand, he would tip completely over. I have tried to gently push him off, to lean him against the tree again, but even in his sleep, he is stubborn.

#the quest #bungling burglar #he complains even in his sleep

9:35 am
Nature’s call is becoming quite insistent.

#the quest

9:40 am
My furs were at my side and I wrapped them around Mr Baggins. It allowed me to maneuver him so that he was leaning against the tree without him making any more protests.

#the quest #bungling burglar

10 am
Most of the company is awake. Quite a few of them are casting looks between Mr Baggins, who is still wrapped in my furs, and myself.

#the quest #the company #bungling burglar

10:20AM Dammit.
I fell asleep again.
I hadn’t even finished smoking all of my leaf, and now that’s most of a pipe wasted.

#adventureblogging

10:21AM Also, I think I fell asleep on His Majesty. I woke up pretty much wrapped in his furs.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

10:25AM Fíli and Kíli have identical evil grins on their faces. I am seriously considering throwing
something at them. Just because their Uncle lent me his furs!

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

10:30 am

Mr Baggins, as well as the rest of the company, has awoken and my furs have been returned to my bedroll.

#the quest #the company #bungling burglar

10:32 AM I’ve escaped the knowing grins in order to go wash my clothes.

#adventureblogging

10:55 am

My nanaddan, along with Dwalin and few other company members, are all grinning at me while I brush the dust from my furs.

#the quest #my sister children #dwalin

11:25 am

Dwalin and my nanaddan have gone down the river to hunt, as there are fish in the water and other creatures at the banks.

#the quest #my sister children #dwalin

11:45 am

Nori informed me that I should have joined the ‘cuddle pile,’ as he called it. I told him that I was satisfied with my own bedding. He then asked if anything happened between Mr Baggins and I beneath my furs while the rest of them slept and even, in jest, called me a ‘pervy hobbit-fancier.’ I extended his post on second watch to another week. Glóin seems quite happy.

#the quest #bungling burglar #gloin #nori #he still seems entirely too smug

12:14 PM Dwalin and Fíli have managed to catch some fish farther down the river, and Kíli’s shot down a goose. We’re going to have a good lunch and supper tonight, I think. Bombur looks delighted, at any rate.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #bigdwarf

12:25 pm

My nanaddan and Dwalin have returned with enough food for both lunch and supper.

#the quest #my sister children #dwalin

12:30 pm

I suggested to Balin that we should stay another day beside the river, to restock on food and let the ponies rest some more. He told me that I would have to face the forest eventually and there was no need to delay it.

#the quest #balis #both i hate trees
Anonymous asked: **I prefer "cuddle puddle" :)**

Considering that its occupants were piled on one another, as opposed to becoming liquid, I find the term ‘cuddle puddle’ a misnomer.

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The company is either cleaning their things in the river or seeing to their ponies. I have brushed Honeycomb down and now have his hooves to clean. I notice that Mr Baggins has brushed his own pony and is now also brushing Bofur’s.

I am aware of their statements to being only friends but I cannot help but wonder if there is something more.

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I’ve brushed down Myrtle, as well as Bongo. Bofur will like that, I think.

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I joined my nanaddan where they were brushing their own ponies. I told them of their mother’s first attempts at riding a pony, which led to her breaking her arm as well as nearly breaking my nose. Several times, they had to sit down for the force of their laughter.

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His Majesty and I have had a very civil conversation, thank you very much, in which I thanked him for the furs he lent me, as well as his assistance in escaping the Dwarf pile. He said something along the lines of ‘don’t think about it’, though I might’ve heard wrong, since it was mostly mumbled.

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Mr Baggins approached me to thank me for the rescue this morning from the ‘cuddle pile,’ as it is apparently being called, and for letting him borrow my furs. I attempted to say ‘Do not mention it,’ as well as ‘Think nothing of it.’ It came out a jumbled mess of ‘Do not think about it.’ I can only hope that Mr Baggins did not hear my temporary failure at speaking and simply assumed that I accepted his thanks.

---

I have returned to sitting beneath the tree that I sat at this morning. Supper is still some hours away and we are heading into the forest tomorrow. A nap now would not go amiss; I should like to face the trees fully rested.
**4:29PM** Bombur is roasting the geese that Kíli has shot for us today. Supper smells promising, to say the least.  
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #thing 2

**6PM** Supper didn’t disappoint. I’m feeling quite content — the weather is excellent, the breeze feels good against my skin, the grass isn’t being irritatingly prickly for one, and Bombur’s supper was wonderful. It reminds me of past summer afternoons in the Shire, actually.  
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

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**6:15 pm**  
Supper proved to be very peaceful. These days of rest always seem to improve the mood of the company.  
#the quest #the company

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**7:14PM** Dwalin has, for some reason, left the camp to cross the Last Bridge into the forest. He didn’t take the shovel with him, so I wondered why he was crossing. Nori snickered something about the ‘need to polish his tools’, as they were ‘clearly getting a bit rusty’.  
...Well. That goes without saying.  
#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf

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**7:20 pm**  
Dwalin has gone into the woods. I suspect more of the company will take advantage of the privacy of the woods once we are within them. Nori is snickering, his eyes on where Dwalin disappeared to.  
Mahal help us; those two trapped among the trees will surely lead to a fire being started.  
#the quest #dwalin #nori

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**7:45PM** Dwalin’s back. He looks less stressed than before.  
#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf

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**8PM** Gandalf is grumbling something about His Majesty stalling for time to give an answer to the Rivendell question. I suspect His Majesty is going to refuse to take us to Rivendell. In which case, if I’m going to leave the Quest at Rivendell, I’m going to have to figure out the best opportunity to break away from the Company to go to Rivendell.  
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

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**8:02PM** Which, on further thought, is slowly starting to look more and more like a bad idea.  
#adventureblogging

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**8:10 pm**  
I can hear Gandalf angrily mumbling about me. He seems to remember that I said I would have an answer for him about Rivendell. I am ignoring his glare, though I am not sure how much longer I can.
May 21st

Thorin

8 am
We are starting at a later time today, to be sure that everyone is as rested as can be and that the packs are securely packed.

Gandalf attempted to speak to me of Rivendell but I claimed that I had to step aside for nature’s call.

The look on his face tells me that he will be quite insistent today.

Gandalf

9 am
We have continued in our travels. The Trollshaws Forest awaits us.

Dwalin has been smirking at me since we climbed atop our ponies, the look getting wider as the trees draw closer.

Bilbo

9:30AM
We’re on our way across the Last Bridge now. The Trollshaws Forest is up ahead; we should be pretty much in it once we’re clear of the bridge. Here’s to hoping nothing trollish finds us while we’re in the Trollshaws.

Gandalf continues to try to approach me but Balin and I have kept our conversation going. He is instead circling, waiting for a chance to interrupt.

10AM
One of the pack ponies has just bolted into the Hoarwell.

10:30AM Well, bugger.
So Fíli and Kíli managed to get the pack pony back out, but in the process they almost drowned, and the provisions that the pony had been carrying have all been washed away. The worst thing is, that’s most of what’s left of our food supplies.

I mean, it’s better that we have Fíli and Kíli alive, but still, losing so much of our food is also a bit of a problem.
10:35 am
I feel as if I have aged 50 years!
One of the pack ponies was spooked by something and jumped into the Hoarwell River in fright. My nanaddan, in their foolishness, dove after the pony, nearly drowning themselves in the act! I could feel my heart nearly stop (as well as their mother screaming at me).
They managed to bring the pony back to shore and we helped them get out of the water. My nanaddan look more waterlogged than most fish but at least they are safe.
The packs that the pony was carrying, however, have been washed away. Unfortunately, those packs held most of what was the last of our food.
#the quest #my sister children

10:40 am
Gandalf is looking at me with triumph in his eyes, as if the loss of our food will make me change my mind about going to Rivendell. How very wrong he is.
#the quest #the wizard #did he cause this?

10:45 AM
There is, however, one good thing: the waybread had been part of the provisions washed away by the river. I am free of the waybread.
#adventureblogging #i hate waybread

10:55 am
My nanaddan are dripping wet, so I have instructed them to lay their clothes out for the sun to dry. Bifur and Óin are seeing to the pony, to be sure it is not badly hurt and that it gets brushed dry. An early lunch would be the best plan, as this delay will keep us here for a while.
#the quest #my sister children #bifur #oin

11 AM
We’ve decided to lunch where we are, while Fíli and Kíli and the pack pony dry out. Bombur and I have hunted through the undergrowth for edible plants and berries, but I don’t think the Company will like having just that for lunch.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #bigdwarf #the company

11:35 am
Gandalf seems to be willing to leave the Rivendell argument be while I tend to my nanaddan. However, he is still watching closely for an opening.
#the quest #the wizard #my sister children

12:10 PM
Well, we’re back on the road again. Fíli and Kíli look none the worse for wear, and have mostly dried out by now. The pack pony is still drying, and it’ll take us a while to get the stench of wet horse out of our nostrils, I suspect.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2
I am running out of ways to avoid Gandalf.
#the quest #the wizard

THE HOBBIT!

Gandalf is always grumbling about how Mr Baggins and I do not get along — he is sure to leave me
be if he sees the Hobbit and myself talking in a civil manner.
#the quest #bungling burglar #the wizard

His Majesty has summoned me to ride by his side. I can hear money exchanging hands,
but at this point I think I have resigned myself to the Conspiracy.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #the bagginshield conspiracy

His Majesty wanted me to name all the flowers he pointed out. I told him I wasn’t a
walking dictionary of flowers, and he told me to pick the subject instead. I demanded to know why
he was insisting on talking to me, when so many of our past conversations have ended in arguments,
and he tried to distract me by asking me why I named his pony Honeycomb.
He’s using me to ignore Gandalf, I just know it. The wizard’s been riding a few paces behind us,
looking expectant.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard

Mr Baggins joined me at the front of the company and I attempted to carry conversation with him but
he seemed firmly against the idea.
This did not go as planned.
#the quest #bungling burglar

Well, he’s done it. His Majesty says we’re not going to Rivendell.
Gandalf confronted His Majesty at long last. His Majesty told him his decision, they got into a fight
about it, and then Gandalf stormed off, muttering things about the stubbornness of Dwarves. His
Majesty now looks like a really angry bull. I half expect steam to come out of his ears.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

I’m really not sure about half of the stuff they argued about, but apparently Thorin’s got
something against Lord Elrond as well? Something about Lord Elrond’s family and the Necklace of
the Dwarves (the one that Balin told me about a while back) and how the Elves slaughtered the
Dwarves for this stolen masterpiece. And the Last Alliance got brought up as well. Looks like I’ve
got a lot more reading to do about Middle-earth’s history outside the Shire.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

Despite my attempts to avoid him, Gandalf finally cornered me about Rivendell. We argued quite
loudly, as I refused to seek help from the Elves. I told him how insulting it was that he even suggest
such a thing, given how the Elves have treated the Dwarves in the past, including turning away from us at Erebor.

I gave him my final answer: we are not going to Rivendell. The wizard stormed off with his frustrations. All the better, as there is no need for such an Elf-loving wizard here.

#the quest #the wizard #CURSED WIZARD

1PM I really do hope he and Gandalf sort this out.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

1:30PM I really, really do hope he and Gandalf sort this out, as it’s started raining now, and I’m pretty sure His Majesty’s personal stormcloud summoned it.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

1:35 pm

It is raining. I am sure the wizard is somewhere, cursing us with this rain. Even worse, we have entered the trees and they surround us.
I pray this day does not decide to make itself worse.
#the quest #the wizard #damnable wizard

2PM Dori has just declared quite loudly that it would be great if we had a wizard with us right now, as the rain’s gotten downright dreadful. I can feel His Majesty’s glare without having to see it.
#adventureblogging #winedwarf #meddling wizard #that asshole

2:01 pm

I have assigned Dori for first watch tonight.
#the quest #dori

2:10PM
Only this fellow would smoke a pipe in the rain.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #travelling

2:45 pm

My nanaddan look exceedingly miserable; they had only just gotten dry before the rain had started. At this rate, they will be sneezing and burning with colds by tomorrow, possibly even by tonight.

#the quest #my sister children

4:30 pm

I have asked Ori and Nori to ride ahead to see if they can find a campsite for the night. The rain continues still, so somewhere with shelter is a priority.

#the quest #ori #nori

4:50 pm
Nori and Ori have returned and reported that the site they have found does not have complete shelter but it was the best that they could find. I asked that they lead us there, for anything now is better than nothing.

#the quest #nori #ori

5:02PM

That has to be the most run-down shelter I’ve ever seen. It makes the other run-down shelters that we’ve passed these kinds of weather in look like palaces.
I would gladly sleep in a place with half the roof gone instead of something like this with almost all the roof gone.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 2 #firedwarf #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf #travelling

5:10PM We’ve set up camp for the night. Still no sign of Gandalf, I’m afraid.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

5:13PM Glóin and Óin are arguing about the fire, which is apparently refusing to start. Well, of course it wouldn’t; it’s still bloody raining.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf #trumpetdwarf

5:30 pm

The rain continues and the shelter that Nori and Ori found does not cover very much. We have tied the ponies under the trees, with as much cover as we could provide but our packs are all still soaked through.

#the quest #nori #ori

6:45 pm

Bombur is sneezing and shaking from the cold he has developed. The rain is lessening and I hope that it ends soon.

#the quest #bombur
7:15 PM The rain’s stopped, so we’ve finally got the fire going. Bofur is cooking tonight, as Bombur has come down with a dreadful cold from all the rain. While I might consider him a friend, I’m afraid I do not have much confidence in his cooking skills.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #bigdwarf

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7:30 pm

The rain finally stopped and a fire was made. My nanaddan are huddled close to the flames, trying to dry off. I suggested that they scout and keep watch, as moving will warm them faster and help them dry off quicker. They agreed and left to circle the edges of the campsite, keeping their eyes out for anything odd.

#the quest #my sister children

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8:15 pm

I can hear the company speaking amongst themselves, discussing what they should do if Gandalf does not return. While before I was glad to see him go, now I grow worried that he had perhaps abandoned us. While we do not need a wizard to complete this quest, it would be extremely helpful to have one. However, if he returns and his deal for staying is to journey to Rivendell, I would have to send him away again.

#the quest #the company #the wizard

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8:30 PM As I suspected, the stew is... well. It’s not terrible, but it’s not Bombur’s cooking, either. I think Bofur might’ve used a tad too much salt.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #hatdwarf

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8:35 pm

Óin has been seeing to Bombur, who is unable to cook due to his cold. I warned him that he would probably have more to see to by tomorrow.

#the quest #oin #bombur

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8:55PM I’ve been instructed to get Fíli and Kíli, who are on lookout, their meals.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

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9PM
Two of our ponies have gone missing. Based on the evidence, something big has gotten to them, and knocked down several of the trees in the process. Fíli and Kíli have sent me out to investigate.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #travelling

9:11PM
I don’t think our ponies have gotten far. Wonder where the pony-nappers are?
#adventureblogging #travelling

9:14PM
Trolls. Bloody trolls. Of course it had to be *trolls*.
#adventureblogging #i hate my life #travelling

**9:16PM** Those wretched trolls have taken Myrtle!
#adventureblogging

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My nanaddan have returned to camp, requesting help. They are saying that there are three trolls and that Mr Baggins is trying to steal back our ponies! The company has quickly gathered up arms and we are following Fili and Kili to the trolls.

**9:30 pm**
#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar
May 22nd, 2015

Thorin

5:40 am

I believed that yesterday could not get any worse than it had that morning — I was wrong.

The company snuck back to where my nanaddan had seen the trolls and Mr Baggins. However, when we arrived, Mr Baggins was in the hands of the trolls! They were talking of eating him and before a plan could be discussed, Kíli jumped forward to defend the Hobbit. While I applaud their courage, I must teach them the art of surprise attacks. We quickly followed Kíli out and a fight against the trolls ensued. It was a fierce battle but Mr Baggins, who had managed to escape, was captured once again. The trolls offered us a choice: put down our weapons or Mr Baggins would be killed.

I had no choice but to lower my blade and the company followed suit. This led to some of the company being tied to a spit over the fire while the rest of us were stuffed in sacks, waiting to die.

It was at this point that Mr Baggins proved to us how clever he was. At first, the company believed him to be suggesting ways to *cook us* out of malice, but this was a Hobbit who not only named the company’s ponies but also snuck apples to his. I believed there to be something else happening and indeed, while it did take me a moment to figure out Mr Baggins’ plan, I saw what he intended to happen.

If the trolls could be delayed long enough for the sun to rise, they would turn to stone and we would be safe. As they were not very clever and Mr Baggins was, he was able to keep them talking for a long while. However, just as the trolls were beginning to catch on to what Mr Baggins had planned, a voice rang out! Gandalf had decided to come back and just at the right moment, he split a rock to let the light of the sun come through and turn the trolls to stone. We are now gathering ourselves and our things.

#the quest #bungling burglar #the wizard #the company #we would have died if not for mr baggins

Bilbo


And that’s putting it lightly. In short, the Company and I have survived an encounter with three hungry trolls. More details below.

So I was sent by Fíli and Kíli to investigate the pony-napping, right? They told me that if I got into trouble, that I would hoot twice like a barn-owl and once like a screech-owl. Which is fine except I can’t tell the difference between the calls of barn and screech-owls. And they vanished awfully quickly for folks who said they were going to stay behind and come to my rescue should I need help. I managed pretty well at first, though; I managed to approach the fire without being noticed. And there I found not one, not two, but *three* trolls. Three. Trolls. Stealing our ponies for food and complaining about mutton stew. Except I don’t know what their definition of mutton is, considering that whatever they were cooking eventually got stirred up with one of the trolls’ snot. It was, to say the least, disgusting.

The rope that penned the ponies had thick, unworkable knots, so I looked around for a knife, and I found one on one of the trolls. However, in the process of getting it I saw a great deal more of troll anatomy than I’d care to see, and — to add insult to injury — I got mistaken for a handkerchief and was thus sneezed on by a troll. And that’s how they discovered me.
Before they could put my toes over the fire to get me to confess the location of the Company, the Company came to them — that is to say, Kili jumped out of nowhere to come to my rescue, and was quickly followed by the rest of the Company. In all the chaos of the ensuing fight, I managed to get the knife and free the ponies. And then I myself got caught by the trolls, who threatened to rip my arms off if the Dwarves didn’t surrender.

Let me tell you, I was almost convinced that Thorin would, in fact, let me lose my arms. But he didn’t.

He surrendered.

And thus we were all stuffed into sacks, excepting the unlucky bunch who were tied to a spit to be roasted over the fire. Except one of the trolls wasn’t interested in roast Dwarf, and they got into an argument over how to best cook Dwarf before the sun comes up.

At this point I’m not sure what time it was, but I know it was running out, and I had to buy some more before they actually did manage to roast a great deal of the Company. So I jumped into their conversation by trying to convince them of different ways to cook Dwarf, and then I tried to convince them that the Company — especially Bombur — were infected with parasites. I mean, we did go through the Giver-forsaken Midgewater Marshes. Who knows if anyone’s actually got worms in their… tubes.

I’m afraid that collectively the Company’s not very good at picking up the subtleties of subterfuge, but Thorin, at least, was decent enough to kick them into playing along with the parasites thing. The fact that the trolls weren’t exactly the brightest rocks in the mountain, either, was also helpful.

In any case, I’d just gotten them bickering over whether or not to risk eating infected dwarf (with one of the trolls insistent that I was pulling their legs), when Gandalf showed up, split the rock he was standing on, and turned all the trolls into stone with sunlight. Now the Company is hunting for their clothes (as they’d all gotten roasted in their ridiculous underwear; I guess the trolls don’t mind the extra taste of wool), and I am still recovering from almost being sat on and squished into jelly.

#adventureblogging #i shall look into convincing his majesty to take us to rivendell #elves be damned #i want the troll snot out of my hair #i'm convinced i still have some in there #it's disgusting #i want it gone #maybe if i promise him the rest of my pipe weed he'll consider taking us to rivendell for at least one night #and i can wash up #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #bigdwarf #the company #meddling wizard #saving our lives at the last minute

5:50AM Gandalf and His Majesty are talking again. Once again, Rivendell was brought up, but I think His Majesty is starting to come ‘round to Gandalf’s argument.

Oh, and apparently these trolls must have a cave somewhere. We’re searching for it now.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard

6AM
Gandalf and I have talked. We have put aside our Rivendell argument. He told me how he had traveled forward after leaving us and had been warned of trolls in the area. He had hurried back just in time.

We discussed why three trolls would be in this area, risking getting to stone as they did. Gandalf figured that they would have somewhere to hunker down during the daylight. I suggested a cave nearby and sure enough, we have managed to find their cave. Amongst their hoard are two swords that Gandalf claims are Elvish-made. He says that they were made in Gondolin.

While I do not trust Elves, I have to admit that the blades are quite fine.

#the quest #the wizard
Gandalf’s given me a sword. Well, more like a long dagger. But it’s pretty much a sword for me. Apparently the blade glows blue when orcs are near!

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #travelling

6:15 am

Gandalf has given Mr Baggins a blade of sorts. Does he even know how to use it?

#the quest #the wizard #bungling burglar #is this wise

6:30 AM Our List of Plunder From the Troll Hole

Two large chests of gold, buried with protection spells (Glóin is also good at those, apparently)

Two swords of Elvish make (His Majesty almost put his back, but Gandalf made him see sense)

One dagger of Elvish make (for me)

A cask of ale, unopened

Bread (surprisingly not that mouldy)

Cheese (also surprisingly not too mouldy. Looks and smells like sharp cheddar, which isn’t my favourite, but hunger trumps taste, I suppose)

Bacon

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

6:45 am

Besides the plunder from the trolls’ cave, we find ourselves with only seven ponies, as the others have run away. Gandalf still has his horse and we still have most of our packs, as we unloaded the ponies last night when we made camp.

However, due to us losing some of our ponies, it seems that part of the company will have to walk. Everyone is exhausted but Gandalf and I agreed that it would be wise to move as far from the trolls’ cave as possible. We do not know if there are more trolls in this area or if our commotion attracted anything else.

#the quest #the wizard #the company
7AM We’re travelling with what’s left of our ponies (apparently nine of sixteen had bolted last night, so now we’re down to seven) and packs. Everyone’s exhausted now, after all that excitement last night, so His Majesty has promised that we’ll camp early. He just wants us as far from the troll-hole as possible.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole

7:15AM Not having ponies for everyone means that most of us have to walk, which is slowing us down a lot, I think. Myrtle was one of the ponies that bolted. I’ll miss her.

#adventureblogging #myrtle #the company

8 am

Our progress has been slow, since most of us are walking. Bombur has been given a pony, as he is still sick, as well as Bifur, Óin, Balin, and Dori. Most of our food is gone and, despite our recent rest day, we are all once again dusty and dirty, as those sacks we were thrown in were not clean at all. Mr Baggins has fared the worst and is apparently covered in troll snot. I can sense Gandalf staring at me.

#the quest #bombur #bifur #oin #balin #dori #bungling burglar #the wizard

8:30 am

My nanaddan keep asking me to carry them on my back. They still have a surprising amount of energy, given the long night we all had.

#the quest #my sister children #do they never tire

9:12AM His Majesty has made it official: we are going to Rivendell after all. The look of betrayal on his face when everyone cheered at that announcement was priceless. I cheered, too, since I’m the one who got sneezed on by a troll and all. I hope we find a stream soon, so I can wash my face and head. My clothes may be a bit of a lost cause for now, until we get to somewhere where I can wash it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

9:15 am

Gandalf, while letting his horse rest by walking beside it, came to my side. He stayed quiet for a few minutes, simply letting the silence stretch on. Finally, he mentioned, very casually, how long the days were going to be at this rate.

I have been called stubborn before and I admit that I am. I also know when to admit that I am beaten. We cannot continue like this, with little food and slow travel. I finally relented and announced that we would head to Rivendell. The company actually cheered.

#the quest #the wizard #the company

9:45 am

My nanaddan are already reenacting the fight with the trolls and retelling it to us. There are some in the company who are laughing, while others have gone quiet. It would seem that there are some who
are now truly realizing just how dangerous this quest will be.

#the quest #my sister children #the company

10:04 AM Some of the Company members have been coming by to thank me for delaying the trolls from eating us all. Gandalf is looking vindicated. Bloody smug wizard.

#adventureblogging #the company #meddling wizard

10:15 am

Dwalin approached me and mentioned that Mr Baggins turned out to be quite different than he believed. I told him that I agreed. We have misjudged the Hobbit.

#the quest #dwalin #bungling burglar

11:30 am

The company is dragging their feet, exhaustion weighing them down. There is little talk now, just the sound of yawns.

#the quest #the company

11:50 am

I am sending my nanaddan to find a camp for us. I requested somewhere close to a stream, as many of us, Mr Baggins especially, need to wash our clothes. It will also be useful for those with colds, as their fevers are sure to dehydrate them at a faster pace.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar

12PM His Majesty says we’ll be setting up camp in one or two more hours. Everyone is too tired to cheer. Fíli and Kíli have been sent to scout out somewhere close to a stream, so we can wash up.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #thing 1 #thing 2

1:15 pm

We have arrived at the campsite. Our packs have been unloaded and the ponies closely seen to. They do not seem spooked any longer, just jumpy, as we are. I have assigned myself first watch, for as tired as I may be, I feel that I will not be able to sleep.

#the quest

1:30PM We’ve made camp for the night. There’s a stream nearby, as promised, so I’m going to go and wash away all this dried troll snot that’s all over my face and hair and feet.

#adventureblogging

2:12PM I feel so much cleaner now.

#adventureblogging
2:30 pm

Mr Baggins, freshly clean, is setting up to cook, as Bombur continues to be sick.
Looking back on my behavior towards him, I feel foolish. He has risked as much as any in the company to be here.
I am finding that I must once again apologize to the Hobbit. It feels as if that is all we say to one another - insults and apologies.

#the quest #bungling burglar

2:37 PM Those of the Company with colds from the rain yesterday have gathered around the fire, while I cook the bacon for what must be either a late lunch or an early supper. I think our moods are improving now.

#adventureblogging #that company

3PM His Majesty caught me just as I was getting my clean clothes to change into, as I’m not getting into my bedroll with these dirty clothes on.

He apologised properly, saying that he was sorry for his treatment of me since Bree. I said I forgave him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

3:15 pm

The company is settling down to sleep. Quite a few have already passed out, snores rippling through the air. I stopped Mr Baggins as he was preparing for bed and said my apology.

I told him that I was sorry for the words of doubt I spoke to him and that I have done nothing but degrade him since he joined us. I am a leader and it is my place to protect those I have sworn to, yet I have treated one who has sworn to me so harshly.

Mr Baggins was quiet for a bit after I said my part before taking a deep breath. He smiled and then forgave me. I thanked him for doing so.

Then, I bid him a good afternoon and went to my post for the first watch.

#the quest #bungling burglar #i did not think he would forgive me

3:30PM Well, my exhaustion has caught up with me now. I will join the Company in sleeping and hope I don’t end up in a ‘cuddle pile’ like that of last night’s.

#adventureblogging #the company

4 pm

The company sleeps around me. The events of last night have caused families to draw each other closer than usual.

I nearly got them all killed. I do not what would have happened if Mr Baggins had not thought of his plan when he did, but I believe it would have ended with death.

#the quest #the company #bungling burglar #my decision nearly killed them all

4:30 pm

To think that I was so concerned with their wagers and pony names!
There is danger ahead of us and I cannot guarantee their safety. We are 15 in total now but by the
time we reach Erebor, we may not be.
Can I truly deny them their wagers, their fun, during this quest? If they die, should it not be with
happy memories?
#the quest #the company

6 pm

Balin has awaken and asked to take over the watch. He says that he napped yesterday, before the
trolls, and riding on the pony did not make him as tired as those who walked. I am not sure what will
await me in my dreams but I am sure it will not be good.
#the quest #balin #what will haunt me tonight

9PM I was woken up by Bofur shaking me and pressing a bowl of ale into my hands. Apparently
the Company is celebrating not dying at the hands of the trolls by getting into the ale, and of course
Bofur has come on the adventure prepared with taps and spiles for serving ale. Of course, the hard
spile has come in handy for getting water from the trees, but I’m sure Bofur is overjoyed about using
it for its intended purpose.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company

9:10 pm

I was awoken by a roar of noise. I believed us to be under attack until I looked around and realized
that the noise was from the company. We had gained a barrel of ale from the trolls' cave and the ale
was being poured into bowls. The company was laughing and loudly talking, seeming rested.
When they noticed I was awake, the company grew quiet, as if expecting me to rebuke them for the
noise. However, when I asked for a bowl of ale for myself, they cheered.
#the quest #the company

9:11pm His Majesty has joined us! We all got a bit quiet when he first woke up, but he just asked
them to pour him a bowl, and they cheered and agreed. I guess it takes a near-death situation to get
His Majesty to loosen a bit.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

9:15PM I’m on a second bowl of ale. For being ale stored in a troll larder, it’s surprisingly good.
And not stale. Or maybe I’m just too hungry to complain.
#adventureblogging

9:45 pm

Despite their cheering about the ale, the company was drinking little. At least, compared to Mr
Baggins. His bowl keeps being refilled by various company members and he has begun to sway on
his feet slightly.
#the quest #bungling burglar #the company #he looks to be on his sixth bowl by now #the ale is decently strong
though #and he did save us all #i only hope he will not drink too much
10PM  bofur keeps on refilling my bowl. I keep on telling them I’ve had enough but he insists, saying that we deserve the most ale for having been used as a troll’s handkerchief. And also for saying their lives.

Of course, I can’t agree with that kind of logic.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

10:30 pm

The company is dancing around the fire, either alone or with partners. Enough ale has now been drunk that the dances are uncoordinated but no one has fallen over yet. Mr Baggins is dancing with all of the company members that are closest to him. His face has turned quite red from the ale, especially in his cheeks.

#the quest #the company #bungling burglar #he looks very alive

11:10 pm

The company is singing quite loudly, though they are laughing more than they are singing. It is good to see that they have taken the event with the trolls and turned it into a cause of celebration.

#the quest #the company

11:12 PM  They’re singing songs. I think they’re dirty ones, based on how Dori is coveting Ori’s ears. I think I will join them! I have remembered some hobbit love songs that they will like.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #scribedwarf

11:20 pm

Mr Baggins announced that he would like to sing a song as well. He was very uncoordinated as he did so, swaying like a leaf. He began to sing and his words were heavily slurred. I could not understand most of the words, but it seemed to be a song about flowers, a garden, and planted seeds of love. Perhaps I will ask Mr Baggins for the true lyrics tomorrow, once his mind is clear.

#the quest #bungling burglar #i am sure the song will sound much better when he is sober

11:30 pm

Bofur caught Mr Baggins before he stumbled into the fire. It is perhaps time for the Hobbit to rest, before he comes to harm.

#the quest #bofur #bungling burglar #it will not do to have mr baggins lose his life to his own drunken antics

11:50 pm

I have carried Mr Baggins to his bedroll, as he was too drunk to walk properly. The company found this quite interesting, whistling and calling out teasing remarks. Nori instructed that I ‘make sure to use the ol’ sheepskin!’ I would have yelled at him for that comment, but I did not wish to disturb Mr Baggins.

Bofur was sure to shout Nori’s comment back at him moments later. I suspect he and Dwalin are visiting the trees.

#the quest #the company #nori #bofur #dwalin #bungling burglar #i would never do something so rude and vulgar
May 23rd, 2015

Thorin

12:05 am

I laid Mr Baggins in his bedroll, having to wake him so that he could get inside of it. He was not fully awake, babbling the lyrics of the song he was singing earlier. When I tried to leave, Mr Baggins pulled me back down and insisted I stay, calling me a brick wall for some reason. A warm, sunbaked brick wall.

For a very drunk Hobbit, his grip was quite strong. I finally relented and laid down beside his bedroll. He immediately decided that my furs were a more comfortable pillow than his own and burrowed into them.

There were snickers coming from the company but they at least pretended to turn their eyes away. I could still hear the sound of coins changing hands.

Mr Baggins is snoring and drooling into my furs, as he did the other morning. At least he has not thrown up.

#the quest #bungling burglar #the company

12:50 am

Balin, before retiring to bed, asked me if I would like my bedroll brought over. I admitted that between my furs and Mr Baggins, I was quite warm.

I am not sure I liked the smirk he gave me.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bacin

6:30 am

I awoke at my usual time and found that Mr Baggins was in the same spot as he was when I fell asleep. The drool stain is larger but the Hobbit continues to clutch my furs. I have tried to move, or at least remove my furs, but Mr Baggins’ grip is too tight and whenever I shift, he makes a displeased noise.

#the quest #bungling burglar #he is asleep #how is his grip this tight

6:45 am

Others in the company are waking and noticing my predicament. None have offered help, choosing instead just to smirk at me.

#the quest #the company

7:15 am

Mr Baggins is making noises that suggest he may wake up soon.

#the quest #bungling burglar

Bilbo

7:30 AM my head feels like it’s been chopped open

#adventureblogging #turn the sun off already

7:33 AM why is there fur in my mouth

#adventureblogging
Mr Baggins just rolled off of me! I can now get up. The right side of the front of my furs is stiff from drool.

#the quest #bungling burglar

7:35AM oh bugger
that’s thorin next to me
please tell me we didn’t do anything untoward
#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:40 am

I have packed up my things and am helping the company get the last of the packs set up on the ponies. Óin is preparing some willow bark tea for Mr Baggins. The rest of the company seems to have woken without hangovers, or if they have, they show no sign of suffering. I have asked Bofur and Ori to see to Mr Baggins’ things, as I am sure he would prefer some help. A pony has been left for him because trying to walk with a hangover is torturous.

#the quest #óin #bofur #ori #bungling burglar

7:43AM oin has given me some willow bark tea
bless him
#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf

8AM Feeling a bit better. We’re on the road now. I’ve been given a pony to ride because of my hangover, and Bofur is walking beside me to make sure I don’t fall off or something. Because we’re pretty much walking to Rivendell now, Balin estimates that at our pace, we might be at the Bruinen in six days. Hopefully there won’t be any more near-death experiences between now and then.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #brainsdwarf

8:30 am

With more than half of our ponies lost, our pace is much slower. I am thankful that we have enough ponies to carry our packs and those who need them, but it still irks to know that we could be going faster.

#the quest

9:12AM Bofur says he’s sorry about getting me so drunk. I asked him what I did while drunk. He got an evil grin on his face and said that I sang a love song about flowers to His Majesty.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #i did WHAT #please tell me it wasn’t THAT SONG

9:15 am

I overheard Bofur apologize to Mr Baggins about his drunken state last night. When Mr Baggins asked about his activities, Bofur told him about the song he tried to sing (though he insisted that it...
was sung to me, instead of just Mr Baggins singing for the company as he did.)

#the quest #bofur #bungling burglar

9:30AM Of course now His Majesty wants to know exactly what I sang last night. I told him it was soppy and usually sung between couples who were seriously courting for marriage. Which, of course, meant the entire Company was interested in it and wanted to know what the lyrics were. So I had to sing it again:

Within my own heart a flower has grown
The seed planted there by you
Jewels and gold and silver, they mean nothing now
Life without your smile is all that brings me down
The garden of my heart blooms just for you
And each day will bring more joy
Tend it, dear, and say that we will never part
You are all that matters within my heart
For you’ve planted seeds of love deep inside
And now we will watch them grow

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #(to the tune of ‘If You Were The Only Girl in the World’)

9:34AM I can’t believe I sang that at His Majesty. Bofur’s grin is threatening to split his face in half.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #hatdwarf

9:35 am

I asked Mr Baggins about the song that he had tried to sing last night. I tried to recall as much as the song as I could remember, for much of it had been slurred, but Mr Baggins’ face turned red after a few words and he admitted that he knew what the song was.

Apparently, it was a Hobbit courting song. Dwalin snorted quite loudly when he heard and coins once again changed hands. Bofur and Ori asked Mr Baggins to sing the song again and my nanaddan joined in on the begging. Soon, the whole company was requesting the song and Mr Baggins gave in.

There were grins all around once Mr Baggins was done with his love song. A number of them were directed at myself.

#the quest #bungling burglar #dwalin #bofur #ori #my sister children #hobbit songs are quite different from dwarven songs #but it was still a fine song

10AM His Majesty is giving Nori a piece of his mind about something he said last night. My name was brought up.

...Was there something else that I did while drunk?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #pointydwarf

10:05 am

Nori had been snickering at me since Mr Baggins sang his song. He had also done a few very rude motions with his hands regarding the Hobbit and I. I reprimanded him for his teasing, as well as his inappropriate words about Mr Baggins and I last
night. He did not seem sorry for his actions but stopped with the hand motions.

10:14AM I have asked His Majesty what he was yelling at Nori about. He got extremely gruff and said something about ‘low and despicable insinuations’, and refused to elucidate.

10:15am Mr Baggins approached me about my reprimand of Nori, asking what had happened last night that Nori had joked about. I did not want to say Nori’s words and simply told him that it was childish and rude and had no business being repeated.

10:16AM Bofur says that Nori made a rather rude suggestion last night about what His Majesty and I could do after I got drunk. Based on His Majesty’s reaction, what Nori suggested was definitely not what happened last night. Which is a relief.

10:20AM Still, I feel like something might have happened. Mostly because I woke up with some of Thorin’s fur coat in my mouth.

10:45 am Dwalin has joined in the teasing. He pointed out that Mr Baggins looked unsteady on his pony, most likely still suffering a bit from his hangover. Dwalin suggested that someone ride on the pony with him, to keep him steady. I told him that as long as Mr Baggins approved of it, Dwalin was free to do so. I could not help but smile when he glared at me.

11AM I have tried to walk, since other people may need the pony more than I. Bofur insists I stay on and rest a little. He’s convinced Ori to come and read some stories to distract me from the monotony of swaying around on the pony.

11:30 am As irritated as I am with the wagers about Mr Baggins and I, perhaps the ban on all talk of it should be reconsidered. I have grown used to my own personal affairs being spoken of and examined; a hazard of being a leader. However, my concern was for Mr Baggins’ privacy. Yet he has not spoken against it, not to the extent that I have.
If he is fine with it, and taking into account that all of the company are full-grown and spending their own money, then I must admit that it is indeed harmless. I may be uncomfortable with it, but I would rather they enjoy a freedom to speak with each other.

12 pm

We have found a place to stop for lunch. I am not sure what is left of our food supply but I know that it is not much.

#the quest

12:20PM We’ve stopped for lunch, though there’s not much — it’s the bread and cheese that didn’t get eaten yesterday, as well as some wild blackberries that I’d found in the nearby bushes. Fíli, Kíli, and Dwalin are planning to go hunting for something to eat for supper. At this point, even a squirrel would be a welcome dish for these Dwarves, I suspect.

#adventureblogging #the company #thing 1 #thing 2 #brawnsdwarf

12:30 pm

Lunch was indeed small and after my nanaddan complained about it, I suggested that they hunt later. Dwalin offered to join them, and the prospect of a meal containing meat seemed to perk their spirits.

#the quest #my sister children #dwalin

1:35PM His Majesty is walking by my pony now. He has asked me what I thought of the Conspiracy. I told him that it was probably just harmless fun. He seems to be pondering my reply.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the bagginshield conspiracy

1:40PM I asked His Majesty if anything untoward had happened between me and him while I had been drunk. He made the snorting noise he does when he’s amused but thinks laughter would make him seem too personable, and told me that I had called him a warm, sunbaked brick wall several times, and that I had said that I would like to be a cat so I could lie on him.

I don’t think I’ve ever blushed harder in my life.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

1:45 pm

I asked Mr Baggins on his feelings towards the talk of wagers. He shrugged and said that it seemed to be harmless fun.

Then I have no reason for the ban on wager talk, besides my own discomfort. I thought that if I knew why it discomforted me so much, I could learn to accept it and let it roll easily off of my back.

Mr Baggins broke my chain of thought and asked me about the events of last night. I snorted, amused at the difference in what was plaguing our thoughts. I recounted how he called me a sunbaked brick wall and was quite insistent in me lying next to him.

His face turned very red, from his curly hair to his chin.

#the quest #bungling burglar #it is amusing that he is the one blushing for once

2:15 pm
I have been thinking on why the wager talk about Mr Baggins and I discomforts me. I have not found a clear answer other than that it simply does.

#the quest #bungling burglar #wagers ban

3:04PM His Majesty has declared that the ban on discussing wagers has been lifted. The discussions of his private life still discomfit him, but he is used to it — he had apparently just been trying to prevent the Company from prying too much into my own private business. The execution was shoddy, but the intents were noble. I can respect that.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

3:05PM Nori has asked if the lifting of the ban means that he won’t have to be second watch anymore. His Majesty replied that Nori received his assignment for things unrelated to the wagers, thus he must still serve his sentence. Glóin, on the other hand, has been pardoned.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #that asshole #firedwarf

3:10 pm

I have lifted the ban on the wager talk.
Nori asked if he could be freed from his second watch duties. I reminded him that that duty was placed on him due to things outside of the wager. However, that made me recall that Glóin’s punishment on second watch no longer applied. He cheered when I told him so.

#the quest #nori #gloin #wagers ban

4PM Dwalin, Fíli, and Kíli have rode off to go hunting. His Majesty asked them to keep their eyes out for a possible camp as well.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

5:45PM We’ve found a suitable campsite for the night. Fíli and Kíli have also gotten us several squirrels and a couple pheasants. I’m not looking forward to plucking everything, but supper calls.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

6 pm

We have set up camp and my nanaddan and Dwalin found food while hunting. There is currently a pile of feathers atop Mr Baggins’ feet from where he is plucking pheasants. I am trying to brush my furs clean, as it is still stiff.

#the quest #my sister children #dwalin #bungling burglar

6:20PM I have roped Bofur, Ori, and Dori into helping me pluck the pheasants.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #scribedwarf #winedwarf

7:34PM Supper was well-received by the Company, I think. If anyone spits out feathers, those were not the pheasants that I plucked.

#adventureblogging #the company
8PM His Majesty is staring at me again. I asked him if I was eating too much, and he said no, there’s a feather in my hair. I managed to find it before he could reach over and pluck it off for me. Dwalin has very obnoxiously yelled ‘add five’ at Glóin. They are definitely taking advantage of the lift on the ban, I can tell.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf #firedwarf

8:05 pm

I noticed while eating that one of the pheasant feathers had found its way into Mr Baggins’ curls. I was apparently staring quite intensely at it because Mr Baggins became self-conscious about his eating once more.

I quickly explained the feather’s presence. I reached to untangle it but Mr Baggins found it first and removed it.

Glóin’s wager book as reappeared.

#the quest #bungling burglar #gloin

8:30 pm

Dwalin keeps shifting in his seat. Nori is staring at him quite intensely.

#the quest #dwalin #nori

8:40 pm

I told Dwalin that he should go into the woods already, instead of shifting around like one with bugs in their trousers.

#the quest #dwalin

8:45PM Dwalin’s gone into the trees.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #he didn’t take the shovel either #interesting

8:47PM Nori’s gone into the trees in the same direction as Dwalin.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf

8:50PM Bifur has wandered into the trees across the campsite from Nori and Dwalin.

#adventureblogging #axedwarf #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf #interesting development

8:55PM Óin has joined Bifur. Dori has suddenly declared that maybe it’s time for Ori to go to bed. I asked him why, as Ori surely wasn’t young enough to warrant a curfew, but Dori insisted that I would find out soon. He was throwing very dark looks at where Nori had disappeared.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #axedwarf #winedwarf #scribedwarf #pointydwarf

9PM ...Ah.

I see.
I mean, I hear, but you know what I mean.

#adventureblogging

9:05 pm

A handful of the company has moved into the woods. Taking advantage of the trees for privacy. It is unfortunate that the trees cannot block sounds.
9:10 PM I asked His Majesty if tumbling around in the woods was a common thing for Dwarves. He grimaced and said I made it sound like we were doing Elvish things. I then asked him if tumbling around in general was a common thing for Dwarves, since Giver knows Hobbits tend to be voracious in their… carnal appetites (another reason why folks back home think I’m queer, no doubt, as I have not indulged in these things since my tween years).

His cheeks flushed brick red and he said that usually for Dwarves, couples who wish to start courting will have intercourse, but sometimes in circumstances such as the Quest we’re on, agreements to have intercourse without courtship may be reached.

I decided to leave it, as he was clearly uncomfortable about the whole situation. Probably something to do with his being ‘like stone’ and all that. I’m going to go to bed now, and hopefully be able to tune out the noises coming from the trees by passing out as quickly as possible.

9:15 pm

Mr Baggins asked about Dwarven tendency for relations amongst the trees. I attempted to redirect the question, as I did not honestly want to talk on the topic, but Mr Baggins continued in his questions. I relented and explained that while most relations are signs of a courtship, it was common on long journeys such at this one that relations are seen mostly as a way to release the tension caused by natural urges. I assume that Dwalin’s relation with Nori is the latter as Dwalin has not spoken of any desire to court Nori.

Mr Baggins absorbed this information and then retired to his bedroll. Those in the company who did not go into the woods are doing the same. I asked Bofur to take the first watch.

9:25 pm

I have retired to my own bedroll and am attempting to block out the outside noise. My nanaddan are snickering with each sound that comes from the trees.

10:36 pm

Anonymous asked: Who has gone into the trees?

I do not wish to discuss the private affairs of the company. That is their business and theirs alone.

May 24th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am

Anonymous asked: Who HASN’T gone into the trees? If you catch my meaning…

More members of the company did not go into the trees than those who did.
7:30 am
We have begun our travels once again.
There are trees all around us, and I can sense that Dwalin and Balin are giving me a wide berth. To say that I am displeased with our surroundings would be an understatement.

#the quest #dwalin #balin #i hate trees

Bilbo

7:30AM
Anonymous asked: hello!!! I blog is lovely, and I'm wondering if you're writing in a middle earth timeline or more modern timeline thank you!
I thank you for your compliments, but I do not understand the meaning of your query. As I am currently in Middle-earth this would be my modern timeline, so to speak, as I do not believe I have been placed into another time.

#ask #anonymous

8:27AM Not much for breakfast. We’re already on the road. I’m walking with Bombur and Dori, both of which are equally disappointed as I am in our lack of proper provisions.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #winedwarf

9AM I almost wish I had the waybread back. Almost.

#adventureblogging

9 am
These trees seem to go on forever. I trust Balin to lead the company to lead us through this forest without getting us lost, but I cannot help but feel on edge.

#the quest #balin

10 am
Gandalf looks cheerful. He is most likely happy about my agreement to head to Rivendell.
Damned wizard.

#the quest #the wizard

10:23AM How have I managed to whittle six meals down to three? And usually two out of three of the meals now can hardly be called such. So it’s more like six meals down to one. I don’t know how I’m still walking.

#adventureblogging

11:30 am
I noticed a strange sound that seemed to be reoccurring irregularly. I tried to pinpoint it and after a while, I realized it was coming from Mr Baggins. Or rather, Mr Baggins’ stomach. It will not do to have any member of the company going hungry, especially so much so for a stomach to make that loud of a noise.
I asked Fíli and Kíli if they would go hunting. They agreed quickly and ran off, chatting about some sort of contest between them. I believe it was something on who could catch more squirrels…

#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children

11:45 am

I overheard Nori trying to convince Dwalin to carry him. There was something about Nori doing all the heavy lifting before, so Dwalin owes him…
I do not believe I have seen Dwalin turn so red before.

#the quest #nori #dwalin

11:56AM Sometimes I think everyone can hear my stomach growling the song of my people.

#adventureblogging #it is not a happy song

12:12PM We’ve stopped for lunch. Fíli and Kíli have caught some squirrels, but even then that doesn’t make much more than a morsel when divided amongst all of us. Rivendell really cannot come sooner.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

12:45 pm

Despite my nanaddan having tracked down a few squirrels for our lunch, I can still hear Mr Baggins’ stomach protesting.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar

1:25PM We’re on our way again. My stomach is protesting, since I hadn’t eaten enough for lunch.

#adventureblogging

1:30 pm

The event with the trolls is still weighing on my mind. While the entire situation was unwanted, it truly become grim when Mr Baggins was captured by the trolls and used essentially as a hostage. I doubt that the Hobbit has ever had the need to know how to protect himself in the wild. As this quest has already proven, danger is to be expected. Perhaps it would be wise for Mr Baggins to learn how to fight.

#the quest #bungling burglar

1:45 pm

I have asked Dwalin if he would train Mr Baggins in sword fighting. However, Dwalin refused. He told me that I should do it, as I was the one who had the idea in the first place. I reminded him that he had more experience in that area and a smirk grew across his face.

“Oh, finally admitting I’m the better fighter, are you?” he asked.

“No,” I argued. “You have more experience in sword fighting training.”

Dwalin sniffed, pretending to be insulted. “Well, if you’re so much better, then you should train him.”

“I will, then!”

Dwalin smiled in triumph. We have been friends for too long, for him to be able to trick me like that.
2PM Dori notes that my clothes are getting a little loose on me, especially since I’ve had to adjust my suspenders several times to prevent my trousers from falling off. He has also offered to make adjustments to my clothes so that they can fit me better. I told him that it could probably wait until Rivendell.

2:30 pm

Would Mr Baggins even agree to being taught sword fighting? There is no reason for him to refuse. Gandalf has presented him with what seems to be a short sword, though it is a good size for the Hobbit, and it would make sense for him to learn to use it.

3 pm

It would be unwise to teach Mr Baggins how to handle a sword in the dark. Combined with the small meals we have had today that have left the company with little energy, it would make sense to find a campsite early tonight.

3:20PM Why is His Majesty already sending out his sister-children to go find a suitable campsite?

(Fili and Kili: #we’re back)

3:45PM

Indâd really shouldn’t have such an obvious password for his account.

3:56PM
3:57PM [Original Post]
DELETE THIS, YOU TWO
#adventureblogging #grr #thing 1 #thing 2 #me

4PM We have set up camp for the evening. I asked His Majesty why it was being set up so early, and he replied that I needed to learn how to defend myself, especially in light of the trolls and the Orcs that we narrowly avoided meeting a couple days back.
I pointed out that other members of the Company didn’t have extensive weapons training, like Ori. His Majesty replied that Ori was not his concern, as Dori and Nori are capable of teaching him methods of self-defence.
I then pointed out that since Dwalin was the resident warrior, why didn’t he teach me instead. His Majesty said that it had been Dwalin’s idea to get him to teach me in the first place. He seemed particularly skulky about that last point.
I finally mentioned that I hadn’t been eating properly all day, and His Majesty, in his infinite patience, insisted I take off my jacket and vest already and just come do the damn practice.
Giver grant me patience; he is being insufferable again.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #scribedwarf #brawnsdwarf #winedwarf #pointydwarf

4:05PM

[Original Post] [Reply]

Indâd, you’re welcome.

#the quest #we're back #mr boggins

4:05PM

Anonymous asked: what's his password

Something really obvious ;)

#why would we tell you #you're not us you can't toy with indâd's account #;))) #ask #anonymous #we're back

4:06PM

Indâd: Just take your jacket and vest off already and get over here.

Mr Boggins: Why?

Indâd: Better freedom of movement.

Óin: Is that what the young ones are calling it now these days?

#the quest #we're back #oin #he gets it #indâd #mr boggins

4:17PM

Indâd is getting Mr Boggins to do a couple warm-up stretches. We don’t think the Hobbit has done a stretch in his life, based on his expression.

Indâd’s got his work cut out for him.

#and in more ways than just for swordfighting if you know what we mean #the quest #we're back #indâd #mr boggins

4:24PM

Indâd is teaching Mr Boggins the basic steps for swordfighting. He keeps on having to adjust Mr Boggins’s posture from behind. Mr Boggins seems to be going bright red over the tree branch he is wielding as his practice sword.

#naughty naughty #the quest #we're back #indâd #mr boggins

4:38PM

Mr Boggins looks silly moving around with his tree branch. He’s also been swinging it around wildly like a club. Indâd tried to get him to stop, but only got knocked on the head for his troubles. Mr Boggins then dropped his branch and started fretting, only for Indâd to tell him nothing was damaged, and really, it wasn’t that painful anyway.

Being a thick-skulled bear like Indâd has its perks sometimes.

#the quest #we're back #indâd #mr boggins

4:41PM

Indâd and Mr Boggins have agreed that maybe Mr Boggins shouldn’t wave a branch around until he’s figured out what his feet are doing.

#the quest #we're back #indâd #mr boggins

4:52PM

Ori thinks that maybe Mr Boggins will be better off using a slingshot like him. We’re inclined to agree with him. Mr Boggins is very good at knocking off things with stones, as we’ve seen him do when he’s bored.
Indâd has given up for the day, it seems. Mr Boggins does look really tired, though, so it might be for the best that they’re stopping. We’ll leave this record here for him to deal with. Until next time!

My nanaddan have hacked my account once again. It is no wonder they ran off so quickly, claiming they were going to hunt again.

Why do I hurt all over? We only went over footwork, and His Majesty rumbled in my ears a couple of times when he tried to adjust my posture, but still I am oddly exhausted even after only having to move forward and backwards a bunch of times. Dwalin is laughing at me.

Supper turned out quite well, as my nanaddan brought a buck back from their hunt. They delivered it to Bombur, who was feeling up to cooking again since Mr Baggins was not available. Once they were done, I confronted them about their hacking of my things and asked them to not do it again. They insisted I get a better password.

Anonymous asked: Swordfighting can lead to other types of swordplay. I think Mr Baggins needs to work on his footwork before he participates in other forms of swordplay, lest someone gets hurt.

Kíli has shot down a buck for supper. Fíli helped them get it back to camp. I’m already hungry just at the prospect of a decent dinner. This is… pitiful, actually.
Dwalin has finally stopped snickering about the training session with Mr Baggins and has suggested a practice sword be made for him, as it would help more than a simple tree branch. I suggested that he make it, since it was his idea, but he insisted that since I am the teacher, I should be the one to make the sword. He also mentioned that he did not want the splinters that came with it.

7 pm

My pipe weed is running low. I estimate that I only have enough for a few more bowls before it is all gone. Perhaps Gandalf will be willing to share his now that I have agreed to go to Rivendell…

7:30 pm

Gandalf refused to share.

7:43PM Sharing some more of my Longbottom Leaf with His Majesty, since Gandalf is being selfish and won’t share his. I remember a similar incident happening with his lemon lozenges. Dratted wizard.

7:45 pm

Mr Baggins offered to share his pipe weed with me. I thanked him and accepted his offer. I will have to find some way to repay him in the future.

8:19PM The same folks from last night have gone into the woods again. Dori is trying to convince Ori that it’s time to go to bed. Ori is very engrossed in his book, and is thus protesting. Well, it was about time.

8:25 pm

Members of the company have begun once again to go into the woods. They may as well get it out of their systems now, as we should be out of the trees within several days.

8:30PM Ori still refuses to go to sleep. Dori is looking more and more panicked, for some reason.
8:35PM Dori has given up and headed into the woods.
#adventureblogging #winedwarf

8:39PM Balin has followed Dori.
That’s new.
#adventureblogging #winedwarf #brainsdwarf

8:40PM Ori has informed me that Dori and Balin have an arrangement, as Balin is like His Majesty in his disinclination towards courtship, preferring instead his study and his histories, and not wanting any courting relationships to affect or potentially hinder his duties to the ruling line of the House of Durin. However, according to Ori, he is willing to help Dori tend to certain needs. Ori does definitely know a lot more than he lets on. I wonder if I should be concerned.
#adventureblogging #winedwarf #brainsdwarf #scribedwarf

8:45PM Bofur has also wandered into the woods.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

8:50 pm
More than half of the company has gone into the woods. Between the crackle of the fire and Mr Baggins and Ori chatting, the noise from the trees is thankfully dulled to the point where it is easy to ignore.
#thequest #thecompany #bunglingburglar #ori

9PM Most of the folks who went into the woods have returned by now. It might be quiet enough for bed now.
#adventureblogging
May 25 - May 31

Chapter Notes

Skylocked (also found at [HD4191](#)) drew several more scenes for the Blogs:

- May 28th, 2015 at 3:10 am was illustrated [here](#)
- May 28th, 2015 at 8PM was illustrated [here](#)

May 25th, 2015

Thorin

5:45 am

I awoke before my usual time, though I did not feel tired. The rest of the company slept around me, except for Balin, who was on third watch. I decided that since the company would not be waking for a while, I would use the time to go find a branch that could be whittled into a suitable practice sword for Mr Baggins.

#the quest #balin #bungling burglar

6 am

I still have not found a branch that I want to whittle down. They are either too long or not the right thickness. I will need to find one soon, as we will have to be starting our travel again.

#the quest

6:20 am

I have found a branch! Though… I am not sure where the campsite is.

#the quest #oh mahal

6:35 am

This may be a problem. I cannot seem to find the campsite. I was sure that I did not wander that far.

#the quest

6:45 am

I have to admit that I am lost. These damn trees.

#the quest #not again #i hate trees

Bilbo

7AM There’s some commotion going on. According to Balin, who was on third watch this morning, His Majesty vanished into the trees about an hour ago, and still has yet to reappear. Fíli and Kíli insist they had nothing to do with this disappearance.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2
7:05 am

The company should be awake by now. I had intended to be back by now.

#the quest

7:25 am

I am still lost. I have debating stopping and staying where I am, in the hopes that a company member will find me, as they have likely noticed my absence. However, I feel that I am close to camp and that if I continue forward, I will be able to find it.

#the quest #i very much hate trees

7:30 AM ...He’s still not back. I’m starting to get worried.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #he’s probably lost

7:32 AM I told the Company that maybe I should go looking for His Majesty, as he still hasn’t shown up yet. Dwalin says he’ll come stumbling back on his own if we just wait for him a little longer. I’m still concerned. This forest is bigger than Bindbale, after all. His Majesty could actually be lost.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #brawnsdwarf

7:35 AM I’m going to look for His Majesty.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:40 AM ...You have got to be joking.
I found him.
He was only about seventy paces away from the camp.
He’s been going around in circles this entire time.
I have half a mind to second Dwalin’s motion to tether His Majesty so he won’t go wandering off again.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #i can’t believe it #how did he not know to walk in another direction other than forward #were we even out of earshot

7:45 am

I was found by Mr Baggins. He apparently volunteered to come find me. We are not too far from camp, according to him.

#the quest #bungling burglar

7:47 AM We’ve returned to camp.
I have informed the entire Company that their intrepid leader had been wandering in circles around us this entire time.
His Majesty looks suitably chastened. He also won’t let go of the branch he’s holding.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company
7:50 am

… I was apparently right next to the campsite, just somehow missing it.
I blame the damned trees.

#the quest #i hate trees #i will not be allowed to live this down

8:15 am

The company had already packed their things, so we were able to start traveling again quite quickly. Dwalin is still laughing to himself about me getting lost. I am tempted to smack him with the branch.

#the quest #the company #dwalin

8:30 am

I have stripped the branch of its bark and have asked Ori if I could borrow a stick of charcoal. Using that, I have traced the outline of Mr Baggins' practice sword. Dwalin is watching my progress, still snickering.

#the quest #ori #dwalin #bungling burglar

8:57 AM His Majesty has just hit Dwalin on the head with the branch. Why does he insist on carrying that branch? Is he hoping to make himself a walking stick?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf

9 am

While whittling down the branch, Dwalin began joking about my tendency to get myself lost. He also teased that Mr Baggins seemed a better candidate for leader.

“He saved us from trolls, he doesn’t get lost in trees, and he knows how to cook.”

“Yes, well, he does not know which end of the sword is which,” I countered.

Dwalin grinned. “Oh, are you so sure about that?”

I used the tree branch to smack him. He gaped at me.

“Oh, good, it is sturdy,” I said, ignoring his expression.

He returned to chuckling under his breath.

#the quest #dwalin #bungling burglar #such cheek

9:12 AM Maybe he is holding a part of the forest hostage for our safe passage.
Someone should tell him about the Old Forest, because I am sure that at least in the Old Forest, the trees do not take kindly to travellers taking their branches hostage.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:25 am

Dwalin added that he thought of another reason why Mr Baggins would make a better leader: He makes for a much finer pillow.

I asked Dwalin if Mr Baggins drools on the rest of the company as well.

He seemed confused for a few moments. “He… drools?”

“Quite a lot,” I confessed. “There are parts of my furs that are still stiff from it.”

Dwalin snickered. “Marking his territory, was he?”

I smacked him with the branch again.
“Testing the balance,” I explained.

#the quest #dwalin #bungling burglar #i may have to make myself a practice sword #i am enjoying this

9:45AM

Anonymous asked: I'm assuming the only ones who haven't gone off into the woods this far are you, Thorin, Fíli, Kíli, Bombur and Gloin? As well as Gandalf.

Ori hasn’t gone, either.

#ask #anonymous #scribedwarf #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #bigdwarf #firedwarf #meddling wizard

10AM

Ori is snickering about something. I asked him what was so funny, and he said that Dwalin had told His Majesty that I would make a better leader of the Company, given that I:

1. saved them from trolls
2. don’t get lost in forests
3. can actually cook, and
4. am a very comfortable pillow

I feel simultaneously touched and offended.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole

10:15 am

The practice sword is coming along fine but it is an added challenge to be doing this while walking. Even with my steady grip, by constantly moving, I am finding it slightly difficult to follow the exact grain that I am aiming for.

#the quest

11:30 am

My nanaddan mentioned something about wanting to try climbing the trees, claiming boredom. I told them to leave the trees alone.

#the quest #my sister children #should not trust the trees

11:45AM

We’re approaching the edge of the trees. I imagine His Majesty is very excited about this.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

12 pm

We are free of the trees! A long field stretches before us. I know that there are still more trees to come, but for now, at least, there are none around us.

#the quest

12:11PM

Anonymous asked: Do you find anyone in the company aesthetically pleasing to the eye?

Glóin isn’t too bad. I can see how a renowned beauty amongst the Dwarves chose to marry him. Balin has a sense of wisdom and knowledge about him, which is very comforting. And Bofur’s hair
is very nice to put braids in.
I suspect you might have expected me to answer differently, but His Majesty scowls too much for
my liking, and his sister-children behave too much like some of my cousins for me to consider them
attractive in any way.

12:13PM Balin says that this field isn’t going to last; there’s going to be more trees between where
we are and the Bruinen.

12:55 pm
As lunch is being prepared, I can finally sit and whittle with a steady hand. The blade part of the
sword is mostly done. I still have the handle and guard to shape, as well as finding something to
smooth down the edges.

1PM
Anonymous asked: It's amusing that the company is still caught up in the bagginshield
conspiracy, although neither you nor Thorin has shown a romantic inclination towards one
another, not to mention that you haven't gone off into the trees together. As of yet…
I really don’t know why they’re fixated on me and His Majesty, really. I’m starting to suspect
Gandalf had a hand in it. He was insistent that I go on this adventure, after all.

1:25PM Lunch was some more squirrels caught by Fíli and Kíli. At least there were more squirrels
today than yesterday.

1:45 pm
We have begun traveling again. I managed to get the bigger chunks of the branch cut off, so that
now I just need to whittle the handle and guard. If I had attempted to slice the unneeded parts off
while walking, I could have risked cutting my own hand.

2:30 pm
I was nearly done with the sword when Dwalin approached me.
“Ah, your courting gift is coming along well!”
In my shock, the knife in my hand slipped and I opened a gash in my hand.
I smacked Dwalin for a third time with the practice sword. Dwalin placed a hand on the spot I have
been hitting, scowling.
“Oh, what, was that one to check the weight of it?”
“No, no,” I assured him. “That was one because you deserved it.”

2:40 pm
Óin has bandaged my hand, though the cut is fairly calm. He assures that it should heal quickly, but
2:45PM Not sure why His Majesty is sending out Fili and Kili to find a campsite. We’ve got pretty much no choice but to camp out in the open, so pretty much anywhere on this giant plain will probably do. The nearest trees are a little too far for the new Company tradition, though.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

3 pm

My nanaddan have gone to find a campsite. Mr Baggins’ practice sword is complete and the more he practices, the better.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar

3:04 pm

alkjira asked: Gamut meliku, thanu men. Gajut men, but I was wondering, if you dislike trees so much, why did you keep your shield of oak and let it name you? Tan menu selek lanun naman. *bows*

Asakhi-astu saglibi id-ugkukh'farin du Khuzdul. Aglabi Khuzdul'ugkukh'unar hibnuhul. I am sure trees have their purposes, as the oaken branch did when it protected me in battle. My distrust is not in the solitary oak, but in the misleading forest. Lakhad'narât du'astu.

#I see you speak the ancient form of Khuzdul. #I speak the newer form of Khuzdul usually. #Bright days to you. #ask #alkjira

3:05PM
At least someone is enjoying himself.

#adventureblogging #axedwarf #here you go bofur #i posted the picture of your cousin #travelling

3:30 pm

While testing the weight of the sword, Balin began chuckling to himself. I asked what was funny and he asked me if the sword was my attempt to get over my fear of trees. My glare did nothing more than make him laugh harder.

#the quest #balin

4:20 pm

Camp is nearly set up and I have instructed my Nanaddan to go hunting, to be sure they do not get up to mischief during Mr Baggins’ lesson as they did yesterday.

#the quest #my sister children #burgling burglar
4:26PM We’ve made camp now. Fíli and Kíli have gone hunting for our supper. His Majesty has thrust his branch at me and told me we were practicing sword fighting again. Well, it’s not really a branch anymore; he’s whittled it into a practice sword. It’s balanced and everything, probably from the repeated thwackings against Dwalin’s head that this poor thing has suffered.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #brawnsdwarf

4:30PM

His Majesty demonstrating what he calls a ‘plow guard’.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #travelling

5:45PM Another exhausting practice. I could do with a long nap, except if I fall asleep now I might miss supper.

#adventureblogging

5:50 pm

The lesson went similar to yesterday’s. Mr Baggins’ footing continues to need work and his swings are still wild. One of his swings caught me in the hand, where my cut is located. If not for the panicked look on his face after the hit, I would have thought it was on purpose.

#the quest #bungling burglar #my hand is bleeding again

6:15 pm

I am keeping a hold on the practice sword. Mr Baggins’ still seems to be hungry and his energy low, so I would rather carry it than he.
Dwalin is also keeping an eye on it, in case I smack him again.

#the quest #bungling burglar #dwalin

**6:23PM** Coney stew for supper. I’m starting to wish I was a pony instead, since I have no doubt they’re eating much better than us. No offence to Bombur’s cooking, of course, since the stew is delicious. It’s just not a big enough batch to satisfy me.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

**6:45 pm**

A strong wind is blowing across the field and I have noticed some in the company shivering. My furs keep the chill away and Gandalf also seems to be fine with the wind whipping around him. Perhaps he has a magic to warm himself. Perhaps his cheer at our going to Rivendell is keeping him warm.

#the quest #the company #the wizard

**7:02PM** We’ve all gathered around the campfire now, since out here the night breeze hits us a bit more keenly. His Majesty looks comfortable in his furs, curse him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #i should've brought a wool coat

**7:15 pm**

It was noted that the wind sounds like the moan of a voice. A few teased at there being ghosts surrounding us.

#the quest #such things should not be said in jest

**7:25PM** Ori has told us a story of an old ghostly Dwarf who haunts the battlements of the old ruins higher up in the Ered Luin, remnants of the great Dwarf settlements of the First Age. It was more sad than frightening, really, though Dori made a big show of being scared for his little brother.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #winedwarf

**7:59PM** I recited the poem about the Mewlips that had frightened me as a fauntling. A lot of the Company members look disturbed by it. I suppose they’ve had their fair share of creepy crawly things in the mountains. Maybe I should have told them the story of Old Man Willow instead.

#adventureblogging #the company

**8 pm**

Ori and Mr Baggins have shared a tale and poem of fright. They are the smallest and least frightening among the company, but their words have seemingly struck terror into the rest of us.

#the quest #ori #bungling burglar #i do not like horror stories

**8:26PM** Nori had a very creepy tale about the barrow-wights! The way he told it made me think
he’d run into them first hand. Ori was clinging onto me the entire time.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #scribedwarf

8:40 pm

Nori also shared a tale and it made the moan of the wind something that sent shivers down the spine. I was asked if I had a story to share. I suggested the fall of Erebor. The idea was quickly shot down. It is just as well that it was passed over; I recall it too often in my dreams to recount it while awake.

#the quest #nori

8:45PM His Majesty was dissuaded from telling the story of the Fall of Erebor, as that is 1) old news and 2) not a scary story. I mean, it must’ve been frightening to experience first hand, but a dragon attack isn’t the same sort of creepy as being cornered by a barrow-wight in an old tomb.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:50PM Ooh. Okay. Balin’s story about the Fortress of the Necromancer was very frightening. Even Gandalf looks disturbed. Or maybe that’s a look of thoughtfulness? Can’t really tell with the hat in the way and all.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #meddling wizard

9 pm

Balin has told a tale of fright that has even visibly shaken Gandalf. I can see the eyes of the company flicker to the edges of the light of the fire. Sleep will not be easily found tonight.

#the quest #balin #the wizard #the company #why have we done this

9:10PM I’ve told the Company the story of Old Man Willow. It was fairly standard, but I think I might’ve made His Majesty too frightened to go to sleep tonight. Well, serves him right. He can consider it payback for the sword fighting lesson today.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole

9:15 pm

Mr Baggins spun more horror, this time talking of a wrathful tree by the name of Old Man Willow. It was said to put those that angered it to sleep before devouring them. The tale that Mr Baggins told was of one who went into the forest to chop kindling for the winter. The trees became angry with him for chopping the wood and he was eaten by Old Man Willow. I know it to be a tale meant to frighten but I cannot help but feel uneasy. I do not want to lay a hand on the practice sword again.

#the quest #bungling burglar #A TRULY HORRIFYING TALE

9:29PM

<Anonymous asked: Mr. Baggins, you seem happy to be headed toward Rivendell where you can get some rest and a decent meal! Have you met any elves before?
I am so unbelievably happy about heading for Rivendell! I didn’t know that the Elves had a settlement in this part of Middle-earth; the most I’ve seen of them is just when their Wandering Companies cross the Shire in the fall and the spring. Earlier last month I spent Yestarë in the woods and briefly encountered the company of Galdor from Lindon. They didn’t tell me where they were going, but based on their direction, I think they might’ve been going to Rivendell after all.

#ask #anonymous

9:45 pm

We will enter another batch of trees tomorrow in our travels. It was simply a story but I have always felt that the trees were vengeful. Perhaps they will not react kindly to my taking of a branch to fashion into a sword.

#the quest #i do not trust the trees

10 pm

I will ask Balin in the morning if there is a route we can take that goes around the trees.

#the quest #balin #i hate trees

10:30 pm

The wind sounds similar to the creak of a tree branches. It is keeping me from finding sleep.

#the quest #I HATE TREES

11 pm

I cannot find a comfortable position in my bedroll. Perhaps if I walk around for a while, I will find the peace of mind to sleep.

#the quest #it was just a story #why does it still unsettle me

May 26th, 2015

Thorin

12 am

I have been walking around the edge of the campsite. Bifur has just woken Nori to take the second watch. Sleep still evades me.

#the quest #bifur #nori #why can i not sleep

1 am

Nori keeps making jokes about trees coming after me. I have asked him to stop but every so often, I hear him making his attempt at scary noises.

#the quest #nori #he should know better #this is not amusing

1:45 am

I have dug out the remnants of my pipe weed. Perhaps the smoke will distract my mind from the thought of evil trees long enough for me to find sleep.

#the quest
Nori has woken Dwalin for third watch. I am not sure in what manner he did it, but Dwalin let out a yelp before cursing at Nori. The thief looks pleased with himself.

3 am

Dwalin keeps telling me to go to sleep. I have informed him that I cannot and have been trying all night.

3:30 am

Dwalin says my walking around is annoying him and to just lay down. I can feel exhaustion starting to pull at me so perhaps this time, I will actually be able to sleep.

3:45 am

Dwalin has had to catch me from falling a few times. It would seem that my lack of sleep is going to be a hindrance. Dwalin is trying to convince me to ride on of the ponies, so that I may sleep but I have told him no. The ponies are for those who need them; my sleeplessness was my own fault and I can make it.

8:05 am

I was awoken and saw that the company was already packed and wanting for me. My sleepless night weighs on me, dragging my eyes closed again. I will just have to push through it for today.

Bilbo

7:45 AM We’re all packed up, except for His Majesty, who is somehow still asleep. What time did he go to bed last night?

8:12 AM We’re on the road, having managed to wake His Majesty to tell him we’re leaving. He’s not pleased about it, but he must understand the necessity.

8:45 am

dwalin has had to catch me from falling a few times. It would seem that my lack of sleep is going to be a hindrance. Dwalin is trying to convince me to ride on of the ponies, so that I may sleep but I have told him no. The ponies are for those who need them; my sleeplessness was my own fault and I can make it.

9 AM His Majesty is falling asleep on his feet. He’s already tripped over several rocks because he’s too drowsy. Dwalin is trying to get him on a pony, but he’s protesting.

#the quest #dwalin #i hope sleep comes soon

#adventureblogging #that asshole
dwalin proclaimed he was fed up with watching wme stumble and has insistde i gte on a pony. I have tried to arguxe but it is hard to form words wwhen one is yanwing so much.

9:20 am
i am now on the ponzy asnd dwalin looks triumphant. I suppose a short nap would not hurt.

#the quest #dwalin

10:23AM For the past hour, Dwalin has been pushing His Majesty back into place on the pony. He’s called me forward. Maybe he wants me to take over?
#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #what does he want

10:30AM Apparently not. Dwalin told me that since I’m the lightest of the Company, I should ride in front of His Majesty on the pony so that he won’t fall off.
I mean, I felt a bit bad about having kept him up all night with the story about Old Man Willow, but Dwalin took that as me agreeing to ride with His Majesty, so he plucked me up and set me down on the pony, and then tied His Majesty’s hands together around my waist!
I suspect that’s as much to keep me from escaping as it is to keep His Majesty from falling off.
#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #this is an indignity #surely there is a clause in the contract that forbids this #i am not babysitting his majesty king under asshole mountain

11:34AM They’ve had to hand my lunch to me, as apparently Dwalin claims there is ‘no logic’ in untying me for lunch, because apparently His Majesty looks ‘so comfortable’ riding the pony behind me, and he ‘would absolutely hate to disrupt such tranquility’. Also that it would be ‘too bulky’ to lift me and my new kingly parasite down from the pony.
I will find out what Dwalin is scared of and spin a horror story to keep him up at night, mark my words.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf #also known as this asshole #my revenge will come swiftly and silently and it will smell like burrahobbit

12:56PM We’re on our way again.
Good.
His Majesty is snoring in my ear. If he drools, I will cut him loose and shove him off this pony.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #these are the only clean clothes i have left #aside from my nightshirt #and i am not wearing that outside the bedroom

1:20PM ...Is he… sniffing… my hair?!
#that asshole #adventureblogging #WORST. DAY. EVER. #i don’t want to be sniffed by a dwarf i have been sneezed on by a troll already

2:45PM I think he’s waking up. Thank the Giver.
#that asshole #adventureblogging #maybe then i can be freed from this pony

3PM Nope, false alarm. He’s asleep again. I heard a very loud, very distinct snore.
...A very loud, very distinct, very fake snore.
The entire Company owes me. I don’t know what they owe me, but they owe me. Maybe I will take an extra share of the treasure in recompense.
#my hopes were high for him being awake #alas #that asshole #adventureblogging
3:15PM Have had to dissuade Nori from making ghost noises at His Majesty. I wonder how His Majesty could ever treat this Quest as a serious endeavour, with so many pranksters amongst the Company. #clearly this quest is one of great secrecy and Serious Business #that asshole #pointydwarf #adventureblogging

4:45PM We’re approaching the trees. His Majesty has quite distinctly tightened his arms around me. He is most definitely feigning sleep. #adventureblogging #that asshole #he doesn’t need to squeeze like that #it’s just trees #and this isn’t the old forest

5:10PM I took over His Majesty’s duty of sending Fíli and Kíli out to find a campsite for us. I even took great care to imitate his scowly attitude. They doubled over in laughter before saluting me and heading off. #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #adventureblogging

5:30PM His Majesty is awake. I can tell, because he asked me if he really sounds like that when he’s giving orders. #adventureblogging #that asshole #the answer is yes

5:45PM Finally. I am free of this pony. #adventureblogging #never agreeing to something like that again

5:50 pm

We have arrived at the campsite for the night. My nanaddan seem to find it funny that we are entirely surrounded by trees. Dwalin finally untied me from Mr Baggins and we were able to dismount. My legs feel numb from being on the pony for so long. I woke from my sleep a few hours ago. It took me a few moments to realize that there was someone in front of me on the pony and that it was Mr Baggins. I found that I was leaning on him, having been using him as a pillow, and tried to shift away. It was then that I discovered that I was tied to Mr Baggins, most likely to keep myself from falling. I should have announced that I was awake so as to relieve Mr Baggins from his position. However I was still drowsy and decided instead to sleep more. I have to admit that Dwalin was right about one thing - Mr Baggins does make a fine pillow. #the quest #my sister children #dwalin #bungling burglar

5:54 pm

Anonymous asked: Maybe if you tried hugging one of the trees you would feel better about them and not lose sleep in the future for fear of their attack. I do not think hugging a tree will rid me of my distrust, but I thank you for the suggestion. #ask #anonymous

6 pm

It is upsetting to think that I was using a pony that another could have used, just because I reacted like a child to a story and kept myself awake through the night. While I still distrust forests, I should work to conquer that distrust, as it would be unwise and hindering in the future to be more worried about trees than other important things.

#the quest #this hatred of trees must end #they are only trees

6PM We’ve set up camp for the night. Fíli and Kíli have taken great care to make sure the campsite
is surrounded by trees. I imagine the Company is in on another conspiracy to continuously expose His Majesty to trees until he grows to like them.

#thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #the company #mission get thorin oakenshield to like oaks #or something
#adventureblogging

6:02PM

Which, as we all know, isn’t happening.
This is not the face of a happy camper.

#that asshole #adventureblogging #he looks so pained by the presence of the trees #travelling

6:15 pm

Dwalin is pestering me about my time spent asleep on Mr Baggins. He is claiming that I looked quite comfortable. I told him that he could take third watch again tonight.

#the quest #dwalin #bungling burglar

6:55 pm

While eating supper, I felt the brush of leaves against my back. I jumped up in shock only to find my nanaddan, laughing with a branch in their hands. I reprimanded them but the snickers from the company seemed to be the only thing they heard.

#the quest #my sister children

7:20 pm

[Original Post]
Delete this, Mr Baggins.

#bungling burglar

7:22PM

[Original Post] [Reply]
No.

#that asshole #I want full documented proof that you are incapable of smiling. #Or at least smiling in a normal way.
#And don't tell me it's a Dwarven thing #everyone else in the Company knows how to smile #travelling
7:25PM I am slowly counting down the days until we get to Rivendell, which I hear shouldn’t take more than a couple more days. Soon, we will have enough food and comfortable beds. And Elves, but that’s the Dwarves’ problem, not mine.

#adventureblogging

7:45pm

The trees are getting visited once again.

Are they visiting so frequently because desire pulls at them so much, or is it from the prolonged time without privacy within the company?

I have never before desired relations with anyone and have not known the pull of wanting another. However, I have seen it burning in the eyes of others and imagine it to be an inner flame that invades the limbs and senses and requires the help of another to put it out.

#the quest #the company #it sounds tiring

8PM Some of the Company have resumed their new tradition of visiting the trees.

#adventureblogging #the company

8:08PM Ori has gone into the trees. Probably hoping to get away with some of his own business while Dori and Nori are otherwise occupied.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #winedwarf #pointydwarf

8:10PM Fíli has gone into the trees after Ori.
I thought Ori had someone back home waiting for them? So what’s Fíli doing?

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #scribedwarf #???

8:20PM I asked Kíli about what they thought of this new development.

~~

They shrugged, and said that Fíli and Ori probably have some sort of agreement. Apparently the Dwarrowdam waiting back home for Ori is a childhood sweetheart, and so any interactions between Fíli and Ori would come secondary to whatever Ori and his sweetheart share.

I wondered if the Dwarrowdam in question would be jealous of this agreement. Kíli shrugged again, saying that it’s not likely that their relationship is anything more formalised than reciprocated interest and promises for the future, since there’s always the chance that Ori might not survive the Quest. So with that in mind, she probably wouldn’t begrudge Ori forming an agreement with one of his companions on the Quest for his needs. After all, despite Fíli and Ori being (along with Kíli) the youngest members of the Company, they are still adults, and capable of making their own decisions.

“What about you, though?” I asked. “You’re not jealous of your brother?”

They laughed. “Fíli and I have different tastes in the types of people we find attractive,” they said. “Really,” I said. “Is it the beard? Does Ori not have enough for you?”

They laughed again. “Anyone with more beard than Ori is not going to look twice at me,” they said. That was upsetting to hear, to say the least. “Why not? Aren’t you in line for the throne?”

“That’s the only reason why I’m not laughed at when I approach anyone at all,” they said. “It doesn’t even matter which gender’s standards I measure myself with; I find myself lacking against all of them. I am too skinny, and my beard is too sparse. As far as anyone else is concerned, I have the face of a twenty-year-old.”

I didn’t know what else I could say to that, other than to tell them I hoped they found someone someday who would accept them for who they are, as opposed to the size of their beard. That is, if they were still interested in pursuing something like that. They thanked me for my words, and went
off to go pester Nori and Dwalin, who had just returned from the trees.

8:25 pm

Mr Baggins and Kíli are discussing Kíli’s difficulties relating to their appearance, most especially their beard. Kíli obviously trusts the Hobbit enough to confess their hardships so easily and I was pleased with Mr Baggins’ supportive words and how it put a smile back onto Kíli’s face. Kíli has told me before of their fears of never growing a full beard and being alone and I have supported and comforted them as well as I am able. But it is warming to see another care for one of my nanaddan. Kíli still has many years left to grow, both into their beard and the role they will play in Erebor. It is my sincere belief and hope that they will find their happiness in time.

8:27PM Bofur has asked me if I wanted to go into the woods with him. I declined, which I think took him by shock? Anyway, he went into the woods alone again, and I can feel the stares of everyone in the camp. This is awkward.

8:30PM I can’t stand the staring. I’m going to bed.

8:35 pm

Mr Baggins continues to surprise me. I am aware that he has stated before that he has no partner as well as not sharing relations with Bofur outside of friendship, but when Bofur asked for a visit into the trees, I believed Mr Baggins would agree. I did not expect him to decline the offer as he did. Mr Baggins’ shoulders are hunched from where he lays in his bedroll, as if trying to block the stares of the company.

9 pm

I have taken first watch as I slept for most of the day. The company has settled into their bedrolls and the first hints of snores are starting. Though my supply runs low, I have decided to smoke some of my pipeweed. Despite my decision to overcome my distrust of trees, achieving that decision is not so easily done.

9:45 pm

I continuously feel the need to check behind me; I blame my nanaddan’s earlier prank. In my decision to make peace with the trees, they somehow feel all the more sinister.

10:30 pm

I have had to stop myself from using more pipeweed. Perhaps I have become too dependent on its
calming effects.
#the quest

11:15 pm

If any of the company wakes, I hope they do not ask as to why I have my sword unsheathed.
#the quest

May 27th, 2015

Thorin

12:05 am

I have woken Nori for the second watch. I am now retired to my own bedroll. Despite having slept for most of the day, I can still feel the pull of sleep. I am pleased, for I do not wish to have another sleeplessness night.
#the quest #nori

Bilbo

7:25AM The Company is still looking at me funny for rejecting Bofur last night. Why are they doing that? I thought they were obsessed with the Conspiracy.
#the company #hatdwarf #the bagginshield conspiracy #adventureblogging

7:30 am

We are traveling once again. Everyone is thankfully well-rested and healed from their illnesses. We are still amongst the trees, but Balin says that we should be exiting the forest by tomorrow.
#the quest #balin

7:45AM ...Is it bad form to deny a request to go into the woods? Is that why Balin agreed to go with Dori despite being like stone? I don’t understand this.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #winedwarf #dwarves are confusing

8 am

Anonymous asked: Thorin are you on the ace spectrum?
I apologize but I do not know what that term means.
#perhaps you could explain it? #ask #anonymous

8:10AM Well. I had a talk with Bofur. I told him, plain and simple, that he was my friend, and I
cared for him as a friend, but I’m not attracted to him like that, and I’m not comfortable creating an arrangement with him like the one between Balin and Dori because I’ve only known him a month. He took it well, I think. He said he valued our friendship and would hate to spoil what we had by adding something that made me uncomfortable into the mix. And then we hugged.

I offered to do his braids tonight, as a peace offering. He seemed pleased with that.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #he's a good fellow #i would invite him to tea frequently #if i had tea on this damned quest

8:30 am

My nanaddan have begun playing the sight searching game again; one will give a hint about an object they are looking at and the other will guess. So far, they have both only been guessing trees.

#the quest #my sister children

8:45 am

Other members of the company have joined in on the game. They are also only guessing trees.

#the quest #the company #why

8:45AM The Company is playing the ‘guess what I see’ game again. Bofur tried to ask me to guess what he saw, except the only things we can see are trees, so that lost its novelty after a while.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company

9AM His Majesty looks very uncomfortable with the number of trees being spotted.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:05 am

The whole company has joined in on their tree spotting, getting more and more elaborate with their descriptions each time. I can hear them all snickering around their words.

#the quest #the company #they are not funny

10 am

I am rethinking the possibility of banning certain words.

#the quest #stop

10:45AM

Anonymous asked: what is your favorite attribute of his majesty?

His silence.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

10:45 am

I am not sure how they are still finding this joke to be funny.
Nori broke off the branches of a tree and held them out. “What am I?” he asked, to the amusement of the company.

I have requested that the tree jokes stop, as they have gotten old and tiresome. Dwalin assured me that they were simply speaking in jest. The company agreed and my nanaddan added that they were helping me conquer my fear.

11:30 AM Fili and Kili have gone hunting. Except they took ‘hunting’ to mean ‘climbing the nearest trees in search of prey’, and now His Majesty is yelling at them to get down like they’re a bunch of unruly cats.

11:35 am
I sent my nanaddan out to hunt for food for our lunch, hoping that it would turn their minds away from the tree jokes. However, they quickly starting climbing the nearest trees, claiming that they could search for prey easier.
I have ordered them to come down, lest a branch break under their weight or they fall, and they huffed as if I had denied them some great fun.

12 pm
I hear muted laughter behind me.

12:30 pm
Food has proven to be a proper distraction from talk of trees. I am hoping that it lasts once we continue on our way.

12:40 pm
Anonymous asked: Why do you have an aversion to trees?
I have this unsightly habit of becoming lost in forests.

1:32 PM His Majesty is looking very discomfited by all the tree-related jokes clearly being cracked at his expense. Really, this is getting old.

1:35 pm
Alas, the jokes have continued.
2 pm

I am tempted to walk into the trees by myself to escape these jokes.

#the quest

2:12PM

Anonymous asked: *vif not bofur, who would you go into the woods with master baggins?*
No one. I’ve only known these Dwarves for a month. While I’ve gotten well acquainted with some of them, I simply just don’t fancy any of them.

#ask #anonymous #hatdwarf #the company

2:27 PM

Anonymous asked: *Ace is short for asexual, a word which describes someone who doesn’t feel sexual attraction towards anyone. The ace spectrum is a word that encompasses people who are completely, mostly, and conditionally asexual.*
So, in essence, the Dwarven concept of being like stone.
While there are also external factors contributing to my disinclination to pursue courtship, such as my desire not to make any potential spouse of mine a consort of a wandering, hopeless people, I will also admit I do not experience attraction to others beyond that of the purely aesthetic.

#ask #anonymous #like stone #asexual

3:15 pm

The company has tried asking Mr Baggins about more information on Old Man Willow. He is being surprisingly tight-lipped about the topic.

#the quest #bungling burglar

3:45PM I’ve told the Company to lay off joking about trees already. I mean, once or twice was funny, but really, this has gone too far.
Just because I kept His Majesty up at night *once* with a story about trees!

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole

3:50 pm

Mr Baggins interrupted the tree jokes.
“Can you Dwarves stop joking about trees already? It’s rude and it’s upsetting Thorin. It was funny maybe a day ago but really, enough is enough!”
He stalked off amongst the trees, huffing in anger.
The company seemed shocked by this outburst, then embarrassed.

#the quest #bungling burglar #he defended me

3:55 pm

I have kept my eyes on the trees, waiting for Mr Baggins to return.
I am sure he knows right where he is and can easily find his way back once his anger has subsided. I still find myself worrying, however.

#the quest #bungling burglar
Mr Baggins has returned. He seems to still be angry but has stayed silent. The jokes have stopped, at least.
#the quest #bungling burglar

4PM I can see the Company tossing coins at each other. At least they’ve stopped the tree jokes.
#adventureblogging #the company #the bagginshield conspiracy

4:19PM
Anonymous asked: Mr. Baggins, a question: why do you still have the tag for Thorin set as "that asshole"? I'm well aware that he was not as polite as he should have been and you certainly deserve respect, but I find that I can understand his reasoning for pushing you away. Do you still hold a grudge? I don't think that not having a sunny disposition warrants being called an asshole...
In my opinion, anyone who makes me get up to travel at seven in the morning deserves the title of “asshole”.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

4:30 pm
Dwalin approached me and stayed quiet for a few minutes. He eventually apologized if the jokes were taken in offense, for they had truly been made in jest with no malice behind it. I thanked him, though reminded him that I had asked them to stop earlier in the day. He admitted that, even after so many years, he still had trouble telling if I was truly hurt by another’s words or not.
I told him that if ever I or anyone else in the company ask for a topic to be changed, then it should be changed. He agreed and left me to my own thoughts.
#the quest #dwalin

4:56PM His Majesty sent Fíli and Kíli out to find a campsite. I swear, if they suggest we spend the night in the trees…
#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

5 pm
I sent my nanaddan off to look for a campsite. Before they departed, I reminded them that climbing the trees was off limits. I could tell that I had dashed their plans.
#the quest #my sister children

5:23PM We’re making camp on solid ground.
#adventureblogging #thank the green lady

5:35 pm
We have set up camp for the night and I have instructed that a search be started for edible food in the
area.
#the quest

5:50PM I’ve made good on my promise and helped Bofur with his braids again. He says I’m
improving, which is nice to hear.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

6:15PM Supper has been whatever edible plants we could find stewed with the leftovers from lunch,
which are mostly some small animals and eggs. It’s… not Bombur’s best, I’m afraid.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #my stomach is protesting

6:25 pm

Mr Baggins is looking pained. I do not want to draw attention to his discomfort, however, as he
seems to be trying to hide it.
#the quest #bungling burglar #he does not seem well

6:30PM ...Ugh. No. Definitely not his best. Shouldn’t have used leftovers.
I think my supper is coming back to haunt me.
#adventureblogging #i'm going to be sick

6:35 pm

Mr Baggins has left the camp and headed into the trees; his face seemed pale in the light of the fire. I
am going to investigate what is troubling the Hobbit.
#the quest #bungling burglar

7:12PM That was terrible.
~~
So I got an upset stomach because of the stew tonight. I had to take care of it in the woods, of course,
since I didn’t want the others to see.
His Majesty found me while I was, ahem, emptying my stomach, and he held my hair out of my face
and patted my back.
I asked him why he was doing this, and he said it was in thanks for standing up for him today. I told
him not to worry about it; they were being rude. I apologised for the mess, and he asked me if I was
done. I can only thank the Giver that I hadn’t actually eaten too much, so I didn’t have much to get
rid of.
He wrapped his furs around me and took me back to camp.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #it was nice of him to do this i suppose

7:20 pm

I have helped Mr Baggins back to camp, as he seemed drained from his bout of stomach sickness. I
have lent him my furs, as he appears to need them now more than I do. However, we reentered the campsite to smug smiles and covered snickers. I believe the company holds the wrong idea on what transpired in the woods.

#the quest #bungling burglar

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7:27PM

Anonymous asked: If you can find some, chew on some ginger root. I would normally suggest slicing it up and adding it to your tea, but I'm not sure if you've a teakettle at the moment, but the point it mute. Ginger root can help calm your stomach when you're nauseous. My mother used to consume it while pregnant with me. Best of luck Master Baggins! I do help you feel better soon.

I don’t know about the feasibilities of finding some here, but Gandalf has assured me that Lord Elrond is a skilled healer, and if my illness persists, I shall definitely consult with him when we are at Rivendell.

#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard

7:39PM

Anonymous asked: Does the company's obsession with activities in the trees ever make you feel uncomfortable or out of place? They seem to be very focused on certain needs.

Not as bad as some Hobbits! Springtime is a particularly twitterpated season in the Shire, coming to a head in summer, when Midyear’s Day brings plenty of feasting, bonfires, and debauchery. So no, I do not feel discomfited. Out of place, yes, but I am used to that.

#ask #anonymous #the company

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7:39 pm

Anonymous asked: Your tag for Mr Baggins is still bungling burglar, however I suspect that you don't believe him to be as 'bungling' as you once did!

Do you have any other suggestions for a different tag?

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

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7:45PM

The Company is tossing coins around again. Bofur is looking at me with this strange smug expression. I don’t think I can handle this tonight; I still feel queasy from what happened earlier. I think I will go to bed.

#adventureblogging #the company #hatdwarf #the bagginshield conspiracy

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7:50PM

Anonymous asked: I know you may not always get along with him, but it was really nice of you to tell the boys off for joking about the trees at Thorin's expense. I bet he really appreciates it. Also feel better! I know food poisoning isn’t fun at all.

I thank you for your kind words. A couple jokes at His Majesty’s expense are funny, but after too much repetition the jokes do stop being funny and start being rude.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole
The company most certainly has the wrong idea about the happenings between Mr Baggins and myself. Coins have been thrown back and forth and Glóin is writing quite intensely into his wager book.

#the quest #bungling burglar #gloin #the company

8PM Thorin’s furs are very warm, but I fear he will get cold if I have them the entire night.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:05PM I have tried to return Thorin’s furs to him, but he declined, saying I needed it more. I suggested that maybe we could come to a compromise, so now I guess we’re sharing the furs for tonight.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:08 pm

Mr Baggins attempted to return my furs to me but as he is feeling ill, I told him that they were better used by him than by myself. He came to a compromise that we would share the furs and I found myself agreeing.

I am ignoring the grins this interaction has prompted among the company.

#the quest #bungling burglar

8:10PM What’s that noise?

#adventureblogging #sounds like a howl

8:13PM Gandalf and Thorin just had an argument over the noise. Apparently it’s a Warg-pack that’s far enough not to pose an immediate danger, but still too close for comfort. Thorin says it’s probably a patrol, like the Orcs from several days back, but Gandalf suspects it might be a search party. He’s encouraged us to travel faster tomorrow, so we can get across the Bruinen River faster and be protected by Lord Elrond once we have crossed the river and are in his lands.

Thorin begrudgingly agreed, and has doubled the watch by instructing Fíli to join his sibling for first watch.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #meddling wizard #thing 1 #thing 2

8:15 pm

No sooner had the furs covered both Mr Baggins and I, there was the undeniable sound of Wargs. I was on my feet in seconds, as was Gandalf. I determined that it was simply a patrol, judging by the number we could hear. Gandalf argued against that, claiming it to be a hunting party; one that was coming for us. He suggested that we leave at first light and travel quickly to seek the protection of Rivendell.

I have assigned both of my nanaddan to the first watch, as two sets of eyes are better than one. Nori is still on second watch, as per his continued punishment, and Óin volunteered to join him. I asked Balin if he would take third watch with me and he agreed.

#the quest #bungling burglar #the wizard #nori #oin #balin #my sister children
8:20 PM Thorin has asked me if my stomach is faring better. I told him if I feel the urge to vomit again, he will be the first to know. In the meantime, I have bid him good night.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:25 pm

I returned to where Mr Baggins was with the furs and inquired as to his health. He warned that he may get sick on me in the night. I accepted the risk and retired under the furs.

I can hear the clink of exchanged coins.

#the quest #bungling burglar

May 28th, 2015

Thorin

3:10 am

Nori woke me for third watch with a wide smile on his face. I began to inquire about the cause of the smile when I noticed that Mr Baggins had apparently deemed me a suitable pillow at some point in the night. It took some wiggling but I managed to remove him without waking him and returned the furs to fully cover him. I do not see any drool on me this time, at least.

Nori reported no more Warg activity and then continued to smirk as if he had just discovered a hoard of gold, glancing between myself and Mr Baggins. I bid him a good night and he took the hint and left me be.

Balin has joined me for the third watch and has brought his pipe. He is kind enough to share it.

#the quest #nori #baling burglar

3:45 am

Balin has commented that I seem to be watching Mr Baggins more than the trees for anything attempting to sneak up on us. I told him of the last time Mr Baggins rested with my furs and the large amount of drool that followed.

He simply raised an eyebrow in response, not believing me.

#the quest #baling burglar #i do not want to have to brush sick out of my furs either

4 am

Balin spoke after a while, saying that while he could not give advice on handling Mr Baggins, it would be wise to ask someone in the company with more experience.

I do not know why I would need advice about interacting with Mr Baggins. Perhaps there are ways to keep him from destroying my furs?

#the quest #baling burglar

4:15 am

Balin’s words picked at my mind and I finally asked him for clarification:

“Do you mean for me to ask for advice about sharing furs with Mr Baggins?”
Balin sighed deeply and responded, “I suppose, yes.”
“I am not sure who to ask,” I admitted.
“I’m sure Dwalin would be happy to advise you,” Balin offered.
Dwalin does have a smaller set of furs that he keeps in fine condition. I thanked Balin for the recommendation and said that I would take up the offer. He seemed relieved.

#the quest #balin #bungling burglar #dwalin

5:10 am
Balin and I shook the company awake, as the sun began rising and the faster we begin our travels, the better our chance of getting across the Bruinen by nightfall.
When I went to wake Mr Baggins, he growled and the glare he sent me rivaled my own. I told him that he needed to get moving and he continued glaring at me. I left him be, though I could feel the dark glare following me.

#the quest #balin #bungling burglar #there is dark anger within the hobbit

Bilbo

5:12AM We’re on the road already. I don’t even want to exist at this hour, much less travel.
#adventureblogging

5:30AM I don’t feel as bad as last night, but I also do not know if I can trust myself to eat much today. I suppose that’ll come as a blessing to the rest of the Company.
#adventureblogging #the company

5:30 am
Yawns met my instructions of moving quickly. Half of the company still seemed asleep, though they quickened their pace.
#the quest #the company

6:15 am
Mr Baggins approached me and returned my furs. He had kept them wrapped around himself since he awoke, and seemed to have been using them as a way to pretend he was still asleep. He looks more awake than before and he has stopped glaring. I thanked him for giving the furs back and he did not reply more than a grunt. His face still looked pale and I told him that it would be wise if he would ride a pony for the day, as he looks to still be sick.
Mr Baggins protested this but I insisted and picked him up myself and placed him on one of the ponies. He glared at me but stayed.
#the quest #bungling burglar

6:30AM When I went to return His Majesty’s furs, he noted that I still looked unwell, and before I could protest further he had me on one of the ponies.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #i don't need a pony

6:30 am
Mr Baggins keeps attempting to slide off of the pony. I am keeping him seated by pushing him back onto the saddle but, for one still half asleep, he is quite stubborn.
6:45AM The Company is snickering at my insistence that I am too sore to travel.

#adventureblogging #the company #i meant my stomach is too sore

6:50 am

Mr Baggins, having given up his attempts at getting off of the pony, began to complain about his placement. He insisted that he was too sore for that sort of travel and that he blamed me entirely. The company burst out laughing at that comment and a large amount of coins changed hands.

#the quest #bungling burglar #the company

7:20AM The slower members of the Company have been put on the rest of the ponies.

#adventureblogging #the company #also gloin he's not slow he's sick

7:30 am

I noticed that we were not going as fast as planned and that several members of the company were advancing slower than others. I instructed that they use the remaining ponies so that we could go faster.

#the quest #the company

8:26AM
doltheliel asked: Mister Baggins, if I may inquire: how are the king's furs? Are they soft and luxurious? I live in a rather temperate climate, therefore I am not familiar with such clothing. They are very warm and heavy. I don’t know how His Majesty can spend days in them.

#ask #doltheliel #that asshole

9:30AM We’re not even bothering to stop for meals today, because His Majesty wants us to get to the Bruinen River before nightfall so that we might be able to cross it today. It’s fortunate, then, that I have barely any appetite today, then.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

10:45AM Glóin is looking miserable on his pony. I went over and asked him if he was feeling all right; he said he’s having issues with the leftover stew for breakfast. I sympathised with him for a bit.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf

11AM I hope this illness passes before we get to Rivendell. Though even if it doesn’t, I hope Lord Elrond knows a good remedy.

#adventureblogging

12:20PM An apple for lunch. Better than waybread at least.

#adventureblogging #i hate waybread
Most of the company looks displeased with their fruit lunch. However, it is what we have for now, as I thought it best that we not try to hunt or stop to cook anything. We will have more food soon, hopefully, once we reach Rivendell.

#the quest #the company

1PM Dwalin came by my pony and told me that His Majesty is his best friend (which I know), and if I do anything to cause His Majesty emotional distress, I will have to answer to him. ...I get the feeling this stems from some sort of Conspiracy-fuelled misunderstanding.

#adventureblogging #brawndwarf #that asshole #the bagginshield conspiracy

3:23PM Ooh dear.
Dori tripped over a root and had a rather nasty fall. We had to stop so that Óin could assess the damage.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #trumpetdwarf

3:25PM Nori was joking about the trees coming for their revenge. He apologised when I glared at him, though.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf

3:45 pm

We stopped so that Óin could wrap Dori’s ankle. Dori had been following Ori’s pony and did not see the root that caused him to trip. Ori quickly dismounted from the pony and offered it to his brother.

Óin took a towel from his pack and soaked it with water and what he said was marjoram oil. He wrapped the towel around Dori’s ankle and instructed Ori and Nori to be sure that it stayed on. Nori snickered that the trees were angry and were finally coming for their revenge. Mr Baggins sent Nori a dark glare that caused the thief to quickly apologize and see to his brother.

#the quest #oin #dori #ori #nori #bungling burglar

4PM We’re on our way again. Dori has been bandaged and loaded onto a pony. The sprain’s pretty bad, and we don’t have any ice to make the swelling go down, but Óin has managed to improvise a treatment with a towel, water, and sweet marjoram oil. Still, this has been quite a delay. His Majesty keeps on glaring at the trees — or maybe at the light through the trees.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #trumpetdwarf #that asshole

5:12PM We’ve reached the Bruinen, but the ford is still quite a ways away. Here the water is too rapid and dangerous for a crossing.

#adventureblogging

5:15 pm
The sun will be down within the next few hours and we have only just reached the Bruinen River. The banks are swollen from the abundance of water flowing, swift and dangerous. I am not sure that we will be able to cross the ford in time. I instructed that we move faster, so as to try to make it before sunset.

#the quest

7:15 pm

I can see the ford ahead but the sun is beginning to set. I do not think we will be able to cross tonight.

#the quest

7:24pm

The sun is starting to set. We’ve reached the ford of the Bruinen, but His Majesty doesn’t want to risk a crossing in the dark. According to Gandalf, the melted snows of the spring have made the river swell beyond its usual height, which makes crossing at night a risky endeavour especially with ponies and injured and ill folks like Dori and myself in the group.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard #winedwarf

7:25 pm

I have announced that we will camp beside the river for the night. Óin and Ori are helping Dori down from his pony and seeing to his swollen ankle. The water from the river is cold enough for Óin to soak the towel in it and use in place of ice. Balin is hovering to be sure that Dori is fine.

#the quest #oin #ori #dori #balin

7:30PM We’ve made camp by the ford. Dori’s bandages and tinctures are being reapplied. Other members of the Company have plans for a bath.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #the company

7:35 pm

Bofur approached me once most of the company had gone to the river for baths. His smile was friendly but his eyes seemed hard.

“Do be sure to treat Mr Baggins well, yes?”

I was not sure where this was coming from but I told him that I would be sure to. His smile widened. “Good luck with him. He sure does mean a lot to me. I’d hate to see him treated wrong, you know?”

I thanked him, though I had the uneasy feeling that I had just been threatened. Bofur turned away with a nod and went to help Bombur unpack what he needed for supper.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bofur #bombur

7:45PM Ori, fresh from his bath, has come back with news that Fili, Kili, and Dwalin have caught several fish in the river for dinner.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #brawnsdwarf
7:50 pm
Mr Baggins still looks pale and tired. Some of the fish that my nanaddan and Dwalin caught should help him to feel better. Perhaps something additional would help him as well. The flower did not end well last time, however. What else could bring cheer to Mr Baggins…

#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children #dwalin

7:55 pm
Ah! A joke should do well to cheer Mr Baggins.

#the quest #bungling burglar

8PM While Bombur is seasoning the fish for dinner, His Majesty asked me if I found today’s catch “carptivating”.
I laughed, since I can appreciate terrible wordplay when I hear it.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole #what a terrible pun #that (confusing?) asshole

8:03PM His Majesty is staring at me as if I’m the first person to have ever laughed at his jokes. What a shame.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:10PM Bombur’s fish smells delicious, but I didn’t have the stomach for any of it.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

8:15 pm
He laughed at the joke. A loud, actual laugh that nearly made him catch his breath.
The last time that I shared a joke with anyone, it resulted in Dwalin punching me.

But
He laughed.

#the quest #bungling burglar #he actually laughed

8:18PM His Majesty has suddenly become the biggest mother hen I have ever seen, and it’s impressive, considering that I do my fair share of mother-henning when I can. He’s been insisting I drink plenty of water, and, when I tried to skip dinner, fed me little bites of very well-cooked fish. I should laugh at his jokes more, if it gets him to treat me better.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #he compared me to his sister-children when they were children

8:30 pm
I realized that Mr Baggins had turned down the offer of food and inquired if he still felt ill. He confirmed that he did and did not feel like eating. I asked him to perhaps try, as a full belly is better than an empty one. He still refused.
I received my supper, which was a filet of one of the fishes that had been caught earlier, and cut it up. I insisted that Mr Baggins eat, as this quest requires that we all try to keep our strength up. He folded his arms, still refusing. I reassured him that it was well cooked and there was no fear of getting
sick like last night. He remained stubborn. I told him that he was reminding me of my nanaddan when they were children and refusing food. I picked up a piece of fish with my fork and held it out for him. Finally, he relented and accepted the bite. I continued to share my supper with him and once finished, he gave a murmured thanks.

#the quest #bungling burglar

8:45 pm

I asked Bofur if he and Dwalin would take first watch. Nori still has second watch duty and I had Bifur join him. Ori volunteered for third watch and Óin joined him. They would be able to see to Dori’s ankle before we travel in the morning.

#the quest #bofur #dwalin #nori #bifur #ori #oin #dori

9:25PM Again, the distant sound of wargs. We’re on double watch again. I must go to bed, in case His Majesty hauls us up at five in the morning again. Good night.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:30 pm

Before Mr Baggins retired to bed, I asked once more if he was feeling well or if he needed anything.

He assured me that he was fine and bid me a good night.

I returned to my own bedroll and noticed that both Dwalin and Bofur were smirking at me.

#the quest #bungling burglar #dwalin #bofur

May 29th, 2015

Bilbo

7AM

*Anonymous asked:* Do you think that perhaps you and Thorin are on the road to friendship?

Perhaps. I suspect the road will be long, winding, and very rocky. Hopefully it will lead somewhere, though.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

Thorin

8:15 am

*Anonymous asked:* You are honestly such an inspiration to me. I wish you and your people all the best on this journey and that you can reclaim what belongs to you. Much love.

I sincerely thank you for your kind words. It is heartening to know that there are those who do not wish us ill. May Mahal bless your days.

#ask #anonymous

8:30 am
Anonymous asked: For a tag, how about 'thief of my heart'? ;)
I assume that you are trying to help me find a new tag for Mr Baggins. I thank you for the suggestion, but my heart remains in my chest and has not been stolen. Also, Mr Baggins is known to us as an expert treasure hunter, not a thief.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8:30AM We’re on our way, though travel is a little slow considering the number of sick and injured folks in the Company. I think I’m feeling a bit better, myself. My stomach didn’t protest the apple breakfast, at least, which can’t be said for most of the Company. They’re all whinging about the inability to get the taste of apple out of their mouths.
#adventureblogging #the company

8:45 am
Anonymous asked: many of your company ventures into the trees to partake in certain activities, would you go into the trees with any of the members?
I have never truly felt the need to go into the trees nor partake in any relations of that sort with others.
#ask #anonymous

9 am
We set out later than our usual time, due to Dori’s ankle needing to be seen to.
Our travel has been slower than normal, even with those who are sick or injured on ponies. Our breakfast was small and complained about by most of the company. Mr Baggins seemed fine with the apples; he seems to have shaken off his sickness, as the color has been properly returned to his features.
#the quest #dori #bungling burglar

9:50AM Slowly crossing the ford of Bruinen. Gandalf says it’s good that the water level hasn’t increased; apparently Lord Elrond can control this river and will send unexpected flash floods to bar people from entering his realm.
Sounds like a pleasant fellow.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

10:30 am
We have crossed the ford of Bruinen. Dwalin and my nanaddan are going after more fish, as I am sure they do not want just apples for another meal. The rest of the company is shaking out their wet clothes; despite rolling up trousers and shirt sleeves, the water still found its way up legs and over torsos. Mr Baggins seems to have fared the worst, being the shortest of us. The level of the water reached his stomach, completely soaking his trousers.
#the quest #dwalin #my sister children #bungling burglar #the company

10:57AM
Anonymous asked: Your use of sarcasm is delightful to read.
I’m glad to see I’m not the only one who appreciates wordplay.

#ask #anonymous

**11AM** We’re all crossed now. Dwalin, Fíli, and Kíli caught some more fish during the crossing, and we’re having them for lunch. Bombur is trying to make the catch into a nice stew, though it is a bit hard to do that without a lot of other ingredients.

#adventureblogging #brawndwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #bigdwarf

**11:05 am**

While we are stopped for lunch, I inquired to Óin about Dori’s ankle and Glóin, who continues to feel ill. Óin assured that Dori would be fine with proper care but he admitted that Glóin’s condition has only worsened since yesterday.

When he was not seeing to his brother, Ori was helping Óin with Glóin, fetching water and asking about different herbs and poultices. I have seen him writing and sketching out different plants as we have traveled, perhaps keeping a record of those that we have passed.

#the quest #oin #dori #gloin #ori

**11:10AM** I am currently basking in the sun to dry out my clothes, as they are soaked from the crossing and I don’t want to change into the troll-snot pair.

#adventureblogging #also i don't want to change into my nightshirt either it's far too flimsy

**11:15 am**

Mr Baggins is stretched out in the grass with the sun shining on him, attempting to dry his clothes. Hopefully the ford crossing does not result with him getting sick once again.

#the quest #bungling burglar

**12:34PM** After lunch, I had my first look at a mountain.

We’re pretty close to the foothills of these mountains; I don’t suppose it’ll take us more than a day to make it to the nearest one (though that’s given everyone in the Company is able to walk). The first time I saw that mountain, though, I thought it was *the* Mountain — you know, Erebor. Balin quickly dissuaded me of that notion, telling me that we’ve actually quite a ways to get to Erebor, even if we’re lucky to get through the Misty Mountains — which are the ones I’m looking at right now — alive.

It’s times like this that I wonder why I signed up for this damned adventure.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

**12:40 pm**

I overheard a conversation between Balin and Mr Baggins. Apparently, the Hobbit believed the Misty Mountains to be Erebor! Thankfully, it was Balin who corrected him. I can see the Lonely Mountain in my dreams, as clear as if it stood before me. I know that those who do not know Erebor cannot be expected to be able to correctly identify it, especially for a Hobbit who has never before traveled beyond the boundaries of his homeland. Despite this, I am nearly offended that my homeland would be so mistaken.
1:35 pm
The sky grows darker, though the sun is overhead. The clouds are bringing a chill with them that I hope does not affect our group.

1:40 pm
I asked Mr Baggins if his clothes had significantly dried, for the lack of sun and oncoming chill are sure to lead to him being sick once again if they were wet. Mr Baggins informed me that he was perfectly dry and doing fine.

2PM The clouds have been covering up the sun since noon. It’s getting a little cold.

3:05 pm
Gandalf claims that the path into Rivendell is easy to find, that it is a trail of white stones placed on the ground. What an odd way to mark a path.

3:14PM Gandalf is trying to locate the path into Rivendell, with some assistance from Balin as His Majesty is being obstinate and refusing to help. He obeys the letter of the law, but not the spirit.

4 pm
I informed Gandalf that if the path to Rivendell is this hard to find, then perhaps they do not want visitors and we should continue on without stopping there. He proclaimed that I had already agreed to go and that there was no backing out, and then went back to looking at the ground for small, white stones.

4:30 pm
Gandalf triumphantly announced that he had found the path. I did not like the smirk of victory he sent at me.

5:25PM We’re well on the path now, according to Gandalf. The trail is marked by white stones, some of which are very hard to identify because they’re overgrown or very small. But we’re on the right path, because there are trees all around us. His Majesty is, of course, scowling at that.
6 pm

I suggested that we stop and make camp soon but Gandalf seems to be searching for something and has said that it would be best if we continued on for a while longer.

#the quest #the wizard

7:15 pm

The object Gandalf was searching for is revealed. It is an Elf patrol campsite. There is a firepit and plenty of cover, though these lands are protected.

#the quest #the wizard

7:28PM We’ve made camp in a little woody glen with a small, half-hidden firepit. Gandalf says it’s a patrol campsite, and we could possibly expect some visitors before the night is up. In addition to the power of Lord Elrond, these lands are well-protected by the wardens. We should sleep easy tonight, as no Orc or Warg would dare show their face in the valley.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

7:30 pm

Óin says that Dori’s ankle should be fine, as the cold water from the Bruinen river helped to ease the swelling, and the lack of weight put on his ankle have allowed it to heal some. Óin suggested to Dori that he keep off of it for a few more days.

Glóin’s condition has not considerably worsened, but it has also not gotten any better.

#the quest #oin #dori #gloin

8:12PM Bombur had just been setting up the pot for making dinner when we were visited by a warden patrol.

The two Elves seemed to know Gandalf, as they were very happy to see him, and the three of them conversed in Elvish for a long while, before Gandalf told the Company that these Elves were named Eithriel and Himdor, and that they brought food and drink for us. Most of the Company was glad to hear that, though His Majesty seemed wary.

Gandalf then told Eithriel and Himdor that Lord Elrond should be expecting us soon. They seemed curious about me, but didn’t stay very long after dropping off some provision packs and a flask, and vanishing into the darkness with their weapons.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole #the company #i would've liked to talk to them a little more though

8:14 pm

We were approached by two Elves, part of the guard that patrols this area. I believed at first that they meant to remove us from their campsite but instead, they were focused on greeting Gandalf. The wizard spoke with them for some time in their language, despite none of us being able to understand the conversation.

Gandalf announced that the Elves had brought food and drink for us, to hold us until we reach Rivendell. Odd that they would have enough provisions on hand for a company of our size…
They left us after a time and I could feel discomfort churn my stomach just from the short meeting. Perhaps a rest day would be wise; it would allow Glóin more time to heal and allow us to ready ourselves for time among the Elves.

#the quest #the wizard #gloin

8:15PM His Majesty has declared tomorrow a rest day. Obviously he’s hoping to delay our arrival amongst the Elves as long as he can before our stomachs give in to the temptation of proper meals. Though if he persists on delaying our arrival, I may make good on my original plan to leave the Company at Rivendell and head out on my own.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:19PM There is waybread in the Elves’ provisions. Why does this world hate me?

#adventureblogging

8:20 pm

I ask Gandalf how he knew the Elves and how they had known to bring food for us. He explained that the Elves were the reason he had turned around and returned to save us from the trolls. He also admitted that he had told the Elves then that we were heading to Rivendell, to let Lord Elrond know. I reminded him that I had not yet agreed to go to Rivendell at that point. Gandalf nodded and said simply, “I knew you would see reason eventually, however.”

Damned wizard.

#the quest #the wizard #damnable wizard

8:21PM The flask contains some very fragrant wine. Gandalf seems pleased about it.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #he likes elvish wine i suppose

8:24PM The Elves’ provisions, other than the accursed waybread, consist of dried fruits and strips of what looks like dried meat, but the Dwarves suspect is not actually meat. Still, better than nothing.

#adventureblogging #the company

8:26PM The dried strips are actually really good, even if they aren’t made of meat.

#adventureblogging

8:30 pm

The company has dived into the provisions, exploring the food that the Elves brought. I have returned to our store of apples. I would rather this than the Elves’ fake meat.

#the quest #the company

9PM Since the Dwarves refuse to touch the not-meat dried strips, I have hoarded all of it for myself. They can have the waybread. I’m going to bed.
I have drawn my pipe out and have delved into my remaining pipe weed. My nanaddan joined me and though the pipe weed went quickly between the three of us, I find that I enjoy it more when it is shared.

May 30th, 2015

Thorin

7 am
I woke later than normal, as today is a rest day. My nanaddan piled themselves on me at some point in the night and to stand, I had to work my way out from under them. The rest of the company continues to sleep, save for Óin who is seeing to his brother, and Bofur, who had third watch. I told Bofur that he was free to sleep, if he desired.

Gandalf assured last night that we are on protected lands and a watch is hardly worth the effort. Protected or not, I felt that a watch was still needed. Bofur returned to his bedroll and I took over the watch. I felt the need for my pipe but I suspect I will need it much more in Rivendell.

9 am
Most of the company is using the day to catch up on their sleep. Only a handful are up and they are mostly keeping to themselves, cleaning weapons or reorganizing their packs.

11:30 am
Fíli has been blindfolded and is now trying to find Kíli by sound alone. Fíli calls out “Where?” and Kíli responds “Here!” to give their brother a chance to catch them. It is quite amusing to watch, however. Kíli moves quickly, managing to evade Fíli’s grasp. They give themselves away by their laughter though, making it easier for Fíli.

11:38 am
Fíli managed to catch Kíli. It is now Kíli’s turn to be blindfolded and stumble around to try to catch their brother.

12 pm
Several of the company have joined in the game of Blind Dwarf’s Bluff. Currently, Bofur has the blindfold on while Ori, my nanaddan, Dwalin, Bifur, and Nori skip away from his outreaching hands.

Balin is at my side, watching the game with amusement. Bombur is going through the food supply, trying to put together a suitable lunch. Dori is helping him, keeping off of his ankle. Gandalf keeps
attempting to sneak the wine away while Dori is not looking but when one has Nori for a brother, one becomes very good at catching thieving hands.

12:15 pm
Glóin’s illness continues to torment him. Óin has tried to get him to eat some but Glóin’s stomach is refusing the food. Óin recommended more sleep, hoping that the rest will speed up the healing process.

Mr Baggins is still asleep, curled quietly inside his bedroll. Hopefully, this sleep is his body recovering from his sickness.

12:40 pm
The game was put on hold for lunch. I debated waking Mr Baggins, as I am sure he would be upset with missing two meals in one day. Balin suggested putting food to the side for him and letting him sleep.

1:30 pm
Dwalin is now the one with the blindfold on. Balin is openly laughing at his brother’s frustrations. Nori seems to be having the most fun, however. He has repeatedly tapped Dwalin on the shoulder or back, only to skip away when Dwalin lunges for him.

2:15 pm
Mr Baggins is awake. Partially, at least. He is sitting up in his bedroll, eyes half open, blinking slowly. Every time he yawns, his nose scrunches up before doing the twitch that reminds me of a rabbit.

2:30 pm
My nanaddan tried pestering Mr Baggins into joining their game but the Hobbit looked so drowsy that they gave up.

3 pm
I brought Mr Baggins the food that had been set aside for him and asked that he eat it, as he already missed two meals. He accepted the food and I left him to eat in peace.

3:25PM Not much to report today. I slept in until early afternoon. Fíli and Kíli insisted that their uncle missed me whilst I had been sleeping, a claim supported somewhat by His Majesty insisting I eat to make up for the meals I’d missed.
I am still somewhat drowsy despite the amount of sleep I’ve had, but I definitely no longer feel the urge to be sick at the sight of my meals, so there’s that. I suppose I now owe His Majesty for tending to me when I’d been sick. I will think up something suitable soon, I’m sure.

3:30PM
Anonymous asked: Your tags made my day.
At your service, as always.

#ask #anonymous

3:30 pm

The game is winding down, as the players grow bored or tired. Several company members have decided on naps. Perhaps some more sleep would be wise.

#the quest

5:36 pm

Anonymous asked: **why do you use they/them pronouns for kili?**

Because those are their pronouns.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

7PM I know I haven’t been reporting much on the others who were also sick or injured during my own sickness. All I can really say is that Dori is making progress, and Glóin isn’t. I don’t know how Dwarvish bodies work, but I suppose it might just be taking him some time to fight off the sickness, which suggests that either he got a worse strain than I, or Dwarves don’t usually experience these sorts of sicknesses and his body is trying to figure out how to recover.

Óin has been rather reticent about the entire matter, though. I think he’s hoping to get another healer — Lord Elrond, perhaps — to look at Glóin.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #firedwarf #winedwarf

8:12PM His Majesty asked me if I’d consider myself recovered. I’m almost tempted to say I might still be sick so that he’d be mother-henning over me again, but I did the right thing and answered that I was feeling much better. And that I looked forward to our arrival at Rivendell.

He glowered at that, but made no other protests on the matter.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:15 pm

I noted that Mr Baggins ate his supper well enough and inquired to him if he felt recovered from his sickness. He assured that he felt much better, which was a relief to hear.

He also voiced his eagerness to reach Rivendell, which was… disappointing to hear.

#the quest #bungling burglar

9:30 pm

My nanaddan have collected their bedrolls and voiced that they intended to join Mr Baggins in another one of their ‘cuddle piles.’ They voiced some teasing remarks about how I was invited but I dismissed their jesting and bid them a good night.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar

9:45PM As I am still somewhat tired (and dreading being dragged up at some indecent hour tomorrow just to be led in circles by someone determined not to go to Rivendell), I will try to catch as much sleep as I can. Good night.

#adventureblogging #that asshole
May 31st, 2015

Thorin

7 am
Before we left the camp this morning, I inquired to Óin about Glóin’s condition. He seemed optimistic and happily reported that his brother had managed to keep some waybread down and looked to be improving.

#the quest #oin #gloin

8:15 am
We have begun traveling once again, following the small, white stones to Rivendell. However, even Gandalf has been having a difficult time spotting them, so our travel has been slow.

#the quest #the wizard

8:30 AM On the road to Rivendell once more. The valley lies before us, but at the rate we’re going it feels like we’re never going to find the House of Elrond.

#adventureblogging #it could be anywhere #these lands go on forever #i had no idea they were this expansive

9:23 AM We’re lost. His Majesty is smirking like a cat with a mouse in its mouth. I suspect he’s put his abysmal sense of direction to ‘good’ use.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #seriously we have sick and injured company members with us #they need a healer #elvish medicine is as good as anything

9:30 am
Gandalf announced that we had left the path and were lost. I suggested that the trees may be to blame. He simply grumbled something unintelligible and started to try to find the right path. It would seem that our arrival to Rivendell will be delayed.

#the quest #the wizard #oh no #how terrible

9:45 AM His Majesty has been banned from ‘assisting’ us in locating the path to Rivendell.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #serves him right

9:50 am
After attempting to point out the path, Gandalf banned me from helping, saying that I was only getting us more lost. My nanaddan have been snickering about this and declaring loudly that they were willing to help find the path.

#the quest #the wizard #my sister children
11:20 AM We’ve managed to find the path again, but it’s turning out more dangerous than expected. We’ve had to avoid falling into several unexpected valleys and ravines already, even without the ‘help’ of His Majesty.

#adventureblogging #it's really not funny anymore #trying to delay our arrival is surprisingly childish of him #or is that unsurprising

11:30 am

This treacherous path further supports my belief that the Elves of Rivendell do not actually want visitors and that we should turn back and forget about going there.

#the quest

12:15 pm

We have stopped for a quick lunch. Óin is monitoring Glóin to be sure the food does not upset his stomach.

#the quest #oin #gloin

12:45PM Glóin had been able to keep down his breakfast this morning, but the same cannot be said for his lunch. His condition, which had seemed to be improving earlier, is deteriorating again. I’m starting to get worried about him; usually food-related illnesses like this pass quickly without the aid of a healer.

We need to get to Rivendell soon.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf

12:50 pm

Glóin’s condition has worsened. Despite him making progress this morning, he was unable to keep down his lunch and seems to be doing worse than ever. Óin is distressed and has admitted that the faster we reach Rivendell, the better.

Despite my reluctance to go, I agreed.

#the quest #gloin #oin

1:30 pm

Gandalf may have banned me from helping but I have made sure to point out white stones when I see them.

#the quest #the wizard

1:42 pm

Anonymous asked: Mr. Baggins is very cute when he scrunches his nose. He’s a very comely hobbit, intelligent, and charming. I do fancy him. Since you’re getting to know him now, do you think I’d ever have a chance with him?

Mr Baggins has not voiced any desire for a courtship and I do not believe that he likes folk of the faceless, anonymous variety. However, if you do intend to make an impression upon him, I strongly suggest that you check the meanings of the flowers that you may wish to send to him.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar
1:42PM

Anonymous asked: Thorin Oakenshield is so handsome and daring. He's such a catch! Do you have any ideas of how someone might win his attention?

Maybe give him a nice rock? I don’t know how to court Dwarves. For all I know, he could go weak-kneed over a good apple tart. Maybe you just need to laugh at his jokes.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

4:56PM Bombur almost fell into a bog. I can tell why Gandalf thinks this place is well-guarded. I’m sure even the most determined Orc would give up right around the time the moss-covered mudtraps that call themselves bogs come to get them.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #bigdwarf

5 pm

We have stopped briefly to make sure that Bombur is fine. He accidentally stepped into the bog we are crossing and nearly fell in. The company rushed forward to pull him back and it took a few moments to get him back on the path. He is sitting, currently, catching his breath.

Gandalf warned us to not fall into the bog, as those who do never come out.

#the quest #bombur #the company #the wizard

6:45 pm

My nanaddan have gone to hunt. Gandalf was sure to inform them how to get to our next campsite, which will be another Elvish patrol site.

#the quest #my sister children #the wizard

7:24PM We’ve made camp in another patrol clearing, as the paths are too steep to continue journeying in the gathering dark.

Fíli and Kíli have shot down a buck for supper, which is nice.

Glóin’s condition has not improved. That worries me.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #firedwarf #i hope he survives this #i hope we get to rivendell soon so oin can get better supplies for tending to him #and maybe lord elrond can help #there's only so much we can do right now #oin is pulling at his beard trying to find the right moulds and plants to feed his brother

7:30 pm

We have found and set up camp for the night. My nanaddan found the campsite and proudly showed off the buck they had shot down. Bombur gave a cheer and quickly went to work on it.

Óin has gotten Glóin into a bedroll to rest.

#the quest #my sister children #bombur #oin #gloin

8PM His Majesty and Gandalf have fought once more over Rivendell, though this time I think it’s about whether or not it’s a good idea to send Glóin on ahead — with another member of the Company — for aid. His Majesty, though reluctant to solicit any sort of Elvish aid, seems to be concerned with his Company member’s health, and has agreed for us to set out at first light tomorrow
in the hopes of reaching Rivendell before Glóin dies or something.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard #firedwarf #it was about time he came 'round to that conclusion

8:04PM Personally, I would hate to be the one to tell Glóin’s family that their husband and father died because His Majesty was being a prideful tit who chose an ancient grudge over the well-being of his Company members.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #firedwarf

8:05 pm
Gandalf has tried to argue that it would be wise to send Glóin ahead with another member of the company, so that he can get treatment as soon as possible. I told him that I would not split up the company; we stick together, especially in this treacherous area.
I did agree, however, that we should leave as early as possible.
#the quest #the wizard #gloin

8:15 pm
Óin tried to refuse his supper, being busy watching over his brother. I insisted that he eat, as we would not wanting him falling ill as well. He finally relented and took his supper.
#the quest #oin

8:20PM His Majesty checked up on me again, and I told him how I felt about his delays in getting us to Rivendell. He did seem a bit sheepish after I mentioned the childishness of his actions. I mean, it is a bit dark for us go travel now, but I might’ve discouraged him from any last-minute stunts tomorrow.
It is late, and I must sleep, especially if we’re leaving at first dawn again tomorrow.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:30 pm
I went to Mr Baggins to inquire about his health. He had said before that he was doing well but I wanted to be sure that he had not simply been experiencing a lull in the sickness before getting worse, as Glóin had.
He had quite a bit to say: "I'm fine, but I was lucky, I think. Hobbits recover from food-related illnesses pretty quickly. I don't know what Glóin's got, but I know you're being awful childish about delaying our arrival in Rivendell. Glóin's life might be on the line for all we know!"
"I am well aware," I told him. I already felt my own guilt at putting my own reservations about Rivendell before a company member.
"Tell me you're not going to pull any stunts tomorrow to get us lost or any of that."
"I promise that I will not. I will see to it that we will reach Rivendell swiftly and without delay."
"Good," Mr Baggins nodded. "I'll see you at the crack of dawn, then."
He proceeded to lay down in his bedroll, dismissing me. I have returned to mine and settled in, as we are leaving early. Mr Baggins’ words pick at me and I curse my own earlier foolishness.
#the quest #bungling burglar #gloin
June 1 - June 7

Chapter Notes

The company finally reaches Rivendell in this chapter and stays for several weeks! Elvish culture wasn't detailed enough for us so we added in some that felt appropriate. Elves, in the blogs and here, are represented by various Asian cultures. Rivendell is based on aspects of Chinese culture! Lily (found at omgkatsudonplease) is of Chinese descent and provided the information on food, clothing, etc that we used to represent the Rivendell Elves.

Mirkwood, which will be visited in several months, is based around Vietnamese culture. Lindon, though not visited in the blogs, is based around Japanese culture, for those who were interested :)

Skylocked (also found at HD4191) drew more art for the Blogs:

A picture that Bilbo posted on June 1st, 2015 at 9:34PM was redrawn to show Bilbo in the outfit and can be found [here](#).

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June 1st, 2015

Thorin

6:15 am

The company was quick to pack up once they were awake, all of them knowing how important it was to get to Rivendell as soon as possible. Óin looks as if he did not sleep at all. Both he and Glóin were loaded onto ponies, though Óin is keeping his pony close to Glóin’s, making sure he does not fall off and that his condition does not worsen.

#the quest #the company #oin #gloin

Bilbo

7AM Finally awake, despite having been dragged into existence at five in the morning. Glóin and Óin are on ponies at the front, with Gandalf, Fíli, Kíli, and Nori making sure we stay on the right path.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf #trumpetdwarf #meddling wizard #thing 1 #thing 2 #pointydwarf

7 am

Gandalf has asked my nanaddan and Nori to come to the front and help him search for the white stones, as their eyes are the sharpest in the company.

#the quest #the wizard #my sister children #nori
9:25AM His Majesty is still forbidden from lending his assistance. Dwalin thinks it’s hilarious.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf

11:47AM Only waybread and dried fruits for lunch. Disappointing.
#adventureblogging

12:26PM The air is getting cleaner, fresher. There’s a delightful woody smell now, and the sound of the river is getting louder. I think we’re getting close!
#adventureblogging

12:30 pm
Lunch was passed out while we continued to walk. Óin once again tried to refuse food but relented eventually. He tried to get Glóin to eat some bread but Glóin insisted that if he ate anything, he knew full well that it would come up again. The company took turns passing him water, as it seemed to keep his stomach pain back somewhat, as well as making sure he did not get dehydrated.
#the quest #oin #gloin

2:15PM There is music and laughter in the air! I think at one point one of the laughing voices was telling us ‘Welcome to the Valley’, but I might have been hearing things.
#adventureblogging

3PM
You can see the House of Elrond all the way down there!
#adventureblogging #rivendell #travelling

3:15 pm
Gandalf announced that Rivendell was in sight. It was large and impressive, yes, but I am more concerned with how far it still is. Glóin has fallen asleep, hunched over on his pony. Óin looks as if he is about to join him, exhausted from his sleepless night.
#the quest #the wizard #gloin #oin
5:45PM We have apparently just missed the path that leads across the river to the House of Elrond. The Elves have set us on the right path, accompanying us with little lanterns and lots of songs.

#adventureblogging

6PM

The House of Elrond is breathtaking. I love the air here; it’s so fresh and woodsy.

#adventureblogging #rivendell #travelling

6:10PM

We’ve arrived in Rivendell.

Glóin had to be unloaded from his pony in order to get across the bridge, but Óín is helping him well enough. The Elves were not much help; they were mostly singing and laughing as we went, their lanterns lighting the way. They told His Majesty that his hair did not need more watering, as it was quite long already. He glowered at them, of course.

#rivendell #adventureblogging #firedwarf #pointywarf #hadkwarf #brainsdwarf #bigdwarf #trumpetdwarf #travelling

6:15 pm

We have reached Rivendell and it is just as torturous as I imagined. The Elves dance around us, singing and laughing while there are those in the company in need of help. They attempted to speak with me as if I were some old friend but my glare thankfully sent them away to do other things. If it were not for Glóin and Dori, I would proclaim my regret at coming here and insist that we leave.
6:34PM We were greeted by Lord Elrond Halfelven, who, of course, had been expecting us, though he expressed surprise that we were a day late given that some of our party were ill. His Majesty’s scowl only deepened at that. Glóin and Dori were promptly escorted into the house towards the infirmary wing, with Óin close behind. The rest of us were shown to our rooms and notified that there was supper for us on the terrace.

6:35 pm

After Dori, Glóin, and Óin were escorted to the infirmary, the rest of the company was shown to their rooms. I feel trapped in here, as if I am being watched by the Elves.

6:40 pm

Upon leaving my room to go to the supper that the Elves have set up, I noticed that I was not the only one in the company who was wary of leaving our packs behind. Most of the company still had their weapons with them.

7:10PM Supper had not a single morsel of meat in it. The Dwarves absolutely detested it. They also didn’t understand Elvish dining utensils, which consisted of a pair of highly-polished sticks of wood held between the thumb and the fingers. Most of the Company complained vocally about the lack of forks, and started spearing their fruits and vegetables with the sticks instead. Out of all of us, Gandalf was most accustomed to using these utensils. They’re new to me obviously, but I think I could get used to them with more practice.

7:20PM I think it may be time I took a bath.

7:25PM I have been told where the communal bathing house in Rivendell is. Hopefully it is not too crowded. I would ask for a bath to be delivered to my room, but I’m not too sure on the protocol for doing that here. Would really hate to create an incident or something.

7:30 pm

Supper was disappointing Elvish food, consisting of an overwhelming amount of greens with no meat in sight. We were made to sit on cushions at a long, low table that they had brought out for this purpose. The Elves all sat straight and upright on their cushions and I felt childish for even hunching my shoulders slightly. We were also made to use stick utensils that made no sense, though the Elves showed off just how well they could use them. They were probably laughing at us afterwards. I hope that our stay here is not too long, for sanity’s sake.
8 pm

After what was supposed to be supper, I went to the infirmary to check on Dori, Glóin, and Óin. It took me some time to find the infirmary, however, as I kept finding myself getting turned around by this place.

Dori’s ankle was reported to be coming along fine, as Óin treated it well already. The Elves said that he would be free to leave the infirmary in a day or two.

Lord Elrond himself was seeing to Glóin, with Óin hovering nearby. We exchanged polite greetings and he explained that he had made a tonic to help heal Glóin’s stomach poisoning. I thanked him for healing those in my company and for welcoming us here.

He asked if there was anyone else in our group that had suffered from the illness and I supplied Mr Baggins’ name, adding:

“I have seen to Mr Baggins’ health myself and know it to be well. The sickness touched him but not as it has Glóin.”

Lord Elrond nodded, looking pleased. “The hands of a king are the hands of a healer.”

I thanked him once again for looking after my kinfolk and bid Dori, Glóin, and Óin and good night.

An Elf offered to lead me to the baths where the rest of the company was but I refused, being perfectly capable to finding it myself.

#the quest #rivendell #dori #gloin #oin #elrond

8:30PM I may have just been scarred for life by my own bath.

The communal bathing house is very nice; there are several pools containing water of different temperatures. I was happily minding my own business, lathering my hair in the shallow end of the warm pool, when the Company came.

Well, almost all of the Company, anyway. His Majesty wasn’t there, for one. And the folks in the infirmary weren’t there, either.

I tried to make myself unnoticed, since I did want to bathe in peace, but they noticed where I was and went right for the warm pool, and now I have seen absolutely everything of practically all of the Dwarves of the Company. I spent the rest of the bath caught between feeling slightly inadequate and completely uncomfortable. At one point, Kíli declared that they were ‘Ruler of the Rock’, and at another point, Bombur leapt into the water with the intention of creating the largest splash possible. Said splash soaked my towels.

Avoiding close contact with any of the others, I snuck out of the pool as quietly as I could and wrapped myself in my sodden towels. There were some wolf-whistles when I’d first clambered out of the water. My cheeks are still burning.

#adventureblogging #the company #thing 2 #bigdwarf

8:35 pm

It took me quite some time to find the baths. I undressed and entered the baths and was immediately confronted with shouts from the company. I asked what they were shouting about and apparently it was because Mr Baggins has left them not minutes before I entered and they were all quite disappointed that I had missed ‘the view.’

My nanaddan even teased me about missing out on ‘Hobbit butt’ and I inquired why they thought I would be jealous, especially since they most likely embarrassed Mr Baggins with their peeking.

Their smirks stayed on, however, and they continued trying to rile me up with talk of the Hobbit. After a while of this, I told them that they should probably leave the water, as it was getting late and they should sleep. They argued that they were not children and moved to a different part of the bath.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #my sister children #bungling burglar
9:08PM  I’ve gotten dressed in the clothes they set out for me, which don’t fit me very well considering they were probably made for elf-children. But until I can wash my other clothes, they will have to do. It’s a lovely night out; I am going to find a nice party of Elves carousing in the trees and talk with them.
#adventureblogging

10:24PM  The Elves of Rivendell are very carefree, or at least the ones that I met tonight were. They sang some songs in Elvish, and while I don’t know a word of Elvish, I figured that their song went something like this:

O! tril-lil-lil-lolly
the valley is jolly,
ha! ha!
O! Where are you going
With beards all a-wagging?
No knowing, no knowing
What brings Mister Baggins,
And Balin and Dwalin
down into the valley
in June
ha! ha!

They also shared some cakes with me, though they warned me that if I ate too many, I won’t be able to fit through keyholes. I told them that I had no intention of doing something so ridiculous, but they laughed and said that the Misty Mountains were full of tight spaces.

Elves are quite good at cryptic talk, I have found. I look forward to getting to know them better in these upcoming days. Hopefully His Majesty won’t be dragging us back out onto the road anytime soon.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole

10:30 pm
I returned to my room after my bath, though I felt restless. I left my room again and roamed the halls. While exploring, I heard noises coming from a courtyard and went to investigate. In the courtyard were a number of Elves, singing in their language and dancing around.

I was about to move on when Mr Baggins caught my eye. He was with the Elves, dancing along with them. He also looked to be dressed in Elvish clothing! I have seen the Hobbit dance before, though he was quite drunk at the time, but his dance with the Elves was quite different. He seemed to be trying to copy their style of dance, even though they were much taller than him.

We have been on this quest for over a month now but Mr Baggins looked the happiest I have ever seen him, dancing with those Elves. He is a creature of comfort after all. Even after a single day here, he seems much more suited for Rivendell.

Here, he would be fully fed and in a warm bed. He would be safe. Perhaps Mr Baggins should stay in Rivendell.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar
June 2nd, 2015

Thorin

8:04 am

Anonymous asked: Don't leave Bilbo. I have a feeling he would miss you and the others. That and Gandalf knows what he's doing with hiring burglars.

I do not plan to leave Mr Baggins in Rivendell. However, he is free to stay if he so wishes. He can declare his contract null and void any time he wishes and I would have to accept his choice. As for Gandalf and his knowledge of burglars, that is a matter of opinion.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #the wizard

8:15 am

Anonymous asked: I don't think Bilbo would be happy with you making decisions for him.

I have made no decisions for Mr Baggins, as he is capable of making his own choices. I was merely observing his happiness in Rivendell, especially in comparison with the company’s.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8:30 am

When I retired to bed, my sleep was restless. I have slept alone for a long time but I have grown used to the sounds of the company’s snores and I find that it is difficult to sleep without it. I woke many times with a half-formed nightmare of the company lying still and silent in death around me. When I left the room, an Elf offered me breakfast. I asked if it was more fruits and vegetables and the Elf confirmed that it was. I refused his offer.

#the quest #rivendell

9 am

Rivendell is too… pristine. It makes me uneasy. What do the Elves do all day? Sing and dance and use their odd sticks to eat? The sooner we leave this place, the better. I can feel it driving me mad.

#the quest #rivendell

11 am

I checked on Óin, Glóin, and Dori. Óin had refused to leave the infirmary, choosing to remain at his brother’s side. He also seems to have been chatting with the Elves about healing techniques. Dori seems well, carefully walking about the infirmary with his ankle wrapped. He was enjoying a basket of fruits along with a glass of wine. Ori and Nori were sitting at the food of his bed, eating their selection of fruits. Ori seemed happier about this than Nori did, who kept tearing his fruit to small pieces before eating it.

Glóin looks better than he did yesterday, though his face is still pale with sweat along his brow. But he was sitting up and talking quietly with his brother. I stayed with them for a time, talking and being sure that they were being looked after properly. They bid a farewell after a while and I left them to their families.

#the quest #rivendell #oin #gloin #dori #nori #ori

Bilbo

12:34PM Rivendell is so beautiful! I’ve spent all morning exploring. Time seems to have no meaning in this place, and the weather seems to be perfect all the time. I could stay here forever.

#adventureblogging
1:12PM I’ve just realised I’ve spent most of the morning, as well as lunchtime, without the rest of the Company.

It’s an odd thing. Having spent an entire month entirely surrounded by them, I’d have thought I’d notice their absence more keenly. And since none of them have informed me of their plans for today, I suspect they have not missed me, either.

I don’t know what to think about that. Are we all that replaceable to one another?

#adventureblogging #the company

2PM I met Lord Elrond.

I mean, we were introduced to him yesterday, but I met him one-on-one today on one of the balconies overlooking one of the many waterfalls. We exchanged some pleasantries, I suppose, if you could call me mentioning that I’ve been advised about Elvish ambivalence as ‘pleasantries’, and he informed me that I was welcome to stay here as long as I liked.

I asked him if I could have my baths in private, as the incident in the communal bathhouse was not one I wanted to repeat. He said that I could ask any of the bathhouse attendants for assistance in setting up baths in my own room. I thanked him, and made a mental note to do so after figuring out where to wash my clothes.

#adventureblogging

2:15PM

aljkira asked: Are you planning on ending your adventure in Rivendell? I’m sure Lord Elrond would be more than happy to have you stay.

Yes, he has mentioned that. At this current point in time, staying in Rivendell does seem to be a more likely path for me to take. But I haven’t made up my mind yet, and the Company may yet sway me.

#ask #aljkira #the company

2:30 pm

Dwalin found me while I was wandering the halls and informed me that most of the company was down washing their clothes in the stream. He said that he was heading down there but would wait for me. I thanked him and returned to my room to retrieve my things and went back to where Dwalin was waiting.

We made our way down to the stream and were met with the chaotic noise of the company. Most of them were nude, having taken the opportunity to wash their undergarments. I could see, amongst the others, Nori washing his linen chest binders.

#the quest #rivendell #dwalin #nori

4 pm

We had barely finished our clothes washing when there was a scream. I looked behind to see an Elf drop a basket of clothes and run away at the sight of us. Evidently our presence at the stream had been unexpected.

When I returned to my room, I found a timetable in Cirth detailing the times in which the various people of Rivendell would be doing their washing. Evidently the Elves want us to notify them when we would be using the stream, so that they can avoid us.

#the #rivendell

4:30PM Came across Fili and Kili leaning over a pond in the gardens filled with brightly-coloured carp. Their tunics are wet, presumably from previous falls into the pond in their attempts to catch the fish. I suspect Lord Elrond would disapprove of them trying to eat his pet fish, as I highly doubt
these fish are for eating.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

6:12PM I have finally washed the troll snot and the travel dust from my clothes. Supper will be served soon, and I can only hope one of the colourful carp has not found its way onto the menu.
#adventureblogging

7:45PM There was no carp. There was, however, a lot of these white blocks served with various vegetables in salad, soups, and stir-fries. The Elves call it bean curd. His Majesty calls it disgusting. I don’t mind it myself. It’s a bit tasteless, but a bit of sauce does wonders. And one of the Elves corrected the way I held the serving sticks and encouraged me to continue practicing with them outside of meals.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:50PM I should also mention that I really appreciate the constant supply of tea at Rivendell. They’re all kinds that I’m not used to — the one I’ve had most frequently at meals is made from chrysanthemums — but they taste delicious and really complement the meals.
#adventureblogging

8 pm

The supper we were served was, in a word, vile. There were odd white blocks among the (still meatless) food. When I tried one, I had to immediately spit it out, as it was some strange tasteless mush that felt wrong on the tongue. Dwalin loudly refused to touch it and when Balin tried a piece, he politely ate it, though his eyes were distressed. My nanaddan were daring each other to try it. Fíli finally put a piece in his mouth only to spit it back out in his hand while Kíli laughed at him. With Kíli’s mouth open in laughter, Fíli took the opportunity to shove the food into their mouth, causing Kíli to panic and fall from their cushion. Mr Baggins seemed fine with the strange food, as he seemed to be with all Elvish things. Bombur was asking about its qualities and delicately trying a piece. His face showed his displeasure but he tried it several times with different things.

The rest of the company shied away from the white blocks and picked through the food before them, still trying to figure out how the stick utensils worked.

#the quest #rivendell #dwalin #balin #my sister children #bungling burglar #bombur #perhaps they mean to kill us with these blocks

9:34PM I spent another evening after supper with the Elves out in the stars. They served me a green-coloured tea, paired with several kinds of nuts and fruits, and played several lovely tunes on their flutes and harps. One of them even had a seven-stringed zither.

I wish I could convey just how lovely their music was in June under the stars, but I don’t think I have the skill. It is as sweet as birdsong, as bright as sunshine, as lovely as a field of flowers in the blush of spring. Soon, I think, the fireflies will be coming out, as it is getting warmer each night. Rivendell will be extremely lovely then, I think.
#adventureblogging

10 pm

As I was settling down in my room for sleep, there was a quiet knock at my door. I went to see who
it was and my nanaddan greeted me. They said that it was too quiet in their rooms and asked if they
would join me in mine. I agree and let them in. They threw their pillows onto my bed and
immediately got comfortable. I had to climb over Fíli to get to my own pillow but once I laid down,
my nanaddan curled to my sides and their snores started up without any delay.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

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**June 3rd, 2015**

**Thorin**

**7:45 am**

When I exited my room, there was an Elf outside the door, apparently waiting for me. They had a
pair of slippers in hand and asked if in the future I could not wear my boots within the room and
instead leave them outside the door. I agreed, though I told them that the slippers were unnecessary.

#the quest #rivendell

**8:04 am**

doltheliel asked: *Pork, beef, poultry? What is your meat of choice?*

At this point, I would accept any type of meat. These meatless meals will be the end of me.

#ask #doltheliel

**8:30 am**

While wandering around Rivendell, I discovered their forges. They are incredibly small, at least
compared to Erebor’s, which can easily fit a thousand Dwarves. The forges of Rivendell were more
intimate, looking as if they were made for individual smiths.

And while Erebor’s forges were within in the mountain, these were outside, surrounded by trees
which provided their own privacy. A few were in use and so I found a spot to sit and watch their
work. I have seen Men at the forge and am well versed in the art of smithing. The Elvish way was
different and, I am loath to admit this but I must, their technique was fascinating.

They have paid me no mind while they work and I am grateful for that.

#the quest #rivendell

**Bilbo**

**10:15AM** After breakfast, I decided to go find the library, since the House of Elrond was supposed
to house all sorts of writings on Middle-earth’s history, and I was hoping to find some light reading
for my stay here.

I ran into Eithriel while searching through the scrolls and books in the library. She remembered me,
and asked me how I was enjoying my stay at Rivendell. I told her that out of the entire Company, I
was probably having the most fun at Rivendell. She laughed, her expression wistful, and said that
she remembered happier days between the Dwarves and the Elves.

I asked her what she meant, and she told me that she had lived in the Elvish realm of Eregion during
the Second Age, and had known several members of the Gwaith-i-Mírdain, the fellowship of Elvish
crafters founded by Celebrimbor. The Gwaith had had very close ties to the Dwarves of Khazad-
dûm; indeed it was suggested that Celebrimbor’s legendary friendship with the Dwarvish crafter
Narvi almost bordered on courtship.
“Great and terrible things happened in Eregion, Master Perian,” she said, her beautiful face haunted with the shadow of the past. “Some of those things are better off lost and forgotten. But I do not think the friendship between Elves and Dwarves should have been so lightly discarded, and I can only hope that someday we will see such bonds renewed.”

#adventureblogging

11:12AM Eithriel has led me to a different dining terrace from the one the Company usually dines in. I am currently seated with her friends at what seems to be their usual table. Eithriel’s friends are named Cellin nel, Lindir, Silchanar, and Meluithel. I recognised the first two from last night, as Cellin nel was the one who played the zither last night, and Lindir had recited a poem in accompaniment. The two of them are currently thick as thieves over a scroll of paper. When I asked what they were doing, Meluithel explained that they were working on a composition for a performance at the Hall of Fire.
I then asked what the Hall of Fire was. Silchanar told me that it was a hall in which there is always a fire in the hearth and a song in the air, especially at night when many inhabitants of Rivendell gather to see performances of song, story, and dance.
I shall have to go visit this hall soon. It sounds like exactly the sort of place where I would like to be.

#adventureblogging

11:35 am

I stayed to watch the Elves forge for a long while before they began to set their work to the side, as lunch was approaching. I stood from the spot where I had been seated for a few hours and as I did, one of the Elves approached me. I believed at first that they would ask me to not disturb them anymore but the Elf simply smiled at me.

“Would you like to use the forge?” they asked.
I had not been expecting that and I am sure the surprise showed on my face. I quickly thanked them for the offer but refused. I left the area swiftly, heading to where lunch would be served.

#the quest #rivendell

12:45 pm

Dori joined us for lunch, announcing that he was officially released from the infirmary. The company cheered and welcomed him back. The softest cheers came from Ori and Nori, though, both of whom seemed to have been using their brother’s absence to get up to things that he would normally object to.

Lunch was once again meatless. I do not know how the Elves have survived so long without meat in their meals. Today we were presented with bowls of rice and a soup that had what tasted like egg in it. The Elves were able to eat the rice with their polished sticks with ease. Meanwhile, most of the company struggled in picking the tiny grains up, though Balin was closely observing the Elves to try and imitate their technique for eating rice with those sticks.

The soup came with wide, deep spoons, however. After a while, most of us just used those for the rice, putting the sticks to the side. While Bombur has been pleased with the meal, talking recipes with the Elves and trying an assortment of teas, the rest of the company looked as ready as I was to leave. I noticed that Mr Baggins had not joined us for lunch. Most likely dining with his new Elvish friends, I imagine. I left the table early, not feeling the desire to dine on soup and rice.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #dori #ori #nori #bombur #bungling burglar

12:56PM Lunch with the Elves was completely different from what they’ve been serving the Company! I can’t believe it. They actually do eat meat!
We had a type of meal called, translated into Common, a “tea-meal”, where several little steamer baskets and plates full of individually-portioned food are set out for us, all paired with the type of tea being served. There were dumplings containing different kinds of fillings, both meaty and not, wrapped in different kinds of wrappers of varying thickness. There were savoury cakes and buns, and rice dumplings wrapped in strange silver-gold leaves. There were even marinated chicken feet. I can’t believe that the Company believes that the Elves of Rivendell subsist solely on bean curd and vegetables, when the evidence to the contrary is right in front of me in the form of five Elves delicately sucking the knuckles out of their respective chicken feet. They asked me if I’d like to try one. I said I’d pass for now.

On the other hand, the egg custard tarts are absolutely to die for, and I had an entire plate of them to myself.

#adventureblogging #the company is not going to believe this

1:45PM I ran into Bofur after lunch. He demanded to know what I have been doing, as he hadn’t seen me since supper yesterday. I told him I had just been dining with some new friends, and he asked me if eating with the Elves was any different from dining with the Company. I wondered what the Company had for lunch, and Bofur almost broke down sobbing about the rice they had been served, accompanied by a thick soup containing wisps of egg, mushrooms, and that ‘bean curd abomination’.

It took me some effort not to tell him about my own lunch, as I can only imagine the sort of riot that would start if the Company got wind of the fact that the Elves have been withholding meat from them. So I merely said that my lunch had been delicious. In return, he informed me that Bombur had betrayed the Company by declaring that the soup was delicious.

“Why do you have to insist that the food at Rivendell is bad?” I wondered. “I haven’t had any complaints about it.”

“Well, I guess there’s more of it here than there ever was on the road,” conceded Bofur, “but there hasn’t been a speck of meat anywhere. Always the vaguest suggestion in the broth, but never anything really tangible. I think my stomach is protesting at that. I don’t know how long I can last.”

I laughed. “Well, then, complain about it to Gandalf. He’s the one who suggested we come here.”

Bofur then seemed to remember something else. “Dori joined us for lunch!” he said.

“Tell him I send congratulations for his speedy recovery,” I said.

“He told us something interesting though,” continued Bofur. “He told us that Thorin told Lord Elrond that you had gotten the food sickness around the same time as Glóin.”

I raised an eyebrow. “You didn’t know I was ill?”

“No, we —” Bofur’s face was bright red at this point. “We thought you and Thorin had been up to other things in the woods,” he confessed. I could feel my ears burning.

“No, I was definitely sick,” I said, shaking my head furiously. He nodded.

“This definitely changes things, then,” he said, and before I could demand what’s changed, he ran off, demanding over his shoulder that I join the Company for dinner, presumably to share in their suffering.

I don’t think I want to know what that information has changed.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #winedwarf #bigdwarf #the company #that asshole #firedwarf #meddling wizard #seems like #the bagginshield conspiracy #is still ongoing

2 pm

I returned to my rooms after lunch, thinking to pass the time with a nap. However, as much as I tried, I could not find sleep and eventually I gave up. I returned to the halls and headed to the infirmary.

While Dori was released earlier, Glóin still resides there.

When I entered the infirmary, I was surprised to see the entire company crowded around Glóin’s bed. I know that they have been visiting him but I did not think they would all come at once. They
looked very cramped, but seemed to be talking too intensely to notice their discomfort. Once I was spotted, however, all talking ceased. Between Bifur and Óin, I caught a glimpse of Glóin closing a book and slipping it behind himself. So, it was talk of wagers that I had interrupted, hmm?
I told Glóin that I had come to see how he was faring but that it seemed obvious that he was doing better if he was able to write out wagers. He turned red while the company chuckled. I left them to their chatter and went back to my room.

2:30 pm

Though they had only been in the room for a night, my nanaddan have already managed to spread their things around my room. I picked a few of the things up and reorganized my own pack. While I was doing so, I found the wooden sword that I had carved for Mr Baggins to use during sword practice. We had not had a chance to have another practice but there now there is plenty of time here in Rivendell.

Now to just find Mr Baggins. I am sure he would agree that he needs a few more lessons.

3PM His Majesty has the practice sword in his hand. I think he’s looking for me. Better go pay the library a visit; he probably doesn’t know where it is or how to get there without getting lost.

3:15 pm

I spotted Mr Baggins but just as soon as I did, he disappeared. I searched for him and even asked if anyone had seen where he had gone. I was directed to the library wing. I have not been to the library yet, but I believe that I can find my way there.

3:45 pm

I seem to have gotten turned around somewhere and have not been able to find the library nor Mr Baggins. I will not give up, however. I am sure I will find him eventually.

4:22PM The coast seems to be clear. I have made my way out to the gardens once more. Fíli and Kíli are still by the side of the pond trying to catch the carp. Balin is watching them with a cup of tea. I asked him if he liked the tea, and he nodded.

5:30 pm

While wandering around searching for Mr Baggins, I discovered a famous sword on display. It was Narsil, broken just as it was said to have been in the war against Sauron. It was forged in the First Age by Telchar, one of the greatest Dwarven weaponsmiths in all of Middle-earth. I have heard stories of the sword, but I never believed I would one day be able to see it with my own eyes. However, as I went forward to hold its broken pieces, a voice yelled at me.

It belonged to that of a boy of the race of Man, shorter than I, shorter perhaps than even Mr Baggins.
He raced at me, repeating again and again that I was not to touch the sword, that it belonged to the boy’s uncle. I stepped away from the sword so as not to cause the child more distress, and he stopped before me, hands on his hips in anger and his face scrunched up. I was sharply reminded of Kíli as a child, as the child also had shaggy brown hair and a fiery spirit burning behind his eyes. I am sure they would be fast friends, even with Kíli being the child’s elder.

“I am sorry,” I said, showing my hands and taking another step away from the sword. “I did not know I was not allowed to touch the sword.”

The child looked between me and Narsil a few times, as if determining if I was lying or not. “You promise you won’t touch it?” he asked.

I knelt down on one knee so that I was at the child’s eye level and placed a hand over my heart. “I promise, small one.”

The child smiled. “I’m not ‘small one.’ My name’s Estel.” He held out his hand in greeting. I took his hand in my own, though mine engulfed his. I introduced myself and released his hand. Estel asked, “Are you a Dwarf?”

I confirmed that I was and Estel giggled behind his hands before loudly whispering, “You have a lot of hair on your face.”

“I do,” I agreed. “I arrived here with other Dwarves and many of them have much more hair!” Estel’s eyes grew wide. “Really?” I nodded my confirmation. “Can we go see them?”

I saw no problem with the request and let Estel lead us back to where the company had been mainly staying.

On the way to finding the company, Estel and I were stopped by a woman clad in dark colours. She called out to Estel, who in turn pulled at my hand to bring me to meet her. “This is my nana,” he introduced. “My ada is dead, so it’s just us and all the Elves!”

“Estel!” the woman scolded at his blunt words. She turned her gaze to me. “I apologize if my son has been a burden on you…”

“Thorin,” I provided. “And Estel was not a burden at all. In fact, I must thank him for leading me back to this area, as I had gotten myself quite lost.”

“Well, I must thank you for accompanying him, Lord Thorin. My name is Gilraen of the Dúnedain and it was nice to meet you. Unfortunately, Estel and I must be going.”

Estel made a noise of protest but Gilraen shushed him. I took that moment to compose myself from the surprise at her identity, as well as what it revealed of Estel’s.

I bid them a farewell and they took their leave, heading back in the direction that Estel and I had just come from. I stood in the hall for a few minutes, marveling that in one day, I had seen the sword Narsil and met the heir to the throne of the lost kingdom of Arnor. Estel has a hard life waiting for him when he matures, as I have seen how challenging it is to lead a people in exile. I hope that he grows well, and that this is not the last that I see of him.

Anonymous asked: Bilbo is in the library. You can find him, Your Majesty!

I thank you for your aid! Now, I hope that I can find the library.

Anonymous asked: Quick, Bilbo's in the gardens!

Mr Baggins seems to be staying a step ahead of me. Thank you for aiding me.
6:45 pm
I cannot seem to find Mr Baggins and supper is starting soon. I will have to try again tomorrow.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

7:45PM Supper seems to be several platters of various vegetables rolled with rice and a thin papery form of laver. There are also these rice balls wrapped in the same sort of laver, which of course isn’t to be confused with the rice dumplings I had for lunch. The flavour is completely different, for one. The Company is grumbling through dinner, though now I notice that it’s not the entire Company. Bombur, for one, seems to be enjoying himself, as well as Ori and Dori. It’s good to know who actually has taste around here. The desserts, however, seem to be pretty much unanimously popular. I recognised the egg tarts from lunch, and promptly grabbed at least five of them. The rest of the Company made short work of the rest. They also seem to like the almond tea, which was served baked into a puff pastry in a little porcelain cup. I noticed His Majesty hoarding a couple of them.
#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #bigdwarf #scribedwarf #winedwarf

8 pm
The trend of meatless meals continued through another night. There was rice, as there had been at lunch, but it was wrapped and shaped in different ways. It took me a while to identify what was wrapped around the rice but eventually I recognized it as seaweed. I had had it a handful of times before, though never like this. I felt the same reluctance to eat that I had had at lunch, though it was much easier to eat the rice once it was in shapes. I noticed that Mr Baggins had joined us for this meal and was happily chatting with Bombur about the food surrounding them. At least some were happy with the presented meal. Dessert, however, was pleasant. There were small tarts that the company quickly devoured before I could grab one, though Fíli let me have some of his. There were also pastries in small cups and I swiftly made sure to grab several. There was tea beneath the baked part and it was actually quite good. I noticed Kíli attempting to sneak one of mine away and I pulled it closer. I told them that if they wanted one, they simply needed to ask. Kíli looked at me with innocence and then continued to try to sneak one away.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #bombur #my sister children

8:28PM Tonight’s performances in the Hall of Fire have been wonderful, though I’m afraid I don’t understand a single word of the songs or the stories, as they were all told in Elvish. Lord Elrond has reassured me that there are some who prefer to compose in the Common Tongue, so I will have to revisit the Hall to catch those performances.
#adventureblogging #i was also invited to perform but i don't think i have the courage

8:30 pm
doltheliel asked: I come from a culture where I eat a lot of elvish cuisine so I may be of assistance. Lightly place the top stick between your index and middle finger. Your ring finger should just be guiding the bottom stick. Lay your thumb gently across both sticks from the side. To move them, curl the fingers holding the top stick. Like a sword, do not grasp it too roughly, so you may move the sticks with more ease. Maybe tying the thicker end of the sticks
shall help you grasp the foods with much more ease.
Your words of aid are most helpful. I do not like these utensils that the Elves had provided but if they insist on having us use them, I see how it would be beneficial to know how to properly use them. I will try to use your advise in the future.

#ask #doltheliel

8:55 pm
I returned to my rooms once supper was done. My nanaddan informed me that they were following Bofur, who had acquired a bottle of wine, and they did not plan to return to the room until late. I wished them fun and they ran off. I believe that I ate too many of the cup pastries and it has made me drowsy. And if my nanaddan plan to return drunk at some point in the early morning, then I had better get my sleep while I can.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #bofur

11 pm
A night terror jolted me awake soon after I had fallen asleep. My nanaddan had not returned yet and the moon had not even begun its descent in the sky yet. I decided that a walk would shake the memories of my dreams from my mind and set about the deserted halls.

I discovered that the halls were not as empty as I believed them to be when Mr Baggins appeared. He was dressed in only his nightshirt which was… mostly transparent. I averted my eyes to give him his privacy and he struck up conversation. When he asked why I was walking about so late, without thinking, I answered that I was looking for the library. I am not sure why I spared him the knowledge of my night terror, as he has witnessed me experience one before. He offered to lead me to the library but I declined his offer, as I did not truly wish to see it. I was walking to clear my head, not to fill it with more things to think about.

Around us was the sound of the Elves, singing as they always seemed to be doing. I commented on this and Mr Baggins suggested that perhaps Elves do not sleep. I laughed, not having expected such an answer.

Mr Baggins began to offer to lead me to the kitchens with him but I had the feeling that my overeating of the pastries had caused my dreams to be as chaotic and disorienting as they were. I interrupted his offer with my own and took my furs off to hold them out to him. He tried to refuse at first but I insisted and he accepted them. I have not seen him use the furs except while lying down and as he slipped them on, I realized that they were too tall for him. The ends dragged behind him and the shoulders were wide enough to cover the tops of his arms. He looked a bit ridiculous, as swallowed by the furs as he was, but at least his thin nightshirt was covered. He thanked me for the furs and then bid me a good night.

I returned the farewell and have continued in my wandering. However, my thoughts of the night terror have been driven away and I feel sleep pulling at me once more. Perhaps it is time to return to my room before I get too lost to be able to do so.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

11:23PM
Well. That was awkward.

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I had a craving for egg tarts, so I slipped out of my room to find the kitchens. It was warm, so I didn’t think I needed to don my jacket or some other form of outerwear over my nightshirt. Turns out that might not have been a good idea, given that I ran into His Majesty on my way to the kitchens. He claimed that he could not sleep, and had been trying to find the library. I told him that he was in the wrong wing, and that I could take him there.

He seemed discomfited by the idea, saying that he might as well wander until he got tired enough to go to bed. Outside, the Elves were still singing and carousing, and we listened to them for a moment.
“Do they never stop?” wondered His Majesty.
“I don’t think they sleep,” I replied.
He laughed at that, but still refused to look at me properly, which in turn made me feel both ridiculous and exposed at the same time.
“Look, I’m going to the kitchens,” I said. “If you want a more tangible destination to wander to, you could come with —”
“Take these,” he said abruptly, shucking off his furs and handing them to me.
His face turned bright red. “Just take them,” he insisted, so I did. Perhaps he was just preoccupied with preserving my modesty.
His furs were far too big on me; they dragged behind me like a train. I thanked him nonetheless, and we parted ways for the night.
And now I am sitting in the kitchens with the leftover egg tarts that one of the cooks had scrounged up for me. I must look ridiculous in these furs; the Elves in the kitchens certainly think it’s odd. I’ll return the furs to him in the morning.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

June 4th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am

My nanaddan entered the room as the sun was rising and their loud stumbling woke me. I had to remind them to remove their boots and their resulting attempt ended with me having to remove their boots myself. I made sure that they were actually lying on the bed and not sprawled on the floor before I left the room. It was near enough to the usual time that I woke that I did not mind surrendering the room to them. I placed their boots beside the door and put my own pair on.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

7:45 am

Anonymous asked: do you enjoy children? it seems like you’re a natural caretaker
I enjoy the presence of children, yes. Many Dwarves do, as Dwarven children are rare. As for being a natural caretaker, that is from years of helping to raise my nanaddan. They still behave like children, even though they had reached adult age.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

8:30 am

I have been wandering the halls for a time but I am now debating going back down to the forges that I discovered yesterday.

#the quest #rivendell

Bilbo

11:45 AM I have finally returned His Majesty’s furs to him, though I had to ask what felt like everyone in Rivendell before I could finally locate him at the forges. I suspect tongues will be wagging, at least amongst the Company.
12 pm

I finally returned to Rivendell’s forges and returned to where I was seated yesterday. I assumed that
my observation would go uncommented on as it had before. However, it was soon after I was seated
that one of the Elves approached me. I find that I have a difficult time telling the Elves apart but I
believe it was the same one that spoke to me yesterday.

“I am Maethedir,” the Elf introduced. “Would you like to use the forges?” I began to refuse, as I had
done before, but Maethedir continued. “It would be no trouble!”

I hesitated before finally agreeing and Maethedir led me to one of the empty forges. The fire had
already been started. Maethedir showed me to the tools he had set aside for me and I thanked him for
being so generous.

It was some time before I decided on what to forge. I drew inspiration from the flowers at the edge of
the clearing that the forge was in. The petals of the flowers were so numerous that it looked like a
ball. The petals would be a decent challenge so I sketched out how it would look and then began.
I did not realize how long I had been there until Mr Baggins showed up. He had come to return my
furs. I asked him to place them to the side, as the past few hours’ work had resulted in me becoming
quite filthy. I then asked Mr Baggins for the time and I was shocked when he said that it was nearly
lunch! I thanked him for returning my furs and he quickly left while I finished the petal I had been
working on and set about cleaning my area.

I am now late for lunch but I need to return to my room for a wash.

#the quest #rivendell #maethedir #bungling burglar

12:56PM Lunch was noodles and vegetables in a vegetable broth. Eithriel demonstrated for me how
to use the serving sticks to put my noodles into the spoon, as the broth is extremely hot and is best
eaten from the spoon until it cools down. Dori was probably the only member of the Company who
managed to perfect the technique, since the noodles were extremely hot and slippery.
His Majesty gave up halfway through and started slurping the noodles straight from the bowl. To his
chagrin, the Elves seemed to take that as a sign of his appreciation for the meal, and tried to give him
seconds. Guess they’re not all about grace and poise all the time!

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #that asshole

1:34PM Dori cornered me after lunch and reminded me that he still had to adjust my trousers. I
agreed, though I suspect that I might end up filling out my clothes once more if we stay in Rivendell
for longer than a week.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

1:45 pm

The lunch we were served was large bowls of broth with vegetables and noodles. It was presented
with the sticks once again along with the large, deep spoons. The Elves were somehow able to use
the sticks to put the noodles onto the spoon. I tried to imitate them, but the noodles were too slippery.

In the end, I gave up using either the spoon or sticks, picked the bowl up, and just drank the broth
right out of the bowl. It was hot, causing me to slurp loudly. I had hoped that it properly showed my
displeasure with the meal. Unfortunately, my slurping was seen as me enjoying the food, as the Elves
tried to serve me more. I refused the offer and excused myself from the table.

#the quest #rivendell
2PM The looms of Rivendell are all in a large and airy room surrounded by mulberry trees. The cocoons of the worms that feed on these mulberries are boiled and unravelled to form fine threads, which are then woven into marvellous cloths of unparalleled smoothness and shine. Dori has taken me here and enlisted the help of some of the weavers in finding pins and a small stool for me to stand on. The Elves here are all very helpful, though Dori keeps on wondering if they’re gossiping about us, since they all chitter-chatter away in Elvish at their looms like a flock of excited birds.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

2:30 pm

I returned to my room, took my boots off at the door, and decided that a nap would be best. I had just laid down when my nanaddan rushed into the room, slamming the door behind them, both of them nearly falling over with laughter. Kíli had what looked like Dwalin’s boots in their hands while Fíli was holding several pairs of the Elvish slippers. I asked them what was going on but before they could answer, there was a banging at the door along with quite a lot of yelling. It sounded like Dwalin.

“What have you two done?” I asked and moved them aside to open the door for Dwalin. He had a pair of the Elvish slippers in hand and his feet were bare.

“Tell Fíli and Kíli to give me back my boots,” Dwalin told me. “I don’t know why they’ve stolen them but I can’t say I want to see what their end plan is.”

Just as Dwalin finished speaking, my nanaddan ran out of my room, still laughing. Dwalin’s boots were still in their hands. I saw Kíli pick up my own boots and add them to their hoard while Fíli threw a pair of Elvish slippers down in their place. Dwalin and I both sighed, knowing it was no good to try to chase them. However, it would be good to have our boots back so we decided to find them once they were bored with whatever game they were playing.

#the quest #rivendell #dwalin #my sister children #what are they doing

3:45 pm

While searching for my nanaddan, I stumbled upon Mr Baggins and Dori in a room full of looms. I believe that they were adjusting Mr Baggins’ clothes and I unfortunately walked in just as Mr Baggins was removing his trousers. I found myself frozen until Mr Baggins asked if I was lost. I shook myself to clear my head and told him that I was looking for Fíli and Kíli. An Elf answered that they had been spotted in the garden. Dori offered to show me the way there and I accepted. I said a fast farewell to Mr Baggins, being sure to keep my gaze averted.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #dori #my sister children

3:47PM His Majesty came in just when I had taken off my trousers for Dori to take in. I asked His Majesty if he was lost, and he said something about being unable to find his sister-children. He was holding a pair of the cloth slippers that I’ve noticed the Elves wearing, and his own feet were almost uncomfortably bare. I have never seen such little hair on someone’s feet! One of the Elves at the looms said that he had last seen them in the gardens. His Majesty very determinedly refused to look at me as he asked for directions to the gardens, and then left with Dori to help him get around once he did get said directions. Another Elf offered to make me my own set of robes, as the set that had been laid out for me was
indeed meant to be worn by Elf-children. I agreed, as the set that I’ve been wearing for the past couple of days has been very comfortable, despite being a little long on me. Also, if I did decide to stay at Rivendell a while longer than the rest of the Company, I would then have the clothes to fit right in. The Elf who had been talking to His Majesty also offered me a pair of slippers, but I declined. The rest of them thought it was amusing.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #winedwarf

4PM

I’ve made my way down to the kitchens again. There are so many other kinds of teas here that I haven’t tried yet. I’m very interested in the flowering kinds! I appreciate that the Elves understand the importance of pairing teas with snacks.

#adventureblogging #rivendell #travelling

4:10 pm

Dori and I went to the gardens to search for my nanaddan. When we got there, however, there was no sign of them. A passing Elf said that they had seen Fíli and Kíli leave the gardens nearly twenty minutes ago. I asked them if they knew where my nanaddan had gone but they unfortunately did not know.

Dori asked if I wanted him to accompany me to continue to try to find them. I told him that he was free to do as he pleases, though if he wanted to help me find my way around, it would be appreciated.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #dori

4:45 pm

Dori and I walked around, trying to think of where Fíli and Kíli could be hiding the shoes. Dori suggested the library but I did not think that they would go there, even if trying to hide. We crossed the infirmary off of the list for the same reason. Eventually we returned to the company’s rooms to find them swiping Ori’s shoes. Along with mine and Dwalin’s, they’d also seemed to have acquired Bifur and Bombur’s. When they spotted me, they started running away.

Dori, in one swift move, removed one of his boots and threw it. The boot hit Kíli right in the back of the head, causing them to drop the company boots that they had in their hands. Fíli stopped and Dori
took off his other boot.

“Drop the boots!” he called out, holding his boot threateningly. Fili dropped the boots in his hands.

“Impressive aim,” I said to Dori.

He shrugged. “I’ve had to do that Nori too many times to count.”

The company’s boots were returned, and when I asked my nanaddan just what they were planning to do with the boots, they simply shrugged and claimed to just have been bored.

I may have been there their entire lives but I still do not understand what goes through their minds sometimes.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #dori

7:45PM Supper was dumpling noodle soup, though the dumplings were wrapped differently from the ones I’ve had before. It’s remarkable what the Elves can do with dumplings. I may need to borrow a couple recipes for my own kitchen, provided I ever get back there.

Eithriel has finally taken pity on me and tied a small roll of paper between my serving sticks. I am now able to pick my food up with them without crossing them all the time.

#adventureblogging

8 pm

Supper was another soup, though there were dumplings in the soup this time. They looked like the dumplings I remember from my umad’s stew. However, they were not as good as hers had been, as these did not have any meat in them.

I have tried to get my hands to hold the Elves’ stick utensils correctly but it has not been working. I kept accidentally stabbing the end of the stick through the dumpling until it ended up tearing itself apart and the inside would float in the broth, away from the wrapper.

My nanaddan were copying me from lunch and just drinking the soup straight from the side of the bowl.

#the quest #rivendell #my grandmother #my sister children

8:12PM I’ve found a book of Elvish nursery tales, which may serve me for light reading during my stay here. Not much else happened today, so I am retiring to my room early to start the book before bed.

#adventureblogging

11 pm

While I was wandering the halls trying to tire myself so I could sleep, I managed to discover the kitchens! I had yet to see them and so I stepped inside, examining their stores.

It was then that I discovered the Elves’ secret: they have meat!! A whole selection of it, right before my eyes! Beef, pork, chicken, duck — even seafood! Why had it not been served to us? The Elves were aware of our displeasure with the meatless meals. Was this their idea of a prank?

In one of the storerooms next to a set of glazed ducks, there was a plate with a stacked pile of bread buns. It looked out of place surrounded by the meat. I picked one of the buns up, broke it open, and found meat inside! I ate the entire bun without a second thought and then grabbed the entire plate. I exited the kitchens and snuck back the company’s rooms. I went to Balin’s room, as I knew Dwalin
and several other company members would most likely be inside, and knocked. Balin quickly opened the door for me and invited me inside.

Half of the company was inside, most likely having been gossiping. Most had their pipes out and there was a bottle of wine being passed around. I told them of my discovery and about the meat buns I had brought. In seconds, I had been nearly attacked in their rush to get their hands on a bun. Before they all disappeared, I warned that we needed to keep enough for the rest of the company. There was some grumbling involved but Bofur quickly ran out to collect those who were not in the room.

Within minutes, the entire company was barefoot in Balin’s room, eating the meat buns. A debate began on if we should go back to the kitchens and find more things to eat or not (Nori had already volunteered to go). I said that I would talk to Elrond in the morning on why the meals had been meatless thus far and see that it be resolved. Quite a few company gave sighs of relief. Balin asked Nori to grab another bottle of wine while he was in the kitchens.

June 5th, 2015

Thorin

10 am

I woke in my bed with a headache and with Fíli and Kíli sprawled horizontally over me. It took quite a lot of movement with various complaints from them before I could get myself free. It did not help the headache.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

11 am

They have thankfully started lunch early. I believe it has to do with the company invading the kitchen searching for ways to get rid of their headaches.

#the quest #rivendell

Bilbo

11:45AM Nothing like a bunch of disgruntled and hungover Dwarves at lunchtime. Bofur demanded if I knew all along. I asked him what he thought I knew, and he gestured angrily at the bowls of soup that we’d been served, which was a nice shade of cloudy brown with pieces of smooth bean curd and a vegetable that the Elves call gaeruil, or seaweed. Apparently the cloudy brown bits are also made from the same kind of beans as bean curd.

Also, we were served eggs. I think the Elves knew that the Dwarves had gotten into their wine supply. Then again, who wouldn’t have known? Drunk Dwarves are pretty loud and boisterous.

#adventureblogging #the company #hatdwarf

12 pm

The soup we were served was a strange brown color. The broth was fine but I avoided the odd food that was in it. There were eggs as well that helped with my headache but I think I will still have to find Óin for some of the willow bark tea to fully get rid of it.
12:30 pm

Apparently Óin is out of willow bark tea. Nori stole all of it. I did hear him say something about cramps during lunch. The Elves who overheard my request to Óin suggested that I go to the kitchens, as more food and drink are sure to help.

I thanked them, though I am not entirely sure that I can find my way to the kitchens again.

1:15 pm

I went to the kitchens but was quickly shuffled out and told that they were preparing for supper later and needed the company to stay clear. When I asked for the tea, I was told that they may be able to help later. Well, if there is no tea or food to be had to help cure this headache, than perhaps rest is the best answer.

1:30 pm

I returned to my rooms but not before seeing Dwalin banging on Nori’s door, demanding he share the tea. According to Dwalin, Nori has holed himself in the room and has hoarded all the tea to himself. If he needs the tea that badly, then perhaps it is best that he has it.

My nanaddan are not in the room, though their things have multiplied on the floor. I have no idea why they felt the need to take so many of the Elvish slippers, but there are at least a half of a dozen pairs strewn on the floor.

2:17PM I’ve been thinking of what I could do for Thorin as a thank-you for his care and attention when I was sick.
So far I’ve had no success in thinking up anything. I can’t really do anything other than cook. And make nice bouquets, but based on the Windflower incident I don’t think he’d appreciate flowers. Maybe I should find some beef or venison and make him a nice mincemeat pie, since he’s been complaining about the lack of meat at his meals.

4:30 pm

I woke feeling better, as the pounding in my head had greatly lessened. The lack of a headache has reminded me of my promise to the company that I would speak with Lord Elrond as to why we have only been served meals with no meat when there is clearly meat in Rivendell.

4:34PM I made my way to the kitchen, but found it to be in a complete disarray, with everyone bustling back and forth. I was shooed away, but not before I caught a proper whiff of the wonderful (and very meaty) smells happening in the kitchen — and the sight of Nori making off with an entire jar of something. Maybe it’s for the cramps he was complaining about at lunch.
5 pm

I have been searching for Lord Elrond but he seems to have disappeared. I checked in the infirmary and found that Glóin was being readied for release. He was fully healed and planning to join us for supper. Öin looked relieved that his brother was back on his feet, though Öin himself looked ready to fall over, probably staying up late to keep an eye on Glóin.

I asked them if they had seen Lord Elrond but they confessed that he had not been in the infirmary since early this morning and that they had not seen him since. I asked the Elves if they knew where he would possibly but they also claimed to have not seen him since this morning.

#the quest #rivendell #elrond #gloin #oin

5:25 pm

My search for Lord Elrond continues. I have discovered the library and I see how it would be impressive, but Erebor’s library could easily fit Rivendell’s library in it several times over.

I asked the Elves inside if Lord Elrond was here but they said that they had not seen him for some time.

#the quest #rivendell #elrond

5:45 pm

I have begun to suspect that Lord Elrond is hiding somewhere. None of the Elves that I have asked have seen him for some time and cannot give me a guess as to where he would be. I have been told multiple times that supper will begin soon, so my search will have to come to an end.

#the quest #rivendell #elrond #off to see what tortures lie ahead

6:46PM

Anonymous asked: I think cooking something meat related would be a decent idea to please Thorin. Or perhaps he’d simply appreciate some company? Maybe you could offer to train with him or something.

I thank you for your suggestions, and I hope that we will be staying in Rivendell long enough for me to thank him properly.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

7:14PM What a supper! Looks like the Elves have either caved to the Dwarves’ demands for meat, or they were waiting to spring this on us the entire time — tonight we had a feast to celebrate Glóin’s release from the infirmary, and the assortment of foods that were brought out for the feast was truly astounding!

There were dumplings and buns of all kinds, some of which I recognised from the tea-meal I had a couple days ago, and others new. There was a dish consisting of the bean curd in a sauce of beef and beans that numbed and enflamed my tongue (and must have turned my entire face bright red, as I had felt extremely hot and foolish at the time!). There was a giant pot of broth, with rice noodles, leafy greens, thinly-sliced pieces of meat, and mushrooms, all of which are added into the pot, cooked in the broth, and then promptly served by an attendant. And to Bombur’s delight, there was even suckling pig, complete with an apple in its mouth.

But the crowning moment must have been the roast duck. According to an Elf named Glorfindel, the ducks that were served tonight had been specially bred for the dish, and roasted on open ovens with fires fuelled by peach and pear hardwood. This method, apparently, had been used to serve duck to the High Kings of the Ñoldor since the days of the Hidden Kingdom of Gondolin.

The ducks were sliced for us at the tables, and the skin and meat were served separately; the skin was dipped into sugar and garlic sauce, and could be considered a delicacy all on its own, but the meat!
The meat was rolled into these paper-thin pancakes with scallions and a sweet brown sauce, and it tasted absolutely amazing.
If there’s one dish that might change the Company’s opinion of Rivendell’s cuisine, I think this might be it. His Majesty seemed determined to consume an entire duck all by himself.

7:30 pm
Supper was a surprise of the best kind! I see now why the Elves were so insistent about keeping us out of the kitchens and why Lord Elrond had disappeared for the day.
Lord Elrond had entered the eating area with Glóin and announced his release from the infirmary. The company cheered and when the noise died down, Lord Elrond continued that a feast had been prepared in celebration.

A wide array of food was laid out for us and I have to admit that it was a magnificent feast. There were more of the bread buns and dumplings, and broths and stews. There was whole pig, which we gladly dove into and it was stripped to the bone soon enough. The prize of the meal, however, I have eaten far too much of. It is the glazed duck that I spotted when I found the meat storage before. The skin and meat are eaten separately for two different types of flavors and both are quite delicious.
I will admit that while I do not enjoy their meatless selection, the food at this feast has been quite excellent.

7:45 PM Giver save me from the egg tarts. And the almond tea. And the Dorwinion fruit puddings.

7:47 PM But especially the egg tarts.

8 pm
After we had all filled up on the feast, the Elves brought out the desserts. I grabbed half of a dozen of the cups of almond tea, even though my stomach was already protesting from too much duck.
Perhaps this was the Elves’ plan all along — starve us with vegetables and then destroy us with overconsumption.

8:23 PM The tea and fruits have been brought out. The lanterns on the terrace are lit. There is music playing, and for once the Company is too tuckered out by the food to complain about the music.
Lindir is teaching me, Balin, and Glóin how to play a card game he calls Hunting the Kine, which involves us each laying out one of our cards, with the winner being the one with the card that has the highest value. The deck for Hunting the Kine isn’t like the cards in the Shire, with suits of bells, shields, acorns, and roses — it’s coins, series, myriads, and tens of myriads, and the value of the cards get larger with each successive suit, excluding the coins suit, which is in reverse hierarchy from zero coin as the highest and nine being the lowest. I don’t think I can describe this game with any amount of justice, but essentially the objective is to win the tricks with the highest values. To do so, we ‘hunt the kine’ — or rather, team up against the dealer, who plays their trick last, and thus is at an
advantage over the rest of us. 
Glóin was the dealer for one of the games, and I think Balin took particular pleasure in trying to prevent him from winning. I wonder why.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #firedwarf

8:45 pm
Gandalf has finally agreed to share his pipe-weed, though his pouch seems to be fuller than the last I saw it. Do the Elves have pipe-weed in supply here? This is certainly something I will have to investigate further.
#the quest #rivendell #the wizard

9:12PM Nori has interrupted us with a game of his own. The cards are, once again, completely different, as the game itself is different.
Nori says he got the game from traders from Khand. It is called As-Nas, named because the Khandian words for aces and people are essentially the suits of the game. It involves bluffing and stakes-raising, where we each lay down the cards we have drawn, and the best hand of cards wins the stakes for that round. I am not surprised that this is the sort of game that Nori would enjoy, especially when money — or in our case, pumpkin seeds — is on the line.
We played a couple rounds, and I might have continued to play had Bofur not come over and ask Nori if they could implement a disrobing penalty to the losing hand of each round. That was probably a sign for me to go to bed. So I shall.
Good night!
#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #hatdwarf

9:45 pm
There was a card game being played between several Elves, Nori, Bofur, my nanaddan, Glóin, and Dwalin. Most of them had taken off various articles of clothing. Bofur looked to happily half nude while Dwalin was glowering over being in the same state of dress. My nanaddan, both of whom had had far too much wine, were both practically stripped to their cores. Nori had removed only a single boot, I believe, and had been accused of cheating multiple times, though all accusations end up being proved false.
Lord Elrond approached me and I thanked him for the lovely feast. Though I did inquire as to why it took several days before meat was introduced into our meals. He simply smiled and said: “Living in the absence of something makes the reunion all the more sweeter.”
He then offered me some of the wine that was on the table nearby. I accepted a small cup, and found that it tasted of plum. As he refilled his own cup, Lord Elrond said, “I am under the impression that you have made the acquaintance of my ward, Estel.”
I confirmed that I had. “He is a fine boy with a hard future ahead of him.”
Lord Elrond nodded. “He has been speaking of nothing else but meeting your company. He seems quite fascinated with the possibility of seeing their beards.”
We shared a laugh and I told him that if Estel’s mother, Gilraen, was fine with it, then the company would be honored to entertain him for a time. Lord Elrond said that he would ask Gilraen on her opinion of the idea.
I had to cut our conversation short there, as my nanaddan were both at that time completely naked and attempting to sing a very vulgar song atop a table. I bid Lord Elrond a good night and went to gather my nanaddan and their clothes and bring them back to their room. I hope that they are not too
June 6th, 2015

Thorin

7:30 am

I awoke due to a loud noise and discovered that it was because Fíli had fallen off of the bed. I got up and attempted to help him back onto the bed but he seemed determined to stay on the floor. I finally decided to let him stay there, if that was where he really wanted to sleep.

I remembered the route to the kitchens and have stopped there for breakfast. I plan to return to Rivendell’s forge, if it is still open to me.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

Bilbo

8:01AM

Anonymous asked: {"Dearest" Cousin} ~ This is Lobelia. I have no idea where you've vanished to or if you'll ever return. However, I do know that rumors have spread and everyone is too busy chatting about it to notice that Otho and I have taken your spoons. They're lovely spoons and someone who is foolish enough to run off on an 'adventure' doesn't deserve them. PS: Leaving behind an empty larder! Honestly! You must despise us all to run away without leaving a single crumb behind. ~Lobelia

GIVE ME BACK MY SPOONS YOU THIEF. Why do you even need that many spoons, anyway? And the last thing I would ever want is you lot getting into my larder. Dwarves are bad enough, but I think I might prefer the Company raiding my pantry to you doing the same!

#ask #anonymous #spoon thief #the company

8:30 am

I made my way down to the forges and found that Maethedir was there already. I asked if it would be possible for me to continue in the project that I was working on before. He agreed immediately and led me to the same area I had worked in before. The fire had been started, though it was low, as Maethedir did not know if I had planned on returning today.

I told him that I would be here each morning to finish this, and that I would be sure to get word down if something did happen to prevent me from doing so.

He inquired as to what I was working on and I showed him the in-progress flower. I confessed that I had not yet thought of a use for it but had taken influence on the design from nearby flowers.

Maethedir asked which and I pointed out the large flowers at the edge of the forge area. He explained at they were called mallos, or chrysanthemums, and that they usually meant friendship, though different colors could express different meanings.

I thanked him for the information, as I know very little about flowers, and he left me to my project. A flower that represents friendship… I will have no use for this once I am done, as I am making it to pass the time, so perhaps it will do well as a gift.
9:27AM There’s a commotion at breakfast this morning. I’m still getting used to having rice porridge as a breakfast staple, though I really do enjoy how it is plain enough to be eaten savoury or sweet. But clearly the savoury option is better, as there is more variety in the savoury topping. Ori prefers his with brown sugar and fruit, though, and we sometimes bicker over what goes better with our porridge. Glóin says he’s had porridge for practically every single meal until he could keep it all down, which might explain why he’s eating fried eggs and noodles instead. He’s apparently also picked up the technique for using Elvish utensils while the rest of us weren’t looking. Consider me jealous.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf #scribedwarf

10:35AM I was curious about the commotion, so I slipped off after breakfast to find the source. Turns out that some traders from the Sunlands have shown up in Rivendell in their caravans! The Swertings don’t trade too much with the Shire, and if they ever do, it’s mostly with the Southfarthing, as most Eastern caravans pass through there on their route to the Blue Mountains and Lindon. For most Shire-folk the Swertings are almost legendary, relics of a distant past when the Hobbit themselves came out of the East. I don’t think I’ve ever seen them up close until now. They have dark skin of many shades, which I suppose must come in handy down in the Sunlands. I know many Hobbits of Harfoot and Stoor stock with similarly-coloured skin, though not quite as dark as the traders from Far Harad.

#adventureblogging

10:54AM I’ve gotten a good look at the stock of goods they have. Some are marked for Bree, others for the Blue Mountains, still others for Lindon. All the traders hail from different places; I think they’ve all encountered one another on the road and just stuck together for extra safety. There are medicinal herbs, spices, fruits, wine, precious jewels, gold, textiles, beans (the Elves say it makes a very invigorating drink), and the sweet-bars I bought in Bree. All of the stock designated for Rivendell has been handed over, and the traders have been repaid in tea, exquisitely-wrought jewellery and porcelain, and bolts upon bolts of the fine silk cloth I had seen a few days ago. Lord Elrond has also invited them to stay and refresh themselves for as long as they please. They’re probably going to spend the night here before leaving the next morn.

#adventureblogging

11AM The traders have also brought news. There’s rumours of activity in the former lands of the Dark Lord Sauron, which none of the traders — especially those in the lands south of the Dark Lord’s — are pleased to hear. War is bad for trade, after all, and Sauron in the past has cut off absolutely all commerce with the northern lands and wreaked havoc in the political systems of these people. From what I gather, there definitely hasn’t been any love lost between the lands of the East with Gondor, but everyone is aware of the mutual benefits of trade. That being said, if the Dark Lord does rise again, chances are that the chieftains of the Haradrim tribes and the rulers of Khand and Umbar would be forced to swear fealty to him as they have in the past. Lord Elrond, in between consulting with some of the traders on the newest medical practices in Umbar and Near Harad, has suggested they show resistance against the Dark Lord, should he choose to rise again.

The traders are less optimistic about their chances of a successful resistance. “My Lord,” said one, “you live too far from Barad-dûr to understand the constant fear and dread that comes with the Shadow of Mordor. Here in this valley you and your people are safe. We have no other resources. The nearest powerful kingdom opposed to the Dark Lord view our lands as their property, and our people as lesser beings. For us, resistance is not an easy word.”
Gandalf has been listening in to the conversation. I wonder what meddling plans he has in mind.

11:23PM Some of the traders are Dwarves from the Orocarni Mountains. According to Balin, they come from at least four different houses of Dwarves from the East: Blacklocks, Stonefoots, Ironfists, and Stiffbeards. They have brought loads of precious stones and metals in exchange for Rivendell silk and porcelain, which of course means they have brought extra security. I have seen Dwalin conversing with one of the Blacklock guards. They seem to be getting along quite well. Nori doesn’t seem very pleased about that.

11:30 am

The flower is nearing completion, though there are still over a dozen individual petals that need to be made. While working on it, I thought that if it is to be a gift, then it should go to someone who knows its meaning and would use it well. That led me to think of Mr Baggins, who is quite a fan of flowers and would most likely appreciate it the most. As I could not imagine what use Mr Baggins would make with just a flower, however, I have decided to attach it to a long, thin rod that can be slipped between the pages of a book.

Lunch is approaching and I would do well to be there on time. Now that Lord Elrond has brought meat back to the meals, I am sure the company will make quick work of the food.

12:17PM The Company has invited the Orocarni Dwarves to eat lunch with them, and they readily agreed, leaving the Men and the Elves to dine together at the other dining terrace. Now that meat has been reintroduced into the Company’s diet, they are more agreeable in their judgements of Elvish cuisine. Some of them even frequently ask for seconds and thirds.

Fíli and Kíli have pulled aside the Blacklock guard that was talking to Dwalin and asked them to deliver a message to their mother. Other members of the Company with loved ones waiting for them in the Blue Mountains — notably Bombur, Glóin, and Ori — are doing the same with some of the other traders. Naturally this has led to questions of why the Company is here at all, which has led to some uneasy answers and prevarication. His Majesty is glaring at anyone who seems likely to mention the word ‘Erebor’ in the presence of the traders. I can understand his need for discretion, but there’s no need to glower about it if I do say so myself!

12:18PM Anonymous asked: I've noticed that the tag you've used for Gloin has changed from "locketdwarf" to "firedwarf".

It sounded better. And I didn’t know he was good at starting fires until later.

12:45 pm

Our lunch included some new guests. Traders from the East have arrived in Rivendell and are staying to rest for the night before leaving tomorrow morning. I inquired as to what time the Easterlings arrived and found that they got here early. News and gossip travels with traders and I do not want information about our quest to reach the wrong ears. The company has been chatting with
the Dwarven traders and I hope that they remember to not mention details of the quest. I admit that I barely noticed my lunch as I was focused on what the company was saying to the traders. Questions were being raised as where our group is heading to and the purpose of our traveling. We will have to come up with a story together, to be sure that it is consistent.

#the quest #rivendell #the company

12:55 pm
I have spoken with Balin and we have come up with a reasonable explanation for our travels. The company is scattered now that lunch has ended and we must gather them to be sure that they all hear the same story to tell.

#the quest #rivendell #baling #the company

1:15 pm
The company is gathered but we have not found Mr Baggins. As he is also part of our traveling group, he has to be aware of what to say to the traders.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bungling burglar

1:20 pm
Mr Baggins has been found. He was reading on a terrace and seems annoyed to having been interrupted. At least I can see that my gift will be useful to him.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

1:43PM I was on a quiet terrace overlooking the gardens, reading the book I borrowed from the Rivendell library, when I was interrupted by the Company deciding to hold a meeting in front of my bench. His Majesty took a seat next to me on the bench and has declared that we need to come up with a suitable cover story to tell strangers, especially since the traders will be staying the night, and who knows what other kinds of people we may meet on the road who do not need to know about the Quest. Even the Elves at Rivendell think we’re just being dragged around by Gandalf or something. The consensus seems to be that the Dwarves are all travelling to see family in the Iron Hills. Admittedly, this isn’t far from the truth, considering the relatively short distance between the Iron Hills and Erebor, and the fact that some members of the Company have been muttering about going to the Iron Hills before properly taking on Smaug at Erebor. However, I don’t look anything like a Dwarf, so I really have no suitable excuses other than ‘wanting to see the wide world’. And if these traders have ever been through the Shire, they would still find me odd considering how few of the Shire-folk ever leave their borders!

I mentioned this, and someone — I think it was Balin, the old traitor — suggested I pose as His Majesty’s spouse. There were snickers at that, but His Majesty glared at everyone and then promptly shot down the idea, citing, of course, the fact that I could not possibly pass as a Dwarf. Balin had a counterargument to that, of course: “But, Thorin, you forget that you are currently in the House of Elrond. Those of us who do know their history would remember that Lord Elrond’s father was transformed into a star, and his mother into a bird. Unconventional couplings are not looked down upon here.”

His Majesty shook his head. “And for those we encounter on the road? No, I would not tell anyone that Mr Baggins is my spouse, for it would only lead to further questioning. I am afraid Mr Baggins will have to come up with his own cover story. I do not doubt his abilities in storytelling, at the very least, so I am sure he will find something suitable.”

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #meddling wizard #brainsdwarf
The company agreed to the story that we are traveling to the Iron Mountains to visit family. When Mr Baggins raised questions about his own created reason for joining our quest, Balin suggested that Mr Baggins pose as my spouse. I am not sure how much money Balin has lost in the wagers about myself and the Hobbit, but it must be quite a sum for him to suggest such a thing. I shot the idea down, for it would be too easily disproved and would only raise more questions. I am sure that Mr Baggins is resourceful and creative enough to come up with an acceptable story on his own.

My nanaddan keep trying to talk me into Balin’s idea, saying that they would not mind pretending to have a new uncle. I can only wonder how much money they have lost in their wagers.

As Gandalf needs to be aware of the story we are to tell if questions arise, I thought it best to find him and inform him myself. My history at locating people in Rivendell, however, has been poor.

2:26PM Balin, Bifur, and Nori have been muttering and gesticulating amongst themselves and occasionally looking back at me, which has disrupted me from my book somewhat. His Majesty has gone off in search of Gandalf, but I suspect they’re talking about him, too. I am still trying to think up a decent excuse for being outside the Shire with a bunch of Dwarves, though no ideas have presented themselves at present. Perhaps a foray into the kitchens and some food will help me think.

2:45 pm

A passing Elf was thankfully able to lead me to where Gandalf was. He was conversing with Lord Elrond about bringing together a council of some sort. I did not hear the details as I approached them, only that they wondered on including the Elvenking of Mirkwood.

I announced myself by saying: “Thranduil is not known to keep his promises and I would not seek counsel with him if I were you.” Lord Elrond and Gandalf turned to me, seeming surprised at my presence. “What sort of council are you after?”

“It is none of your concern,” Lord Elrond said quickly.

“Yes, it is a matter that I need to address with you privately,” I told the wizard.

He excused himself from Lord Elrond, promising to finish their earlier conversation at another time. Lord Elrond left us alone and Gandalf brought us to a secluded area, away from listening ears. When he inquired to what I was after, I told him of my worries about gossip spreading through the traders of our quest and our story to tell them, should the questions arise.

“What of you,” I asked him. “What will be your reason for traveling with us?”

“Well, I am a wizard,” he reasoned. “I may give as many reasons as I please and who will question it? If someone asks and you find yourself in need of an answer, simply say that I have decided to visit the Iron Hills as well, for reasons unknown to you.” That story seemed reasonable enough, as many knew that wizards did as they pleased and if one had decided that the Iron Hills were a fine place to travel to, then that was accepted.

I went to bid Gandalf a farewell but he decided to walk back with me, claiming that I was to pass the kitchens and he wished to stop there for some tea.
While walking, Gandalf inquired about what Mr Baggins planned to tell the traders if they asked why he was traveling, for he could not also claim to be going to see family in the Iron Hills.

“Mr Baggins is responsible for his own story,” I told him simply.

“It will have quite a good reason for a Hobbit to be traveling with 13 Dwarves and a wizard,” Gandalf mused.

“If you try to suggest he pretend to be my spouse, erase the idea from your mind.”

“My!” Gandalf exclaimed. “Where did you get an idea such as that?”

“Balin suggested it earlier and I told him that it would be too much trouble and too easily disproven.”

“Hmm, Balin suggested it, did he?” Gandalf chuckled to himself. “Interesting.”

“If this pertains to that ridiculous wager, I do not want to know,” I told Gandalf.


The wizard gazed at me with innocence on his face but my nanaddan have long since proved to me how false that look was. Gandalf bid me a farewell, as we had reached the kitchens by this point.

Damned wizard.

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3:12PM I found the Elves in the kitchens making desserts for tonight! The dishes for supper look delicious, though I suspect there’s been an increase in spice use due to the new additions to the stock. I am not overfond of some of the spices that burn my mouth, but I suppose eating those may simply take more practice. Judging from last night, the Dwarves seem to like the taste of those spices. The dessert the Elves are making is another kind of Haradrim sweet called halva. It involves taking the sap from the mallow plants that the traders had brought in and mixing it with melted sugar and egg whites, and whisking it until it is thick and fluffy before dusting it with more sugar and putting it into several thin pans to settle. They should be done in time for supper. I helped them whisk the mixture and pour it into pans, though my arms are now very sore from whisking for so long!

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5:29PM

Anonymous asked: the spouse story isn’t entirely preposterous, and fairly believable I might add.

I highly doubt it. Hobbits do not associate with the Big Folk very much, much less get married to them. And I am sure Dwarvish customs would also find it odd that someone like Thorin would ever choose to marry a Hobbit. It would raise more questions than it answers.

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8:06PM Supper was good; we ate with the Orocarni Dwarves again. Dwalin and the Blacklock guard have had their board game brought in from another terrace. It looks similar to draughts, but the different pieces seem to have different abilities, and they seemed intent on capturing one of the crowned pieces, especially since they kept on saying “azbad” at one another whenever they were a step away from capturing the piece. I asked what it was called, and Dwalin said it was called Tasku-Azabâd, or the Game of Kings. The name does seem familiar.

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8:08PM I remember where I heard the name! In Tuckborough and amongst the young Bucklanders there is a game called Thain’s Downfall, which is a board game that is very similar to this. I mentioned this to Nori, who was also watching the game, and he told me that the Dwarves got it from the Haradrim, who call it Senterej, but pretty much everyone in Middle-earth plays by the Dwarvish rules, except the Elves. Obviously. Apparently the Elves play on the lines instead of the
8:15 pm

After supper, a dessert was presented that included a soft creation. It was sweet on the tongue and quite chewy, though it was quickly found to pair well with the sweet-bars. I believe Mr Baggins called it halva.

Dwalin is currently engaged in a match of Tasku-Azabâd against a Blacklock Dwarf from the group of traders. Tasku-Azabâd is a game of strategy and knowing how to read one’s opponent. Balin has been teaching Dwalin how to play from he was born and is the only person I have seen to be able to beat Dwalin. Even I have not been able to beat him as of yet. There is a small betting pool going.

Balin has bet on the Blacklock Dwarf, which has only made Dwalin more determined to win. 

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #dwalin #balin #game of kings

8:21 pm

Anonymous asked: That sounds like a wonderful idea, I’m sure Bilbo will love it!

Thank you, I hope that he does enjoy the bookmark.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8:25 pm

My nanaddan have been having a fun time using skewers to dip different fruits and sweets into the pot of melted sweet-bars. Each time they discover something that they claim is good, they rush to make me one and try it as well. The one they seem to enjoy most is the halva, roasted over the fire until it has a light, blackened crust. I have tried one but admitted that it made the halva too burnt tasting for me.

They returned and presented me with a lightly toasted halva that has also been dipped in the melted sweet-bars. The sweetness defeated the burnt taste and mixed well with the melted halva. I declared it a success. My nanaddan cheered, as if that had been their goal, and returned to dipping various things in the pot.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

8:31 pm

Anonymous asked: Perhaps it would be wise to make sure the flower doesn’t have any hidden meaning? We wouldn’t want a repeat of what happened last time you gave Master Baggins a flower!

(flower anon from before) my apologies, I didn’t realize you had already been told it’s meaning

It is fine, I thank you for your warning. My last attempt at flower gifting did not go as planned, so I am happy that there are others who do not want to see a repeat of it. But yes, Maethedir has explained the flower’s meaning.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #maethedir

8:34 PM I have had several pieces of halva. It is chewy and soft, and goes very well with the sweet bars that have been melted in a small pot over the fire in the terrace’s firepit. You dip the halva in the melted confection with very long skewers, and try not to make a mess of everything as you bring the entire thing up to your mouth.

Kili and Ori have discovered, through trial and error, the best ways to roast the halva over the fire to
make it the right balance of crunchy and gooey. I’m unsure about setting mine on fire, though.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #thing 2

8:35 pm

The company is also enjoying dipping all sorts of things. It is creating quite a mess, however, and it is dripping all over the place. This will call for another trip to the stream, judging by the stains getting created with each thing dipped. Even Mr Baggins, arguably the most cleanly in the group, has had to wipe off a number of spatters from the melted sweet-bars.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bungling burglar

8:42 pm

Anonymous asked: I think Master Baggins will love that flower bookmark you’re making!

Thank you. It is heartening to see that several people believe that he will enjoy the gift.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

9PM The Blacklock guard just won the game against Dwalin. I think at least half of the Company was shocked about that. Except Balin, because Balin has always beat Dwalin at Tasku-Azabād.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #the company

9:05 pm

Dwalin has been beaten! The Blacklock’s last handful of moves were most clever and she was able to steal away Dwalin’s King while Dwalin looked on without being able to do a thing. Balin looks unsurprised and has already begun to tell his brother how he could have won and at what exact point he began to lose.

#the quest #rivendell #dwalin #balin

9:08PM We have started another game of As-Nas, except this time Nori seems content with simply dealing the cards and watching the mayhem. Which does seem to be imminent, as instead of a disrobing penalty, the folks with losing hands must submit to a round of questions or commands. His Majesty is playing, as am I, as well as Balin, Glóin, Lindir, Eithriel, and two Swerting traders: Karam from Khand, and Seble from Far Harad. When Nori explained the rules, Karam often made corrections to them, so I wouldn’t be surprised if we ended up playing with two sets of rules, if that’s at all possible. Nori keeps on trying to introduce a play called the ‘flush’, and Karam seems equally determined to call it a corruption of the game.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #that asshole #brainsdwarf #firedwarf

9:10 pm

A different game is being started and Balin has put a hold on lecturing his brother to join. Not many others in the company are joining the game, choosing either to head to bed or to stay near the sweets. I have decided to join, as they are playing As-Nas and I have been known to have an unreadable face while playing that keeps others from guessing at what my cards could be. It also has the added twist of the losing hand having to choose to answer a question or complete a command. It usually
The game proved entertaining, to say the least. I was already aware of what to look for in telling signs for the two company members playing: Balin and Glóin, as Nori was simply dealing. Mr Baggins, I noticed, had a tendency to twitch his nose a certain way if his cards were terrible. However, I had never played against the two Easterlings and two Elves and watched them closely. They were all skilled at keeping their faces blank, though nervous tics in their fingers or the way their shoulders rounded on some hands gave them away.

I went quite a while without being forced to choose a question or command but I finally got caught with the losing hand. I chose a question and was oddly asked which dessert I would eat if I had to choose only one to eat for the rest of my days. I had never considered such a question so the answer took me a few minutes, but I finally decided on the small blueberry cakes from the Blue Mountains. Some were not so lucky as to receive such an easy question or command. Glóin was made to make nothing but bird calls for nearly ten minutes and the Easterling trader, Seble, had to tell us of an embarrassing story from her childhood.

Mr Baggins, in my opinion, got the worst command of the entire game and my name was somehow dragged into his command. I have Balin to blame - he must be losing more money in the wager than I originally believed. Balin commanded Mr Baggins to tell the next passerby that he and I were engaged. Mr Baggins and I both tried to argue against this command but we were told that it was the rules of the game.

An Elf choose that moment to deliver tea to the table. Mr Baggins, so red in the face that even the tips of his ears had turned bright red, quickly announced the lie of our engagement. The Elf seemed confused but accepted the news and moved on. I can only hope that Elves are not too gossipy and that that Elf simply forgets what he heard.

Mr Baggins stayed mostly quiet after that command and made it through the rest of the game with only one other command. He had to stuff as much of the halva into his mouth as possible. I cannot imagine why Glóin commanded him to do such a thing, as it seemed like a waste of the halva. Mr Baggins' cheeks got quite round and I was once again reminded of rabbit.

I lost a few hands and simply asked for a question each time. One question, however, was what was my most unattainable fantasy. I immediately pictured Erebor, in all the glory that I remember it, before we were driven out. The stone walls and towering ceilings, the never ending sounds and warm lights. My mind also recalled Mr Baggins' house, with its warm feeling and loved beams. I remember how comfortable and secure Mr Baggins had been there and the feeling of jealousy that had risen within me. Jealousy of the sense of home that I had felt there.

I answered that a home is my most unattainable fantasy. There were some snickers at the answer, but it was the truth.

My nanaddan deemed it a success that everyone had managed to eat all of the halva. I am not sure if there is more in the kitchens or not, but a truly impressive amount was eaten tonight.

10:30 pm

I have had a most… entertaining evening.

The game went well, considering its rocky beginnings. Balin proved to be quite good, which of course led to some accusations of cheating, but not as many as last night when people were trying to hold onto their clothes. Nevertheless, these past few days have shown me that Balin has a very latent vicious streak that comes out best in games and stratagems, considering the particular delight he took in asking questions or giving commands that were sure to embarrass the victims.

I got to experience this first-hand, as I should probably not have laughed at his discomfort when he was questioned about his most recent public embarrassment, because on the next set of stakes I had a
truly horrible hand, and Balin was the winner for that round. He promptly demanded whether I
would like a question or a command, and I could tell by the twinkle in his eyes that he was
formulating something particularly mortifying.
I tried to be brave, and I said, “command”, and I knew the moment I said it that that was my second
mistake of the evening.
Balin told me to go up to the first person that walked up to our table and tell them that I was engaged
to His Majesty. I had the sneaking suspicion that he’s lost a great deal of money in the Conspiracy,
and is trying to play matchmaker, given that this is the second time he’s brought up the idea of me
posing as His Majesty’s spouse. And of course before I could try to convince people not to approach
the table, an Elf came over with a teapot and asked if we would like more tea.
I had to tell this Elf that I was engaged to His Majesty. They seemed a bit taken aback by it, and even
His Majesty was turning bright red at his place at the table.
I spent the rest of the game taking great care to throw all my bad hands, and eventually ended up
more or less just observing the rest of the group. Eithriel asked His Majesty to name his most
unattainable fantasy, and he seemed to spend a great deal of time mulling over the answer before
informing everyone that it was ‘having a home’. I saw Glóin rolling his eyes and Lindir chuckling
into his tea.
Seble and Karam were also pretty good at the game, better than Balin by several hands. The one time
Seble lost a round, Eithriel asked her what her most embarrassing childhood incident was, and she
told us about her big extended family and their frequent dinner parties, and how her older brothers
once swapped the salt and the sugar containers, causing her to salt her grandmother’s birthday cake
on accident.
On the whole, the evening had been enjoyable, though I had two moments of utter mortification —
the one involving the elf with the tea, and the one requiring me to stuff my face with halva until my
cheeks could not handle any more. I am exhausted now, but at least I found out through the game
that His Majesty has a weakness for little cakes. Perhaps my message of thankfulness could be made
through that.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brainsdwarf #firedwarf #the bagginshield conspiracy

June 7th, 2015

Bilbo

8:01AM

Anonymous asked: The spouse story might just be the most believable one though, even if it
does seem unlikely. It would be a very good reason as to why you’re travelling with dwarves
and so far from home. Although it might be very rare, it’s probably not unheard of for such a
partnership to take place. I’m sure with a little imagination you could make the story quite
convincing.
Personally, I think I’d prefer the excuse ‘ran away from home to join the Dwarvish circus’ to
‘married to Thorin Oakenshield’. I doubt anyone would be convinced we’re the least bit married. We
argue too much, and I know next to nothing about him and his family other than the ones I’ve been
travelling with. I also don’t know a lick of Dwarvish, which would also ruin the act.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

Thorin
The Easterlings are getting ready to depart Rivendell, once they have finished their breakfast. The ones who had stayed awake with the company look to be regretting that decision, their eyes narrowed with exhaustion.

After my own breakfast, I went to the forges. Maethedir greeted me and I returned it. We briefly chatted as I got my area set up and brought the flower out to finish. Before I started, however, Maethedir cleared his throat. I focused on him and waited.

“I don’t mean to pry but I only wish to clarify a rumor,” he started. “Is it true that you are engaged to the Hobbit, Mr Bilbo Baggins?”

I nearly dropped the hammer I was holding. “No!” I declared. “I am not! That was a daring joke that my company has tried to spread. There is nothing but friendship between Mr Baggins and I.”

Maethedir hummed to himself. “That is what I guessed.”

“You said it was a rumor,” I said. “How much has this rumor spread?”

“Well,” Maethedir said, stretching the word. “It’s all around Rivendell by this point, I believe.”

I sighed deeply. It had not even been a full day, and already that command from the game last night has proven to be most troublesome. I asked Maethedir that if he heard anyone speak of the rumor, to please tell them that it was false. He promised and left me to my work.

10AM The Swerting traders have left. Some of them were up last night drunkenly singing, and I imagine those people were regretting that decision at breakfast.

The Orocarni Dwarves in particular were seen off quite well by the Company, with hopes that they will deliver the messages given them to waiting families in the Blue Mountains.

10:05AM I think I shall get some reading done before lunch; I have just finished the tale of the Elf-child who lost her way in the forest, but her songs to Elbereth opened up a starlit avenue back out of the depths of the forest. Maybe His Majesty needs to learn that song, though I can’t imagine he’d like to sing in Elvish just to get out of a forest.

11:30 am

The flower is complete, though I still need to add details and polish the metal, as well as make the thin rod that the flower will be attached to. I will most likely be able to finish the rod by tomorrow and would only need another day to get the details worked in and everything polished. I am debating on carving words into the rod.

For now, lunch approaches and I should return to my room and its wash basin.

12:45 pm

The addition of meat to the meals has greatly increased the company’s enthusiasm for eating Elvish food. And, compared to the soup we were served before, this food is much easier to throw around.

1:30 pm

I approached Mr Baggins after lunch about practicing his swordfighting, as it is quite important that he do so. He reluctantly agreed to meet me in the practice fields in an hour’s time. I asked why he wanted to wait, as more time practicing meant more progress. Mr Baggins insisted that he needed
time to digest his food before I have him “go wave a sword around in the sun for hours.”

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

1:34PM There were some giggles and pointed whispers in my direction at lunch. I would have expected it from the Company, but apparently even the Elves are doing it. Do I want to know why?
#adventureblogging

2:29PM His Majesty cornered me after lunch and told me that since I had time now to practice my swordfighting, I should. I did want to try to avoid it, but I imagine he won’t let the issue drop until I actually make my way out to the practice fields. So here I go, hopefully not to my death from exhaustion.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #wish me luck

2:33PM
Anonymous asked: I'm afraid that a rumor about yours and Master Oakenshield's engagement has spread around Rivendell, likely from that game last night. Master Oakenshield has asked one of the Elves to let others know of the truth, but it will probably take a while until they understand their mistake.
Why am I not surprised? Gandalf once said that Elves are excellent folk for news. Now I suspect it’s less news and more gossip that he gives them credit for.
#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard #the bagginshield conspiracy

5:10PM I have, in fact, not died. But I think I did come close, out of sheer mortification.
We were working on footwork again, moving back and forth. I think I’m getting better at that, which of course means now I have to toss in figuring out what to do with my arms as well. His Majesty kept on trying to correct my swings, always narrowly avoiding getting knocked about himself. So that went relatively normally. After the lesson, we were both extremely tired and sweaty, and His Majesty went so far as to take off his tunic to wipe the sweat from his brows. And I was sorely tempted to copy him, but of course I didn’t, because I’m a respectable gentlehobbit who most certainly didn’t have the physique to be taking my shirt off in public in front of other people! So my shirt stayed right where it was.
But not His Majesty, no. He’d just finished wiping his brows when his sister-children decided it would be a great idea to try and ride on his shoulders like a bunch of Dwarflings. Except that didn’t go exactly as planned, and they more or less ended up tackling him to the ground. Which I suppose would’ve looked a lot funnier had he not taken me down with him as he fell.
So now my head hurts, I’m still feeling a bit dazed, and I really don’t want to know how many people in Rivendell saw His Majesty pressing me against the ground, for certainly Fíli and Kíli were not there when I finally got up and looked around. His Majesty apologised profusely, of course, and I told him it wasn’t his fault. Really, when we are not bickering, we are spending far too much time apologising to one another instead.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #imagine a brick wall falling on you

5:30 pm
It seems to be the life goal of my nanaddan to cause as much mischief as possible. Mr Baggins and I had just finished the lesson when Fíli and Kíli decided it would be fun to tackle me. They claimed that they were simply trying to give me a surprise hug.
Their “hug” resulted in me being knocked over, as I was not expecting the weight of two fully
grown Dwarves to land on me just then. I landed, unfortunately, on Mr Baggins, though I tried to
keep as much of mine and my nanaddan’s weight off of the Hobbit. Fíli and Kíli took their time
getting off of me (and they disappeared once they had gotten to their feet, which further leads me to
believe that their tackle had indeed been mischief based.)
I was finally able to remove myself from atop Mr Baggins, who had turned quite red, most likely
angry and embarrassed at having been knocked over by three Dwarves. I apologized and he insisted
that it was not my fault.
I have had a talk with my nanaddan, as they have been acting like nothing but children this entire
quest thus far. I threatened that I had half a mind to send them back to their mother in the Blue
Mountains unless they acted their age. They apologized for their numerous immature actions and I
sent them on their way.

7:15 pm

We are joined at supper by Lord Elrond’s own twin sons, Elladan and Elrohir. Twins are nearly
unheard of to Dwarves, which has lead the company to be quite entranced with the two Elves. It is
one thing to know that twins are identical, it is another to see it with one’s own eyes. They talked
with Ori and Dori, the two who had invited the twins to join us, but they also chatted with most of
the company as well.
I expected them to be similar to Lord Elrond in manner, but as someone who has helped raise two
mischief makers, I can recognize the type when I see them.

7:50 pm Dori and Ori have brought two Elves with them to dinner. Their names are Elladan and
Elrohir, and they are the twin sons of Lord Elrond. The Company is fascinated by them for some
reason.
Elladan and Elrohir have brought out some old tables and chairs to turn into firewood for the fire pit,
so that the Company can continue their experiments in roasting the leftover halva, as well as toasting
other things like sausages and buns.

7:55 pm

Elladan and Elrohir have brought old furniture, saying that it will not be missed and should be
burned. The company had no objections, especially when more of the halva was brought out, along
with sausages and such things.

8pm Bombur was on one of the old tables when Bofur threw a sausage at him. The sausage was
almost inconsequentially small and light, and yet it was this small addition of weight that caused the
table to collapse. The twins seemed particularly pleased by Bofur and Bombur’s little trick.
While the company is entertained, I have spotted Lord Elrond and Gandalf in conversation. I interrupted them yesterday and have been unable to learn anything more about the council they seek to gather. Perhaps listening in will tell what I wish to know.

#the quest #rivendell #the wizard #elrond

9:25PM I had decided to leave the company for bed, but when I was taking the steps leading away from the dining terrace, I overheard voices in the garden below.

It was Gandalf and Lord Elrond, and Lord Elrond seemed displeased about something. He told Gandalf that the presence of the Dwarves was ‘too convenient’, that they clearly had another purpose for being here with Gandalf while he was also simultaneously calling for an attack on Dol Guldur, the fortress of the Necromancer. Was he, perhaps, hoping they would slay a certain dragon on their way to the Iron Hills?

~~

Gandalf’s voice got significantly quieter after that as he said something to Lord Elrond. It must have been the details of the Quest, because Lord Elrond then demanded to know what would happen if the plan should fail and the dragon not be killed. Gandalf, of course, was more of an optimist in that regard, pointing out the myriad of benefits that would come should the Dwarves retake the Mountain, including the prevention of an alliance between Smaug and the Necromancer. That, and the fact that Thorin Oakenshield had a right to retake his homeland.

Lord Elrond got significantly more worried about that. “Gandalf,” he said, “There is a strain of madness in that family. You know perfectly well that they were in possession of a Ring of Power which was one of the underlying sources of the wealth of Erebor. The Dwarven Rings of Power —”

“Did not succeed in submitting the Dwarves to the will Sauron, nay, not even those who dwelt in the East. Dwarves are not as easily swayed to evil as you would believe it so, Master Elrond.”

“And yet the rings were tainted by Sauron,” said Lord Elrond, pausing below on the bridge to look at Gandalf. “There is a curse upon the gold of those who use the Seven to beget more gold. Though the Ring of the House of Durin is reclaimed, how can we be sure that the gold it begot would not reawaken the madness that afflicted its bearers before? To that Ring, his grandfather lost his mind. His father succumbed to the same sickness. Can you swear that the will of Thorin Oakenshield will hold against both a dragon’s curse and the legacy of the Seventh Ring?”

I could hear footsteps behind me pausing, and I suspected that it was indeed Thorin who stood behind me, listening in to Lord Elrond talking about his family history.

“Gandalf,” continued the Elf-lord, “these decisions do not rest with us alone. It is not up to you or me to redraw the map of Middle-earth.”

“No, it is not,” agreed Gandalf, as they continued along the bridge and out of sight. “With or without our help, these Dwarves will march on the Mountain. They are determined to reclaim their homeland.”

Their voices faded away, and I turned to see Thorin looking at me, his expression placid as though he was trying hard not to make it seem like he had heard what he had heard. I had no idea what to do or say, so I nodded at him.

“For what it’s worth, I think you can find a way,” I said, trying to comfort him, and then I left for bed.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #meddling wizard

9:45 pm

Gandalf has told Lord Elrond of our quest and its true purpose. And Lord Elrond has only spoken warnings and talked of curses. My family’s curse specifically. He speaks as if it will most certainly happen, as if going near the mountain will surely drive me mad.
Well, I am not my grandfather, and I have no intention of allowing any curse to stop us from reclaiming Erebor.

Mr Baggins also overheard Gandalf and Lord Elrond’s conversation, yet I could not have predicted his reaction to my presence while also listening to doubts of my sanity in the future. I had feared that the warnings that Lord Elrond spoke of would sway him from the quest, but he simply nodded at me and offered words of encouragement and faith. They were simple, and yet I found myself heartened.

#the quest #rivendell #the wizard #elrond #bungling burglar #my grandfather
June 8 - June 14

Chapter Notes

As of this chapter, Asks will be displayed in a different way. Now, instead of:

Q: Question
A: Answer

Asks will now be shown as:

Anonymous asked: Question
Answer

'Anonymous' will be changed to a blog name if available. Tags will remain the same.
All previous chapters will be edited so that all Asks are presented this way.

June 8th, 2015

Thorin

8:30 am

My sleep was restless and broken, Gandalf and Lord Elrond’s words haunting me. They followed me as I rose and dressed, and they sat bitter in my mouth, deterring me from my breakfast. Maethedir inquired if I was well when I entered the forges. I told him that I was simply tired, as that was certainly true. He left me to my work, for which I am thankful.

#the quest #rivendell #the wizard #elrond #maethedir

Bilbo

9AM There are more visitors at Rivendell. This morning on my way to breakfast, I spotted Galdor of Lindon talking to Lord Elrond. He seemed to recognise me, as he smiled in my direction before resuming his conversation.

#adventureblogging

11:23AM Ori and I have been in the library all morning, though our reading was interrupted when Galdor came by and asked me how I was faring. I told him I was well, and introduced him to Ori, who wondered why I never mentioned that I had met Elves before. Galdor told him we had met during Yestarë, Elvish New Year, when he had been delivering trade items from the Havens to Rivendell.

Galdor also found it odd that there would be so many Dwarves in Rivendell. He wondered if they had been invited to the Council in three day’s time. I asked what council, and he immediately apologised and said that if I did not know about the Council, then I should not ask too much about it, as the subject matter is too dark for merry hearts.

When he left, Ori wondered if Gandalf would be at the Council. “If he was, perhaps that’s why he wanted us to go to Rivendell. So that we could get advice from the Wise.” “Perhaps,” I said, but I doubted it. It took so much effort for His Majesty to come meet with Lord Elrond; it would take even more for him to accept advice from an entire council of Elves.
I made the rod for the bookmark, giving it a curved end that will attach to the flower while the main part will rest within the book’s pages. When I was wielding the flower to the rod end, my mind was not focused on my work. Instead, I was dwelling on Lord Elrond’s warning of our arrival into Erebor and the prediction of my madness.

My distraction resulted in my hand getting burned. It was not a serious burn but large enough to require a covering. I took it as a sign that I was much too unfocused to continue work on the bookmark. I put it to the side and cleaned my area with one hand, keeping the other from further damage.

I told Maethedir of the injury and that I intended to head to the infirmary. He wished me well and I left the forges. Óin was thankfully in the infirmary, asking the Elves questions and learning several recipes for things we may need once we leave. He carefully applied some extract from a plant I had seen growing in the gardens to my burn and wrapped it. I can still move my hand, as the burn is mostly across the back and the knuckles. Óin asked me if I had seen the new Elf that had arrived this morning. I confessed that I had not and Óin reported that he had heard that the Elf, Galdor, had come to be part of a council of some sort. I imagine it is the same council that Gandalf and Lord Elrond were speaking of. I thanked Óin for the information and for treating my burn and left the infirmary.

Eithriel and I are having a tea-meal today. We are dining separately from the Company, because they aren’t allowed to have tea-meals. The Elves have gotten exasperated with the Dwarvish habit of throwing food, and are therefore serving them meals that aren’t as easily tossed around. Of course, the Dwarves can always access buns and dumplings and all of that, but they won’t get them at meal-times.

Amongst the Elves — and the little Dúnadan whom I’ve yet to meet, who has several little steamer baskets full of dumpling-buns to himself — there is an old man who looks similar to Gandalf, except he is clad in white and has a rather severe expression on his face at all times. Eithriel calls him Curunír, and says that he is skilled in the lore of magical rings.

I found that I had little desire for food and much more a desire to find Gandalf and ask him about this council that is happening. Did Lord Elrond call for it after hearing the true purpose of our quest? Balin also reported that another wizard had appeared, stern-looking and in all white. What could this council be discussing? Could this be why Gandalf was so insistent on coming to Rivendell? Bofur voiced concern as to Mr Baggins’ location just as I excused myself from the lunch table and went to find Gandalf for some answers. I glanced at the table and noticed that Mr Baggins was not in fact present. However, while looking back, my foot caught on a leg of a small side table that held a vase of flowers. The vase tumbled to the ground before I could catch it. The company hollered at the crash, applauding at my clumsiness.

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I located Gandalf and asked him about those who are gathering for the council and its purpose. He tried to turn my mind away from the council but I persisted. I asked if it had to do with our quest and Gandalf insisted that it did not. I inquired if it had been the real reason that he had been so determined to come to Rivendell. Gandalf assured that our trip to Rivendell had been necessary and this council was a separate matter.

While I must accept his words, I find that I do not fully believe them.

1:14PM During our tea-meal, Galdor showed up at our table. Eithriel recognised him from her childhood, and the two have gone off to converse before Eithriel’s afternoon patrol begins. It does seem that with Elves, the world is small, as they all seem to know one another.

1:15 pm

I returned to the company and asked if any had seen Mr Baggins. It would be wise to keep his swordfighting practices at the same time of day, so that he can grow to expect them. As of now, he seems only to dread them.

When I entered the terrace, however, I tripped over the same table as before. A new vase had been placed on the table since I had been through, and this vase also fell to the ground and shattered. I do not know why I cannot seem to properly walk past this table. The company seems amused by my clumsiness today, at least.

I helped to pick up the flowers and broken pieces of the vase, apologizing for breaking two vases within such a short time. The table was moved to left a few inches, though no new vase was set on it.

1:25 pm

I have gone to the kitchens in search of a new vase for the table. One was quickly located, though the Elf that helped me to find one has suggested that I pick the flowers to go within. She pointed out the way to kitchen gardens and said that any from the area would be fine.

1:35 pm

I do not know which flowers to choose. There are a wide assortment and quite a cloud of pollen in the air from them. I have begun to sneeze from it all.

1:37PM When I returned to the Company’s terrace after my meal, I was told that I was missed, and that His Majesty is tearing Rivendell apart to find me for our swordfighting lesson. I certainly hope that was exaggeration on Bofur’s part.

1:45PM I found His Majesty in the kitchen gardens, angrily sneezing up a storm because he’s had a bad reaction to some of the flowers. I lent him my handkerchief (take that!) and asked him if he’s damaged any part of Rivendell while searching for me, and he admits that maybe a couple vases were knocked off their tables.

We are to meet in the practice fields again once he’s seen Óin about this reaction, as parts of his face
Mr Baggins managed to locate me in the kitchen gardens. However, the flower pollen had started to make my face feel swollen. I am sure I must have looked quite a sight, sneezing with nearly every breath and eyes watering. Mr Baggins allowed me to borrow his handkerchief and I promised to return it once I had washed it. I then instructed Mr Baggins to meet me in the practice fields once I had sought help from Óin.

I returned to the infirmary and Óin made a jest about my frequent visits today. He applied the nettle poultice that he used on Bombur in the Marshlands. I sought to leave once he was done, but Óin instructed that I sit and let the medicine work. I am still sneezing somewhat, so I have grateful that Mr Baggins allowed me to use his handkerchief.

I finally insisted to Óin that I had to depart, as I had an appointment with Mr Baggins to keep. He tried to argue that I had to let the poultice sit longer but I have stopped sneezing and feel well enough. I thanked Óin for his service and left the infirmary.

When I met with Mr Baggins, he commented on the poultice still present on my face. I told him to ignore it but he insisted that my eye still looked swollen. I assured that I could see well enough and that his lesson was more important.

His footwork is improving, though he still gets flustered when instructed to swing the sword. It is my hope that Mr Baggins does not have to face battle one day, as I am not optimistic of how he would fare.

Swordfighting lessons have been tiring enough to make me fall asleep in the tub, it seems. At least it was in the privacy of my own room, and there are no Company members around to whistle at me. Maybe if I continue to attend these lessons, I, too, will become a strong brick wall like His Majesty.

Can’t say I like the prospect of that, though. Excepting the roast duck and the almond tea, I’ve never seen him eat to excess. Must be a miserable sort of diet. He needs to eat more.

I woke with Gandalf and Lord Elrond’s words still on my mind. As much as I fight against them, I cannot help but wonder if their predictions will prove true.
7:14PM His Majesty is barely eating anything for supper. It can’t be because of the lack of meat, as there is plenty of it in the stew. The Company has considerably warmed up to Elvish cooking, though most of us are still floundering over how to use serving sticks. I think I’ve gotten much better since Eithriel tied the strip of paper to mine. Still, Dori, Bombur, and Glóin have mastered it much better than me, and without the paper, too.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #winedwarf #bigdwarf #firedwarf

7:23PM Ori is talking about the council that Galdor mentioned in the library this morning. I could see His Majesty visibly tense over the subject, so maybe that’s why he’s not eating as much. “Do you think they’d also invite us?” Fíli wondered. “It might be because of the Quest.” “I doubt it, laddie,” said Balin. “Lindon has no stakes in our Quest. The Grey Shipwright would not have sent someone if the council concerned us.” “You never know,” said Kíli rather defensively. “Our tutors said that the Grey Shipwright sent aid in the Fall of Arthedain.” “Arthedain is closer to Lindon than Erebor,” Balin pointed out.

I was curious. “The...Grey Shipwright?” I asked. “The oldest of the Elves in Middle-earth. He is, I believe, called Círdan,” explained Balin. “He’s got a beard!” added Kíli. “Imagine that, an Elf with a beard!” “He is said to be the one who makes the ships for the Elves to sail over the Sea to the lands beyond,” finished Balin. “Admittedly, I do not know much of him beyond that he is considered one of the Wise, but either way, he would have no interest in the fate of our Quest.” “And I would not ask him to,” snapped His Majesty, rising to his feet. “The Elves would only seek to dissuade us from our Quest. I do not doubt that this Círdan’s advice would be the same.” And he excused himself.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #brainsdwarf

7:30 pm

I have been attempting to guess at what the council could be discussing. And it seems that I am not the only one. The company was debating as well if the council would be talking of the quest or not. Balin believed that it was of something else, as the Elf who had arrived this morning represented another who would care not for this quest.

As if any Elf would see our quest in good light. So far, we have faced nothing but opposition from the Elves in their opinion of this quest. Lord Elrond himself even believes that we are to fail. I told the company that it was just as well that the new Elf does not weigh in on our matters, as I would not want his opinion anyway. It would just be more dark words predicting our failure.

#the quest #rivendell #balin #elrond #the company

8:12PM We are gathered now in the Hall of Fire. Dori has been going here fairly regularly. I wish I could say the same, as I am sure to have missed several excellent performances. Lindir and Cellinnel are performing with a couple of other Elves; Lindir’s voice is very good, blending well with the instrumentals led by Cellinnel and her zither.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

8:15PM The Dwarves have found refreshments, but they aren’t throwing them. The Elves are
probably very relieved about that, even though the lack of food flying through the air means the Dwarves dislike the performance.

#adventureblogging #the company

8:15 pm

I headed down to the stream, so as to wash out Mr Baggins’ handkerchief. It should be properly dry by morning and I will most likely be able to return it to Mr Baggins by lunch. There is no one here at the stream, as the sun has already set and most prefer to wash their clothing and things in the daylight. But the calm sounds of the water are soothing at the moment.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

8:45PM Nori demanded, in his usual callous way, that the Elves not sing something so dirgelike, because he feels like he’s “at a funeral”. Óin has stuffed his ear-trumpet with Bofur’s scarf. I suppose it’s too much to ask the Dwarves to like Elvish singing as well as Elvish food.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #trumpetdwarf #hatdwarf #this lot is so rude

9PM After the first performance, Bofur decided that he was going to liven up the performance by rushing out to the centre of the hall and starting to sing about the Man in the Moon visiting an inn to drink some ale:

There is an inn, a merry old inn
beneath an old grey hill,
And there they brew a beer so brown
That the Man in the Moon himself came down
one night to drink his fill.

The ostler has a tipsy cat
that plays a five-stringed fiddle;
And up and down he saws his bow
Now squeaking high, now purring low,
now sawing in the middle.

So the cat on the fiddle played hey-diddle-diddle,
a jig that would wake the dead:
He squeaked and sawed and quickened the tune,
While the landlord shook the Man in the Moon:
'It's after three!’ he said.

It’s a boisterous song, but I thought it was a bit too short, and there wasn’t enough about the Man in the Moon, either. After Bofur finished his song (being heartily pelted by refreshments courtesy of the other members of the Company as he did so), I told him that the song needed some additions, and he suggested I write them. I told him I would only do it if he agreed to perform it. He agreed readily enough.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company

9:14PM Apparently, His Majesty can play the harp.

I was not aware of this, considering how bulky a harp would have been amongst our supplies. And His Majesty seems like he would have rather kept this talent of his hidden as well, considering how it took some pushing and prodding by the Company to get him to agree to a performance tomorrow
night.
I must admit, I look forward to hearing what he can do with a harp.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #why has he not mentioned that he could play the harp? #that's actually quite interesting

9:20 pm

I was making my way back to my room when I overheard Bofur singing with the company around him. I paused to listen and my nanaddan noticed my presence. They waved me closer and I approached and sat near them.

Bofur’s song mentioned a fiddle and the squawk it could produce. Fíli joked that it sounded as if Bofur was describing Kíli’s violin playing. Kíli argued that it was Fíli who always sounded as if he were squeaking and yowling on his instrument. I told them that they were both right and that it was due to their constant avoidance of practice.

They turned the tables on me and said that they had never saw me practicing the harp, yet I played well. I explained that I had practiced, all through my youth, as they should be doing. Dwalin, overhearing, swore that he had not heard me play the harp in ages and that I would most likely squawk myself if I were to play one now.

Our conversation had gotten quite loud and one of the Elves mentioned that they had a harp available, if I wanted to play. This news caused a minor uproar as my nanaddan, Balin, and Dwalin gathered together to convince me to play. I tried to argue but against the four of them, I finally agreed to play, though I had them agree that tomorrow night would be better than immediately. I have never played on an Elvish harp and it is much bigger than the style I am used to playing. A day to test it would be most helpful.

Before I was wrestled into doing something else, I bid the company a good night and retired to my room. I hung Mr Baggins’ handkerchief up to dry and am now lying down with the remembered sound of harp song playing in my head.

#the quest #rivendell #bofur #my sister children #balin #dwalin

June 9th, 2015

Thorin

8 am

I awoke feeling fully rested as my sleep had been, thankfully, uninterrupted. I debated on going to the forge to finish Mr Baggins’ bookmark or going to find the Elvish harp. The bookmark is nearly complete, however, and I would have plenty of time after lunch to practice.

I went down to the forge and greeted Maethedir. He showed me the tools they have for engraving while we chatted. He mentioned that he heard that I was to play the harp tonight and asked if I would be fine with him attending. I told him that he was welcome to and he seemed pleased.

#the quest #rivendell #maethedir

10:15 am

The engraving is complete. The words are only present on one side of the thin rod and are written in Khuzdul. All that is left is to polish it to a shine.

#the quest #rivendell
11:34AM Bofur and I have spent the morning extending the Man in the Moon song. I’d thought the song ran similarly to a Hobbit nursery rhyme:

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

So I’ve added a little verse about a dog, a cow, and a drawer of cutlery, but I don’t know where to continue from there. So far, the new verses run thus:

There is an inn, a merry old inn
beneath an old grey hill,
And there they brew a beer so brown
That the Man in the Moon himself came down
one night to drink his fill.

The ostler has a tipsy cat
that plays a five-stringed fiddle;
And up and down he saws his bow
Now squeaking high, now purring low,
own sawing in the middle.

The landlord keeps a little dog
That is mighty fond of jokes;
When there’s good cheer among the guests,
He cocks an ear at all the jests
And laughs until he chokes.

They also keep a hornéd cow
As proud as any queen;
But music turns her head like ale,
And makes her wave her tufted tail
And dance upon the green.

And O! the rows of silver dishes
And the store of silver spoons!
For Sunday there’s a special pair,
And these they polish up with care
On Saturday afternoons.

So the cat on the fiddle played hey-diddle-diddle,
a jig that would wake the dead:
He squeaked and sawed and quickened the tune,
While the landlord shook the Man in the Moon:
‘It's after three!’ he said.

I will think about how to bridge the introductory verses to the last verse that Bofur sang, and maybe get the rest of the nursery rhyme told as well.
I have finished the bookmark! It came out quite well and I am sure Mr Baggins will enjoy it.

12:25PM I have just narrowly avoided colliding with an extremely powerful Elf-lady. She had hair as gold as sunlight and is clad in white. Her gaze was piercing, as if she was turning me inside-out with her eyes. I could hear her voice in my head. She knew my name.

I asked her (out loud) who she was, as I had never seen her here before. She said she was the Lady Galadriel of the realm of Lothlórien. She then asked me what I was doing so far from home, and I didn’t know what to say to that, so I kept silent. But I suspect she knew exactly what I was doing there, no matter what I said.

I suddenly got in my mind the images of my chair by the fire and the kettle starting to whistle for tea, and I was struck with a keen bout of homesickness. But I thought of the Company, and my duty to them as listed in the contract, and I think I impressed her, because the images in my mind faded, and she smiled.

I suspect I am not going to recover so easily from that.

1:02PM Turns out I’m not the only one who has met the Lady Galadriel this morning. Glóin has as well; she had been passing him when she had suddenly taken him by the arm and insisted that “great things will come from [his] bloodline in the future”. Glóin was unsettled by this, as apparently there is a legend amongst the Dwarves (and some of the Men who live in the nearest lands to her realm) about the Lady of the Golden Wood — namely, that she is an Elf-witch, and that she can look into the hearts of those who are too close to her and ensnare them with her charms.

I declared that he was being ridiculous; the Lady seemed far too kind to be a witch. However, it seems that His Majesty doesn’t look very pleased by my answer. I wonder why.

1:15 pm

At lunch, Glóin spoke of his encounter with an Elf-lady that he believed to the be the Elf-witch of legend. The company looked thoroughly concerned, until Mr Baggins spoke up about his encounter with the same Elf. The way he described her, one would think he was quite taken with her. I cannot say that I am surprised that he has been drawn to an Elf, seeing how much he adores the rest of the Elves.

1:34PM His Majesty pulled me aside after lunch and told me that since he needed the afternoon to practice on the Elvish harp, we would not be practising swordfighting today. I thanked him, and the tips of his ears turned red. He then shuffled around a bit nervously, before saying that he was sorry (again) for falling on me. I told him not to think too much on it, and he pushed a cloth-wrapped parcel into my hands and then strode away.
I pulled Mr Baggins aside after lunch and informed him that his practice will have to wait, as I intend to use the afternoon to practice on the Elvish harp. He seemed pleased with the day off from training. I also presented him with the bookmark, wrapped in his handkerchief. I did not stay too long to see his reaction to it, however. Just before I gave it to him, I began to worry that perhaps the meaning of the flower was different between Elves and Hobbits and I would accidentally insult him once again.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #I hope that I have not just made the same mistake twice

1:40PM

His Majesty has made me this. It is a chrysanthemum bookmark wrought from steel. There’s something in Khuzdul carved on the side, but I don’t know what it says. I shall have to think of something better than a single meat pie to thank him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #travelling

2 pm

I was shown to the Elvish harp and provided a seat. It is quite different from a Dwarvish harp. I have tested the sound and can already tell that it will take me some time to get accustomed to this instrument. However, I should hopefully have it down well enough for tonight.

#the quest #rivendell

3:24PM I have been thinking up more verses for the extended verses for the Man in the Moon song, but nothing that really satisfies me has come up. On a brighter note, however, I have met the little Dúnadan at last! His name is Estel, and he calls the Lady Galadriel his grandmother, which I suppose is a lot easier to say in Elvish than great-aunt, as he also calls Lord Elrond his uncle. The two of them read over my poem, and Estel gave it his grin of approval before pulling his grandmother away to see the coloured carp.

I wonder why he is here, and what lies in store for him when he matures.

#adventureblogging
The feel of this harp is, as expected, much different than what I am used to but I believe that I have finally become adjusted to it. I have replayed a few songs and while the tone is not quite the same, it is still recognizable.

Anonymous asked: That bookmark is beautiful! I think he must be growing quite fond of you as a friend to put that much effort into a gift. Perhaps one of the Company can tell you what the Khuzdul says? I'm sure whatever you decide to give him in return will be much appreciated. You're quite adept at songs and poetry, maybe you could write him one or the other? I'm sure food would always be gratefully received though.

Thank you for the suggestions! I might go ask Bofur or Ori what it says, but I do have some reservations, as there have been some wildly desperate measures taken by some members of the Company to, for lack of a better phrase, throw me at His Majesty, and I don’t think I could trust any translations from those who are most affected by the Conspiracy.

My nanaddan came to tell me that supper was going to be served soon. They stayed while I continued playing and applauded when I finished. I pointed out that it because I practiced that I was able to play this different harp and I heard them grumble something about thinking this quest was going to be fun.

I had been so lost in rhymes and rhythms that I had almost forgotten that His Majesty would be performing tonight until dinner, when Fíli and Kíli did a toast to their uncle who has become fairly proficient in the art of playing the Elvish harp. I asked Balin what the differences were between Elvish and Dwarvish harps, and he replied saying that Dwarvish harps don’t have two rows of connected strings or pedals, that their soundbox is shaped and placed differently, and the strings are made of mithril instead of silk.

His Majesty says that it took some time to get adjusted to the different tone of the Elvish harp, but as the Dwarvish harp is one of the hardest instruments to play, actually picking up the technique to replicate his favourite pieces was not as difficult as he’d feared.

I excused myself from supper a bit early for one last practice play on the harp, as if having stepped away from it for a few hours would have ruined my ability to play it. I played through a few pieces and already some Elves have gathered. The company should be done with supper soon.
9:21 PM I, well.
I don’t know what to say.

Thorin’s performance was beautiful.
I didn’t know he could play like that. That someone so gruff, someone who looks like he lives on a battlefield, someone who seems so at-odds with the delicate surroundings of Rivendell — someone whom I had thought was just a soldier — a king, yes, but first and foremost a soldier — would be able to play something so delicate as a silk-strung wooden harp with such tenderness. But he did. He played us snatches of Dwarvish songs, ending with that favourite song of his, “Misty Mountains Cold”, and I felt like I had scarcely breathed throughout it, as if one sound too loud would break the spell he wrought. I remembered the party at Bag End, and how that song had reawoken within me the Tookish side that wanted to see mountains and wield a sword and become a hero like some of my uncles had been.

I had to leave right after the performance, as the room was getting too hot and stifling for me. Must have been the fire.

9:30 pm

I was able to play without any trouble. The room became silent while I played and I remembered the times that I played before my family, many years ago.

I looked out into the audience several times and found that my eye kept getting drawn to Mr Baggins. His face steadily grew redder as time went on, his eyes were wide, and his mouth seemed like it had fallen open.

When I finished, I was met with applause from the company and Elves gathered and I must admit that I felt lightened by the praise. I noticed Mr Baggins quickly leave the room at the end, wiping at his eyes. I rose and made to follow him, to find out what had troubled him, but was stopped for conversation.

Maethedir congratulated me on my skill and I thanked him. I introduced him to Dwalin and Balin and told them that Maethedir worked in the forges. They quickly became engaged in conversation and I looked around for Mr Baggins, to see if he had returned. I did not see him and was once more included into a conversation.

11:11 PM This is not happening.
I have not had dreams like this since I was a tween.
I am in so much trouble.

11:30 pm

I was returning to my room while the party continued. I stopped before my own door before remembering that Mr Baggins had left early and I had not found out if he was okay or not. I moved down to his room and stood before the door for a time, debating if it would be rude or not to wake him, as he would surely be asleep.

However, after a while, I realized there was noise coming from Mr Baggins’ room. It was quiet and so, after a moment, I placed my ear to the door. It sounded as if Mr Baggins was… groaning. I could not tell if he was in pain or not and hesitated knocking to be sure.
I listened in again but was met with silence. Perhaps Mr Baggins had just been making noise in his sleep. Several seconds later, however, I heard him begin to mutter out quiet curses and the bed creaked as he got out of it. I quickly returned to my own room and decided that I would inquire about Mr Baggins’ health in the morning.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

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**June 10th, 2015**

**Bilbo**

7:30AM Excepting my dream, my night went largely uninterrupted. The problem is, I don’t think I can look His Majesty in the eye today. Or tomorrow. Or maybe ever. I know what he means to say with the bookmark. He sees me as a friend. I am fine with this. Or at least, I should be. If this doesn’t resolve itself by the time the Company is to leave Rivendell, then I’ll really be in trouble. Maybe I should just stay behind.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

9AM

*exileddurin asked:* **Mr Baggins, are you feeling ill?**

What are you doing here? I’m perfectly fine, now please don’t bother me!

#adventureblogging #ask #that asshole #exileddurin #please tell me you haven't read anything #please

**Thorin**

9:05 am

*Anonymous asked:* **Perhaps if you check Mr. Baggins’s blog, there will be something there about whether or not he's feeling ill.**

I have enquired after Mr Baggins’ health on his blog, and was rebuffed. It is not my wish to intrude any further upon his privacy.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

9:15 am

*Anonymous asked:* **I'm sure Bilbo loves the bookmark. What was the inscription you etched into it? If it's not too rude to ask of course.**

While it is in no way rude to ask after the inscription, I feel that the words are for Mr Baggins alone, as it is his gift.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

9:30 am

I awoke later than usual due to the late party last night. My nanaddan also came into the room a few hours after I had gone to sleep and insisted on telling me what had happened after I had left. I took a late breakfast, along with a number of the company. I did not see Mr Baggins, but perhaps he ate earlier. I am still concerned that he is ill.
10:15 am
I went to Mr Baggins’ room once I had finished breakfast and knocked on the door. There was no answer and I heard no movement inside. Perhaps he is feeling better.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

10:35 am
I checked the infirmary just in case Mr Baggins had brought himself there this morning. The Elves report that they have not seen Mr Baggins. They asked if he slept fine and I answered with the little information that I had - that he was groaning at some point in the night but rose before I did and I did not have a chance to ask if he was ill or not. They said they would send word if Mr Baggins did come in and I thanked them.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

10:56 AM
The library has taken my mind off things for a short while. I’m halfway done with the nursery tales. I suppose Elf-children really like Gnomes, as I noticed a great deal of stories about Gnomes in the book.
#adventureblogging

11 am
I have checked the kitchens for Mr Baggins but the Elves also report that he has not come through. I could try to find the library but I am not sure if I would be able to find my way.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

11:20 AM
On the way to lunch, I encountered several new Elves in greens and browns. His Majesty looks annoyed at their very presence. Balin says that these Elves were sent by the Elvenking of Mirkwood. I remembered our discussion of the White Gems of Lasgalen; clearly there is no love lost between His Majesty and the Elvenking.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

11:25 am
While searching, I came across a new batch of Elves who apparently arrived just today. They are dressed in green and brown and their cloaks bear the symbol of Mirkwood. I do not know what Mirkwood Elves would be doing here but it is my hope that they leave soon. I was nearly too busy glaring at the arriving Elves that I almost missed Mr Baggins slipping past me to head into the terrace for lunch. He looked tired and his shoulders were hunched up. I tried to call to him but I do not believe he heard me.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #what are the ickwood elves doing here

1:15 pm
During lunch, Mr Baggins kept quiet and to himself. He barely touched his food, though he kept his eyes firmly on his plate. I tried to catch his eye, to signal that I wished to speak with him but no matter how long I looked in his direction, his gaze was turned away. Perhaps he did not like the food
or it did not agree with him? It would not do to have our burglar fall ill to food sickness again. I did not get a chance to ask him, however, as he slipped away in a flash as soon as lunch ended.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

2:14PM I have headed back to my room. I told Ori to tell His Majesty I won’t be going to swordfighting practice, citing illness. The last thing I need is His Majesty breathing down my neck as he adjusts my posture or something.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #scribedwarf

2:30 pm

Ori has just informed me that Mr Baggins has indeed fallen ill and thus will not be able to attend his swordfighting lesson for today. I asked Ori about Mr Baggins’ state — how ill is he, did he require help, did he seem angry at all? Ori assured that he believed Mr Baggins simply needed rest and that he looked to be more frazzled than angry. I thanked him for passing on the information.

#the quest #rivendell #ori #bungling burglar

2:37PM Who am I kidding?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #I think I might actually like him breathing down my neck #it would just be awkward though having to deal with it in real life #so no #I do not need this

2:45PM It was just a dream. Why is it bothering me so much? Just a bloody dream.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #his hands were very sure in the dream #why am I talking about this

2:50 pm

I made my way to the infirmary to check on Mr Baggins, as I assumed he would head there to have his illness treated. However, when I entered the infirmary and asked after Mr Baggins’ health, I was told that the Hobbit had not been there. I asked that if he did appear that I be told.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

3:01PM

“My love is a fever, longing still for that which longer nurseth the disease.”
- William Shakespeare, Sonnet CXLVII

#that asshole #that wonderful asshole #poetry

3:15PM I do not fancy him. He is a surly prick. I have no interest in holding his hand, or kissing him, or braiding his hair, or any of those other things.

I do not fancy him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

3:20 pm
If Mr Baggins had not brought himself to the infirmary despite feeling ill, I believed that he would most likely be in his room. I headed there and stood before the door, prepared to knock and ask if any assistance was needed, when I overheard a conversation between Bofur and Balin. Bofur was telling Balin that he heard through quite a long list of people that Mr Baggins was sick. Balin chuckled in response. “Oh yes, lad. He’s lovesick, I’d say.” They moved away and I could not hear the rest of their conversation but just that was enough to have me pause. Was it true? Was Mr Baggins being courted by someone? I recalled the noise that I had heard from Mr Baggins’ room last night and a thought came to me — what if Mr Baggins had had a guest with him in the room? A wave of embarrassment swept over me at the realization that I had most likely overheard something private. I turned away from Mr Baggins’ door, as I feel that I have already invaded his privacy enough.

3:28PM Wouldn’t mind dragging him into the woods, though, as the Dwarvish euphemism seems to be. Maybe then this madness will stop and life can go back to the way it was before.

3:36PM The worst part is probably the fact that the entire Company must have seen it coming.

4 pm

I went to the kitchens to see if I could possibly get some tea to soothe the headache that I had begun to feel. When I entered, the kitchens were quite chaotic, though organized in a way, as Elves moved to and fro, getting a large number of dishes prepared. A voice called out to me and I turned to see Bombur emerging from the crowd of Elves. He looked as pleased as could be, though his expression changed to concern as he came closer. He asked if I was well and I confessed to a headache. Bombur quickly sat me down on the side and prepared a cup of tea for me. I inquired as to why there was so much going on in the kitchens and Bombur believed it was because all of the council members had arrived and Lord Elrond wanted a feast to celebrate.

I commented to Bombur that he seemed quite happy and he agreed completely. He said that he was learning quite a few Elvish recipes and had been using his time to try the different recipes and to experiment with his own. He handed me the tea that had finished steeping and apologized, for he had to get back to helping set up for the feast tonight. I thanked him for the tea and he went back to bustling around with the Elves.

So all the members for the council have arrived? The council will most likely take place any day, then, meaning I have little time to discover the true purpose of this council.

4:30 pm

I set out to locate Gandalf and find out just exactly the council had been called together for. When I finally found him, he was accompanied by another wizard who was dressed in all white, with a face that was severe. Gandalf introduced the wizard as Saruman and we exchanged greetings. When I questioned Gandalf about the meaning of the council, he avoided answering as he had before, citing that it did not concern me and that I should put it from my mind. I asked what sort of thing could the council be discussing that had to be kept so secret. Saruman interrupted Gandalf’s response by answering my question. “We will be discussing the fate
of the necromancer of Dol Guldur.”

Gandalf looked upset that Saruman had released the information that he had kept a hold of for so long. At the look, Saruman explained that he saw no reason to keep the council’s purpose from me. I thanked the wizard for sharing the information that I had been seeking before sending Gandalf a pointed look.

I wished both wizards a good day and departed.

4:55PM
Anonymous asked: "I know what he means to say with the bookmark. He sees me as a friend. I am fine with this. Or at least, I should be." Forgive my prying, are you perhaps wishing for something a bit more than friendship now? If so there's no harm in that. I'm sure it shouldn't affect things too much and you can continue the quest without letting Thorin know. I think it would be a shame to give up on the quest now, you've done very well so far and with no experience in adventures at all, you'll be fine.

I don’t know what I want. That’s the problem. I don’t bloody know what I bloody want from this. All I know is that the very last thing I want is for him to know

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

5 pm
With the true purpose of the council meeting in mind, I headed to discuss it with Balin. I knocked at his door and he soon let me. I told him my encounter with Gandalf and Saruman and about the information I had attained.

Balin considered the news and stated that he understood why there were no Dwarves included in the meeting, going directly to the topic that had originally bothered me about the council. I asked him to explain and he said that as we do not have the resources to aid them in this venture, it does not concern us.

I must admit that he is right in this matter, though the thought of the council continues to irk me.

#the quest #rivendell #balin

5:05PM
Anonymous asked: Whilst saying you're ill is a fine excuse for today, you will have to eventually speak or at least look at Thorin. You seem like a level-headed hobbit, surely once the worst of it has passed you will be able to face him. He might take offence from you avoiding him after all. There's no need to be so embarrassed, try not to worry about it.

Clearly you’ve never had entire fortunes staked on the outcome of your potential attraction to other people. This is the very last thing I want in my life; of course I’m going to worry about it.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #the bagginshield conspiracy

5:15PM
Anonymous asked: Try not to worry, dear. These things tend to pass given time, and if not, well, would it be such a hardship to harbour affection for him? Who knows, he might even feel the same. Quest or no, there’s nothing wrong being attracted to or in love with someone I can’t help but worry; that’s the problem. I worry he’s going to find out, I worry that if he knows he’ll think lesser of me.
I should actually go to supper, though. I heard rumours of a feast.

The celebration feast has begun and the food is just as bountiful and appealing as the last feast, when Glóin was released from the infirmary. I have spotted more of the duck that was served before and I mean to make off with as much of it as I can.

Interesting choices of flowers you've posted. Would you say that their meaning is just... a coincidence?

Why does it matter to you?

Anonymous asked: but what if thorin wants to do all those things with you?
He doesn’t.

I urge you to just talk to him about it. It would be far healthier for you both, I’m sure. What’s the worst that can happen? Either he doesn't feel the same attraction, in which case you're both mature adults who can work passed such things, or he does and you won't have to keep thinking on it anymore.
I don’t know which outcome scares me more, to be honest.

Supper was a feast, as promised. So many dishes, so many people. It was held in the banquet hall instead of the separate dining terraces, and had so many new and interesting dishes: new spice sauces poured over rice and flatbreads, rice and fish rolled with laver, battered and fried shrimp and vegetables, soft bean curd soup served with clams and eggs, both soft and crispy rolls containing various fillings. The roast duck made a reappearance, too.
All in all, it was an excellent feast, and whatever we have consumed during it will probably be danced off now in the Hall of Fire.

Everyone has had their fill of food for now and the celebration has moved into the Hall of Fire. Music is being played and most have begun to dance. I find that I am not too terribly inclined to join in the dancing, however. The headache that was earlier lessened by Bombur’s tea has resurfaced.
I wonder if Mr Baggins has chosen to attend. I noted his presence at supper, though he has developed the habit of disappearing just as I catch sight of him.
**7:49PM** His Majesty doesn’t seem inclined to socialise tonight. He is leaning against a pillar, exchanging only terse words with people who talk with him. He also seems to be searching the crowd, but I hope he wasn’t looking for me. I’ve already ducked into at least three different conversations with the Elves, one of which I hadn’t realised was being conducted in Elvish until I turned my back on His Majesty and started listening in. Shame, really, that Eithriel is on patrol tonight.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

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**8 pm**

I have spotted Mr Baggins several times in the crowd, yet, as he did before, he ducks behind several Elves and I lose sight of him. I cannot tell if he has chosen to attend alone or with company.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

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**8PM**

“Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.”
- William Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*

#that asshole #that wonderful asshole #poetry

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**8:10 pm**

Anonymous asked: **You could always try to find Mr Baggins and ask him for a dance. That way you'll still be participating in the festivites, but I'm sure the hobbit will be an ease on your headache, since his company is quite amiable (and quiet compared to many others I'd imagine)**

Mr Baggins does not seem to want to be in my company and I would not want to force an interaction on him if this is so.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

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**8:13PM**

Anonymous asked: **Maybe you can talk about your dream as a way of letting it out so it doesn't burden you much?**

Why would I ever discuss something so improper out in the open? Bagginses do not air their dirty laundry out for everyone to see.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole
Anonymous asked: Mr. Baggins has been posting quite a lot of flowers. Given their meanings, I don't think he's ill. Perhaps he's found someone he fancies in Rivendell. Being love sick makes people do strange things.

If Mr Baggins has indeed found someone he wishes to court here in Rivendell, then I can do nothing but wish him well.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8:20 pm

Anonymous asked: Perhaps a little space is all Mr. Baggins needs for now, I'm sure that when he's feeling better he will accept the swordfighting lessons again. If you're still concerned tomorrow, then maybe you could go and check on him, or ask one of the elf healers to do so. If Mr Baggins shows more symptoms of a physical illness, then I will let Óin and the infirmary Elves know. Beyond that, I would find myself once again delving too far into Mr Baggins’ privacy.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #oin

8:25 pm

alkjira asked I'm sure Mr Baggins is just feeling a little poorly. Perhaps you would be interested in cheering him up by indulging in a Hobbit tradition? You could inquire if the Elves know of a flower called Ambrosia. It's... erm, good for fevers, yes indeed. And didn't Mr Baggins look a little flushed before?

I have had quite enough dealings with flowers. However, I do not know if Mr Baggins is physically ill or suffering from lovesickness. While appreciated, I do not wish to act upon your advice until he expresses more symptoms.

#ask #alkjira #bungling burglar

8:30 pm

Bofur and Ori, along with a handful of the other company members, have convinced Mr Baggins to emerge from where he was hiding and dance. They are in the center of the floor, dancing the Dance of Beginnings, which symbolises to us the founding of Erebor. Mr Baggins danced well, despite most likely having been quickly taught the movements before he was dragged out to the floor. The Elves seem to be enjoying the dance as well and some have picked up on the steps enough to join in.

#the quest #rivendell #bofur #ori #the company #bungling burglar

8:33PM I was dragged into a dance by Bofur and Ori. They were, along with the other members of the Company who wished to join in, doing a traditional Dwarvish group dance involving a lot of synchronised moves. When he taught me the arm movements, Balin mentioned that Dwarves dance to praise Mahal and to preserve their history. Apparently our dance tonight was meant to symbolise the founding of Erebor.

I couldn’t tell which steps were symbolic, but I don’t think too much on it — what was more important was the sense of community that was being crafted by the dance. I danced, the Dwarves danced, and even the Elves who had quickly picked up the steps joined us.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #scribedwarf #brainsdwarf

8:35 pm

Anonymous asked: Speculations about Mr. Baggins' love life did not end well last time. If you're
curious I'd suggest just asking Mr. Baggins about it rather than making assumptions. Fairly certain you have nothing to fear from him courting, especially not an elf. I am well aware that previous speculation led only to frustration and misunderstandings. However, I feel as if I have invaded Mr Baggins’ privacy enough and any news or information he wants to give will be up to him to deliver.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8:39PM
Anonymous asked: I don't think avoiding Thorin will fix this issue, and you'll likely only stress yourself by trying to duck and dodge him all night. Have a quick chat with him if you can face it, just so he doesn't become suspicious.
I wish I had the courage to. I haven’t a drop left in me right now.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

8:40 pm
Anonymous asked: maybe that noises came from a dream mr baggins was having? I don't think mr baggins fancies elves in that way
Perhaps, but as I have stated, speculation has only led to my frustration in the past. Whomever Mr Baggins does or does not wish to court is his business.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8:45 pm
My nanaddan approached me in an attempt to convince me to join in the dancing. I told them that I was not feeling well enough to dance, though they continue to try. I managed to get them to return to the dancing without me, though they continue to throw my looks, mouthing and gesturing with their hands that I should join them.
#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

8:50 pm
Anonymous asked: Not trying to intrude. But what is Mr. Baggins' blog name?
Mr Baggins’ blog is quiterespectablyyours
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #quiterespectablyyours

8:52PM Thorin is still by the pillars. Maybe if I get the courage I will approach him. Bofur has been plying me with wine again, though I am also quite hungry and could do with a bun or two.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #hatdwarf

8:58PM Thorin has moved out to the balcony leading off the Hall of Fire. I think I shall talk to him there, where we are much more likely to be heard over the music.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

9 pm
The music and dancing, while entertaining, has done nothing to help reduce my headache. I have decided to move out onto the balcony in the hopes that the fresh air will help.
9PM

Anonymous asked: The flower photos you posted are all very beautiful. It's interesting to read up on the flower meanings too. So many of them have such lovely meanings, is that something you're particularly well versed in? Or do you just like flowers for their aesthetically pleasing qualities? As to the matter of Thorin, I'm sure he wouldn't think less of you should he find out. However there is no reason to believe he will discover your feelings. Please try not to feel too badly about it if you can.
I do pride myself on being versed in the language of flowers, yes, but those flowers being aesthetically pleasing is also a plus. And I thank you for the reassurance, though I still cannot help but fear that I will let something slip on accident.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

9:08PM

Anonymous asked: Thorin is pretty private, but I bet he'd dance with you if you asked. Might be a good ice breaker?
Maybe, maybe! I'll make a complete arse of myself, but with armed with wine, who knows.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

10:26PM

Anonymous asked: armed with wine you can do anything! from your accounts you seem like a very good dancer, give it a try!
I…I think I better not do something like that again.
#ask #anonymous

10:28PM Oh Giver, grant me patience. I cannot take any more of this.

~~
I approached Thorin after about three cups of wine, the drink having made me a little bit bolder as it burned its way down my throat. He almost immediately apologised to me about the bookmark, and I told him not to be ridiculous, since I liked it, even though I didn’t know what was engraved on it. For all I know, it could be an insult. He chuckled, saying that it said ‘for your leather-bound adventures’, and then remarked that I danced well, having picked up the Dwarvish dance quite easily.
I told him it was simply similar to some Hobbit dances, such as the Springle-ring, which has most of the same footwork. I then demonstrated the Springle-ring with him, and the entire dance was a mess of us stepping on one another’s toes, as he didn’t know the dance and I was not the most graceful when a little tipsy. I asked him then who needed more practice on their footwork, and he laughed at that.
And then I realised how close our faces were, that I could just lean upwards a little more and thus be able to brush my lips against his. The Took part of me certainly wanted it to happen. But I am a Baggins, and I didn’t; I pulled away.

It was a warm night, and the fireflies were starting to emerge, flittering in the darkness amongst the trees, glowing in the springy summer grass. I pointed out the fireflies to Thorin, and he told me that he used to believe that they were the stars from the sky, come to play with him on summer evenings when he was a child in Erebor.
I never knew there was such poetry in him.
My mind went blank. I could swear he could hear my heart pounding with each passing minute that I stayed there, too close for comfort. And maybe it was a trick of the light, but I thought he was moving his face closer to mine. In that moment of wildness, where else could I go? I had to flee. I
may be a coward, but I was not willing to force him to do anything he wouldn’t have wanted to do. He is like stone, and I find that I am more like the flourishing earth than I thought before.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

10:45 pm

Soon after I exited the Hall of Fire, Mr Baggins joined me. His cheeks were flushed and he looked more lively than he had all day. He greeted me easily, though our last conversation had been when I had given him the bookmark.

With that thought in mind, I apologized for the gift, remembering my worry that the flower actually meant something insulting to the Hobbit. Mr Baggins giggled a bit and reassured me that the bookmark was fine and that he was quite happy with it. He asked about the engraving and I translated the words for him.

A brief silence stretched between us. Mr Baggins had not stopped smiling since he had come out onto the balcony. I finally spoke, complimenting him on his dancing earlier, as he had picked up the steps quite quickly. The flush in his cheeks grew and spread to his ears.

Mr Baggins explained that the steps of the dance were quite similar to a Hobbit dance. He became insistent that I dance with him so that he could demonstrate it and pulled me closer in order to do so. Our dance was not the most coordinated, as I did not know the steps. I tried to avoid doing so, but I ended up stepping on his toes several times. He teased me about my footwork, copying my own critic of his footwork in the swordfighting lessons.

I do not know how many drinks Mr Baggins had, but it was enough to make him sway on his feet towards me. I moved to catch him, lest he fall, but he suddenly found his balance again and walked farther along the balcony.

I moved to follow him and another brief silence appeared. I spotted the light of the emerging fireflies just as Mr Baggins pointed them out. I have not seen them in some time, but with every sighting, I was reminded of my childhood. I told Mr Baggins as such, describing my youthful belief that the fireflies were the stars. However, Mr Baggins was not looking at the fireflies; he was instead staring at me.

Once again, he began to slowly sway forward and I reached to stop him from falling. And just as before, he straightened with a start. His face was fully red and he cleared his throat once and then turned and strode away.

I am not sure what caused Mr Baggins’ sudden departure but I found that I was disappointed when he left. He has made his displeasure of my presence known in the past — perhaps his departure simply signaled as to how long he was willing to interact with me.

I continued to watch the fireflies for a time but I found that they had lost their charm. My headache has returned and I have no desire to return to the celebration. I have returned to my room and I hope that this ache disappears come morning.

#the quest #rivendell #mr baggins

June 11th, 2015

Bilbo

7:23AM

Anonymous asked: Out of curiosity, do you have a favorite flower? Do you grow any fruit trees
at home?
I might have mentioned before that my favourite flower is the heart’s ease. As for growing fruit trees of my own, well, I suppose technically the acorn is the fruit of the oak, and there is a very old one growing atop Bag End, so yes, I do grow something akin to a fruit tree at home. I’m considering giving it a companion, as it was the tree my father planted for my mother, and it does look a bit odd poking out over the Hill like a sore thumb.

Thorin

8:30 am
When I awoke, I was pleased to find that my headache from yesterday had disappeared. My nanaddan did not return to the room last night and I can only hope that they managed to find somewhere proper to sleep. The kitchens were quiet and calm compared to the chaos of yesterday. I took my breakfast alone, as I assume the others remain asleep.

9:21 am
Anonymous asked: Have you ever been kissed Thorin?
Yes, by my mother and siblings. They were and are quite affectionate.

9:47 AM Surely this is the Giver’s idea of a cruel joke.

10 AM If it is, it is the worst joke I have ever experienced.

10 am
I wandered down to the forges and found Maethedir there. We exchanged greetings and he invited me to sit while he worked so that we may talk. I accepted his offer and sat in the provided seat. Maethedir asked after the flower bookmark and if the intended recipient had liked it. I told him that it had been for Mr Baggins and that I was not quite sure how he felt about the gift; yes, he had said that he liked it but he had also been avoiding my presence. Maethedir reasoned that perhaps there was another cause to Mr Baggins’ avoidance of me and I confessed that the Hobbit regularly confused me.

We spoke of the celebration and I admitted that I had not seen him there, as there had been quite a crowd. He reported that he indeed been present, though he had enjoyed the food and the company of his friends instead of joining in the dances. We talked for a while until he confessed that he was needed elsewhere. We exchanged farewells and I left the forges.

11 AM
Anonymous asked: I have the strangest feeling Thorin wouldn't mind you being quite respectably his. That’s completely preposterous. He’s not interested in stuff like that. Please, don’t be ridiculous.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

12:50 pm

Lunch was a quiet affair, as the company was still recovering from their fun night. The meal was light to account for this. Mr Baggins was not present, though some reported having seen him wandering the grounds.

Balin mentioned hearing that the council was planned to discuss the fate of the necromancer today, though he did not know the exact time.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bungling burglar #balin

1:15 PM Oh, confusticate and bebother him, why must he look like that?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #why must he roll up his tunic sleeves

1:20 pm

While attempting to locate the council, I spotted Mr Baggins. He had a batch of flowers in his hands and was slowly picking petals off, one at a time. There was a trail of petals in his wake. There was a moment where he glanced up and noticed me watching him. However, as soon as he did, he hurried away.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

2:30 pm

I located the council and made my best attempt at hearing their discussion without my presence being noted. I heard news of Mirkwood recovering from a recent and costly spider attack. Gandalf also argued that the Dragon held no alliance with anyone, but could form one with the necromancer to terrible effect.

I would have stayed to hear more but I was discovered by a passing Elf guard who informed me that the area was currently restricted and that I would have to leave. I complied and left the area while the council continued their discussion.

#the quest #rivendell #the wizard

3:42PM I can’t do this!

#adventureblogging #that asshole #everyone says he’s concerned for my health #I can’t tell him though #it’d be rude

4:21PM

Anonymous asked: Q: Your mother was a rather remarkable hobbit. How did she show her interest in Bungo? Perhaps you could follow her lead in your own predicament?

My mother knew what she wanted and took it. She was much braver than I in this sense. I do not know what I want out of this, nor do I think simply taking it would be the wisest course of action. There are far too many consequences that may arise.

#ask #anonymous
4:50PM
*Mirkwood-Spider-Express asked:* Can you tell us a bit more about the friend of Gandalf you met? The elder looking human (wizard?) clad in white? I am sure he deserves another special mentioning.

His name is Curunír, but I have heard Gandalf refer to him as Saruman as well. All I really know of him is that he is Gandalf’s superior in some way and that he is knowledgeable about magic rings. I suspect he came here for the council; he certainly doesn’t seem like the sort to pop into Rivendell for a lark.

#ask #mirkwood-spider-express #meddling wizard

4:52PM
*Anonymous asked:* It would be rude? Perhaps dwarves have a different sense of propriety in such things. Thorin might indeed be very understanding and not at all phased by it. Wouldn’t it be better for him to know the truth than to assume you were unwell or wanting to avoid his company due to dislike? However, I understand it might make you very uncomfortable, in which case your comfort of course comes first. If you can bring yourself to talk to him though, at least reassure him you’re not ill or anything.

But if I tell him I’m not ill, I’ll also have to explain to him why I can’t look him in the eye. It’s too much. I’d rather keep everything under wraps.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

5 pm

I encountered my nanaddan in the garden, once again attempting to catch one of the large, colorful fish in the pond. When I asked why they continued to try, and they admitted that it was mostly due to boredom. I offered to practice their swordfighting with them and both quickly jumped to their feet, exclaiming their approval.

They returned to the room to fetch their weapons along with my own. I trust their abilities enough to control their movements so that no harm is inflicted.

We began with both of them attacking me together. It was a good challenge, as they are both good fighters, but I know their movements well enough that I did not become overwhelmed. After a while, I called a halt and corrected some of their attacks, showing them the weak spots that they left exposed or footwork that would have slowed them down.

Next, we worked on individual fights. I had Fíli attack me alone first and I corrected him as we fought. Finally, I had him work alone, practicing a dodging roll that he was not executing fast enough. While he trained on that, I practiced with Kíli. They usually prefer their bow over a sword, but they know how important their swordwork is. I fought slower with Kíli, stopping frequently to change their stance or show them the proper technique.

After a time, when I satisfied with Fíli’s roll and Kíli’s stance, I had them fight against each other. They seemed evenly matched, though I could tell that Fíli was holding back. I had them practice until they both declared that they were done, laying down on the grass to catch their breath. I joined them on the grass and we laid there for a time.

They have both fallen asleep. I have made sure to move their swords, lest they roll onto one in their sleep.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

5:45PM
*Anonymous asked:* You seem especially fond of posting pictures of daisies today, they're very...
pretty. How are you feeling after the feast and dance yesterday? 
I’m really not sure how I feel, to be honest. Mostly melancholy, really, like I just missed something. And thank you, Rivendell’s daisies are quite nice.
#ask #anonymous

5:56PM I don’t know if I like the implications of this.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

5:59PM But why am I putting so much stock in a daisy, anyway? It’s just superstition.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #honestly it is childish #why am i doing this #surely i have more sense than this

6:21PM I may have plucked every last daisy in Rivendell. Or at least it feels like it.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

6:25PM
Anonymous asked: Superstition or no, if you're doing this, you must have some sort of faith in it at least. There's really no need to be embarrassed, and I honestly do think Thorin would be understanding if you spoke to him about this. If you're so concerned you're using daisies to help your feelings or decisions, it can't be good for you to dwell on it for so long like this.
It was childish of me to do something like that. I was hoping that I could just move on from what I felt last night. I’ve gone for so much of my life without the urge to do such ridiculous things like this; why is it that now I can’t control myself like I could before? Have I broken something within me?
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

6:45 pm
I awoke my nanaddan from their nap, as supper is approaching. They had rolled near each in sleep and upon waking, Kíli loudly declared that Fíli smelled horribly. Fíli argued that it was Kíli who was the source of the smell. I told them both to go take a bath and to hurry, lest the company eat all of supper before they get any. They ran off, making me swear that I would save them a plate.
#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

7:45PM I can’t look at him in the eyes. I can feel my face burning. I can hear the sound of my heart in my ears.
I haven’t felt like this since I was a tween.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #go away #please

8:02PM
Confusticate it!

#adventureblogging #travelling #that asshole #it shouldn’t be this hard to get rid of these thoughts #every time I look at him I’m reminded of the dream

8:15 pm

My nanaddan arrived just after supper arrived, both dripping wet. They sat next to Dwalin, who promptly complained that they were leaking all over the food.

Mr Baggins was present for supper, physically at least. He seemed distracted and his face was flushed throughout the meal.

I saw multiple exchanges of money between company members, though, as usual, I do not want to know what exactly their bets were.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #dwalin #bungling burglar

8:35PM It’s rude, disrespectful, and definitely disreputable. I am a Baggins of Bag End; I can’t keep on like this.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

8:47PM Maybe if I concentrate on other things, find another hobby? Something. Anything! I want these thoughts out of my mind. I want them gone, now.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #I could learn to swim #maybe the water here is cold enough

9 pm

I returned to my room and my nanaddan followed. Their hair was still wet and I helped them to comb and dry it out. Kíli and I rebraided Fíli’s hair and together, they both brushed out my own hair and redid my braids. Before we went to sleep, I told them that they had to stop taking the Elf slippers. There is a small mountain of them spread across the floor in the room and I still do not know why they have been collecting them. I am not even sure if they know why.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children
9PM I’m going to bed. I will finish up this pudding and go to bed. Maybe it will stop in a couple of days when my body catches up with my brain or something. Or maybe I’ll just stay in Rivendell and let distance kill it. Yeah, that’ll be nice.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

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June 12th, 2015

Bilbo

7:44AM I’m going to wander around Rivendell’s grounds today a bit more, venture out into the woody areas where the Last Homely House is obscured. Maybe it’ll help me come to my wits.
#adventureblogging

8:06AM Anonymous asked: I must agree with mirkwood spider express, you haven't broken something within you, you're merely experiencing something new. This is bound to feel strange, and probably a bit frightening given you haven't dealt with it before, but I wouldn't say it's a bad thing by any stretch. I think you've been handling it admirably so far, given your inexperience, but you shouldn't have to worry and deal with it alone if there's someone you can talk to about it.
There isn’t, that’s the problem. Everyone I know seems to be involved with the Conspiracy. I imagine even by now the Elves have gotten tangled in that, too. Would I be talking about it here if I had another form of recourse close at hand? It’s not that I haven’t felt these things before; I have fancied some Hobbits in the past, when I was an irresponsible tween, but to have it all come up out of nowhere now, when it’s quite possibly the least convenient time to, and with the leader of a Company that I am contracted to — not to mention the Dwarf part, since there’s bound to be some form or custom that would make all of this… disreputable.
And that’s exactly what I feel. Disreputable.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #i want to cut out the part of me that's making me feel this way so i can be myself again

8:45AM Am sitting on a bridge with a mug of tea cooling in my hands, listening to the roaring of the river and the waterfalls around me. This sort of peace sinks deep into my bones. If I just stay out here, could I stop time altogether?
#adventureblogging

Thorin

10:01 am
Anonymous asked: Have you ever been kissed romantically?
No, for I have never felt the desire to kiss or be kissed by anyone in that manner.
When I took my breakfast this morning, Dwalin joined me. We talked for a time before he got to what seemed to be the main point he wished to speak of — my behavior lately. He claimed that I had been acting oddly and also spoke of Mr Baggins and his strange behavior. Dwalin reasoned that there was some sort of connection between the two.

I admitted that I had not realized that I had been acting differently, though I had obviously noticed Mr Baggins’ behavior. I explained my thoughts on his being ill and cited that as my believed reason for his actions. Dwalin snorted so loudly in response that he startled a nearby Elf. Dwalin asked me quite bluntly if anything had happened between Mr Baggins and I. I confessed that we had been able to share company for a time without arguments during the celebration, but that Mr Baggins had retreated quite suddenly. I assured him that nothing more than acts of simple friendship had occurred and that our change in behaviors were not connected.

Dwalin shook his head and said, “You don’t see how he stares at you.”

I questioned him about this claimed staring but Dwalin refused to speak more of it. He said he would be disqualified from the wagers if he told me anything else. I tried to get more information out of him anyway, but he remained tight-lipped.

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The little rivers and falls of the Shire must be perfect for wading now. And the berries must be full to bursting with sweetness, and all the flowers are in bloom, and the trees must have such lovely green leaves on them now! And the cicadas and crickets, making their lovely summertime music!

I do love Rivendell, and I have loved this adventure, but sometimes I feel the pang of missing the Shire so sharply that it’s a miracle I don’t cry about it.

---

Spurred on by Dwalin’s words, I attempted to observe Mr Baggins’ supposed staring during lunch. His face was as red as it has been for recent meals but I did not see any staring occurring. Mr Baggins kept his eyes, as usual as of late, firmly pinned to the plate in front of him.

Perhaps Dwalin was simply mistaken.

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Gandalf found me just shortly after lunch and asked how I was faring. I told him I could be worse. He looked at me shrewdly and said that I certainly seemed like I was enjoying my adventure a little more than I let on.

Damned wizard has no right to poke his nose into my business. Even if this entire thing was his fault.

---

I have made my way down to the kitchens. I used to turn to baking to take my mind off things, and I’m having such a long pity-party now that I don’t think a little baking would go wrong.
2:34PM I was directed to some counter space that had been quickly cleared for me. Time to get baking.

3 pm

After lunch, several company members gathered together to play As-Nas. The room that they convened in had matted flooring along with cabinets for mattresses that were currently stowed away. Nori said that only a certain number of players could join the game, as he only had so many cards. I opted out of the first game, not overly inclined to play anyway. I joined Balin and Dori at the side of the room where Dori was teaching Balin knitting patterns. I watched the game from the side, chatting with the company as they played. Glóin was convinced at one point that I was speaking in code to my nanaddan to help them win, as Fíli had won several hands in a row. I assured him that I was not giving aid to Fíli, but backed up from the table nonetheless.

Dori offered to teach me the knitting technique as well and I agreed to learn. I sat while he showed me the steps one at a time and I copied his movements. After a time, I tried it on my own. The actions are quite soothing in their own way.

4:45 pm

In between one of the games, Dwalin pulled me aside and asked if I had seen Mr Baggins’ staring at lunch. I told him that I had not noticed any such staring, and that this joke was quickly losing its humor. He gave a huff of frustration at my reply and returned to his seat for the next game.

7:30 pm

Mr Baggins was not present for supper and when Ori asked after him, Bombur informed us that the Hobbit had been in the kitchens for quite some time now. Apparently, Mr Baggins had made a mountain of various sweets throughout the day.

8:03PM I think I’ve made enough cakes and breads to start my own bakery. I shall leave them here for people to take as they please, I suppose. Some of the cakes I reserved for myself, but most of them can be easily boxed.

9:43PM His Majesty came to the kitchens looking for a bite before bed. I’d quickly hid, but not fast or well enough, and he found me in an instant, asking me how I fared. I admitted that I felt better since the dance — better and worse, actually — but wasn’t all too keen on resuming swordfighting lessons. He, of course, pointed out that I would have precious little time to practice when we leave Rivendell, so it was best to make the most of our time here. I think my ears were burning at that, but I kept it to myself and insisted that I take a break. He said that I had had plenty of breaks, and that developing a routine would help me attend lessons better. Where had this gone? I miss even our arguments, as they were proof that I was still me. Now I don’t know who I am, since for the past couple of days I’ve felt like I’ve been replaced by someone else who says they’re Bilbo Baggins and yet tears up half of Rivendell’s daisies in a childish game.
I’d baked a batch of small cakes with blueberries, based off one of Bombur’s recipes that he’d shared with me this afternoon. His Majesty seemed to enjoy the cakes greatly, and mentioned a bakery in the Blue Mountains that made such a dessert. I suggested that he consider it an apology, and he looked quizzically at me with that lopsided smile, and I might have fallen if I had a weaker constitution.

I don’t think the Elves will let me back into their kitchen until I remember not to drain the supplies for their meals. Perhaps it really is time I found a new hobby.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

10 pm

Before I decided to head to bed, I made my way to the kitchens. The desserts that Bombur spoke of sounded appealing and I thought to grab one as a late snack. I did not expect to see Mr Baggins still present in the kitchens and I do not believe he expected to see me, as he attempted to duck behind a counter as soon as I walked in.

I asked after his health and after a reluctant pause, Mr Baggins assured me that he felt fine. I suggested that, since his health had returned to normal, that he should return to his swordfighting lessons. The overheard words of the council are still present in my mind and it has become even more important that Mr Baggins learn how to defend himself.

He began to argue against the lessons, though the fire that was usually present in his words had softened. I insisted on his return to the lessons and he agreed to do so.

A silence stretched between us. I moved to the sweets on the counters, my original purpose for entering the kitchens. There was a batch of small cakes that had blueberries baked within. I recognized the dessert, having had them before in the Blue Mountains. I told Mr Baggins as such as well as complimented his execution of the dessert, for they had come out wonderfully.

Mr Baggins said that the small blueberry cakes could be considered his apology. However, I cannot think of any reason for Mr Baggins to feel that he needs to apologize for anything.

I took another small cake before wishing Mr Baggins a good night. He returned the farewell and I left the kitchens. I recalled Dwalin’s words and agreed that, yes, Mr Baggins’ behavior was strange as of late. However, I still see no connection between the change in the Hobbit and myself.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #bombur #dwalin

June 13th, 2015

Bilbo

8:01AM

Anonymous asked: I'm not sure whether you'd ever consider this or not, since you might deem it unrespectable. However, you could always try some subtle flirting with His Majesty when the Company isn't around to witness, just to see if he's truly disinterested. This way if he isn't interested it might help you get over your crush. Incidentally, I don't think the dwarves would have anything against the two of you in a relationship if the wagers are any indication. Hope you feel less homesick soon too.

The Dwarves of the Company may not, but I don’t think that’s indicative of the Dwarves in general, back home. That being said, I highly doubt any attempts at flirting on my part would catch his
attention. He certainly hasn’t made any comments on my other behaviours as of late, though I don’t know if that’s out of politeness or complete inattention. Also, what’s suggestive to Hobbits may be offensive to Dwarves, and vice versa.

#ask #anonymous #the company #that asshole

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**Thorin**

8:30 am

At breakfast, the company discovered the results of Mr Baggins’ baking from yesterday. The sweets were set upon the counters and the company dived into them with abandon. There was a small sign on the pile of mince pies that read “For Bofur,” and another on a giant pork pie that read “For Bombur”. Both brothers seemed quite touched. I made sure to grab several of the small cakes with the blueberries before they disappeared. Several fights nearly broke out over various sweets, most especially the egg tarts.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bungalow burglar #bofur #bombur

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8:34 AM

I’ve gotten up early, grabbed a quick breakfast, and gone with some of the Elves down to the river to wash our clothes. Eithriel and Himdor are there, both of them looking a bit weary — if Elves could look weary, that is. They’re certainly singing less than the others.

#adventureblogging

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9 AM

On our way back, Eithriel and I passed some members of the Company who had their arms laden with the sweets I’d made yesterday. Bofur thanked me profusely for the mince-pies, and said that Bombur has every intention of making me his apprentice in the ways of Dwarvish cooking. I thanked him for the compliment. It would be nice to learn some Dwarvish dishes.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #bigdwarf #the company #sweet of him to offer

---

10 am

Once I had my fill of food, I hunted down Gandalf. It took quite some time to actually locate him, but when I finally did, I questioned him about our stay here. He had spoken so highly of Lord Elrond, citing that if we did not seek his help, the quest would fail. We have been in Rivendell for a while, but I have neither heard nor seen Lord Elrond provide the help that Gandalf promised. Our conversation must have been louder than I realized because Lord Elrond himself appeared and approached. He stated that Gandalf had already, in private, explained the help that was needed for the quest. He went on, saying that he would provide any help that he could. I asked Lord Elrond if he would be able to do as Gandalf said he could and read the runes on the map. He asked to see it but I confessed that I did not have it on me at the time, but I promised to bring it to him soon so that he may examine it.

#the quest #rivendell #the wizard #elrond

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10:10 am

Anonymous asked: I've been told that dwarves feel romantic love only once in their lives. Is this true? If so, how do you know if you have found “the one?”

It is widely believed that Mahal made each Dwarf their perfect match. I am not a firm believer in this idea, though I have seen marriages that were founded upon the concept and the members of said marriages are happy together.

I do not personally know how to tell if someone is ‘the One,’ as I have not pursued that sort of
connection and do not intend to while my homeland remains unreclaimed.

Anonymous asked: Maybe you should confront master Baggins about his behavior and see if he's alright and discuss his future with the company on the quest to get to the bottom of it.

I do not wish to force any answers out of Mr Baggins.

Anonymous asked: If Bilbo were staring at you, how would you feel about it?

I find that staring makes me uncomfortable. If Mr Baggins were staring, I would inquire as to why and see to resolve his reason for staring.

10:15 am

Anonymous asked: If Bilbo were staring at you, how would you feel about it?

I find that staring makes me uncomfortable. If Mr Baggins were staring, I would inquire as to why and see to resolve his reason for staring.

10:20 am

Anonymous asked: If Bilbo were staring at you, how would you feel about it?

I find that staring makes me uncomfortable. If Mr Baggins were staring, I would inquire as to why and see to resolve his reason for staring.

10:48 AM After second breakfast (finally, my first second breakfast in what feels like ages! Maybe that's what I need to feel like myself again. Maybe it's the lack of food that's addled my brains and made me think all of these silly things), Meluithel came and asked me when I would be available for some more fittings for my Elvish robes. I said I had nothing to do this morning, so she suggested I drop by the looms again. Now off I go my fittings!

11:50 PM The Elves have made me a set of robes in the loveliest green. The silk feels wonderfully smooth and soft, and the green colour is almost the exact same shade as my lovely front door. I wonder how Bag End is faring now, if Holman is still trimming the verge and watering my flowers. I wonder if I'm missed at all back home.

12:50 pm

During lunch, I tried once again to spot the staring from Mr Baggins that Dwalin was so adamant about. However, as before, his gaze was focused on anything but me. I could not catch his eye even once.

I am not sure why Dwalin would jest about such a thing, unless it somehow has something to do with the company's wager.

1:23 PM His Majesty expects me at the practice field in about half an hour. I must admit, I am simultaneously anticipating and dreading this.

1:30 pm

I have informed Mr Baggins that because he is feeling well, it is time to resume his training. I asked him to meet me in half an hour for our next swordfighting lesson. He did not seem pleased, but
4:10PM I am going to take ten cold baths and pretend that never happened.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #of all the places for this to happen #of all the times #it had to be during practice
#I am appalled at myself #I was not raised to be so depraved

4:15 pm

The swordfighting lesson was going well, though Mr Baggins was keeping himself very tense. I asked him several times if he was well and each answer was progressively more defensive. While I was adjusting Mr Baggins’ stance, he made an odd, high-pitched noise and his face proceeded to turn bright red. He tossed the practice sword down, squeaked out an apology, and quickly fled, though there was still over an hour left in the lesson. There was an awkwardness to his run, as if he had been injured, though I could not see how.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #is he well?

4:22 pm

Anonymous asked: And if his reasons for staring were due to romantic inclination towards you, how would you feel about that?

I highly doubt Mr Baggins’s staring – which I have not seen any proof of – stem from a romantic inclination.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

5:51PM

Anonymous asked: I think perhaps you're being rather hard on yourself. I'd certainly not call you depraved. You're attracted to him and that is that. I'm quite sure he'd be understanding of such a thing if he were to find out.

I was raised a Baggins of Bag End, not some simple-minded country bumpkin who gets a stiffy at the first interesting-looking person he sees. During my tweens this was more acceptable, as I wouldn’t have known better, but now it’s simply improper, especially since I know there is absolutely no chance that any courtship or marriage would result from it. Not because Dwarves do not have these relations outside courtship — the Company has proven otherwise — but because Thorin does not experience this sort of attraction, and knowing that I see him in such a way would be discomfiting to him at best and offensive at worst.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #just when i’d accepted that i’ve stopped experiencing this sort of attraction #just when i’d gotten used to the label of queer #this had to happen #of course it had to

7:01 pm

Anonymous asked: Are you demisexual?

I am not familiar with the term, though I suspect it is related to ‘asexual’, which has been explained to me as something akin to the Dwarven concept of being like stone.

#ask #anonymous
7:23PM Please let me get through supper without any awkward questions from His Majesty.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #please

7:35 pm

At supper, I attempted to ask Mr Baggins about his departure but he said quickly that it was nothing and moved away.

Does my presence make Mr Baggins uncomfortable?

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

8:02PM I have hid myself behind a pillar in the Hall of Fire. I should like to work on some more of the Man in the Moon song, as I haven’t really done so during the past couple of days, but I am also rather sleepy, and the Elvish singing tonight isn’t really helping. Maybe just a quick doze, and then I’ll be fit for writing.

#adventureblogging

9:15 pm

I was passing the Hall of Fire, heading to the kitchens for something to eat before bed, when I heard a small commotion. There were a few Elves gathered, talking about what to do about a situation. When I approached, they quickly came near and explained that Mr Baggins was asleep and they did not know if they should move him to his room or not. They asked if I would be willing to help Mr Baggins, as I was closer to him than they.

I have agreed, though I am not sure that Mr Baggins will be pleased that I am the one to wake him.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

9:34PM thorin woke me up in the hall of fire and cled yme back to my roogm. it wfas sweet fo him. i need to sleep.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

9:55 pm

I managed to wake Mr Baggins enough to get him to stand, though he was swaying on his feet in exhaustion. I led him back to his room while he leaned heavily against my side. I feared that he had fallen back asleep at one point when he nearly tripped but I kept him on his feet. We made it to his room and I made sure that he was awake enough to be able to make it to his bed, and not just fall to the floor to sleep. He slurried out a thank you before falling against me. I quickly straightened him on his feet and he entered his room. I listened at the door until I heard his bed creak, to be sure he did not fall. Once I heard the confirmation that he had made it to his bed, I left his room and headed back to the kitchens.

I managed to find some of the meat buns as a snack and brought some back for Fíli and Kíli. With how loud they cheered, one would think they were never feed.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #my sister children
June 14th, 2015

Thorin

8:30 am

The company complained during breakfast, declaring that they want more of the sweets that Mr Baggins had baked. A few members were discussing finding the Hobbit and convincing him to bake more.

I noticed a silent conversation between Bifur and Nori. They were conversing in Iglishmek and it took me a few moments to realize that they were speaking of Mr Baggins and myself. Apparently, the news of my helping Mr Baggins to his room last night has spread. Bifur noticed my watching of their conversation and he sent me a thumbs-up.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bifur #nori #bungling burglar

9 am

The company decided to seek Mr Baggins out to ask him to bake again. No one knew where he was, as he had been taking his breakfast with the Elves, and bets on where he could be found were quickly called out.

The company divided and went their separate ways. My nanaddan questioned me where I intended to search and I admitted that I was not planning to. They seemed shocked and asked if I wanted more of the small blueberry cakes, as I had eaten quite a number of them. I told them that I believed Mr Baggins to be uncomfortable with my presence and that it was probably best that I keep myself away from him.

My nanaddan gave two frustrated groans. I asked what was the matter but they only muttered about the wagers. Fili insisted that I try to find Mr Baggins anyway. I did not make any promises but said that if I came across him, I would mention the company’s desire for more baked goods.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bungling burglar #my sister children

9:13AM I ran into Lord Elrond after breakfast. He asked me how I was enjoying my stay so far, and I told him that I was hoping to find something new to learn. He suggested that I start studying one of the Elvish languages, as there are two: Quenya and Sindarin. Sindarin, he said, is the language more commonly spoken in Middle-earth these days, though most of the great literature of the Elves was written in Quenya. I agreed that beginning with Sindarin would be a good idea, and he said he’d arrange for his advisor, Lord Erestor, to begin teaching as soon as possible.

I said that I could start today, if Lord Erestor was willing, and Lord Elrond said he would see what he could do.

#adventureblogging

9:15 am

Anonymous asked: how long have you and the company been in rivendell so far?

Too long.

#ask #anonymous

12PM I just got out of my first lesson in Sindarin! We covered the sounds and their corresponding
symbols in the Tengwar script, and then Lord Erestor gave me some charts and wordlists to memorise. He also commended my pronunciation of the sounds, though my writing does leave something to be desired.

I’ve always had an interest in languages, especially the Elvish ones, so I’ve been spending much of my time here at Rivendell listening to the sounds around me and occasionally picking up word meanings, so I’ve already compiled some semblance of a Sindarin lexicon. It’s good to see some of my guesswork confirmed, though.

Eithriel and I are taking our lunch together with Himdor. The two of them have agreed to help me study the language whenever they’re off duty, and hopefully I will be able to practice conversing with them soon. If I apply myself to this, maybe I will be able to control those useless and ridiculous thoughts about His Majesty.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

12:10 pm

I wandered around Rivendell and observed the areas that I have failed to see as of yet. I did not see Mr Baggins during my walk and based on the frustration on the company’s faces, they did not find him. He is not present at lunch, either. The bets are getting more detailed and ridiculous as the company debates on where Mr Baggins could be.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #the company

1:30 pm

The company returned to their search for Mr Baggins after lunch. They seemed to be walking around calling out the Hobbit’s name at this point, though I overheard them set a rule that the Elves were not to be asked. This search apparently has become a game of a sort.

While the company wandered around, I thought that it would be wise to begin to start filling our packs to leave. We have gathered our strength back and it is time that we left Rivendell and continued on the quest.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bungling burglar

2:15 pm

I voiced my decision to begin gathering supplies so that we may leave and an Elf came forward quite quickly. He introduced himself as Lindir and offered to show me where the supplies were. I agreed and thanked him for the help.

#the #rivendell #lindir

2:23 PM I have been practicing my Tengwar on the slate Lord Erestor provided for me. My handwriting is currently too incomprehensible for paper, and the charts and wordlists are all compiled in a book — a Sindarin primer, I suppose — that I imagine has seen more pupils than just me. Perhaps the little Dúnadan has used this book, too, when he was starting to learn the language.

#adventureblogging

3:12PM The Company seems to be looking for me; I’ve heard Nori calling out my name several times now. I don’t care to know what they want with me, so I’ve hidden myself.

I’ll be working on the Man in the Moon song now, while I am still at peace.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf
Packs of supplies were put together and have been brought to the company’s rooms. Lindir seems nearly as eager as I am for us to leave.

#the quest #rivendell #lindir

Lord Elrond crossed our path while Lindir was helping me to find more supplies. He questioned my activities and I told him that it was time for the company to depart. I thanked him for all the help that he has provided, but we have finally returned to our full strength. Lord Elrond accepted this but mentioned that the Midsummer’s Day feast would be quite spectacular. He asked if we would stay for the celebration. I said that the company would surely riot if I had them miss such a feast. I accepted his offer and he seemed pleased. Lindir did not.

Lord Elrond and Lindir departed my company, as most of the supplies had been collected. I have decided to continue wandering, as Rivendell seems to have an endless amount of rooms to explore.

#the quest #rivendell #elrond #lindir

In my wanderings, I discovered a true treasure! The Elves have a storage of pipe-weed and there is an impressive amount. I filled my long empty bag and found another bag to store in my supplies. I have not had the pleasure of smoking my pipe in what feels like weeks and indeed to put this supply to good use.

I made sure to remember how to find the room again, as I am sure that this is not my last visit.

Anonymous asked: Demisexual is sort of like being like stone, except that it's not quite the stone. I’ve heard it explained as being very circumstantially interested in sex, but only with certain people who you know well. That may not be a universal definition though.

From that explanation, it seems to be similar to wishing to have relations solely with your One. I have known Dwarves who were like stone and continued to be so even after meeting their One. As I have stated before, I do not have a One, nor am I actively searching for them. At this time, I am unsure if I would continue to be as stone with my One or if I would wish to have relations with them.

#ask #anonymous

I have finished my extended lines for the Man in the Moon song. Now to find Bofur.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

I returned to my room and hid the second bag of pipe-weed in my supplies. I did not want to smoke my newly acquired pipe-weed in my room, so I left again and wandered to find a fine place to light my pipe. I finally decided on the forges, as the smoke would not be noticed there and I have not talked with Maethedir for several days.

I made my way to the forges and found Maethedir as usual. He was finishing a project and greeted me as I approached. We talked for a time and I revealed that I had come down to smoke my pipe and that he was welcome to join if he wanted.

I sat out of his way and packed my pipe. It was a joy to smoke once again, though the Elvish pipe-weed was different than the type that I had had before. It was still pleasant and after clearing his area, Maethedir joined me. He made a comment about my having a bag full of Rivendell’s closely guarded
pipe-weed and I merely said that I had heard no objections when I had filled my pack. He accepted
this and I offered him the pipe. He declined the offer, informing me that most Elves do not smoke. I
asked why they would have a storage of pipe-weed if they have no need of it. Maethedir explained
that the Dúnedain occasionally come through Rivendell and that they smoke. We sat and talked until
supper drew close.

Mr Baggins has emerged and joined us for supper. Balin received quite a number of coins,
apparently having been the only one to bet that Mr Baggins would eventually appear on his own
terms, most likely during a meal.

7:20 pm

7:27PM At supper, I handed Bofur the full extended version of the song. He looked it over, gave a
low whistle, and asked if he could get more mince-pies for performing this. I reminded him that the
original deal was simply to extend the song. He said that the song went on for much longer than he’d
expected.

We came to a compromise: Bofur will perform tomorrow night, which is fairly short notice, and I in
turn will provide him with more mince-pies at breakfast.

7:34PM Fíli and Kíli have also heard about the compromise, and now they also want pies.

7:38PM As do the rest of the Company. Confound the lot of them!

7:56PM I have struck up numerous deals with members of the Company. The majority of them now
owe me favours which I may request at any time, and Fíli, Kíli, and Bofur are performing the song
tomorrow night. Fíli and Kíli have offered to do sound effects, including the violin screeches. His
Majesty doesn’t seem too pleased about that.

8 pm

Mr Baggins has become quite rich in the terms of favors. The company is quite desperate for more of
Mr Baggins’ baked goods, it would seem. My nanaddan have also included themselves in the
planned music antics that Mr Baggins and Bofur have arranged. I am not sure I am looking forward
to their attempts at playing Elvish violins.

8:09PM He needs to stop letting his hair catch in the light like that.
My nanaddan assured me that the mountain of Elvish slippers in our room are being put to good use and that I should not get rid of them. Their mischief truly knows no bounds.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

8:34PM When asked how they and their brother would be able to find a violin in Rivendell on such short notice, Kíli grinned and produced one, announcing that it belonged to an Elf named Silchanar — I think I remember lunching with him once — and was on loan to the two of them in exchange for several slippers. The two look very pleased with themselves.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #thing 1 #aren't they sneaky

9PM His Majesty once more tried to talk to me, presumably about my behaviour, and I told him that I was fine, that I did not dislike his company, and that I apologised for any misunderstandings that might have cropped up between us, including the incident during the swordfighting lesson yesterday. I then informed him that I had to do some reading for Lord Elrond’s advisor. I think that flabbergasted him.

In truth, I am far too tired to do anything, so I shall go to bed instead, and wake up early to make this blasted lot their breakfasts. Good night.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:10 pm

I chose to attempt to speak with Mr Baggins again, to apologize if I have made him uncomfortable somehow, but he cut me off before I could say more than two words. He assured me, in one quick breath, that his health was good, that he did not find my company unpleasant, and then apologized for any misunderstandings between us.

I was so surprised at his words that I barely processed his reason for departing quickly after, which involved reading for Lord Elrond.

Mr Baggins is entirely too confusing. He avoids me yet tells me that he does not dislike me. He is nearly always tense around me, yet has been relaxed enough to teach me to dance. He cannot even look me directly in the eye but does not wish for any misunderstandings between us! Truly, Mr Baggins is a complicated Hobbit that I may never come to understand.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #are all hobbits this confusing #or is it just him
June 15th, 2015

Bilbo

6:23AM Every part of my body is telling me I should not be up at this hour, but I am. To make the entire damned Company breakfast. Confound the lot of them. I had Ori record their promises to me, however, so if any of them do not keep their word, I will remind them of it.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #the company

6:25AM Admittedly, most members of the Company seem honourable enough to keep their word. Even Nori, as dodgy as he can get sometimes. I’ve heard rumours that he’s done a lot of thievery in the past.

#adventureblogging #the company #pointydwarf

Thorin

9 am

Mr Baggins outdid himself for the company’s breakfast. Each member had a plate with a note with their name on it, along with additional plates that were to be shared. Mr Baggins himself was not present but his name was praised. I made myself a small plate from the things that were for the entire company, as I had not asked Mr Baggins for anything. However, after a few moments, the company went silent. I inquired as to what was wrong and Fíli pushed two plates closer to me. On each was a small note that read, “For His Majesty.”

One plate had the small blueberry cakes that I had enjoyed before, though there was dollops of frosting on top of these. The second plate was salted meat and eggs, that breakfast I had requested for the morning of the quest’s beginning, arranged carefully in the shape of a flower. “I do not remember bargaining with Mr Baggins for breakfast…” I commented.

Nori snorted. “You didn’t.”

“Must have been out of the kindness of his heart,” Balin added, smiling.

I have eaten several of the small cakes, delaying starting on the eggs, as they are arranged quite nicely. It would be a shame to ruin such an artfully crafted plate, though I am sure that not eating it would be seen as quite rude.

#the quest #rivendell #nori #balin #my sister children #mr baggins

9:10 am

Anonymous asked: I can tell you with no amount of uncertainty that Mr. Baggins is a poor representation of hobbits as a whole. So yes, it really is just him. Best of luck with that mess.

Your description of Mr Baggins is quite rude and I cannot say that I enjoy such talk. Yes, Mr Baggins’ actions are confusing but that does not make him a ‘mess.’ And I do not believe that he would be a ‘poor representation of Hobbits,’ as he chose to come on this quest, something that I have been assured that very few Hobbits would choose to do. I would also appreciate if you do not speak again of a member of this company in such a disparaging tone.
Anonymous asked: Master Oakenshield, I believe it is safe to say that Mr. Baggins is dealing with an internal conflict. His behavior doesn't mean you've done anything wrong, I promise - he is only trying to sort out his own confusing thoughts. I might even venture to say he would appreciate some space so that he may come to a decision without feeling pressured by others.

Yes, I have been able to observe that something is bothering Mr Baggins, though I do not know what it is. He has assured me that he is fine but, yes, giving him space seems like the best course of action at the moment. If Mr Baggins wishes for company, I am certain he can acquire some.

9:24AM The Company found me on my way to Lord Erestor’s study and practically bowled me over to express their appreciation for the breakfast. I warned them that I would not be doing that — namely, making personalised breakfasts for the Company — very often, but I suspect some of them will be bribing me otherwise in the future. Nori certainly has that conniving gleam in his eyes. I suspect he didn’t get enough of my cooking, even though I’m equally certain that he’d hoarded most of it for himself.

The heat is rising outside but the weather is clear as usual. I have settled outside near the pond with the large, colorful carp and brought my pipe. I can see why my nanaddan are so taken by these fish; they are hypnotizing to watch.

10 am

It is shaping up to be a very hot day. Lord Erestor has drawn the curtains to air out the study in the hopes of tempting more than just sunlight into the room. I am fairly sweating over my slate, but I am determined to complete this quiz that Lord Erestor has set for me.

My nanaddan found my shady spot and joined me, with the pipe passed between the three of us. Fili asked me if I had actually asked Mr Baggins for the small cakes but just did not want to tell the company. I assured them that I had not spoken to Mr Baggins about any food. Both Fili and Kili grumbled at that news and told me more about the favor they had agreed to do. Fili showed me the written lyrics of the song that Mr Baggins had expanded on and pointed out what they were meant to do during the performance. I told them I could not wait to see it. They offered to show me the parts they had practiced but I explained that I wanted to see the final product all together. I wished them luck and they departed, off to meet with Bofur to practice.
12PM Eithriel is helping me learn my new vocabulary words. I have no idea how the heat is not affecting her, though I think I might’ve heard somewhere that Elves are largely impervious to extreme weather. The Dwarves also seem to have some level of endurance greater than mine, since the Company members I’d passed earlier aren’t looking too affected, either. Perhaps it is simply me and the Dúnedain who must suffer today.

#adventureblogging #the company

12:35 pm

The sun is shining overhead and the company has been voicing their complaints. Around their lunch, ways of cooling off are being discussed.

#the quest #rivendell #the company

1:25PM Maybe the heat has finally gotten to the Company. Some of them are muttering something about ‘fountain-dipping’. I don’t know what that is, but I certainly do have my suspicions. I shall have to give all the fountains in Rivendell a wide berth today.

#adventureblogging #the company

2PM His Majesty has cancelled swordfighting lessons due to the heat. If it weren’t such a terribly inadvisable move, I’d have kissed him out of gratitude.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #i wouldn’t do that though #not really #maybe on the cheek

2:05 pm

I encountered Mr Baggins and informed him that, due to the heat, the swordfighting lesson for today was to be canceled. He looked so relieved that I am not sure if he heard me also thank him for the lovely breakfast.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

2:50 pm

The company decided on using one of Rivendell’s many fountains as a way to cool off. The fountain chosen is quite large, able to easily hold us all. I have decided to join the company in their swim, as the cool water is tempting when compared to trying to sit through this heat.

#the quest #rivendell #the company

2:56PM The library is in one of the shadiest parts of Rivendell, and yet there is no respite from the heat in these hallowed halls. Disappointing. Perhaps simply lying on my stomach in my room in my breeches in an attempt to catch a breeze from the windows is my only hope.

#adventureblogging

3:30 pm

I have found a shaded spot in the fountain and have settled there, out of the company’s way. Balin is also sitting to the side, though he is still in the sunlight. The rest of the company is well energized and
3:34PM Eithriel has invited me to come with her, Himdor, and the rest of their patrol to swim in the Bruinen. I had to decline, because I didn’t know how to swim. Of course, I didn’t tell them that. My kin in Buckland have tried to teach me how to swim when I was younger, but, like with swordfighting, I was a terrible pupil.

#adventureblogging

4 pm

I spotted Lindir and Lord Elrond as they noticed our presence in the fountain. To say that they looked shocked would be an understatement. Despite this, they did not request that we remove ourselves from the water. Instead, they carried on with their walk, continuing to look wide-eyed while they did so.

#the quest #rivendell #lindir #elrond

4:45PM I have just escaped from the Dwarves again.

I’d stumbled, completely by accident, across the fountain they were using for their ‘fountain-dipping’ expedition. Fíli and Kíli insisted I join them, but I declined, since I couldn’t swim, and the fountains certainly seemed large enough to be considered a series of pools instead. Bofur then made some weird gesture at Bombur, and Bombur, who had been waiting off to the side, promptly leapt into the water in a way that created a massive splash that drenched absolutely everyone — including me.

Well, now that my shirt was soaked, I had to take it off and wring out the water, of course. And while wolf-whistles from some members of the Company were almost to be expected (given their reaction to my backside the first night we were at Rivendell), I hadn’t expected to see His Majesty in the fountain as well. He wasn’t whistling, but he was also staring. At me.

I can’t remember what I told them in order to get away, and my face is still burning. Give me help me.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #hatdwarf #bigdwarf #that asshole #the company

5 pm

Mr Baggins discovered the company in the fountains, looking as surprised as the Elves had. My nanaddan attempted to get him to join us but Mr Baggins stood his ground, explaining that he did not know how to swim. I saw shock flicker across several faces at that news. Bofur signaled to Bombur in Iglishmêk to jump and that is just what he did — he dove into the water and created a large wave that managed to hit every company member as well as Mr Baggins. The company cheered at the splash while Mr Baggins sputtered at being soaked. His white shirt had turned transparent and he stripped it off to wring it out. His torso was soft and rounded like the rest of his features.

My nanaddan, of course, loudly proclaimed that since Mr Baggins was already wet, he had even more reason to join us in the fountain. They added that I would be the best one to teach the Hobbit how to swim and pointed out where I was sitting. Mr Baggins did not follow their pointing, very obviously keeping his gaze averted from the entire exposed company. His face had turned a bright red.

Mr Baggins asked us to excuse him as he required a new shirt and turned to rush away. My
nanaddan and several company members tried to call him back but the Hobbit was quick on his feet and disappeared without looking back. There were some sounds of disappointment and my nanaddan shrugged at me, citing that they had tried, as if I had asked them to convince Mr Baggins to stay.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #bungling burglar #bofur #bombur

5:30 pm

My nanaddan and Bofur left the fountains soon after Mr Baggins had departed, saying that they needed to practice more before their performance tonight. I exited the fountains as well, for I wished to eat supper without dripping into the food.

I am also debating if I have time to light my pipe before supper.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #bofur

6:23PM I have finally found relief in a very cold bath drawn in my room. If this heat persists, I may have to consider going to bed without my nightshirt.

#adventureblogging

7:10 pm

While a handful of company members had thought to leave the fountains early to dry off before supper, such as Balin and Dori, nearly half of the company sat around the table, looking as if they had just walked out of the water.

Fíli and Kíli had the paper with Mr Baggins’ song lyrics out and were reading it around bites of their meal. Bofur was singing softly to himself, using one hand to lightly tap out the beat of the song against the table.

#the quest #rivendell #balian #dori #my sister children #bofur

7:30PM Supper found me amongst several wet and grinning Dwarves. Bofur, Fíli, and Kíli all ate quickly and then left, ostensibly to practice once more before their performance tonight.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #the company

8:55PM Why do they insist on keeping the fire on in this hall? It’s so stuffy in here.

#adventureblogging

9PM Bofur, Fíli, and Kíli did well! I was very pleased by their performance. Bofur sang the song without messing up the new lyrics, and Fíli and Kíli accompanied him with violin squeaks and cutlery thumps — not to mention animal sounds — at the right moments.

The song is now quite long, but here it is:

*There is an inn, a merry old inn*
beneath an old grey hill,
And there they brew a beer so brown
*That the Man in the Moon himself came down*
One night to drink his fill.

*The ostler has a tipsy cat*
that plays a five-stringed fiddle;
*And up and down he runs his bow,*
Now squeaking high, now purring low,
Now sawing in the middle.

The landlord keeps a little dog
that is mighty fond of jokes;
When there’s good cheer among the guests,
He cocks an ear at all the jests
And laughs until he chokes.

They also keep a hornéd cow
as proud as any queen;
But music turns her head like ale,
And makes her wave her tufted tail
and dance upon the green.

And O! the rows of silver dishes
and the store of silver spoons!
For Sunday there’s a special pair,
And these they polish up with care
on Saturday afternoons.

The Man in the Moon was drinking deep,
and the cat began to wail;
A dish and a spoon on the table danced,
The cow in the garden madly pranced,
and the little dog chased his tail.

The Man in the Moon took another mug,
and then rolled beneath his chair;
And there he dozed and dreamed of ale,
Till in the sky the stars were pale,
and dawn was in the air.

Then the ostler said to his tipsy cat:
'The white horses of the Moon,
They neigh and champ their silver bits;
But their master’s been and drowned his wits,
and the Sun’ll be rising soon!’

So the cat on his fiddle played hey-diddle-diddle,
a jig that would wake the dead:
He squeaked and sawed and quickened the tune,
While the landlord shook the Man in the Moon:
'It's after three!’ he said.

They rolled the Man slowly up the hill
and bundled him into the Moon,
While his horses galloped up in rear,
And the cow came capering like a deer,
and a dish ran up with the spoon.

Now quicker the fiddle went deedle-dum-diddle;
the dog began to roar,
The cow and the horses stood on their heads;
The guests all bounded from their beds
and danced upon the floor.

With a ping and a pong the fiddle-strings broke!
the cow jumped over the Moon,
And the little dog laughed to see such fun,
And the Saturday dish went off at a run

with the silver Sunday spoon.

The round Moon rolled behind the hill
as the Sun raised up her head.
She hardly believed her fiery eyes;
For though it was day, to her surprise
they all went back to bed!

They all got a great deal of applause for it, as well as various tossed pieces of food from supper, and then Bofur had the gall to drag me out and tell everyone that I added all the new verses, and there was even more applause and food thrown at us for it.
I think I saw His Majesty in the crowd, though I didn’t stop to confirm it on my way back to my seat.

My nanaddan and Bofur performed Mr Baggins’ song quite well, especially for having had only one day of practice. All three used their charm and charisma during the performance so that even if there had been mistakes, no one could tell. The applause at the end was well deserved and when they made their way to where I was in the crowd, I congratulated my nanaddan, proclaiming that none could have screeched on their violins better.
I had intended to congratulate Mr Baggins as well on his writing but he was surrounded by Elvish admirers. His face had turned red after Bofur had pulled him forward to introduce him as the writer, and the red had only gotten darker as he received more praise.

Lindir told me my new verses added a real narrative feel to the original song. I thanked him for the compliment. He added that Lord Elrond had told him to remind me that the invitation to stay behind at Rivendell still remains, and that he’d personally like me to stay so that we can work on our poetry together.
I told him I would think about it. The decision has been harder to make than I’d anticipated.

astraygenius asked: I think it’s hilarious that dwarves express appreciation by throwing food at the performer. Do you think they throw rocks at bad ones instead of rotten tomatoes? XD
As far as I know, they do nothing when the performer is bad. Or maybe that’s them trying to be polite. I’m sure a truly awful performer will be complained at until they leave; there was certainly some mumbling and grumbling during the Elvish acts.
June 16th, 2015

Thorin

8:45 am

At breakfast, the company was half hopeful that Mr Baggins had left another batch of food. Only Elvish food greeted them, however, and several wondered aloud if they should offer more favors in exchange for more of the Hobbit’s food.

I moved to follow the company and fill my plate but I was stopped by an Elf. They apologized for stopping me but motioned to a plate set to the side. It had a small note next to it that read, “For His Majesty.”

Atop the plate was a stack of pancakes with blueberries cooked within. There were fresh strawberries placed on top, arranged to look like a flower.

Kíli loudly declared that they wanted blueberry pancakes as well. Óin instructed several company members to pay up while Glóin recorded something in his wager book.

Much like yesterday, I nearly did not want to eat the food, as it looked quite artistic. And, much like yesterday, when I finally did cut into the food, I found it to be delicious.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #oin #gloin #mr baggins

10 am

As our departure date draws closer, I thought it to be best to confirm our planned route with Gandalf. With a route in mind, it would make gathering supplies more effective. I located Balin and he gathered together his collection of maps.

As usual, it took some time to find Gandalf, as he seems to enjoy being elusive. When we did managed to find him, he was in Lord Elrond’s study. We exchanged greetings and I told Gandalf the reason for the visit. Balin spread his maps across the table that Gandalf motioned to and explained the current planned route.

Lord Elrond spoke, suggesting that we take the High Pass as well as travel on the Old Forest Road through Mirkwood. I voiced that I would prefer to avoid Mirkwood and go around the forest but Lord Elrond advised against it. It would take too long to go around and could potentially take us too close to Gundabad. I accepted his advice, though I am not pleased at the thought of traveling through Mirkwood.

Balin traced the route with his finger, confirming the path. Gandalf and Lord Elrond looked it over and said that it looked reasonable. I thanked them for their help and Balin and I departed the room.

#the quest #rivendell #the wizard #elrond #balin

11:15 am

Lindir approached me and informed me that Lord Elrond had more supplies prepared for the company, now that he is aware of our path. He asked if I needed enough for thirteen or fourteen company members. I inquired as to why I would need thirteen and he said that he did not know if Mr Baggins was staying in Rivendell or not.

I admitted that I did not know either. I asked that fourteen packs be prepared, to be safe.

#the quest #rivendell #lindir #bungling burglar

11:20 am

Perhaps Mr Baggins will stay in Rivendell. He has seemed quite happy while we have been here.
11:34AM I did much better on Lord Erestor’s quiz this time! Now he’s assigned me the task of creating several simple sentences, such as “My name is Bilbo” and “I speak Sindarin”, to be tested on tomorrow. I’d almost forgotten the difficulties of being a student; it’s been quite some time since I last had a tutor!
#adventureblogging

12:20PM It’s not as hot today as it was yesterday, but the humidity in the air makes me feel sweatier than I should be. The Company talked about setting out after the Midsummer celebrations at Rivendell, which some of the inhabitants call Tarnin Austa, or ‘passage into summer’. Apparently there will be boat racing on the Bruinen and special glutinous rice dumplings made for the occasion, as well as a feast. Bombur has been roped into preparations already, and he is brimming with excitement about all the new things he’s learning.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #the company

12:45pm During lunch, I observed that Mr Baggins was no longer tense and silent as he had been before. Instead, he was chatting with the company, inquiring after their activities and looking at peace. Mr Baggins seems to be happy within the company. Perhaps he will choose to continue with us in the quest? I am as confused by him as ever and cannot claim to know what he will choose.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

1:45pm I don’t want to do swordfighting. But I don’t think I have much of a choice in that matter. His Majesty says my footwork is improving, but I still manage to hit him ungracefully at least once every lesson. I simply lack the physicality to do this properly.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

1:50pm I informed Mr Baggins that we were to have another swordfighting lesson. He seemed as displeased by this as usual but resolved enough to do it anyway. If he wished to stay in Rivendell, I imagine he would not continue to agree to learn how to defend himself.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #so will he stay with us?

5PM I am aching in places that I didn’t know could ache.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

5:15pm Mr Baggins’ footwork has improved since his lessons began and his aim with the sword has become more accurate.
I did not ask him about his intentions on staying in Rivendell or continuing with the company. When
he has made a decision, I am sure he will make it known.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

6:30 pm

Anonymous asked: what mr baggins is doing for you is so nice! do you plan on returning the favour in some way?

I do not know what Mr Baggins would appreciate in return.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

6:31 pm

Anonymous asked: I hope Mr. Baggins chooses to continue with the company. Most everybody seems to enjoy his presence. Perhaps you do, too? In your own way?

Mr Baggins has proven to be complex and interesting and, yes, the company has become fond of him. I also hope that he chooses to continue traveling with us, as it would be unfortunate to lose our burglar. Also, I may not survive the company’s complaints if they no longer were able to enjoy the Hobbit’s meals.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #the company

7:18 PM The little Dúnadan has shown up to supper with a plate of dumplings. He shared it around, staring very avidly at the beards on some of the Company members. He was particularly taken by Nori and Bombur, who in turn let him touch their hair for a little while as he asked the rest of us questions.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #bigdwarf

7:30 pm

We were treated to a guest at supper — Estel, the young Dúnadan that I had met soon after we had arrived in Rivendell. He came forward with a plate of food to share between the company. His eyes were wide, transfixed on the company’s beards. When he approached me, he greeted me by name and I asked how he had been since we had seen each other last. Estel admitted that he had been begging his mother for this chance to come meet the company. The company introduced themselves and entertained the boy by answering his numerous questions and, in Nori and Bombur’s case, allowed him to touch their beards. Estel was gentle with the hair and thanked Nori and Bombur profusely afterward.

The company seems to be as taken with Estel and he is with the company.

#the quest #rivendell #estel #the company #nori #bombur

7:53PM The noodles we had tonight were large and flat, cooked with chicken and spices. I tried to be brave and eat it all. I must have had at least ten cups of water.

My face is still burning and my eyes are watery.

#adventureblogging

9:23 PM After supper, we listened to more performances in the Hall of Fire. At least, some of us did. His Majesty was one of them, and I spent most of the night worried that he’d question me about my behaviour again or something. But that fear was unfounded.

We spent the night side-by-side on the same bench, and I could have sworn my heart was trying to beat its way out of my chest, and it’s a bloody miracle he didn’t hear it. I tried so hard to concentrate
on the words of the songs being sung, but I couldn’t help but sense how wide the distance between us was. I was so painfully aware of him.
And then I felt his hand cover mine.
And I didn’t pull away.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #i am in so much trouble

9:30 pm
Following supper, my nanaddan informed me that they, along with a number of the company, were gathering for another card game. Based on their grins, I assume there was a twist with this game that most likely involved the losing party having to remove their clothing. I wished them luck and went to the Hall of Fire.

Only a handful of the company was in the Hall. Mr Baggins was in attendance as well and I placed myself on the same bench he was seated on. His decision, which has been haunting my thoughts all day, came to the forefront of my mind again.
Though I wished to, I did not ask him about his choice, as I do not intend to pressure him in any way.

However, it is my hope that he chooses to stay with the company.
#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #mr baggins

June 17th, 2015
Thorin
8:45 am
For the third morning in a row, a plate with a note was presented to me. The breakfast that Mr Baggins made today was as artistic as his previous creations. Today’s meal was toasted bread with a hole in the center cut into the shape of a flower. Within the flower was a fried egg, the yolk in the center facing upwards.

Money changed hands within the company as I looked at the gifted food. I am not sure what to make of these breakfasts. I seem to be the only one receiving them, though I did not ask for them. Mr Baggins has not mentioned the meals at all, so I cannot tell what the message behind them is. It could be anything from a sign of friendship to an attempt at a farewell.
#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #the company

10:30 am
After breakfast, Dwalin challenged me to a game of Tasku-Azabâd. I agreed, but my mind was not entirely focused. I found myself debating on what Mr Baggins would choose — to continue to travel with the company after the Midsummer celebration or stay in Rivendell with the Elves. Logic told me that Mr Baggins would decide to stay, as he is content and safe here. A part of my mind argued against that, believing that Mr Baggins would follow whatever pushed him out of his front door in the first place.

I was startled from my thoughts when a game piece hit me in the chest. I looked up to see Dwalin, one eyebrow raised at me, holding another game piece as if ready to throw another at me. I apologized for letting myself get distracted and he smirked.
“Got something, or someone, on your mind?”
“Simply a quest matter,” I assured him.
Dwalin snorted, not believing me for an instant. He defeated me in the game three moves later.
#the quest #rivendell #dwalin #bungling burglar

Bilbo

10:45AM Today my lessons began a little earlier, as Lord Erestor had a meeting to attend. Meluithel sent word to me that my robes were done now, and that I could go collect them and learn how to wear them properly.
#adventureblogging

11 am
At the rate that I am going through my pipe-weed, I am going to have to return to the storage room to refill my bag quite soon. I admit that I should ration it out more carefully, so that I am not as tempted to use it when we are traveling on the road once more. However, it helps to calm my mind and I find that I need that assistance more in Rivendell than I do while on the road.
#the quest #rivendell

12:23PM My new robes are wonderful. I can hide things in my sleeves! The silk is also fine enough that I’m not stifled under all the layers that I’m wearing. I’m quite pleased with this set.
#adventureblogging

12:45 pm
All throughout lunch, my nanaddan pestered Bombur with questions of what sorts of food he and the Elves were preparing for the Midsummer celebration. Bombur was all too happy to describe the different dishes, detailing the spices and various ways the dishes were prepared. The company, despite having food right before them, still managed to look starved at the images Bombur painted for them.

Bombur lamented on how soon the Midsummer festival was, wishing that he had more time to learn more recipes and explore the different dishes. I was sharply reminded as to just how soon we were departing and looked to Mr Baggins.

He had arrived to lunch in green Elvish robes, looking quite pleased. I do not usually like Elvish clothing styles, but Mr Baggins wore his robes with such ease and the color did well to highlight his eyes that I may have changed my opinion.

However, the robes are one more thing that points to Mr Baggins choosing to stay in Rivendell and I find that I dislike them.
#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #bungling burglar #bombur

12:56PM His Majesty was staring at me all throughout lunch. I can’t tell if he hates the robes or likes them. I don’t know which answer would scare me more.
I have put my robes away so I can attend my swordfighting lesson with less things to bog me down. Plus, I’d hate to get my new clothes dirty.
#adventureblogging #that asshole
1:17PM

Anonymous asked: You've mentioned experiencing attraction a few times in your past. Do you find you're more drawn to males or females during these rare experiences? Or both?
I was not very discriminating in my tweens about whom I was attracted to, no.

#ask #anonymous

1:30 pm

I told Mr Baggins to meet me for his swordfighting lesson. He agreed, not sighing and looking displeased as he usually did.

Is he becoming used to the lessons and understanding how important they are? Or is he keeping his complaints silent because he will soon not have to worry about the lessons? I have to ask Mr Baggins his intentions — I fear that if I do not, this internal debate on the matter will be what truly drives me mad.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

5:22PM His Majesty seemed distracted during the swordfighting lesson today. He’d completely contradicted himself at least once, and I had to correct him. I asked him after the lesson what was troubling him, and he sort of... blurted out, “Are you coming with us or not?”

“...Coming with you where?” I asked. He was very, very close. I could see every single bead of sweat on his very rugged brows.

“On the Quest,” he says, and he turned bright red, too, as if he was embarrassed at having left out a key part of what he wanted to ask.

“Oh,” I said. I’d been thinking about it intermittently off and on for the past couple of days, and since we were staying until Midyear’s Day, I still had time to decide. Though not much of it as I would like.

He stared very intensely at me for a couple of minutes, as if he was trying to read my answer off my face or something, and I was debating the feasibilities of blaming any future swooning on the heat, and then he said, “I should not have pried. Forgive me.” And he turned around and walked off.

I wanted to run after him, wanted to stop him, but even I don’t know the answer to that question, so what good would it have done? I didn’t know that this question was bothering him so badly; for all I know, he could’ve been dying to hand me off to the Elves so he can go run to his Mountain without being hampered by the need to name ponies and stop for second breakfast. And he would be rid of that dreadful Conspiracy, too.

Sometimes I still wonder if he’s secretly devaluing me behind my back. And it makes everything that I feel feel that much worse.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

5:25 pm

I found my concentration continuously escaping from me during the lesson. The answer to Mr Baggins’ decision sat heavily on me, making my movements slow and leading to me making several mistakes.

One such mistake came at the end of the lesson when Mr Baggins questioned if I was well. I spoke without thinking, asking him if he intended to stay with the company or not.

I was met with silence as hesitation crossed Mr Baggins’ face. He seemed as if he were on the edge of speaking but no sound found its way out. I saw it for what it was — he did not wish to announce just yet that he was staying, either through embarrassment or uncertainty as to what the reaction to his
choice would be. The food for the company and myself, it had been his quiet way of saying goodbye.

I apologized, as it had not been my place to pry into his decisions, and left him be.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

6:15 pm

My head is aching and even my pipe-weed cannot cure it.

#the quest #rivendell #stop this

6:27PM

Anonymous asked: I don't think His Majesty would devalue you at all. Sure, you're not used to the lifestyle that these dwarves lead, but you're trying your hardest and I'm sure His Majesty sees that. The fact you came along at all would be seen as admirable by many, and I'm sure he'd think so as well. I strongly doubt he wants to leave you in Rivendell as you've become part of the group, they'd all miss your presence I'd imagine.

My presence, or my food? I’m completely useless otherwise. I can’t defend myself; I can’t live in the rough. Rivendell’s made that quite clear to everyone. I could spend entire days avoiding all the Dwarves, I’m sure, and they wouldn’t miss me at all. I’m just Bilbo Baggins of the Shire. I’m not cut out to be cavorting with warriors and heroes, or catching the attentions of Dwarf kings, or any of that.

Besides, His Majesty probably thinks I’ve betrayed him by taking to Elvish culture so readily.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #the company

6:41PM

Anonymous asked: Your presence most certainly, though I suspect they'd mourn the loss of your food as well. It's a good skill to have, and clearly one they value. Having trouble adapting is not useless, it's a skill you'd pick up along the way. If His Majesty wished for you to stay in Rivendell, why bother teaching you to defend yourself with a sword? Surely that's an indication that he wishes for you to continue on with them but be able to protect yourself should the need arise.

He’s just being polite. He can’t possibly tell me outright that I’m no longer welcome on the Quest; that’s not something he’d do. He’s a grouchy arse, sure, but he’s also a fair leader, and fair leaders let people down gently.

I’m sure he just doesn’t want to make a big fuss about it, and is continuing things the way they are until he leaves. It might be for the best. I myself still don’t know if I want to go or not.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

7:39PM

inqueersitor-oakenshield asked: Having spoken to his Majesty, I assure you that he doesn't want to be rid of you; quite the opposite, in fact.

I wouldn’t know. I seem to be causing most of his headaches these days.

#ask #inqueersitor-oakenshield (now inqueersitor-shimada) #that asshole

7:45 pm

I attended supper, though I had no appetite. The headache had not gone away and I felt the need to simply lie down and sleep. I excused myself from supper early and have returned to my room. I hope that by the time I wake in the morning, my head will have decided to stop pounding.
7:57PM

Anonymous asked: the company needs their burglar. do you remember what made you run out your door in the first place? you are valuable master baggins. beyond belief.
Easy for you to say; we’re nowhere near the part of the Quest where I’m supposed to burgle anything, and I made a right cock-up of trying to steal back ponies from trolls, haven’t I? I’ve done nothing but make a mess of this adventure.

#ask #anonymous

8:34PM I found out at supper tonight from Balin that His Majesty’s birthday — or the closest approximation the Dwarves have to one, I think. Maybe it was a nameday? — is coming up soon. I figure this might be a good opportunity to give him something, even though he’s not family, and I don’t know if Dwarves give or receive presents on their birthdays.
Anyway, I shall have to take some time to think about what I might want to give him, since I’m still not sure if I’m leaving Rivendell with the Company or not. His Majesty did seem a little despondent tonight. He even left the table early, claiming a headache.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #brainsdwarf

9PM I hate that I’m most likely the cause of his headache. As much as I want to be honest to him about what he’s been doing to my rational thinking, I know I shouldn’t. I can’t possibly sacrifice his own comfort for mine.
I’m going to bed.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

June 18th, 2015

Thorin

8:15 am

My headache has mostly disappeared, though not completely. A pain still lingers that I hope leaves me be.

#the quest #rivendell

8:45 am

I was gifted at breakfast with another plate made by Mr Baggins. The meal consisted of honeycomb styled pancakes with honey and berries arranged to look like flowers. Nori, upon entering and seeing that I had another breakfast, snorted and proclaimed that he should go back and woo a Hobbit for himself if it meant such meals being provided. I glared in response but, as usual, it went ignored by the thief.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #nori

9:30 am

I still am uncertain about the reason for behind Mr Baggins leaving a plate of breakfast for me in
particular. The only thing that makes sense to me is that it is his way of saying farewell. I do not know why he would say it to me, for he seems much closer to other members of the company. Perhaps I should ask him.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

10:15 am

I have tried to locate Mr Baggins but he seems to have disappeared. No one in the company has seen him and several report that he has been regularly hard to find in the morning as of late.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #the company

10:30 am

Anonymous asked: You seem preoccupied with Mr Baggins, more so than with any other member of the Company. Do you feel some sort of special attachment to him?
My preoccupation is curiosity, for Mr Baggins is confusing and I have not spent time with any Hobbits before.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

10:45 am

Anonymous asked: Do you not think Mr. Baggins might just simply be undecided over his decision, hence his hesitation to answer? It would be a shame if he left the Company though, he seems to be doing quite well with the quest so far.
Mr Baggins is a surprising individual and he will most likely continue to surprise. However, he is also a creature of comfort and surely this quest has already taken its toll on him.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

11:01 am

Anonymous asked: Perhaps you should talk with Master Baggins again, he might very well want to come with you all but feel he has nothing to offer the group. Knowing that his company is valued may help him come to a decision.
I do not see how Mr Baggins is not aware of his value to the company, as they are all very adamant about their approval of him. However, I do thank you for your advice and may take your suggestion.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

11:35 am

I managed to find Mr Baggins. He was chatting with an Elf in their language. How long has he been able to speak Elvish? Where did he learn it? Is that where he has been disappearing to in the mornings?
If there was any doubt in my mind about Mr Baggins wishing to stay in Rivendell, this has banished it. It seems that we have lost our burglar.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

Bilbo

11:42 AM Lord Erestor dismissed me a couple minutes early today. Eithriel was waiting for me outside his study when I exited, and she greeted me in Sindarin, guiding me through a very basic conversation about how I was doing and if I’d like to have lunch with her. I agreed, though most of my responses were very basic. I probably sound like a child to her!
We shall be having a tea-meal today. If I leave with the Company, I will surely miss these meals.

#adventureblogging
Mr Baggins was not present at lunch. He was most likely dining with the Elves, speaking with them in Elvish.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

I informed Mr Baggins that there would be another swordfighting lesson today. I am not sure as to why I am choosing to continue to teach him, however, seeing as he is obviously choosing to stay in Rivendell.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

I ran into His Majesty after lunch. He seemed much gruffer than usual and told me to be down at the practice fields for swordfighting in half an hour. He even glared at me about it.

Is this it? Is he finally putting his foot down about my uselessness and telling me I have no place with him?

#adventureblogging #that asshole

No one is going to believe me when I say that I fell on top of His Majesty, sprained my ankle during yet another fall, and was thus carried to the infirmary by His Majesty. But it happened, and I still feel overheated despite the Elves putting all of that ice on my ankle.

His Majesty is now reenacting his mother hen role, fretting over me moreso than the Elves applying ointment to my ankle. He’s even tried apologising; I quickly stopped that one before it got too out of hand.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

On the way to the infirmary, His Majesty asked me about the breakfasts I’d been making. I told him that I was doing it because I thought he hated Elvish food (though the real reason was because it helps me take my mind off things like him and his damned hair, but he’s not about to learn that from me).

He admitted that his appreciation for Elvish food had considerably expanded recently, but he did also appreciate my plates, and told me I was quite talented at both making and arranging the food. He’d also almost dropped me a couple of times, but thankfully he regained his strength — bloody strong Dwarves built like sun-baked brick walls — and continued on.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

Yet another lesson has resulted in Mr Baggins and I falling, though this time it was not due to my nanaddan. I was too unfocused and tripped myself just as Mr Baggins was practicing an attack. The suddenness of my fall caused him to lose his balance as well and land on me. We lay there, winded and shocked for a few moments before Mr Baggins scrambled to his feet. His face was red, all the way to the tips of his ears.

Perhaps he got to his feet too quickly, but Mr Baggins tripped once more. His second fall was accompanied by a collection of swears and when I managed to stand again to see to him, he was clutching his ankle.

Mr Baggins attempted to wave me off but I insisted on seeing him to the infirmary. As he could not walk properly, due to his hurt ankle, I decided that it would be simpler to carry him there. Mr
Baggins’ hands tightly gripped my tunic, as if I were about to drop him. The trip to the infirmary seemed like the best time to ask about the reason behind the breakfasts and so I asked. Mr Baggins managed to turn a brighter red and said that he had been doing so because he knew of my dislike of Elvish food. I felt lighter knowing that the meals have not been a farewell attempt but the question of his staying still weighed on me. I was sure to tell him that I very much appreciated the plates and praised his skill, for each meal had been both delicious and artfully put together. He seemed pleased that his creations had been well received.

The Elves have bandaged Mr Baggins’ ankle and said that it should be healed in time for the Midsummer celebration, so long as he does not strain it too much. I offered to take him to his room if he preferred to rest there but Mr Baggins declined, insisting that he would wait until he felt fine enough to walk. I began to apologize for his getting hurt but he quickly stopped me, placing a hand over my mouth and cutting off my words. He said that it was quite alright and that I did not need to apologize for a silly accident. He kept his hand in place until I nodded in agreement. Now to simply ask if he is staying in Rivendell or leaving with the company.

Instead of outright asking, I simply made sure to inform Mr Baggins that he was free to continue on the quest with the company when we depart from Rivendell. He thanked me and I believe that his shoulders relaxed slightly, losing some tension at the reassurance. I explained that I was telling him so because supplies were being prepared and I needed to know how many to pack. Mr Baggins told me that he was still thinking on his answer but would let me know once he had decided. I thanked him for that, though the result of his decision continued to weigh on me. I admitted to him that I had misjudged him and that if the quest had taught me anything thus far, it was that there was more to him than I had originally imagined. His face returned to being bright red.

Mr Baggins indicated that he wished to rest for a while before supper. I bid him a farewell and left him to the care of the Elves in the infirmary.

His Majesty has also, while fretting about my ankle, told me that I was free to come with him and the rest of the Company out of Rivendell. I thanked him for it, and he shrugged and said that he was making arrangements for supplies and provisions, and was hoping to get an answer from me soon so that he can get the right number of packs. I told him I would still think about it. He told me that the Quest so far has been him coming to realise that I was more than the Hobbit he met at Bag End. I think my ears are still burning.

5:15 pm

5:30 PM His Majesty has also, while fretting about my ankle, told me that I was free to come with him and the rest of the Company out of Rivendell. I thanked him for it, and he shrugged and said that he was making arrangements for supplies and provisions, and was hoping to get an answer from me soon so that he can get the right number of packs. I told him I would still think about it. He told me that the Quest so far has been him coming to realise that I was more than the Hobbit he met at Bag End. I think my ears are still burning.

5:40 pm

My headache has finally disappeared completely.

6:03PM I can’t get his last statement to me out of my head. “More than the Hobbit I met at Bag End.” More in what sense? He can say some really cryptic stuff; it’s not just the Elves that are capable of being vague. I want things simple and straightforward, though I know this is a grave I
have dug myself, since I certainly haven’t been simple or straightforward with him. That being said, I wonder what he thought of me the first time we fell this afternoon and I’d landed gracelessly on him. I hadn’t touched him like this since the dream, and it’s so disconcerting to feel him under me. Good, but disconcerting. And if it weren’t for my body cocking things up again, I might’ve taken my time getting off him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #that wonderful asshole #i could have stayed forever like that #maybe #only getting off for meals

6:15 pm

I have gone through my pipe-weed quite quickly. I wonder if I will be able to refill my bag again.

#the quest #rivendell

6:32PM I think the pain and swelling have gone down somewhat, and I may make an attempt to get myself to supper. The little Dúnedan has been keeping me company; he helps out at the infirmary whenever he can, though he tries his best to avoid having to clean bedpans. He brought me a bun earlier and told me about his lesson in medicinal herbs with Lord Elrond today. I asked him what he would like to do when he grows up, and he said that he would like to be a healer. Bless his heart, he’s a good lad.

#adventureblogging

6:50 pm

Supper is set to be served soon and most everyone has moved from their places to attend. Perhaps now is the time to gather that refill.

#the quest #rivendell

7PM His Majesty has found pipe-weed in Rivendell. He is full of pleasant surprises today.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #who has pipe weed #i’d do anything for some pipe weed #anything

7:12PM I’ve decided what I could do for His Majesty’s birthday. He’s never had a Hobbit-style party before, so I shall throw one for him. Except for the portion where he gives gifts to the rest of us, of course, since this is meant to be a surprise, and asking him to buy thirteen presents might give it away. I shall talk to Balin about the idea. It would take place the night before Midyear’s Day — first Lithe, actually — and it would involve a great deal of cooking on my part, but I think Balin would be more than happy to help. And if not, I shall call in a favour or two.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brainsdwarf

7:45 pm

My detour to the pipe-weed storage room resulted in me being late to supper. However, I was not the only one. I encountered Mr Baggins hobbling towards the dining area, moving slowly to keep his ankle from further damage.
I approached him and offered my help but he was very insistent in making his own way. I walked beside him despite his dismissal and made sure to watch for indications of his being in pain. Even though he may have protested, I would have been fine with carrying him to dinner, as it would not do to weaken his ankle anymore simply due to his stubbornness.

Mr Baggins noticed my pipe-weed bag and that it was quite full. He inquired as to where I had attained the pipe-weed, sadly admitting to his own empty bag. He confessed that he would do most anything to know the location of where to find more. I told him of the storage room, saying to think of the information as repayment for his lovely breakfasts.

We made it to the dining area eventually, Mr Baggins having successfully walked the entire way. Eyebrows were raised at his limp and he was quickly questioned as to what had happened. I admitted that it was my fault and the result of an accident during a swordfighting lesson.

Glóin’s wager book was out before I finished talking and half of the company exchanged money. I have come to the belief that it is simply better to ignore these moments.

8:04PM Balin likes my idea! His eyes were twinkling a little too much, though, when I first brought it up for him.
Gandalf had also overheard, and suggested he contribute some lights and sparklers of his own. I told him that since the event was likely to be in the kitchens, that it probably wouldn’t be necessary unless he wanted to set Rivendell on fire. He promised not to make anything too extravagant. Balin added that Bifur and Bofur might also be able to help with decorations and setup, and I warned him that should he add more people in on the planning, that he swear the lot of them to secrecy so that His Majesty doesn’t hear a single word of it.
I can almost see the wager book writing itself in Balin’s grin.

8:20PM
Anonymous asked: That's such a lovely idea! I'm sure Thorin will enjoy it and be very grateful to you.
Not a word of it to him. Not. A. Word.

8:25PM
Anonymous asked: Of course not, and best of luck with the planning.
Good, good, and thank you.

8:25PM
Anonymous asked: Please please believe us, you are not useless. His Majesty is merely concerned you will be leaving them and so is being gruff about it. He wants you to stay with them but doesn't want to pressure you into it so is biting his tongue on the matter I'm certain. If you spoke to him about it I'm sure he'd tell you just that.
What’s the point of speaking to him about it if I haven’t made any decisions on the subject just yet? I’m really now more torn than ever, if anything else. I miss my home, I miss my armchair by the fire, I miss the vibrancy of Hobbiton in the summer with the Midyears’ Day celebrations coming up. But the Took part of me is telling me to go on, that there’s so much more out there. And I’m not sure which part of me I should listen to.

#thequest #rivendell #mrbaggins #thecompany
My nanaddan joined me where I sat watching the fireflies. They both attempted to catch some, though only Kíli managed to. They watched the firefly in their hands before showing it to Fíli. Once they had both had their fill of observing the small creature, Kíli released it. The fireflies surrounded the both of them and they looked to be surrounded by dancing stars.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

Fíli and Kíli both managed to capture several fireflies. When we returned to our room and they released them into the air once we were inside. The ceiling was soon painted with the faint light, looking like a constantly shifting night sky.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children

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**June 19th, 2015**

Bilbo

7:34AM The Elves have some day-old bread left over from supper last night. I think I shall try my hand at Ranger’s Bread, which I’ve only ever tasted at inns and never actually made myself. I do believe it involves dipping the bread in beaten eggs and then frying it. Here goes.

#adventureblogging

7:45AM

Well, that turned out well! I snuck a couple pieces myself; it tastes quite wonderful. I don’t know if it’s really a Dúnedain recipe, or if the innkeepers of the Shire just don’t like admitting that they came up with the idea of frying stale bread with eggs. In any case, time to make breakfast look presentable.

#adventureblogging #travelling

8:01AM

*Anonymous asked*: I have a feeling that you would seriously regret not going along with the company. Gandalf chose you for a reason, and you could end up being the reason the company succeeds in some way.

The Took part of me agrees with you. You’ve got to convince the Baggins, I’m afraid.

#ask #anonymous #the company #meddling wizard #the baggins side is very set in its ways

Thorin

8:25 am

*Anonymous asked*: Mr Baggins has shown an interest in Elven culture in the past, perhaps he was simply honing his newfound language capabilities? talk to him, thorin

Mr Baggins has indeed expressed interest in Elvish culture before. That, combined with his learning of the language, continues to lead me to believe that he will choose to stay in Rivendell.
Anonymous asked: For a king that will eventually have to deal with diplomats, you're rubbish at actually talking to people. For the love of Mahal, use your words, your Majesty. Jumping to conclusions is a terrible idea.

I am basing my conclusions on the evidence that he is learning Elvish. If he did not wish to remain in Rivendell, learning Elvish would not be important to him.

Anonymous asked: I believe Master Baggins' interest in learning Elvish is merely academic, he seems like the kind of hobbit who loves to learn new things. I'd be willing to wager that were it allowed, he'd probably be interested in learning your language as well. I doubt it's any indication as to him wanting to stay in Rivendell or not. Honesty is probably the best policy in this case, if you have a chance, ask him again whether he intends to stay or not. I doubt he'd mind so long as he's asked politely.

I have already spoken with Mr Baggins about his decision. He had informed me that he is still undecided. However, looking at his choices in the past, I can only assume that he will stay behind in Rivendell.

The breakfast that Mr Baggins left this morning interested the company. It was bread that looked to have been fried and was topped with honey and fruit. The pieces were cut into the shape of flowers and leaves.

My nanaddan were the first to insist on trying some and I cut pieces off for them. They declared it to be delicious and the company gathered close, asking for some as well. Bombur came forward first, however, and admitted that he was not sure what it was exactly. I let him try some too and within moments, he was rushing around excitedly.

“Oh, that is genius! It’s stale bread, I can certainly tell the difference, and it’s been soaked in egg. And then fried, how clever!”

The company asked if he would be able to make more and Bombur quickly set to work. He spoke aloud on what he was doing, which included trying different things with the eggs as he whisked them, such as adding dashes of cinnamon and nutmeg. The company was more than happy to try his experiments, asking for more as soon as they were done.

I enjoyed my own plate made by Mr Baggins. I found that my eyes were continuously drawn to the small note that was left with it. The past few mornings, the meals had been left with a note reading, ‘For His Majesty.’ However, it changed today. The new note read, ‘For Thorin.’ I believe that I can count on one hand the number of times that Mr Baggins has referred to me by name, instead of his preferred nickname.

It is most likely nothing but it feels as if it could mean something.

I returned to where I spotted Mr Baggins yesterday. I had assumed yesterday that he had been receiving lessons but perhaps it had been something else. I felt the need to confirm what was true, however, and am now trying to locate Mr Baggins.
Rivendell has more rooms than I had originally thought. If Mr Baggins is taking lessons, I believe that they end before noon, as he is usually present for lunch. I have until then to find him.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar

10:40 am

Despite trying not to, I have interrupted several meetings, disturbed a number of Elves in their studies, and also managed to discover Dwalin and Nori having relations in an empty room. Before quickly leaving them be, I informed them quite loudly that they both had rooms of their own that could be used and Nori’s laughter was the only answer.

#the quest #rivendell #dwalin #nori

11:15 am

I have yet to find Mr Baggins — he truly is as elusive as Gandalf claimed.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #the wizard

11:45 am

Lunch is approaching and Mr Baggins has most likely already departed from whatever room he may have been in. How can one Hobbit always be so difficult to find?

#the quest #rivendell

12:14PM Bombur congratulated me on my ‘culinary genius’ at lunch, as he’s been trying to figure out how to save day-old bread in a palatable manner but had never thought to fry it with egg before. I told him that since Ranger’s Bread was rumoured to have come from the Dúnedain, it really wasn’t all my idea. He still considers me a genius for having remembered the recipe at all.

#adventureblogging

12:30 pm

The company expressed their delight of Mr Baggins’ creation for my breakfast, Bombur especially. Mr Baggins admitted that he had not been the one to first imagine the recipe but Bombur praised him nonetheless. Bombur dove into a topic of food and recipes that he had learned here that could be done on the road and Mr Baggins joined him in the discussion. He suggested things and debated on if certain meals would be possible or not and ways around missing certain ingredients.

I hope that these are not simply suggested tips for Bombur but things that Mr Baggins anticipates helping to make later in the quest.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bombur #bungling burglar

1:52PM His Majesty looks as distracting as ever. It should be illegal to have eyes that blue.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #not acting doesn’t mean i can’t appreciate from afar

2 pm

Due to Mr Baggins’ hurt ankle, I do not expect him to participate in a swordfighting lesson today. Instead, I approached my nanaddan and asked them if they wished for another lesson. They agreed quickly and are currently retrieving their things from our room.
2:13PM I’d made it out to the practice fields, to find His Majesty sparring with his sister-children instead. He said that I should probably be resting my ankle, but I told him that the pain isn’t so bad and I could probably at least work on my stances and swings. He seemed rather pleased by that answer.

4:45 pm

Mr Baggins has surprised me yet again. My nanaddan and I were just minutes into our lesson when the Hobbit came forward, hobbling slightly because of his ankle, and asked to join the lesson. I told him that it would be best to rest his ankle but he insisted, promising not to strain it. He has made his displeasure of these lessons quite obvious and to be insisting on one when he has a more than valid excuse to skip it… Perhaps we will need all fourteen packs after all.

Anonymous asked: But why would wanting to learn Elvish be an indication of also wanting to stay in Rivendell? Bilbo likes learning! Speaking Sindarin is a useful skill, even on this quest. He’s also a Hobbit and not bound by the same reservations you have about elves. Both of you will benefit from being straightforward with each other.

I can see the sense in your words and have already heard the same points from many others. However, I still hold to my opinions and thoughts.

5:11 pm

Anonymous asked: Your Majesty, I speak 3 languages and have yet to pack up and leave my country. Your conclusions are silly.

I commend you on your abilities but Mr Baggins has packed up and left his home behind. My conclusions are drawn from previous evidence.

5:41PM I am going to miss being able to bathe in the privacy of my own room, with a tub of nice hot water and cleansing tonics for my hair as well as soap. I may need to ask the bathhouse attendants for some extra bottles of the stuff if I choose to leave.

6 pm

While heading to my room, I overheard something coming from Mr Baggins’ room. I hesitated briefly before going closer. It took a few moments before I was able to identify what the noise was. Mr Baggins was singing. It was a cheerful tune and, if I heard correctly, it was about bathing. I realized that I recognized it — Mr Baggins had sung it before, saying that it was his favorite bath song. It was an amusing but also uplifting song and I found myself staying by the door for some time to listen.
6:12PM My hair’s getting long enough for a trim, I think, though I imagine the Company and the Elves might not appreciate such a thing, as they all seem to value hair and braids so much. Maybe if someone brought up that mutual love for hair, then perhaps the Elf-Dwarf hatred might abate somewhat, and I will be left in peace from the grumblings of the Company.

#adventureblogging

7:30 pm

At supper, we were served a bowl of noodles. I still find that I struggle with the Elvish stick utensils and eating the noodles became more of a hassle than enjoyable. Fíli noticed this and offered me tips on how to use the sticks in the proper manner. I looked over to see that he and Kíli were both eating their noodles with ease. A glance at the company provided the same view.

I asked Fíli when he had learned how to use the sticks. He simply raised an eyebrow at me and commented that we had been in Rivendell for close to three weeks and he had picked up after having to use them so often. Kíli snickered in their noodles. I still do not like the sticks.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #damn elves #and their sticks

8:20 pm

Several in the company have gathered with some Elves to play a game. It apparently involves putting notes with different names on each person’s forehead so that they cannot see the name. Then the person asks questions to the group to try to determine the name that is on their forehead. The winner is whomever can figure out the name the fastest. The entire group looks ridiculous with notes on their faces but the game itself seems like it will prove amusing.

#the quest #rivendell #the company

8:25 pm

My nanaddan have joined the game, as has Mr Baggins. Bofur is also playing and has gleefully stuck a name of his choosing to Mr Baggins forehead.

It is my name.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #bungling burglar #bofur

8:30PM

Anonymous asked: Knowing Dwarves and Elves, Master Baggins, I imagine that bringing up their shared fondness for hair would only result in unfriendly competition, either over which race braids better or which race came up with braiding first. It's a nice thought, though. If they do, I shall braid their hair and beards together until they learn to stop squabbling about these things like children.

#ask #anonymous #confound the lot of them!

8:57PM After supper, Elladan and Elrohir showed up again with another game. They wrote in Cirth the names of several famous individuals in Middle-earth both past and present, and we each got a slip of paper with that name on it, and we were to hold it up to our foreheads and ask the rest of the
group questions in order to guess who we were supposed to be. I got His Majesty, but I guessed wrong and asked if I was his ancestor Durin the Deathless instead. There was some snickering at that.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole

9 pm

My nanaddan chose to pick the names for each other. Fíli put Kíli’s own name on Kíli’s forehead and Kíli shared the same thought and stuck Fíli’s name to Fíli. The group snickered at their choices. I cannot say that I am surprised that my nanaddan attempted to prank each other with the same prank. Mr Baggins seemed to be on the correct path in choosing questions. He successfully figured out that his note was of a tall dwarf with long hair who holds a high position of power. However, when he went to guess, Mr Baggins believed his note to be for Durin the Deathless. The group laughed at that and Bofur shrugged, saying that it was close enough.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #bungling burglar #bofur

9:08PM He’s looking distracting again, with all the fireflies around him. I’m going to bed before I ruin this moment. Good night.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:15 pm

With the game having ended, the players are heading to bed. I have chosen to stay up for a while longer, as the fireflies are out once again and I wish to smoke for a while. Mr Baggins passed me as he headed inside and I bid him a good night. He stopped and looked back to face me. I could not tell if it was the firelight or not, but his face seemed to turn red. He returned the good night and even gave a smile before he departed.

#the quest #rivendell #mr baggins

June 20th, 2015

Thorin

8:15 am

I have decided that we will leave Rivendell tomorrow after lunch and continue on our quest. I have passed the news onto the rest of the company and told them to get their things packed and ready. I would have preferred that we leave at first light but I have promised the company that we would stay for the celebrations. They ought to have one final feast before we depart.

#the quest #rivendell #the company

Bilbo

8:30AM Balin found me just as I was gathering my things for my lesson today, and told me that the
Company planned to leave tomorrow after the midday feast at the Midsummer celebrations. Since that’s the case, I suppose tonight must be the night of the party, if I’m ever to pull it off properly.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #the company

8:45 am

The breakfast left to me was a bun similar to the honey ones that I have had in the Blue Mountains, but instead this had a cinnamon and sugar filling. The company was interested in the meal as they had been yesterday and requested that Bombur try to replicate it.

The note today once again read, “For Thorin.”

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #the company

11:25AM I’ve made arrangements with the Elves in the kitchen for the use of their space for the party tonight, after supper. They seemed amenable to not having to make as much for supper and offered to assist me when I start making dishes for the party. One of them, whom I think is named Geledir, told me that they’d recently glazed and prepared a couple more of the ducks that His Majesty loves to hoard at every feast, and if I’d like to have one roasted for the party tonight. I agreed, and thanked him for offering the duck in the first place.

Supper has also been moved to a little earlier, so that there’s plenty of time for the party — or as I am now calling it, second supper.

#adventureblogging

11:30 am

Due to our departure tomorrow, I decided to head down to the forges to wish Maethedir farewell. He greeted me when I arrived and I told him of the company’s soon departure. In response, he put away his work and said that if I am to have only one more day in Rivendell, then he would rather not be working during it.

We sat and talked for a time about this and that. I asked him if he was participating in some way in the celebrations tomorrow and he confessed that he had been in the forges making various presents to be exchanged in the celebrations. I apologized for using up his time, as I was sure he still had more to do, but he waved it off. Maethedir said that he much preferred spending time with a departing friend, as the forge would wait.

I thanked him for welcoming me into the forges when I had arrived and told him that I was grateful to be allowed to create something during my stay. In return, he thanked me for my company, confessing that few joined him in the forges, as they had other things to attend to.

We spent the rest of the morning talking until I had to leave for lunch. He shook my hand and wished myself and the company luck on the quest. I wished him well here in Rivendell and departed from the forges.

#the quest #rivendell #maethedir

1:50PM I told Balin to tell His Majesty a suitable excuse for me not being able to do swordfighting lessons today so that I can get some of the longer-prep dishes ready for second supper. He said he’d think up something, and left to find His Majesty.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brainsdwarf #NOT A WORD TO HIS MAJESTY #THIS MEANS YOU! #any of you tell him where I am #and there will be retribution
I was informed by Balin that Mr Baggins is unable to attend his swordfighting lesson today because his ankle feels worse and that he does not believe he would make it through a lesson. I thought to yesterday, how Mr Baggins had insisted on his lesson despite the injury and cursed myself for standing by and not stopping him from aggravating his injury.

I thanked Balin for the information and headed to the infirmary to see if there anything I can do to help Mr Baggins, as I feel fault lies with me for his hurt ankle.

When I arrived at the infirmary and asked after Mr Baggins, I was told that he was not there. I asked if they had seen the Hobbit at all and the Elves admitted that they had not. Perhaps Mr Baggins told Balin where he went when he passed on his message.

I returned to Balin and questioned him further. He confessed that he did not know where Mr Baggins was but would be willing to help me search for him, especially since Mr Baggins was sporting an injury. I suggested that we try his room first and Balin agreed.

I’ve started on the dishes with a longer cooking time, so they will be slowly simmering away during the rest of the afternoon. There will also be some puddings and pies that need to settle, and those I will place in the cold-storage pantry until second supper.

We have checked Mr Baggins’ room but he does not seem to be there. I asked other company members if they had seen him but none had. Balin suggested searching the library and I told him to lead the way.

It took Balin and I some time to get to the library, as Balin kept stopping to talk with passing Elves. He must have noticed my impatience and explained that he had made quite a few friends while staying here and was just saying farewell to them in case he did not have a chance tomorrow.

Balin has checked in on me again, saying that His Majesty is looking for me, but so far has been unable to locate me thanks to his own strategic bribing of the Rivendell Elves. I promised to bake him a selection of seed-cakes in return, which he considered adequate payment for his services. I then instructed him to inform the Company to report to the kitchens shortly after supper, and to give no explanation lest some detail slip. I also told him to tell His Majesty to report to the kitchens at seven. He nodded at me and strode out of the kitchens.
I wonder where he got the coin to pay off the Elves, as last time I checked, he was losing the wagers. What has changed?

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #the company

4:05 pm

Balin and I separated not long after we entered the library. I have discovered that my tendency to get lost among trees also extends to dead, bound trees. It has been close to an hour since I entered the library but I cannot seem to find the exit once more.

#the quest #rivendell #balin

4:35 pm

Balin managed to locate me within the library and lead me to the exit. I admitted that I did not believe Mr Baggins to be in there and that we should try somewhere else. I suggested the kitchens and began to make my way there. Balin followed and suggested another area. I reasoned that because Mr Baggins had been cooking and baking recently, that he, like Bombur, was most likely interested in the Elvish recipes.

However, when we reached the kitchens, we were quickly shooed out by several Elves who explained that they needed everyone not cooking to stay clear of the kitchens, as they were preparing for the celebration. I asked if any of them had seen Mr Baggins and was directed to the gardens.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #balin

4:38PM Narrowly avoided being caught by His Majesty by ducking into one of the pantries. I had the misfortune, though, to pick the pantry they use for pickling, and I still haven’t gotten the smell of brine out of my nostrils.

The Elves in the kitchen have directed His Majesty to the gardens. I suspect the Elves are having too much fun sending him on a wild goose chase.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

4:50 pm

While heading down to the gardens, I ran across Lord Elrond. He seemed pleased at the unexpected meeting and asked after the map for our quest. I told him that I would show it to him at supper and he nodded in acceptance. I then apologized for my quick departure but that I was looking for Mr Baggins. He wished me luck and Balin and I continued to the gardens.

#the quest #rivendell #elrond #bungling burglar #balin

5:10 pm

The Elves in the gardens have told me to check the looms for Mr Baggins. I am beginning to believe that these Elves do not actually know where Mr Baggins is.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #how is he so elusive

5:21PM I have set aside some ingredients for other foods that must be made closer to the time for second supper. Hopefully His Majesty will forgive me for avoiding him all afternoon, though at least this time I have a reasonable excuse.

#adventureblogging #that asshole
5:30 pm

Mr Baggins was not in the loom room. Supper is approaching and I have admitted to Balin that I am giving up on the search for Mr Baggins. I doubt that he will skip supper and I can simply ask after his injury then.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #balin

6PM Supper — first supper, at any rate — is rather noticeably sparse, consisting of a salad and a soup with soft bean curd, egg, and ground beef. The Company seem to be taking it in stride, no doubt anticipating whatever’s in the kitchens after this first supper. His Majesty, on the other hand, seems rather disgruntled by supper. Or maybe it’s the fact that he’s practically the only one left in the Company who hasn’t gotten used to the serving sticks.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole

6:05PM Lord Elrond has taken a look at the swords that His Majesty and Gandalf recovered from the troll holes. He has confirmed Gandalf’s suspicions that the swords were forged by the Ñoldor in Gondolin, who are, apparently, kin to Lord Elrond himself. The sword His Majesty took is called Orcrist, the Goblin-cleaver. His Majesty seems rather pleased at having a sword with such an epithet, and has resolved to use it to cleave more goblins. Lord Elrond says he’ll get plenty of that in the mountains.

As for Gandalf’s sword, it is called Glamdring, the Foe-hammer. Glamdring had once been worn by Turgon, the King of Gondolin. I wondered if my own sword had a name or a history, but Balin scoffed at that, and said that mine was more akin a letter opener than a sword. Maybe I should only bake him half of the seed-cakes I had promised before.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole #brainsdwarf

6:10PM Lord Elrond has read the map! Apparently the map from His Majesty’s grandfather has secret messages written in moon-letters. All Lord Elrond had to do was hold it up to the light of the moon, and the moonlight showed the message when it shone through the map. However, since moon-letters are meant to be secret, it can’t just be any old moon; it has to be the same kind of moon on the same kind of night, and it just so happens that the map is only readable on first Lithe under a crescent moon.

Lord Elrond says that the hidden message talks about standing by a grey stone when a thrush is knocking, and that the last light of Durin’s Day will shine upon the keyhole. His Majesty says Durin’s Day is the Dwarvish New Year, when the last moon of Autumn and the sun are in the sky together. That does definitely put us on a tighter schedule than we had before, which probably means less rest days and no camping for meals except at night. I’m sure the Company is absolutely overjoyed at the prospect.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard

6:15 pm

Supper was meager, to say the least. I find that I am still hungry and am debating going to the kitchens later to find more to eat, despite it being busy with celebration preparations. Lord Elrond has identified the Elvish blades that were found in the troll cave. Gandalf was correct in his belief that the swords were forged in Gondolin. My blade is apparently named Orcrist, the Goblin-cleaver. Despite its Elvish make, it is a fine blade and I have promised that it will live up to its name.
I presented the map to Lord Elrond and he also identified the runes. He has read them as moon-letters and the moon tonight was in fact the very shape that was needed to read the runes. He informed us that runes said that we had to reach Erebor by Durin’s Day. That only gives us about four months to get there. With the rate we have been traveling, I am not sure if we will make it in time. But we must. My homeland — our homeland — needs to be reclaimed.

#the quest #rivendell #elrond #the wizard #this changes things

6:20 pm

Balin has asked me to meet him in the kitchens by seven. I inquired as to the reason and he remained vague, saying that it was simply important. I promised that I would. I hope that he has plans to get more food, as supper was not filling.

#the quest #rivendell #balin

6:20PM I had to beat a hasty exit to the kitchens when I saw His Majesty looking towards me. There are still some dishes left to be made, and Balin’s substantially-less pile of seed-cakes still needs to be put into the oven.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole

6:30 pm

I noted Mr Baggins’ presence at supper but had been more focused on Lord Elrond and the information he shared. When I went to locate Mr Baggins afterwards, he had already disappeared.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #elrond #how is he so elusive

6:40 pm

The hallways seem quite empty. I am sure it is because of preparations for the celebration tomorrow but even the company has become scarce.

Perhaps I should refill my pipe-weed one last time before our departure, so that I leave with a full bag.

#the quest #rivendell

6:45PM The Company has started to trickle in. Coins were tossed around when they found out that this was to be a birthday (or name-day) party for His Majesty, but they all agreed to hide in order to better surprise His Majesty when he arrives.

Geledir, as he was slicing up the freshly-roasted duck to be served, has asked me to record some of my recipes for future use at Rivendell. I promised to leave him my seed-cake and roast lamb chop recipes, if he would give me the recipe for egg tarts in return. He has handed me a card with the recipe printed on it in Tengwar.

If nothing else, deciphering this recipe will be a good way to get me to practice my Sindarin.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole

6:50PM I asked the Company to help me set up for the party by getting out all the dishes and plates and laying them out on the big kitchen table that had been cleared for us. They did, of course, but in their heart-stopping way of throwing everything at each other and yet somehow not dropping or breaking anything. And I was treated, once again, to that song they taunted me with at Bag End, though now I must admit I’ve grown a bit fond of it and their accompanying antics.
Chip the glasses and crack the plates!
Blunt the knives and bend the forks!
That’s what Bilbo Baggins hates—
Smash the bottles and burn the corks!

Cut the cloth and tread on the fat!
Pour the milk on the pantry floor!
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat!
Splash the wine on every door!

Dump the crocks in a boiling bowl;
Pound them up with a thumping pole;
And when you’ve finished if any are whole,
Send them down the hall to roll!

That’s what Bilbo Baggins hates!
So, carefully! carefully with the plates!

And once again, they did none of those dreadful things, but rather ended up with a very magnificent spread. A feast fit for a king, I must say. And now, we hide and wait.

6:55 pm
I have refilled my bag and am now heading to the kitchens. I may arrive slightly late, as Balin asked me to be there at seven, but hopefully whatever he has planned is not overly reliant on my arrival being exact.

7:09PM His Majesty showed up late. Again. But I daresay the look on his face when everyone leapt out of their hiding places to yell, “Surprise!” was worth the exasperation at his lateness. He demanded to know who was responsible for the party, and everyone pointed at me, which made me feel dreadfully guilty for a moment until His Majesty turned bright red, stammered his thanks, and told everyone to help him eat the food. Except the duck. The duck is his and his alone.

7:15 pm
Mr Baggins has surprised me yet again, and he got most everyone to surprise me as well. I entered the kitchens to a roar of noise from the company and Elves waiting to spring out and surprise me. I admit that for a moment, I believed that I was about to be attacked.
I asked who had set up the apparent party and all hands pointed to Mr Baggins, who in turn turned red. I can honestly say that I did not expect him to do something like this. I do not even know where or when he learned about my name-day. Based on his smirk, though, I assume it was Balin.
I am quite happy to also report that there is a large amount of food. The scarceness of supper suddenly made sense to me and I had to wonder how many knew about the party besides myself.

7:40 pm
My nanaddan dragged me over to a large cake that the company was gathered around. The cake was similar to the small ones that Mr Baggins had made for me before — it had blueberries within and was covered with a sugary icing.

The company sang to my health and congratulated me on successfully reaching another name-day. Bombur cut the cake into slices and passed it around. I asked if Mr Baggins had made the cake and Bombur confirmed that he had. He went on to say that Mr Baggins had been in the kitchens for most of the day, working alongside the Elves to get the party ready.

I do not know why he would do such a thing, especially for myself, and inquired about this aloud. The company all looked between each other and gave long sighs. I asked if they knew anything but each one of them claimed that they were unable to say anything and that I should ask Mr Baggins myself. They all looked at me quite intensely while saying this.

Is the reason behind Mr Baggins’ choice to plan this party something serious?

7:45 pm
Could this be a last farewell?

8:11 pm
Anonymous asked: Mr. Baggins does appear to be torn between staying in Rivendell and going on the quest with you and the company, but I am confident that he will end up deciding to continue on with you. Some of his posts are implying that he will continue on.

We depart from Rivendell tomorrow. His choice will become obvious then. I still believe that I already know what he will choose, but we shall see.

8:30 pm
I set out to locate Mr Baggins so that I may speak with him but he remained elusive as usual. I was stopped often to talk and to be congratulated on reaching my name-day. I played polite but was in fact quite rushed to find Mr Baggins.

When I did find him, he was in the company of Bofur and they were talking quietly. I could not hear all of what they spoke of but it seemed to be on the topic of Mr Baggins’ choice to stay in Rivendell or depart with the company. The noise and music from the party blocked out most of what Mr Baggins said but I very clearly heard him state, “...stay in Rivendell. I can’t fight, despite all the lessons, and the only real use I have to the company is cooking, and you’ve got Bombur for that...” I stepped away, hearing all that I needed to. My suspicions have been confirmed — Mr Baggins has chosen to remain here.

8:34PM Bofur asked me if I was going to leave with the Company tomorrow, saying that Thorin has been fretting about that question all week, and he thought that he might as well ask me since obviously Thorin is too scared to do it himself. I admitted that I really didn’t know; I’d been switching back and forth myself between whether I should leave or stay. Of course part of me wants to continue on, as I did sign the contract, and I am a Hobbit of my word, and of course part of me wants to stay, where I’ll have access to anything I could possibly want to do, and I’d be safe with civilised, clean folk — not that the Dwarves don’t have their own sense of propriety and manners, of course. But living on the road does mean sacrificing creature comforts, and I’d almost forgotten how much I’d missed those until I came here. I also mentioned that I suspected that Thorin wanted me to stay for all of the same reasons — that I couldn’t protect myself or be of any use to the Company other than cooking. Bofur, of course,
pointed out that the rest of the Company had grown fond of my cooking. “It’s especially something,” said he, “for my brother to call you a culinary genius. He’s right clever himself, too, you know. He can tell if something in the wild is edible, and what it goes well with. He figured out the ingredients of your breakfasts after a few bites and still thought you were brilliant. We’d all be suffering from food sicknesses if it weren’t for him, and for him to think you’re someone worth teaching, well. He likes you, and I like you, and we all think you have a place with us.”

I told him that my opinion was, in fact, currently veering in favour of the Company. He said I had one more night to figure it out, clapped me on the back, and went to go get some more food.

8:40 pm

When I returned to the party, my nanaddan found me and asked if I had spoken with Mr Baggins. I told them that I had heard all I needed to from him. They were hesitant about their next question but finally inquired if I felt the same way. I did not want Mr Baggins to stay in Rivendell, though I understand his reasonings for wanting to. I told them that no, I do not share his feelings. They seemed surprised and attempted to question me further but I excused myself to head outside.

#the quest #rivendell #my sister children #bungling burglar

9:10PM After my conversation with Bofur, I decided to get some fresh air, so I excused myself and went out into the gardens. There were Elves at the nearest stream, all of them singing and dancing, evidently rehearsing something that I think might be meant for the celebrations tomorrow. I know the Elvish Tarnin Austa is a time for celebrations both joyous and grave. Joyous for the upcoming harvest season, and grave in memory of the Elves lost in wars of Ages past. There will be solemn ceremonies at sundown, but while the Sun still reigns in the sky, there will be songs and dancing and boat races on the Bruinen. No wonder Thorin wants us to leave in the afternoon. He would partake in the joys, but not the sorrows.

Thorin, of course, chose that moment to appear by my side. I wondered if he was going to ask the questions that Bofur had asked, and I found that I didn’t care much for it either way. Whether I stayed or left, I would still have to confront the feelings he had awoken in me several nights before. And I was going to confess it all, I swear. I was going to tell him in plain terms how I felt. But I couldn’t. I couldn’t let him speak, and I couldn’t speak myself, either, not about these things which have been lodged in my throat for so long. So I told him that he was a friend. He seemed pleased by that, and shook my hand. I didn’t want to pull away.

Thorin sat down beside me on the grass after that, damnable him, and I was so nervous and tongue-tied that I couldn’t do anything except pull up clods of grass by my side. But then I saw what was possibly the very last daisy left in Rivendell after I’d gone through it with my own silly superstitions, and I laughed at the memory, saying that I’d plucked so many daisies that there weren’t any left for a Midyear’s flower garland.

“What are those?” asked Thorin.

“In the Shire, we celebrate Midsummer too, but we call it Midyear’s Day, and there are three nights of feasting and bonfires, starting tonight and ending the day after tomorrow,” I said. “We weave flower garlands for our friends and family for them to wear however they’d like. And since I’ve plucked all the daisies last week, there aren’t any left for a Midyear’s flower garland.

“What are those?” asked Thorin.

“In the Shire, we celebrate Midsummer too, but we call it Midyear’s Day, and there are three nights of feasting and bonfires, starting tonight and ending the day after tomorrow,” I said. “We weave flower garlands for our friends and family for them to wear however they’d like. And since I’ve plucked all the daisies last week, there aren’t any left this week to make my new friend a crown of them.”

“You could use other flowers,” he said.

“It’d mess up the message,” I replied, and I must’ve looked and sounded right ridiculous saying that. Of course there could be other flowers. I just didn’t want to have to explain their meanings.

I pressed my lips to the petals of the daisy before reaching out and tucking it behind his ear, and told
him that he now looked like a proper king, which he laughed at. I then wished him a happy name-
day, and when he protested that tonight was not his name-day, I said that there would be no time for
it otherwise.
I then bid him good night, even though every other part of me was clamouring to stay.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #that wonderful wonderful asshole oh what am i going to
do #i'm in so much trouble

9:20 pm
I noticed Mr Baggins come outside a few minutes after I had. I decided that since it is his last night as
part of the company that I should bid him farewell personally. I went to stand by him and he looked
as if he also had words caught in his throat.

I went to speak but Mr Baggins beat me to it. He turned to fully face me and said that he wished to
tell me something. I waited for him to continue and after a deep breath, he declared that he thought of
me as a friend and I smiled. At least we are to part in friendship. I held out my hand and he grasped
it. We shook hands briefly, though our grips held for longer. When he released my hand, he stepped
back, clearing his throat, and sat on the grass. I found that my hand felt a little too cold without his.

I joined Mr Baggins on the grass and a silence stretched between us as I looked for ways to let him
know that I had overheard his decision to stay and wished him luck. Before I could, Mr Baggins
began laughing, holding a daisy in his hand. Noticing my questioning look, he explained that he was
surprised there were any left in Rivendell, given that he had plucked so many. He said that
regretfully there were not enough to make a Midyear’s flower garland.

When I questioned as to what that was, he went on to explain that it was part of Hobbit culture.
Apparently, Hobbits weave flowers together and gift them to one another. Mr Baggins wished aloud
that there were enough daisies left to make a crown of them for me. I asked if this tradition required
daisies or if any other flower could be used. He said simply that the message would not be the same.

Mr Baggins then gently kissed the daisy in his hand before reaching up and tucking it behind my ear.

He then declared me a proper king and I could not help but laugh in surprise.

He wished me a happy name-day and I confessed that today was not in fact my name-day, that it was
tomorrow. He nodded and explained that he may not have time to say it at another time and I was
reminded of his decision to stay.

Mr Baggins stood and bid me a good night, which I returned. He stayed in place for a few moments
before turning to head inside. In the light of the sparklers that Gandalf had set off for the party his
face and curls seemed golden, not of this world and unreachable.

#the quest #rivendell #mr baggins

9:45 pm
When Mr Baggins had left, I took the daisy from behind my ear and looked at it. My throat felt oddly
dry and I found it hard to focus on anything. The sparklers looked blurry in my vision, so I closed
my eyes. But when I had opened them I realized that my hand had closed too tightly around the
flower and that the petals were now crumpled.

I believe Mr Baggins’ decision to stay is affecting me more than I thought it would.

#the quest #rivendell #mr baggins #the ache is back

10:59 pm
Anonymous asked Why not find Mr Baggins and tell him how this made you feel? Explain that
the decision he makes is his and his alone of course, that you respect it and do not want to
sway his decision at all, but that you feel you should let him know of these feelings. It might
make you feel better and ease the ache. I'm sure Mr Baggins would appreciate the honesty.

Honestly, I myself cannot put words to what I am feeling at the moment. Even if were able to, I
would not want them to weigh on Mr Baggins in any way.
#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

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June 21st, 2015

Bilbo

12:14AM

Anonymous asked: I think that should you decide to stay in Rivendell that you should request a quiet word with Thorin and tell him of your feelings then. Whether they are reciprocated or not (though I firmly believe they would be), at least then you'll have everything out in the open and won't have to live with any thoughts of 'what if'. To be honest it would be a good idea to tell him all this even if you decide to go with them, but if it will make you uncomfortable then keep your silence for now.

I’m afraid that, whether I stay here or leave with the Company, this burden will remain mine and mine alone. I cannot force it on anyone, least of all Thorin.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #i can’t sleep

Thorin

12:39 am

Anonymous asked: Maybe the reason you can't describe the way your feeling is because it's something you've never felt before. And maybe you need to let your heart speak for itself.

This quest is far too important for me to get wrapped up in the matters of the heart.

#ask #anonymous #sleep evades me

8 am

My sleep was poor last night which is unfortunate as we are leaving Rivendell today. I would have preferred to leave well-rested. The rest of the company seems to have slept well, however, though they are staying quiet. I have seen a few of them glance at me as if they wished to speak about something but decided against it.

We have moved all of our packs to Balin’s room, as mine is still full of Elvish slippers. The number has decreased from what it was and my nanaddan seem to have acquired a number of trinkets and what looks like an extra pack of food.

Not including the bags that the pack ponies will carry, there are only thirteen packs in the pile.

#the quest #rivendell #balin #my sister children

8:15 am

Anonymous asked: Trust me Your Majesty. I have tried not to deal with matters of the heart before, and it weighed very heavily on my mind. I had to let it out and tell the person. I suggest you do too...Just my opinion…

The weight of Erebor itself sits heavily upon me. This is where my focus must lie.

#ask #anonymous

8:44 am
Anonymous asked: I had heard that Bilbo struggled to sleep last night too. Perhaps he just hasn’t woken up yet. Maybe check on him?
Mr Baggins is fully grown and he does not require me to check in on him like a child.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8:45AM
Anonymous asked: I think you should go with the company. Everyone would miss you, but it seems like Thorin would miss you most of all, the way he's talking on his blog. Plus it would give you a chance to possibly tell him your feelings for him.
I’m going. I am a Hobbit of my word; I signed a contract, and I am not backing out now. His Majesty will probably think me a coward otherwise, and there’s no way I could possibly live with my feelings knowing that he thinks I’d betrayed my promise.
Still, as last night proved, I can’t confess anything. The words are lodged in my throat but they refuse to come out. I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to tell him.

#ask #anonymous #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9 am
Once again, there was a plate with a note reading, ‘For Thorin.’ The meal was the same as the first breakfast I was served — unbroken eggs and ham. However, I found that I had no appetite and passed the plate to my nanaddan. They did not receive it with the excitement that I thought they would; instead, they questioned me multiple times if I was sure. After their third time asking, I shouted that I did not want it and left the kitchens.

#the quest #rivendell #bungling burglar #my sister children

9:10AM I really hope I don’t make ‘making decisions to go on adventures at the last minute’ a habit of mine. It would be dreadfully bad for my reputation.
But yes, I am going with the Company. The Took side has triumphed again, I suppose.

#adventureblogging #the company

9:20 am
Nori and Óin have just rushed past me, their arms and pockets filled with what looked like herbs from the infirmary. They greeted me quickly as they moved past, heading for Balin’s room where our packs are stored.

#the quest #rivendell #nori #oin #i am going to just ignore that

9:32AM I’ve told Bofur of my intentions and he seemed cheered up by it, though he says the Company’s already piled all of their packs in Balin’s rooms to be collected after the luncheon feast so that we can leave in the afternoon.
I shall have to grab a couple more lesson books from Lord Erestor, as well as some of the hair tonic from the bathhouses, but I should be ready and packed by the next hour. And I’ll make sure to take my handkerchief this time.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company
9:40 am
I have been trying to locate Gandalf, to be sure that he is fully packed and prepared to leave after the midday feast. There is so much happening right now, however, that it is hard to locate anyone.
#the quest #rivendell #the wizard

9:44AM I’ve said my farewells to Lord Erestor and his companion Lord Glorfindel on my way to get the books, and I promised to return them if I can, or to get someone else to return them for me if I can’t do it myself for some reason.
(Such as, obviously, being burnt to a crisp by a dragon, but we’ll see.)
Lord Erestor said I am a fast learner and that he expects me to be fluent in Sindarin by the time I return, so that we can start on Quenya.
#adventureblogging

10:10 am
I found Gandalf. He was in the pipe-weed storage room, refilling his pouch. I confessed to him that I had done just the same thing yesterday.
When I asked, Gandalf that he was prepared to leave and was simply gathering a few final supplies. I told him where the company’s bags were being stored and that he was welcome to add his to the pile if he wished.
#the quest #rivendell #the wizard

10:15AM I’ve left my pack with the rest of the Company’s, and gone to witness the celebrations.
The Elves are playing flutes and drums and singing very loudly down by the river; I suspect there’s some sort of performance I’m missing.
#adventureblogging #the company

10:40 am
I left Gandalf to his supply run and headed down to the celebrations. I arrived to see the company in one of the boats, looking quite pleased with themselves.
I managed to spot Mr Baggins within the crowd but chose not to approach him. He looked to be enjoying himself and I would most likely only ruin his mood.
#the quest #rivendell #the wizard #bungling burglar #the company

10:43AM The Company has commandeered one of the boats for the races on the Bruinen. The boats are constructed to look like vines, with real flowers woven in. Not necessarily built for speed, but I think the Company did quite well in the race nonetheless.
#adventureblogging #the company
Nori has once again rushed past me, looking casual as he headed for Balin’s room. It was only because I was looking for it that I noticed that outline of the wine bottle beneath his clothing. When he noticed my look, Nori winked, a large grin splitting his face.

11:02AM

Some of the dancers’ sleeves are so long that when they move their arms at all, the silk billows out behind them and they can move them in all sorts of wonderful ways. It’s really something.

11:31AM The luncheon feast is spectacular, all the more better to send us off with, I suppose. There are entire roasted animals, plates and platters of buns and dumplings all folded and decorated in new ways, bowls of noodles and dishes of seafood. His Majesty seems to be putting only sparse morsels of food onto his plate, which is probably going to haunt him later on the road. He’s been ignoring me, too, which is childish of him, but I think I’ve gotten used to it by now.

11:45 am

The feast set out for lunch is certainly grand and the company has dug in with delight. I am sure that each of them is aware that their next meal will not be so extravagant. My own appetite remains lost to
me, though I attempted to eat. It will not do to start on the road again tired as well as hungry.
I have been sure to keep myself away from Mr Baggins. I am sure that if I attempted to speak with
him, I would only make a fool of myself.

12:21PM I’ve been saying far too many goodbyes for my liking. Lord Elrond wished me best of
luck on my journey, Elladan and Elrohir told me to keep an eye on Ori for them, and Meluithel
invited me to store my robes with her until my return, lest they get dirty on the road with no method
of cleaning them. I said that my robes were packed, and that I’ll clean them myself if I can.
Cellinnel, who had been playing her zither all day, wished me luck, as did Sílchanar and Himdor.
Lindir told me that I had to survive the Quest so I can return and write poetry with him.
And Eithriel hugged me for a while and gave me a small mirror and comb set made from silver and
oxhorn, respectively. I thanked her for her gift, and said I was sorry I didn’t have anything in return.
She said that my safe return would be present enough. So that’s yet more pressure to survive a fire-
breathing dragon. These Elves are scarily optimistic.

12:30 pm
Maethedir found me after lunch. He presented me with a wrapped gift and when I opened it, I could
not help but laugh. He has made me some of the stick utensils that I have so much trouble with,
though these are smooth and metal. They seem strong enough that I most likely could even use them
as a weapon. He said that they were for me to practice so that if I were to visit Rivendell again, I
could properly enjoy the food. I thanked him and apologized for not having a gift in return, which he
quickly waved away.
Maethedir wished myself and the company luck and safe travels on our quest. I thanked him for his
words and we shook hands. Farewells were exchanged and I wished him well.

12:39PM
Anonymous asked: Go speak to Thorin. He's still under the illusion that you are staying in
Rivendell and that is causing him to lose his appetite it seems. It will be foolish for him to start
out again on an empty stomach and sleep deprived. I think telling him if your decision to come
along will help him immensely.
He’s refusing to speak with me. I will try, but I make no promises.

12:40PM
Anonymous asked: Wonderful news that you're going with them! Thorin will be pleased, I
believe he's been worried that you’d choose to stay behind. The rest of the Company too will
be happy that you're continuing on with them. Best of luck!
I thank you for your wishes of luck, as I suspect we may need it.

1PM I went to see the Company saying goodbye to the little Dúnadan, who was clearly holding
back tears. He wished everyone luck, but he also told Kíli that he wanted to look exactly like them
when he grew up. Kíli had to duck behind their brother after Estel left. I think they had tears in their
1:15 pm

Estel found the company to wish us farewell. His eyes were wide and wet but no tears fell as far as we saw. He began with a formal goodbye and well wishes which the company and I returned. Then Estel rushed forward to hug Kíli, who looked surprised for a moment before kneeling to return the gesture. He declared that he hoped to look like Kíli when he grew older and I did not have see their face to know how much the words touched them. Estel gave a few more hugs to various company members before he approached me. He nodded his head and I returned the nod. Estel held out his hand for me to shake and I knelt down and did so. He wished me luck and expressed hope that we would come to visit again. I told him that we would try our best.

Once the goodbyes were done, Estel’s mother led him away. Estel waved at us until he turned a corner, out of sight. I went to my nanaddan and put a hand to Kíli’s shoulder, who was gathering their composure behind Fíli. They gave me a watery smile and I smiled back. I informed the company to gather their things, as we were departing soon, and to meet at the entrance of Rivendell in an hour’s time.

#the quest #rivendell #estel #my sister children

1:45PM I still wish I could see the nighttime ceremonies, too, the candlelight boat vigils for those lost in Ages past, especially the ones wrongfully slain in the Kinslayings. There’s so much left to do in Rivendell that I haven’t done yet. But this means I just have to survive the next four or five months so I can see Erebor reclaimed before setting out back to Rivendell.

#adventureblogging #the rice dumplings eaten today have a story behind them #of how the families of the victims of the first kinslaying offered these to mandos for the fear of their loved ones

2:31PM The Company and our two pack ponies (and Gandalf, Giver knows where he’s been all morning) has gathered at the entrance to the Last Homely House with their packs. His Majesty looks surprised to see me there. Has he been doubting me all along?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard #the company

2:35 pm

The company was gathered at Rivendell’s entrance when Mr Baggins joined us with a pack on his back. It took a few moments for me to realize what that meant and when it finally processed, I could not keep the surprise from my face. I had been so sure on Mr Baggins’ decision, had even heard him state it just last night!

A few company members surrounded Mr Baggins, clapping him on the back and saying that they were happy he had decided to come with us. I spotted money changing hands.

I called for the company’s attention, then instructed that we start moving. We are finally leaving Rivendell and our quest continues.

#the quest #rivendell #the company #bungling burglar
2:45PM And we’ve been sent off with songs and wishes of good fortune at our backs. Once more the Elves followed us across the bridge with lanterns of their own, bidding us farewell. I tried not to look too hard at them, because I know I will miss all of this sorely.

#adventureblogging

3 pm

I can already see that Mr Baggins is regretting his decision. He has glanced back at Rivendell so much that he is practically walking backwards in order to keep it in sight. Why *did* he decide to continue on with us? He was happy in Rivendell, secure and safe, learning as much about the Elves as he pleased. He even stated himself that he is not cut out for travel and that he still does not truly know how to fight. What had changed his mind?

#the quest #bungling burglar

3:30 pm

The company has already started muttering and groaning about our departure from Rivendell. Bombur seems to be especially saddened, lamenting the loss of access to a fully stocked kitchen. Dwalin shares my relief to finally be moving again. A deadline now hangs above us and we are going to have to sacrifice comfort so as to travel faster.

#the quest #the company #bombur #dwalin

4PM

I can no longer hear the Elf-songs.

#adventureblogging #rivendell #traveling

4:20 pm

Mr Baggins is at the rear of the group, trailing farther and farther behind as if Rivendell is pulling at him and weighing him down. While I was pleasantly surprised to see that he decided to continue to travel with us, I believe that if
he regrets the decision as much as he seems to, he should have stayed behind. For his own happiness, at the very least.
#the quest #bungling burglar

4:27PM His Majesty, King Under Asshole Mountain, has quite loudly and gruffly told me to keep up with the rest of the group. 
Prick.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #this must be a new record

4:53PM
Anonymous asked: when you first discovered your feelings for Thorin you avoided him every chance you got, maybe this is him doing the same? 
Him? Developing feelings for me? No, he's far too married to Erebor to make any space for me. Feelings would be far too distracting and frivolous for him.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

5 pm
The more I think on Mr Baggins’ decision, the less sense it makes. I have noticed a few company members, such as Bofur and Ori, attempt to talk with Mr Baggins but he seems to be staying quiet or to only be giving short answers. His shoulders are tense and his brow is tightly drawn. I do not think he was this upset about leaving his own home behind.
#the quest #bungling burglar #ori #bofur

5:05 pm
Anonymous asked: Mr Baggins is very honourable and brave to continue, don't you think? 
As brave as anyone in the company. Each member is here of their own freewill and are free to leave whenever they wish. They are all aware of the dangers we are to face and have chosen to continue on despite that.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #the company

5:15PM
Anonymous asked: I think it's very brave of you to continue with the dwarves. Very admirable. You've done the right thing, even though it would have been easy to stay behind. I'm sure every single one of the Company is grateful and greatly respects you for doing this. 
Easy for you to believe that I have done the right thing. It doesn't feel like it for me. I miss Bag End, sure, I'll always feel that ache, but there's something more this time. Leaving Bag End didn't feel as if I had lost something the moment I stepped out the door.
#ask #anonymous

5:32PM
Anonymous asked: You and Thorin have more in common than you both realize. You both jump to conclusions without investigating or considering deeper reasons for behavior. You're both stubborn too.
Yes, and we both hate trolls and require air to breathe. The similarities are astounding. We might as well be the same person.
Gandalf has informed me that it will be unnecessary to send out scouts to locate a camp for the night. He knows the area and believes that he will be able to lead up to an Elvish patrol camp, much like the ones we stayed at just before we entered Rivendell.

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**6:50PM**

*Anonymous asked:* I really think you should just talk to Thorin. You never know what the outcome may be.

I really think I won’t. Out of all the members of the Company that I want to talk to, he’s at the very bottom of the list.

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**7:45 pm**

Gandalf is certain that the patrol camp is nearby. My nanaddan have decided to go hunting so that we can save our supplies for the Misty Mountains.

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**8:15PM** We’ve made camp in an Elvish patrol campsite, like we did before. Bombur has asked me to help him do inventory of our supplies. We have enough to last us four months, and hopefully there will be places where we can replenish our supplies along the way, as I do not like the idea of having only enough to get us to the Mountain, and then dying of starvation there in a dreary dragon-infested wasteland.

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**8:30 pm**

We have set up at the patrol camp and supper is being prepared with the game that my nanaddan caught. The company is mourning the loss of Rivendell’s beds, though I can see that a few members are speaking in jest as much as they are in seriousness.

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**8:53PM**

*Anonymous asked:* Bilbo, please trust me. Talk to Thorin. I’ve tried not to deal with matters of the heart before and it tore me apart. I could not live with myself, not knowing how the other person felt. Please just at least think about it instead of saying no.

I haven’t been torn apart yet, and I think I won’t be torn apart now. Thanks for your suggestion, but no.
9PM We’ve had a late supper. I suppose I’ll have to get used to that again. Fili caught some rabbits, and Kili managed to shoot down a pheasant. It’s not much. I’ll have to get used to that again, too. It’s a good thing Dori took in my trousers. I imagine I’ll be slimming into them soon.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #winedwarf

9:15 pm
My appetite finally reawakened at supper. My nanaddan commented that while the Elvish cuisine had been good, it was strangely comforting to be eating this type of meal again. The company agreed, though Balin told them that they would soon be sick of it again. Mr Baggins already seemed to be so. He barely touched his food, instead just staring into his bowl, still as tense and guarded as when we departed Rivendell.
#the quest #my sister children #balin #bungling burglar

10:02PM
That’s Eithriel, playing the Elvish form of Tasku-Azabâd with Himdor. She tried to teach me, but
I’m afraid I was rubbish with the Elvish rules.
And that’s Cellinnel and her zither, and Lindir. I think Lindir was preoccupied with how one of the
eelyn was playing out of tune at the time the picture was taken.
I wonder if they miss me.
#adventureblogging #rivendell #i miss them

10:10 pm

I have taken first watch, despite my previous near sleepless night. My nanaddan have apparently saw
fit to take some of the Elvish slippers with them and have been wearing them around the camp.
They are not the only ones with newly acquired things. Ori also seems to have gotten a new book
that is filled with sketch paper and Glóin also has what looks like a new wager book. Nori was
certainly busy today.
#the quest #my sister children #ori #gloin #nori

10:15PM I still can’t sleep. I can’t have two nights of restlessness; I’m sure His Majesty won’t be so
forgiving with illness anymore, not when we’ve got a four-month deadline.
I’ve been sitting at the edge of the camp, looking through the trees to the distant twinkling lights that
I know are Rivendell’s, with their lanterns and candles to light the way in the dark. I’ve been back on
the road in barely a day and my feet are hurting.
I don’t think this will be the last time I wonder if I made the right choice in leaving Rivendell behind.
#adventureblogging

10:32PM His Majesty, who had first watch, came to my side, ostensibly to demand what I was
doing here with the Company when I clearly can’t keep up or do anything useful. I’m sure he
thought he’d seen the last of me last night, after all the work I’d put into throwing him a birthday
party. I wonder if he was glad to believe that I was staying, even though I made him breakfast for a
week. I’m sure he’s fuming that I’m just nothing more than a burden to him and that he should’ve
been more explicit in telling me to stay behind with the Elves.
I don’t think I caught anything of what he said, nor do I particularly care to hear anything he would
want to say to me.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

10:45 pm

The company has settled into their bedrolls and most have already fallen asleep. Mr Baggins,
however, remained awake and I watched him shift in his bedroll, still holding onto the tension he has
had for most of the day.
I made my way over to him to ask why he had decided to continue with us, as he is very clearly
upset about his choice. While I know that I, and the company, would not want to see him leave, I
thought to remind him that he is free to leave whenever he pleases and that no one is forcing him to
be here. Rivendell is still close enough that he can return there if he wishes. However, when I attempted to speak to him, Mr Baggins’ only curled further into himself and simply
ignored my words. It is quite a difference from the Hobbit who placed a daisy behind my ear just last
night. I left him be, for there is little point in talking to someone who does not wish to listen.
#the quest #bungling burglar
June 22 - June 28

June 22nd, 2015

Thorin

7 am

Now that we are traveling once more, we must wake early so as to travel as much as possible during the day. The company voiced their displeasure at this, having grown used to waking when they choose to in Rivendell, but the camp was packed up quickly enough. Breakfast was passed around and we had to eat while walking.

#the quest #the company

Bilbo

7:25AM

Anonymous asked: I think you made the right choice, Mr. Baggins. And so what if the king of emotional constipation thinks otherwise. He's got his head so far up his own rear that he can't see something fantastic when it's right in front of him. You're a brave Hobbit

Thank you. I wish I believed that of myself.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

7:50AM

Anonymous asked: As much as you may regret leaving Rivendell now, I think you'd regret staying behind even more. Hopefully there will soon come a time when you can officially prove that you are not a burden to the Company! I have faith in you.

I wish the day would come sooner. For all of their happiness at seeing me join them, I still feel like a fish out of water with these Dwarves sometimes. I may be of use in peacetime back in Rivendell, but I have yet to prove myself in a fight. I would prefer not to, but until then, I don’t think I'll ever fit in. Ori has his slingshot, Bofur has his mattock, Bombur is an excellent axe twirler. And me? I can barely hold a sword the right way.

#ask #anonymous #scribedwarf #hatdwarf #bigdwarf #the company

8AM

Today is second Lithe. It’s the third day of the Midyear’s Day feasts in the Shire. Last night, the young Hobbits who are coming of age this year would have created flower garlands of seven different types of flowers that embody the traits of their ideal spouse, and then slept in those flowers so that they may see who said spouse would be in their dreams. It’s a silly tradition, of course, tied to all of that ‘one who makes my heart bloom’ nonsense, but some — especially the country folk — use those sorts of premonitions to make their matches.

Tonight, I imagine there will also be several new marriages and courtships being celebrated, and everyone will be converging on Michel Delving for the biggest bonfire celebration, which they do on the years that aren’t Free Fair years. There’ll be free food, and ale, and dancing into the wee hours of the morning.

And I’m missing all of it. All of the feasts, and the fires, all the garlands from my little cousins. I’d always made it a point to join my extended family in Michel Delving on second Lithe, as sometimes it’s the only time of the year in which I’d be able to stand them (the free ale helps a lot). I wonder if they’ll miss me this year. I’m sure Lobelia won’t.

#adventureblogging
9:11AM Gandalf and Balin are bent over a map, muttering something. A couple minutes ago Gandalf had gone on ahead and then returned with a rather displeased expression. I suspect he was talking to the Elvish patrols who guard this part of the valley, and the news that he’s been getting is quite bad.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #brainsdwarf

9:30 am

I noted earlier that Gandalf traveled ahead of the group without explanation. I thought nothing of it, as he is a wizard and prone to doing odd things. However, when he returned several minutes later, his expression was dark. He and Balin began speaking together in low voices. They produced a map and went over it, arguing softly, glancing up to the sky often. I looked up as well and spotted a number of birds.

I finally interrupted, asking if there was something they wished to share. They both exchanged a glance to each other before Balin admitted that we were being watched. I looked upwards once more to the birds and Balin caught the look. He confirmed that it was the birds and that Gandalf had checked with the Elvish patrols. The birds had apparently been few at first but had recently increased to larger flocks.

I asked who they suspected the birds were working for and Balin admitted that he believed it to be orcs. Gandalf added that the orcs were most likely following us.

I felt fear for the company and the success of this quest grip me. Most alarming, however, was my immediate worry about Mr Baggins. He did not have the skills to fight orcs if we encountered any — the rest of the company, I trusted to be able to hold their own. I looked back to where Mr Baggins was at the rear of the group. This quest came with risks, yes, but would it be better for him to have stayed behind in Rivendell, where he would be safe?

#the quest #balin #the wizard #bungling burglar

12:05 pm

We have stopped briefly while Bombur prepares lunch, though we will continue moving while we eat. There is little time to waste as we intend to reach Erebor before Durin’s Day. I feel as if there is a large countdown hanging above us, loudly ticking through every second.

#the quest #bombur

12:36PM I remember my first Midyear’s Day the year I turned thirty-three. Both of my parents had still been alive then (my father would pass three years later), and Mum had fretting over my flowers, since technically two of them hadn’t been flowers at all. I remember her worrying that the leaves might mean I won’t be getting a dream, since the tradition is to find seven flowers that embody our ideal spouse, but I told her that it was all foolery anyway, and I wouldn’t be thinking too much of what I may dream of that night. Though I wouldn’t have minded seeing Herugar Bolger in my sleep, as I was also a foolish Hobbit at the time.

I didn’t dream of Herugar that night, in any case. My memories of that particular dream have mostly dimmed with the years, but I do remember fire, and gold, and the colour blue.

#adventureblogging

1:52PM Haymaking season will begin soon, too. I used to go out to Farmer Maggot’s and watch him and all the helpers he can get in the area cut the hay and load them onto wagons. In my tweens Mum would sign me up to be one of the helpers, saying that a little hard work would be good for my character. It was hard work, yes, but my favourite part was always riding the freshly-loaded wagon from the fields to the barn with the other helpers.
I think it might have been one of those helpers who first clued me in on what a ‘tumble in the hay’ really meant. It never really got serious between her and I, and I can’t for the life of me remember her name. It was just that summer, in any case, and I’ve never seen her since. Though I do wonder if she still wears flowers in her thick, bushy hair.

#adventureblogging #i miss the Shire too

**2PM** I am infinitely glad that the Lady Galadriel is not with us.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #this is not a valid expression of frustration with poncy dwarf kings

**2:05 pm**

While glancing back at the company, I noticed Mr Baggins staring at me. His gaze was unfocused and there was a dusting of pink across his face. I found myself looking back at him for a time, attempting to figure out what his look meant. However, he seemed to suddenly snap back to attention and his face quickly turned a bright red. Mr Baggins very pointedly turned his gaze to a new direction and I moved mine forward once more.

#the quest #bungling burglar #hobbits are odd

**4:12PM** Bombur has pointed out to me all the edible berries along the path, and now the two of us are collecting them wherever we can. Parts of Bombur’s beard are purple with juices and I know my chin and fingers must look equally stained.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

**4:22PM** 

*Anonymous asked: just curious, but what were the seven flowers you wove for your first midyear’s day as a grown hobbit?*

Daisies, lilies, Númenórean fritillaries, bluebells, and sweet briars were the flowers, and oak leaves and ivy were the non-flowers that Mum worried over.

#ask #anonymous #(númenórean fritillaries are actually crown imperial fritillaries)

**4:30 pm**

Where yesterday he was silent, today Mr Baggins has found his voice once more. He has been conversing with the company, Bombur especially. The two are currently sporting purple stains from the berries that they picked while Bofur is attempting to help them get it off. Perhaps yesterday was simply a bad day for Mr Baggins. I am still curious as to his reasoning for continuing on with us, especially when it seemed quite obvious that he would pick to stay in Rivendell. It is possible that once he becomes aware of the danger of enclosing orcs, he will decide to turn back, to where it is safe.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bombur #bofur

**6:15 pm**

I asked my nanaddan to scout ahead to find us a place to set up camp for the night. They complained, citing that they were only supposed to be scouts prior to Rivendell. I agreed with that, as it had been true, but I told them that it was also true that the sites they had found had been quite good. Besides, it gave them something to do, as they had been mumbling about boredom for a couple of hours now. They continued to argue, saying that I never went out to locate a camp, and neither did Mr Baggins, and that the Hobbit and I should be the ones to do it tonight. I asked if they truly thought that Mr
B. Baggins would be able to find a decent camping site, as he most likely had no experience with it in the past. Fili smiled and said that I could help him and Kili agreed, saying that I was great choice for teaching Mr B. Baggins.

I looked back to the Hobbit, who had so intensely ignored my presence yesterday. I refused their idea and instructed them, once again, to go out and find a campsite. They both huffed in disappointment but set out ahead of us.

Anonymous asked: I think perhaps Bilbo isn't understanding what you're saying. I know you think you're doing a good thing in reminding him he can leave, but your insistence may come across as not wanting him around.

Thank you for your advice. I will keep it in mind in the future.

Fili and Kili managed to catch a good number of the fish, though Kili nearly went in the water several times while doing so. The coloring of the fish was indeed similar to Lord Elrond’s, though not as vibrant. There was more brown to these fish, though they still held splotches of orange and white. My nanaddan launched into what sounded like an argument about what could cause these fish to lose the vibrant coloring that Lord Elrond’s fish had had.

Anonymous asked: Although it is important to keep alert at the moment, what with the birds you mentioned. Perhaps you could have a conversation with Mr Baggins after you’ve made camp for the evening? It might help the group to know you're still on friendly terms, and you could use the chance to smooth things out between you. If you're looking for a neutral topic to discuss, maybe ask Mr Baggins about how Midyear's Day is celebrated in the Shire, he mentioned it earlier and it sounds very interesting.

Mr Baggins has mentioned several aspects of the celebration to me before, but I am admittedly interested in more. However, I am not sure that Mr Baggins is willing to speak with me just yet. I will try to talk with him and will keep that topic in mind.

We’ve made camp on the banks of the Bruinen again, or at least at the rapids of one of the waterfalls that feed into the Bruinen. Fili and Kili have caught several carp and joked that they’d finally caught Lord Elrond’s fish at last. Supper was quite delicious, though a slight bit muddy.
Anonymous asked: You kept staying in Rivendell that Mr. Baggins is an adult that can take care of his own problems. Why does he need you worrying about him all of a sudden? You said yourself that you don't have time to cater to "matters of the heart."

Mr Baggins is indeed capable of taking care of his own problems. However, orcs are a problem to the entire company and to the success of this quest. Out of all of us, Mr Baggins has the least experience in battle and the least amount of training. This is a matter of me worrying about and seeking to protect those who are in my company. Mr Baggins is still free to make his own choices — I am simply suggesting an option.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

I asked Balin to take the first watch and he agreed, still casting glances at the sky. Bofur agreed to take the third watch.

I told Nori that he would have second watch, as he still had a few days of punishment from trying to steal Mr Baggins’ clothes. However, he argued that he had covered his two weeks before we had reached Rivendell. Nori pulled out a hand-written calendar and showed that he had in fact covered two weeks worth of night watch.

Despite that, I asked him to cover second watch anyway. He grumbled a little but agreed.

#the quest #balin #bofur #nori

8:43PM His Majesty tried to approach me again today. He told me about how a pack of orcs might be spying on the Company, and that I might be better off safe and warm at Rivendell. I accused him of trying to scare me off the Quest, and he replied that he was merely trying to protect me.

Protect. Me? I don’t know why, but that just made me angrier. I reminded him that the last time anyone had needed any saving, I was getting the Company out of the clutches of three trolls. Of course, he had to go and point out that they wouldn’t have surrendered in the first place if it hadn’t been for me.

I told him to leave before I said something I’d regret. It was almost a mercy.

I’m going to bed.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #why does it bloody matter to him #does he want to protect ori too #why me #ori is just as in need of protection #but i suppose it’s his slingshot isn’t it

9 pm

As Mr Baggins looked to be more willing to listen today, I approached him again. I did not ask after his reason for leaving Rivendell again, instead choosing to warn him that we were quite possibly being followed by orcs. With his safety in mind, I suggested that he think about returning to Rivendell.

Mr Baggins in turn got quite angry with me, claiming that I was attempting to scare him away. I told that that was not my intention and that I was trying to protect him. Mr Baggins only got more upset, saying that he had been the only one protecting the company against the trolls. I found myself getting upset as well, because I was simply trying to keep Mr Baggins safe. I retorted that if it had not been for him getting captured, we would not have had to surrender to the trolls in the first place.

Mr Baggins looked as if I had slapped him and his expression then turned dark. He growled that I should leave him be, lest he say something he would come to regret. I walked away from him and returned to my bedroll.

I am simply trying to keep him safe.
June 23rd, 2015

Thorin

7 am

Anonymous asked: I don't doubt your sincerity when you say you want to see Mr Baggins safe, but then, you signed him on to sneak into a dragon's hoard. I would think orc packs are small fry in comparison?

There is little point in having a burglar if that burglar is killed before he even sees Erebor. We all may know the risks of this quest but does that mean that I cannot worry about the members of my company?

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #i do not know why all of you are so upset by this

7:15 am

We have begun our travels again. Balin believes that we will be in the wild lands at the foot of the Misty Mountains before noon. It is where the protection from the Elves of Rivendell ends and I can only hope that there is not an ambush of orcs waiting for us out past it.

#the quest #balin

Bilbo

7:30AM The Company's a right cheery lot this morning. Everyone's muttering about an Orc ambush the minute we get out of the valley. I certainly hope it won't come to that, but I suppose staying alive in a fight with Orcs would prove to His Majesty that I'm not totally defenceless.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole

9 am

Our argument last night did not inform me about why Mr Baggins has chosen to continue with us. While I am not upset about his decision, I am admittedly curious. His actions continuously contradict his manner — he seemed against leaving his home, yet came anyway. He gifted me with breakfast while ignoring me. He gently placed a flower in my hair only to snarl furiously at me not two days later. I cannot hope to understand him and I find that that knowledge is constantly pulling at my focus.

#the quest #bungling burglar

9:30 am

Perhaps someone in the company has bribed Mr Baggins in continuing on the quest in some way? It would explain why he seems so upset about leaving Rivendell yet also refuses to go back. Could this potential bribe have been done in someone’s attempt to profit from the wagers? Is there anyone in the company who would bribe the Hobbit to come along for their own fortune?

#the quest #bungling burglar #the company
We have passed out of the valley and into the wild lands. Thankfully, no ambush was waiting for us, though the company continues to keep their eyes and ears open. These lands are wide open, with little cover to be had. While trees make me uncomfortable, being in the open with orcs about is even worse.

#the quest

10:15AM We are out of the valley. Now all that lies ahead is the wild lands before the Misty Mountains. Out here there aren’t too many trees, which I suppose is a mixed blessing for His Majesty. On the one hand, hard to get lost when you’re just heading towards the big rocky spikes ahead of you, with no distracting trees in the way. On the other, no cover from spy birds and their evil birdsong.

Still, the Company is breathing easier, I think, seeing that we weren’t immediately ambushed and murdered by Orcs the moment we stepped out of the lands protected by Lord Elrond.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

10:30 am

Kíli started to shoot down some of the birds that have been circling us, managing to hit several before I stopped them. While it is satisfying to see the birds dead, it could bring about retribution. Kíli huffed, looking to the sky again.

Dwalin added that enemy birds taste quite disgusting, which made Kíli smile.

#the quest #dwalin #my sister children

10:45 am

I asked Dwalin if he had noticed anyone acting strangely around Mr Baggins. He wondered as to why I thought that there would be and I explained that I did not know why Mr Baggins had continued with us past Rivendell and believed someone to be bribing the Hobbit. Dwalin, after rolling his eyes at the idea, assured me that none in the company had done anything of the sort.

While I trust Dwalin’s judgment, I also feel the need to check amongst the company members, to be absolutely sure.

#the quest #dwalin #bungling burglar #the company

11:15 am

We have stopped briefly so that Bombur could make lunch.

I asked Balin if he knew anything about someone bribing Mr Baggins. He gave a sly grin and simply said that Mr Baggins was a Hobbit of his word. I asked for more information, but Balin said he could not speak anymore about it, as it had to do with the wagers.

#the quest #bombur #balin #bungling burglar

12:05 pm

We continued forward after Bombur handed the prepared lunch to each company member. While eating and walking is bothersome, we have a time limit hanging on us and must cut down on time in any way that we can.

Despite that, I told Dwalin that I wished him to help me to teach my nanaddan and Ori, the youngest of our group, what to do in case of a surprise orc attack. The three are indeed adults and they know how to defend themselves, but it is important that they know how to handle themselves in an ambush.
12:12PM Lunch was brief; we only had time to stop for Bombur to make it, and then we were on our way again, eating while walking with only short breaks for water, rest, and relief. I’d almost forgotten that I had to cut my own leaves for the self-dug latrine; the Elves had provided them in theirs. They’d also taken the effort not to make things smell so foul. Having proper facilities is certainly another creature comfort that I must forget about out here in the wild.

1 pm

I approached Nori asked him if he had heard anything about someone bribing Mr Baggins to continue with us past Rivendell. Nori narrowed his eyes at me and pointed out that the Hobbit had made me breakfast for a week while in Rivendell. I did not understand what that had to do with the topic and told Nori so.

The thief shook his head and said that, no, he had not heard about a company bribing Mr Baggins. I thanked him and moved back near the front of the company.

1:45 pm

Bofur was the next that I approached. I asked him if he knew anything about Mr Baggins being bribed to stay with the company and he snorted in response. Bofur went on to say that he doubted anyone would be able to bribe Mr Baggins in the first place and that no, he knew nothing about someone within the company doing so.

I asked if he was sure and Bofur nodded. He said that while Mr Baggins may be influenced by a certain member or members of the company, he was not being bribed. I was inquired as to who could be influencing him to continue with us but Bofur shook his head, claiming that he could say no more due to wagers.

I thanked him for the information that he had shared and returned to my spot near the front.

2PM Bofur says that His Majesty has just asked him the oddest question. It seems that His Majesty is trying to figure out if I’ve been bribed to stay on with the Company. He really thinks someone is coercing me to stay by his side? I don’t know whether that’s an insult to my loyalty, or to his ability to keep people loyal to his cause.

2:57PM Anonymous asked: I think he just finds it hard to believe anyone unused to adventure would wish to continue; given the dangers you've faced already, plus all those you're likely to encounter here on in, not to mention the general discomfort of travelling. I think Thorin believes you would be well within your right to leave the Company given all those factors. I doubt it's any mark against his belief in your loyalty. He wants to know you stay because you want to, not because someone is coercing you

I expect he'd feel badly if you were to be injured or killed, and worst of all only stayed with them because someone bribed you or forced you. Out of interest, if not purely for the sense of
loyalty and the contract; what is your reason for staying? Focusing on your reasons for staying will probably help if things get tough I’d imagine, like a mantra to keep you focused on what you want.
That’s the thing. My only reason for staying is simply loyalty to the Company and the contract I signed. I gave them my word that I would be their burglar. If I renege on that word, I would lose my honour. Is that not a compelling enough reason to stay with the Company?

3 pm

Anonymous asked: I think it's very sweet of you to be concerned for Mr Baggins' well being (and the rest of the Company naturally too). It just seems as if the two of you have a bad habit of misinterpreting what the other is trying to say, hence the upset Mr Baggins displayed. Don't give up Thorin, hopefully you'll get along better given time.

Mr Baggins and I do seem to have a tendency to misunderstand each other. Perhaps it is cultural differences, perhaps it is just a failure of communication. I thank you for your understanding words and I also share the hope that we may reach a point of speaking that does not end in frustration or confusion.

3:21 PM Fíli and Kíli have been sent out to find a covered campsite for the night. His Majesty is openly seeking tree cover out here. He really is concerned about the Orcs.

3:25 pm

I sent my nanaddan out to scout for a campsite. I told them to be sure that it is covered, as I do not wish for us to camp in the open. My nanaddan faked surprise at my request, jesting that it was about time I got over my fear of trees. I scolded them for their nonsense and in response, they snickered and went forward in search of camp.

4 pm

With camp set up, Dwalin and I called my nanaddan and Ori over to the side and explained to them that we intended to make sure that they were prepared for a surprise orc attack. Kíli and Ori, nearly in unison, declared that they could take care of themselves in a fight. Fíli kept quiet, already knowing that the three of them would be trained no matter what.

4:08PM

Anonymous asked: Of course your safety matters to him, he cares for you, in his own way. True he's a bit rubbish in showing such things, but I think he is trying; as awkward as it may be. He's not trying to scare you off, he just wants you to be safe. As you're not a warrior like most of the Company (though there's no shame in that) I suppose he feels responsible for your wellbeing. Perhaps you could try and prove him wrong by making a point of working on your
sword skills by yourself.
Well, you're not wrong that he's certainly doing a cock-up job of showing he's concerned about me. I could try to work on my swordfighting, but I'm starting to suspect that all the training in the world may not necessarily protect me if we do get ambushed by Orcs.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

4:26PM We have made camp in a fairly shaded spot, and now His Majesty and Dwalin are doing some sparring practice with Ori, Fíli, and Kíli. Of course the members of His Majesty’s family are well-trained in weapons, but it's really not fair that even Ori can swing a war hammer like it's nothing.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawndwarf #scribedwarf #thing 1 #thing 2

4:46PM
Anonymous asked: Why not ask to join in? Could make for some good experience, if nothing else you'll be showing willing to learn and then maybe Thorin won't feel the need to hover or to try and dissuade you from continuing with them.
At the rate they're going, and with real weapons as well, I suspect I'll get my head cut off for my troubles.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

6:05 pm
The training went well, especially since Ori, Fíli, and Kíli were all enthusiastic to learn. I had almost forgotten what that was like.
During training, I had pulled my nanaddan to the side. While I knew that the company would tell the truth, I also knew that I could tell, nearly as well as their mother, when my nanaddan were lying. I asked them about Mr Baggins and if they had heard or seen anything about him being bribed to leave Rivendell and continue with the company.
They both promised that they had not heard anything of the sort. Kíli asked if I wanted them to investigate despite that. I told them that no, it must have simply been a wrong conclusion that I had come to. Fíli asked why I had thought he was getting bribed in the first place and I admitted that I had not been able to understand why Mr Baggins had left Rivendell, especially when he had seemed so happy there and so miserable here.
My nanaddan exchanged glances. I inquired as to what they knew. Both apologized but said that they were not allowed to say anything, as was the rules of the wagers. As usual, I do not know why the wagers would relate to this matter but I let the subject drop and returned to my nanaddan’s training.

#the quest #my sister children #ori #bungling burglar

6:10PM Supper was fine but sparse. I can tell I'm not the only one wishing for Elvish cuisine.
Bombur, though he made do with what he had in a most admirable manner, has openly admitted that he missed the kitchens of the Last Homely House, where nearly any kind of dish could be made as long as you had the imagination for it. Out here, you have to use that imagination and pretend you're eating what you could have had to eat back there. I bet His Majesty dreams of Elvish roast duck.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole

6:50 pm
After supper, I brought out my pipe and bag of pipe-weed that I had acquired in Rivendell. Though I have assigned double watch duty, I still find myself scanning around the campsite for any unknown movement.

It took me a few moments to realize, as I was preoccupied, but Mr Baggins had been staring at me. It was quite an intense stare and after a minute, I saw that it was directed not at me, but at the pipe in my hand. I followed the smoke with my eyes only to watch it head directly for Mr Baggins. I shifted my pipe until Mr Baggins finally looked at me. I gestured that I was open to sharing, offering the pipe forward. However, Mr Baggins just quickly shook his head and stood from his seat and moved to sit next to Bofur. They chatted together for a few minutes before Bofur pulled out his own pipe and bag of pipe-weed (it would seem I was not the only one to find the storage room) and before long, they were smoking together.

I returned to my own smoking but found that the flavor of the pipe-weed had turned sour in my mouth.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bofur

7:08PM Confound it, I'd completely forgotten to raid Rivendell's pipe-weed storage, the one His Majesty has told me about, before I left! Bofur, though, bless him, had remembered such a thing and is sharing some of the pipe-weed with me. I haven't practised my smoke rings in a while. I can't even remember what my last total was.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #hatdwarf

7:30PM In my pipe-filled conversation with Bofur, I mentioned to him that while I was sure I'd made the right choice in continuing on with the Company, I still feel like I'd left something behind in Rivendell. He wondered if it was something that the Elves could preserve for me upon my return, whenever that may be (if at all). I said that I didn't know what it was exactly. He laughed and said that he often got the blues when he would leave one settlement for another, his family having fled their ancestral homes in Khazad-dûm ages ago. He called it 'traveller's blues', and said that it usually goes away in a couple of days, once you start looking less towards what you leave behind and more towards what may lie ahead. And then he cheered me up by singing one of my new verses to the Man in the Moon song.

Being with Bofur is simple. It's camaraderie and friendship, and I know he cares for me in some ways more intensely than that. I wish my own emotions could be just as simple. Why must I pine for stars I cannot reach? Why can I not direct these feelings to those who would appreciate them better?

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

7:45 pm
Both of them have denied having relations, yet Bofur and Mr Baggins seem to be quite content with one another. Bofur even sang for Mr Baggins until the Hobbit looked cheery once more.

#the quest #bofur #bungling burglar

7:55PM Smoke ring total: 5 perfect rings.

#adventureblogging

8:12PM After putting out my pipe, I thought that I would do a bit of homework for Lord Erestor, as I hadn't done so during the past two days. Bofur and Dori are on first watch, as we are doubling watches in case of Orcs, like we were when
we heard Wargs just before the Bruinen. I slipped into my bedroll and took out my current textbook, reading through the lesson as carefully as I could.
I finished, and thought to mark my place with the bookmark Thorin had forged me. The only problem was, I couldn't find it. It's not in my pack.
I must have left Thorin's bookmark in Rivendell. And with it, I suppose I left a bit of him as well.

8:22 pm
Anonymous asked: I don't think it's Bofur who Bilbo has his eyes (and possibly his heart) set upon, Your Majesty.
It is one thing to say that and another to see it. Mr Baggins has said that he is not interested but he seems to be at his happiest with Bofur. His turning down Bofur for a venture into the woods does not directly mean that he could not be drawn to Bofur in another way. Meaningful relationships can be forged without the need for physical relations.

8:25 pm
Mr Baggins has apparently brought Elvish books along with him. Perhaps his interest in their language had been purely academic?
He was in his bedroll with his books, muttering quietly to himself. He read for a while, flipping through numerous pages and keeping up a constant, softly-spoken monologue to himself. When at last he was done, Mr Baggins rifled through his bag. Perhaps he was to use the bookmark that I had gifted to him? But it seemed as though he could not find it, as his rifling became more and more frantic. He nearly emptied out his entire pack there at his bedroll before his shoulders slumped. Mr Baggins took out a spare piece of paper from his pack, folded it, and stuck it between the pages of his Elvish book as a makeshift bookmark. He repacked his things and then settled back into his bedroll, looking curled in on himself.
He snarls at me and then ignores me, yet looks to be sad and regretful over losing the flower bookmark. Truly, I will never understand him.

9:16 pm
Anonymous asked: So Bilbo is no longer called "Bungling Burglar" in your tags?
Mr Baggins remains the ‘bungling burglar’ on my posts. However, there are times when it does not feel right for that to be how I identify him and I simply change it to ‘Mr Baggins.’

9:26 pm
Anonymous asked: Poor Bilbo. Clearly the bookmark you made meant a great deal to him, as I'm sure you do as well.
Mr Baggins did seem to have liked the bookmark and seems saddened by its loss. As for his approval of me, that is anything but clear.

9:27PM
Anonymous asked: How far are you from Rivendell? Could you not sneak back and get it? If that's not possible, I'm sure the elves will keep it safely for you and you can collect it upon
your return after the quest. Thorin will understand it was an accident. We're more than a day out. There is no way I could get back myself without getting lost, and without making my absence and subsequent perceived dishonour known. I trust the Elves will safekeep it for me, but who knows if I will be back to get it?

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

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June 24th, 2015

Thorin

7:30 am

We have once again begun our travels. The days are at their longest, so the sun had already been shining for a time before we even departed from camp. It gave light to the birds that continue to circle us. The birds made me wary and I was not the only one to feel this. Dwalin barely looked at his pack while organizing it, eyes turned upwards at the birds.

#the quest #dwalin

Bilbo

8AM Now that I have finally decided to join the world of the living (as opposed to the world of those who exist but aren't quite alive yet) I have heard from Ori that we are going to be at the foothills of the Misty Mountains by late afternoon, where we intend to make our camp.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

9 am

Kili once again tried to use their bow to shoot some of the birds down. The creatures have learned from yesterday, however, and were sure to stay just out of the arrow’s reach. Kili huffed and cursed at this and I encouraged them to ignore the birds. With the company focusing on the skies, an attack could come from around us. It was thus important that not only the area above us be watched but also what was at our sides and back.

Fili and Kili accepted this and both watched a different side of the company, staying at the other’s shoulder.

#the quest #my sister children

9:20AM

Anonymous asked: Bofur's a wise dwarf, and seems like a wonderful friend. However, I think you might be wrong in believing that you're pining for stars that cannot be reached. Don't lose hope, with any luck you might be pleasantly surprised. Sometimes things that seem impossible aren't so at all. Just think, most would assume the Company are all reaching for the impossible in trying to reclaim their home, but they might accomplish their goals. No reason to say anything is impossible just yet.

You're missing the point, I think. His Majesty is like stone. He does not 'tumble in the hay' or 'go into
the woods'. He does not 'roll in the sack' or 'play hide-the-sausage'. As far as I am aware, he has never done so, nor will he consider doing so, as he does not fancy anyone in that way. Or in any other way, really, as who can possibly compare with his true love, Erebor?

Do you see my predicament now? I would not want to discomfit him by informing him that I would like to take him into the woods, as it is not in his nature to be interested in such things. Having had to reject a proposition myself, I know how uncomfortable it is to be on the receiving end. My goals are not as important as his comfort.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #hatdwarf

10:30 am

*Anonymous asked: what was life in Erebor like before the dragon attack?*

In a word, it was *rich*. Rich in color and song and culture, Erebor was the center of all things. It was vast and beautiful and it felt like it was timeless. I still have dreams of its halls, the tall ceilings that I mistook for the night sky as a child, and the silver fountains with its golden songs. I remember hearing the echo of the bells of Dale.

Especially in times such as these, I recall how peaceful Erebor was. Happiness flowed like a stream through my people and it pushed us forward and lit our days.

#ask #anonymous #erebor

10:43AM Balin has been keeping an eye on the birds circling in the sky above us, just out of range of Kíli's bow (apparently they'd shot a couple down yesterday, so now the birds are just annoyingly out of reach). These must be the evil ones that were muttered about over the past couple of days. I wonder what kinds of birds they are.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #thing 2

11:12AM Balin told me, when I asked about the birds, that they seemed to be a mixture of foul-bred crows and vultures. I wondered how he could tell, and he said that he used to be well-acquainted with a pair of ravens that lived in one of the guardhouses, and had learnt the languages of birds from them, as Erebor's ravens were highly intelligent and could in fact speak the Common Tongue. The birds that are following us, he says, speak like crows and vultures. They wish us ill, and have been discussing their Master, an Orc of Gundabad. I don't know what Gundabad is, but it certainly doesn't sound like a good holiday destination.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

11:30 am

The company has been overall mostly quiet due to focusing on the birds and watching for orcs. I usually hear the noise of the company talking behind me and the near silence of today is causing me to glance back quite often, as if to make sure that they are all still there.

#the quest #the company

2 pm

I asked Dwalin if he alone could train Fíli and Kíli today while I train another. He commented that Ori had shown his skills to be quite developed and asked what more I planned to teach him. I explained that it was not Ori that I was planning to train today, but Mr Baggins. I wished to continue his swordfighting lessons, given that he will most likely need it.

For the time and light needed for these lessons, I instructed that we make camp early, as we did
3:10PM His Majesty has sent out his sister-children for yet another campsite. We are indeed drawing near to the foothills, but I suppose the lessons in swordfighting continue as long as there is space and time to do so.

5:10 pm

Once camp had been set up, I approached Mr Baggins and asked if he was willing to participate in more of his swordfighting lessons. He considered for a few moments and I began to believe that he would refuse. Finally, he sighed and stood, agreeing to continue lessons.

Mr Baggins has shown signs of improvement, though his swings remain uncertain. His stamina seems to have increased so that when I called an end to the lesson, he did not seem as if he were about to fall over.

However, I noted that Mr Baggins looked to be limping and I was reminded that he possessed a previous injury. I asked if he required help but was wordlessly dismissed as he made his way to Óin.

5:20PM Almost immediately after I'd just dropped my pack, His Majesty urged me into another swordfighting lesson. He was hard on me, given the breaks I've had recently, but noted at the end that I was becoming fatigued less easily and congratulated me on my progress.

Unfortunately my ankle didn't agree with him, and now I am rubbing an ointment from Óin on it.

5:25 pm

Dwalin had noticed Mr Baggins’ limp as well and chuckled as I returned to my pack to stow the practice sword. He asked if we had ‘played a bit too rough,’ and I glared at that comment, knowing that he meant something different. I told him that I had half a mind to put him on second watch for that attempted jest.

Dwalin accepted the assigned watch, saying that he had done it plenty of times before. So I also assigned Nori to second watch and Dwalin scowled at me. I know that the two of them having a watch together usually results in Dwalin being frustrated and unable to sleep. Dwalin grumbled that that move had been childish. I said that it was a juvenile response to a juvenile comment, which made him laugh.

7:30PM After supper, His Majesty and I got into another argument about my presence here. I'm not sure how a decent discussion about my progress in swordfighting turned into such a spat, but I eventually demanded of him the question I've been wondering all along: am I part of this Company?
"I do not know, are you?" asked His Insufferable Majesty.
Clearly not, then.
I approached Mr Baggins after supper to ask about his ankle, apologizing that I had not remembered the injury and had caused it further damage. Mr Baggins simply shrugged, saying that the salve and wrapping that Óin had given were working and that it should be fine come morning. I asked if he would want to continue his lessons tomorrow, if his ankle was indeed feeling better. I told him that his progress had been going well and would continue to get better with practice.

“Yes, I know that I need a lot more practice, you’ve made that quite clear,” Mr Baggins grumbled.

“I speak only the truth,” I retorted. “You have no battle experience.”

“Thank you!” Mr Baggins spat. “I’m bloody aware that my first battle might involve me pissing my trousers and forgetting everything you’ve taught me, no need to rub it in.”

“I am not trying to ‘rub it in,’” I argued. “I am simply stating that you need more practice. I am trying to keep this company safe.”

Mr Baggins looked away for a few moments before shaking his head. “Am I part of this company?”

“I do not know,” I replied. “Are you?”

For being in the company was not simply traveling alongside of us. It was, in many ways, a personal decision to be part of us. So far, Mr Baggins had been involved with the company but had kept himself at an arm’s distance. So I truly did not know if he thought himself a part of the company or not.

Mr Baggins nodded before bidding me a quiet goodnight. He retired to his bedroll without looking back at me and I finally departed for my own.

June 25th, 2015

Bilbo

7:12AM We are starting our ascent into the Misty Mountains, and should be out of the foothills and on the trail through the High Pass in a couple of days. I suspect updating this blog may get more difficult once we’re higher in the mountains, as Gandalf says that these trails, especially along the edge of the mountains, are precarious at best.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

Thorin

7:30 am

We are moving once again and the Misty Mountains loom ahead of us. We must first traverse the foothills, however, and Balin has predicted that the sun will unrelenting today. It is just our luck that we are traveling and climbing during the hottest point in the season. I said as much to Balin who said that I should be happy that we are not traveling during winter.

#the quest #balin

7:45 am
Anonymous asked: Hobbits have their honor, too. Your inquiries may have led Bilbo to think you doubt his, and his willingness to see his contract fulfilled. I'd likely be a bit resentful and hurt too, in his place. I am simply trying to ask Mr Baggins about his reasoning as it does not make sense to me. There are times that I believe that he and I are speaking different languages.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8:01AM

Misty morning in the Misty Mountains

#adventureblogging #misty mountains #travelling

8:03 am

mistercapote1996-blog asked: Do you know, that your fathers last words were"tell Thorin that I loved him."? I really think,that he and the whole line of Durin is proud of you for all the things you have done in your live. I wish you and your company all the luck in the world. How are you aware of my father's last words? Gandalf was the only one present when he passed and he has confirmed that he did not sent this message. I thank you for your encouraging words but must admit that this exchange has only made me wary.

#ask #mistercapote1996 #the wizard

9:30 am

I have had to pack my furs away as they are much too excessive in this weather. Before, the heat was bearable but when it is added with climbing the foothills, it has only made me aware of the amount of layers that I am wearing. I can already predict that the company will start forgoing their wardrobe before noon.

#the quest
9:54 AM Climbing these hills are exhausting and hot, and we haven’t even reached the mountain part just yet. I have been told to conserve water when I can, and so I have been munching on fruits as we go. The perishable fruits should be eaten soon, anyway, as they’ll only spoil in this heat.

#adventureblogging

10:31 AM The sun has just been getting worse the longer we trek. Some of the Company members have been taking off their coats. Despite our continued vigilance towards the evil birds stalking us and the Orcs that may be following behind, the heat is really not good for walking uphill in armour and furs. Even I’m starting to feel like a bun being slowly cooked in a giant oven, and I’m only in my jacket and waistcoat over my shirt.

#adventureblogging #the company

10:50 AM My jacket and waistcoat are now tucked into my pack.

#adventureblogging

11:12 AM Óin is passing around a white paste in a big jar, which he’s encouraging us to rub on our faces and necks and other parts of the body that we have left exposed. This paste has the added bonus of not making everyone smell so unkempt, which is good. Where was it when we were travelling through the Lone-lands?

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf

11:20 am

Dwalin’s head is covered in a large amount of the white paste that Óin passed around. It helps to prevent the skin from being too heated by the sun. However, the paste and its placement makes it seem as if there is an egg cooking atop Dwalin’s head. My nanaddan said that it looked as if a bird had defecated on him.

Dwalin is glaring more at his brother, however, as Balin is not trying to tone down his laughter at all.

#the quest #dwalin #oin #my sister children #balin

12 PM I asked Óin about the paste, and he says it’s a byproduct of brass creation and has several other medical uses. I wondered why he hadn’t handed it out before, and he chuckled, saying that those who knew they needed the paste went to him as the need arose. He would’ve preferred not to rapidly diminish his supply, too, but the sun today was exceedingly hot.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf

1:29 PM Even the shirt is getting a little too hot on me. I don’t think I’ve felt this overheated since my haymaking days for Farmer Maggot. Nowadays the most sun I get in the Shire consists of picnics in the fields and working in my garden, all of which aren’t anywhere near this amount of tiring.

#adventureblogging

1:35 pm

My nanaddan have seen fit to inform me that Mr Baggins has removed all of the clothing from his upper body. I do not know how they expected me to react but when I did nothing more than give a nod to indicate that I had heard them, they both pouted.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar
Fíli and Kíli are still trying to convince me to turn around. I feel as if this is something to do with the company’s ridiculous wagers. I am quite determined now to remain facing forward.

#the quest #my sister children

2:10PM I asked Bofur why no one else in the Company was suffering as much as I, and Bofur shrugged, saying that Dwarves are hardy folk, that most in the Company are used to long treks in mountains, and that most of the Company members tan quite well, except for himself and Bombur, who turn roughly the colour of overcooked lobster and burn quite terribly. I commiserated with him on that, considering that the Took side of my family also had a tendency to burn instead of tan, and I am more than sure that I inherited that from my mother.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #bigdwarf

2:57PM Kíli’s laughing at me, saying that I’ve turned as red as a tomato. They and their brother are also trying to get His Majesty to look back at me slogging along without my shirt on. Troublemakers, the lot of them.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

3 pm

Kíli has been laughing because, according to them, Mr Baggins is ‘redder than a ripe tomato.’ They and Fíli are insisting that I absolutely must turn and look. My nanaddan are dear to me but there are times when I wish that Dís had argued more for them to stay with her in the Blue Mountains.

#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar #my sister

4PM His Majesty has suggested we find a suitable camp soon. Once again, tree cover is preferred, though this time I suspect the sun is just as to blame as the birds.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

4:10 pm

I have sent my nanaddan forward to scout for a campsite. The sun still hangs in the sky and will continue to do so for several more hours. I instructed my nanaddan to do the same as yesterday and to find a spot with decent tree coverage.

#the quest #my sister children

5:21PM We have settled into our camp now, and the late afternoon breeze is nice and cool against my heated skin. Most of the Company’s crowded in the shade of the few trees in our campsite, drinking water from the spile that Bofur has hammered into one of the trees.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

5:25 pm
After our camp was set up, I happened to glance at Mr Baggins. Kíli was not exaggerating — the Hobbit has turned a bright red. It stretches across his face, over his cheeks and nose, as well as over his shoulders and seems to be on his back as well. The sun has unfortunately been quite harsh to Mr Baggins, it would seem.

I noticed something else about his red skin. Dusted among the burns, as if carefully sprinkled on, are freckles.

#the quest #bungling burglar

5:34PM Bofur came to give me a bowl of water. When he clapped me on the back I shrieked in pain, because my skin had, apparently, become very raw to the touch. Óin looked me over and slathered a very soothing plant gel on me. And despite my new accidental injury, His Majesty is expecting me at a swordfighting lesson soon.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #trumpetdwarf #that asshole

7:02PM I suspect Óin’s got his work cut out with us all today. First my burns, which seem to be all over my face and back, and now His Majesty’s shoulder, which was apparently dislocated when he broke his fall rather badly during swordfighting practice. Not only do I have to worry about my own relief, as everything seems to hurt in contact with the burning parts of my skin, but also His Majesty’s, since I feel a bit responsible for his. This has quite decidedly become an unfortunate turn of events.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #that asshole

7:25 pm

My shoulder is hurt. Result of fall during lesson. Arm is in a sling. It is difficult to do this with one hand.

#the quest

June 26th, 2015

Thorin

7:55 am

We are moving again. My arm is still in a sling.

#the quest

Bilbo

8:01AM

Anonymous asked: do you ever read thorin's blog?

No, not if I can help it. I don’t want to invade his privacy. He has every right to complain about me in the safety of his own blog, free from my scrutiny.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole
8:15 am
My nanaddan want to take over the blog for me. No.
#the quest #my sister children

9 am
They are still asking. I am still refusing.
#the quest #my sister children

9:30 am
I sense only mischief in their intentions.
#the quest #my sister children

10:15 am
They are both very insistent.
#the quest #my sister children

10:35 am
My nanaddan will report for me for the next few days.
#the quest #my sister children #FINE #i gave up

11:10AM Fili and Kili are looking exceedingly pleased with themselves for some reason. His Majesty simply looks resigned. I hope there won’t be some sort of new mischief afoot.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

11AM
Hello, readers of Indâd’s blog! We’re officially reporting in for him during these several days while he recovers from his dislocated shoulder. All very long thought-provoking asks will be kept until he can write his usual long-winded replies, but shorter ones will be relayed from us to him and back to you lot through our own Thorin-to-Common translators.
#we're guests #indâd

1:24PM
Indâd has been accumulating interesting drafts about Mr Boggins again. We won’t post any today, but he’s compiled a list of flowers and their meanings, and he keeps on talking about how much he hurts when he’s not with Mr Boggins. What a sap.
#we're guests #indâd #mr boggins

4PM
Mr Boggins has been assisting Óin in tending to Indâd all day. He hasn’t really talked to Indâd, but he has given him water and ensured that his arm remains in place. It must be quite frustrating for Indâd to have him so close and yet so far.
#we're guests #indâd #mr boggins #oin
Anonymous asked: It's honourable of you not to invade Thorin's privacy, however I can assure you that I've never seen him complain about you on his blog. He thinks well of you, though the two of you seem confused by each other at times. Still, it wouldn’t be fair if I was reading his blog yet not allowing him to read mine, as I do do my fair share of complaining about him.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

4:45PM Or, perhaps, His Majesty’s sister-children are simply just unruly. They insist on calling me uncle, when all I've been doing is making sure their uncle doesn't accidentally make his injury worse. It's exactly what Óin is doing, and yet Óin isn't being called 'uncle', too.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #a ridiculous bunch if you ask me

5PM

Mr Boggins has tried to get us to stop calling him uncle, with the reasoning that he’s doing exactly what Óin’s doing, and yet we’re not calling Óin uncle.

Of course, we had to inform him that it's Óin’s job to tend to the sick; Mr Boggins is helping with Indâd out of the kindness of his own heart, obviously. He still insists we stop calling him uncle.

#we're guests #indâd #mr boggins #oin

Anonymous asked: Lovely to see you both back on the blog again, hope you have fun! Please wish your uncle a speedy recovery. To Fili and Kili; what is your favourite thing regarding the inclusion of Mr Baggins to the group? To Thorin; If not for the responsibilities of being a royal and trying to regain Erebor. How would you like to spend your life (ie. living somewhere peaceful, or going on adventures etc.)?

Indâd says thank you for the well-wishes, or at least we think he said thank you, considering he was too busy staring at Mr Boggins, who’s been holding a mug of Óin’s willow-bark tea for him for the past couple of minutes. He also expresses dismay that you know that he’s royal at all, though at this point on this blog it should probably be obvious. In any case, he says that his life has been so caught up in reclaiming Erebor that he doesn’t know what he’d do otherwise, though we remember once he said that if he hadn’t been who he was, he would build a small cabin and a forge by one of his favourite streams in the Blue Mountains, and simply making small useful things for the rest of his life.

As for us? Mr Boggins is such fun. He tells great stories and makes amazing food, and sometimes he just has to walk past and Indâd will just stare at him until he’s out of his sight; it’s kinda hilarious. Indâd says Mr Boggins is confusing, but we really don’t know how he’s confusing — or rather, we know he’s just confusing to Indâd because Indâd has no idea how to handle these kinds of emotions ;)

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #indâd #mr boggins

5:35PM Bombur has made some rice porridge for supper, topped with salted pork and pine-patterned preserved eggs. The smell takes a little getting used to, but the flavour is amazing. I’ve been feeding His Majesty little spoonfuls of it, as he seems to have become almost useless without the proper usage of his sword arm. Serves him right.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole
Mr Boggins is feeding Indâd his supper, which is delightfully romantic, if you ask us.

#we're guests #indâd #mr boggins

I hope, for the sake of my own self-control, that this lump of a king gets his shoulder mended soon, because it is ridiculously hard to think straight with him staring at me all the time.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

It may be completely possible that Indâd is pretending to be a useless lump without the proper use of his sword arm. After all, how else is he going to get this much attention from Mr Boggins ever again?

#we're guests #indâd #mr boggins

Anonymous asked: Hi, Fili and Kili! I was wondering about your feelings towards elves. Did either of you make friends with any of them in Rivendell, or do you share your uncle's distaste for them?

Kee claims they’re not very fond of elf-maids, since they’re all ‘too thin’ with ‘high cheekbones’ and ‘smooth skin’, but then they had a very hard time determining which Elves were male and which were female (not to mention the ones who might be Zatakhuzdûn, but, you know, the Elvish equivalent). And I’m also quite sure some of the Elves were interested in them. There was this one elf-maid who was always fluttering her lashes at Kee, though they didn’t seem to notice.

Obliviousness clearly runs in the family.

The two of us weren’t raised with a one-sided view of things, in any case, as our Amad believes that narrow-mindedness begets misfortune. Kee was always more studious than I, absorbing all the history that our tutors taught us. It’s true that the Elves have written most of the history of Middle-earth to the detriment of the Dwarves, but that shouldn’t stop us Dwarves from befriending individual Elves, and letting them see that we are beings, not beasts, and certainly not stones.

As for our own friendships, Kee and I made the acquaintance of Lord Elrond’s sons, Elladan and Elrohir, who told us all the secret hiding spots in Rivendell and brought us old furniture to burn. The two of them were more friends with Dori and Ori, though, since they shared with Dori the same burden of constantly being concerned for younger siblings — in this case, Estel, their very distant cousin — and Ori most likely awed them with his art or something. Aside from them, we also befriended some of the Elves in the kitchens and the gardens, as well as Sîlchanar the violin-player, who is just as grumpy as Indâd in the mornings, and often goes riding with the Dûnedain to stave off boredom.

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #indâd #kee #dori #ori

Anonymous asked: I'm sure he's very grateful for your help. Maybe he's trying to think of a way to repay you for your kindness? Or considering something to talk about with you.

He can repay me by not making me feel like my face is being set on fire every time I look at him.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole
I hate the sound of Wargs. These are much too close for comfort once more, even though Balin says they’re far off judging by their howls. Still, audible is more than enough for me.

I remember the Fell Winter of S.R. 1311. I had just turned 21, and the harvest had been rather sparse that year. So many Hobbits were lost that winter, as the early cold in November became steadily more bitter, cutting into our meagre supplies — and that was even before the White Wolves crossed the frozen Brandywine and attacked wayward travellers. A pack, according to my cousin Adalgrim Took, had tried to raid Brandy Hall, but was driven out by the Horn-call of Buckland and the Brandybucks arriving with their weapons.

Cousin Adalgrim had been at Brandy Hall at the time, and used to tell the tale to frighten the rest of us.

My rest shall be elusive tonight, I can tell already.

#adventureblogging

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A pack of wargs have just howled within earshot of Mr Boggins, who immediately grew very concerned, though the wargs themselves were too far for any actual concern. Mr Boggins immediately latched onto Indâd, clinging onto him warily until the warg noises passed. In short, Dwalin owes us.

#we're guests #indâd #mr boggins #dwalin

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June 27th, 2015

**Bilbo**

**9:24AM** I hate this cursed heat. The burning in my skin is subsiding a little, but at this rate I might as well bathe in that white paste of Óin’s every morning before we set out. I hear mud might also help prevent my skin from burning further, but I don’t think I’ve stooped low enough to slather myself with mud.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf

**Thorin**

**10:27AM**

Nothing quite like watching Indâd and Mr Boggins try to stare at one another without being caught by the other. It’s actually amazing how besotted Mr Boggins looks. And by amazing, we mean embarrassing.

#we're guests #indâd #mr boggins #they need to stop

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**Anonymous asked:** Fili, Kili. Although your uncle seems to be 'as stone' as I believe you've referred to it as; do you think it is possible for him to develop romantic feelings for Mr Baggins regardless of this? True; sex, love, and friendship are all separate and all equally important, I'm just curious as to what you think Thorin might feel towards Mr Baggins. Do you think
other dwarves, who are not part of your Company, would be accepting if the two of them did fall in love?

We’re not at liberty to say what we think Indâd feels for Mr Boggins, as that’d clearly invalidate our own stake in the wagers. It’d be nice if we could just barricade them in a nice little cave and not let them out until they’ve come to grips with how much they’ve been staring at each other, but that’d be against the rules. And as for other Dwarves, that might depend on whether or not our quest is successful, since Indâd can more easily ignore any naysayers if he’s King instead of just a leader. That is, if he does end up discovering any romantic feelings for Mr Boggins. We certainly wouldn’t want to assume anything.

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

11:12AM Bombur is dealing with a very nasty burn on his scalp. I guess mine isn’t that bad in comparison. He has to wear his hood, which is thick and woolen, to ward off any further damage, and it’s making him sweat all over.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

12:02PM Mr Boggins doesn’t look too happy. Indâd has been notified, but he demanded to know what he could do about it, since apparently he lacks ideas for cheering up Mr Boggins that won’t end in accidentally insulting him.

#we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

12:45PM It’s the middle of the bloody day and I can still hear the Wargs in my head.

#adventureblogging

1:20PM If it’s not the Wargs, it’s His Majesty and his, “I do not know, are you?” and it plays over and over and I keep wondering why I’m doing this at all. Why am I serving someone who doesn’t think I’ve truly pledged myself to the Quest?

#adventureblogging #that asshole

1:23PM Anonymous asked: To cheer up Mr Baggins I'd imagine your uncle need only talk with him about something that interests the hobbit in order to take his mind off his discomfort. Gardening or food, hobbies, books and maps, and the like. Easier to say than to do I suppose, but it's a start. Mr Baggins seems fond of learning things too, perhaps offer to teach him a skill that doesn't involve too much strenuous physical activity for the moment. Indâd says that he knows nothing about gardening, and could not possibly hope to talk about food at the level that Mr Boggins would prefer. He also doesn't know what sort of maps and books he could talk about, or any skills to demonstrate that would not require him to use his sword arm. Also, he thinks that Mr Boggins would not wish to talk to him. Personally, we think he's being stubborn and emotionally constipated, but that's just us.

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins
1:45PM I don’t care about gold. I must see my contract honoured. The Took part of me wants adventure. And the Company’s not bad once you get to know them. But is that enough? What does it take to truly become a Company member? If the answer’s “being a Dwarf”, I’m out of luck on that and I might as well turn back now.

#adventureblogging #the company

2PM

Mr Boggins has somehow managed to look even more gloomy than before. Indâd’s attempts at engaging him in conversation have been rebuffed. Fee says he was never this obtuse about people he fancied. I pointed out that he’d never actually seriously considered courting any of those people.

#we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins #fee

2:15PM

If this is courtship, it’s pretty embarrassing and we hope we’ll never see its like again.

#we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

2:29PM

Anonymous asked: Would it help to talk to one of the Company about the Wargs? Or maybe sleep closer to the centre of the group at night if it'll give you even a slight feeling of security. It's just me remembering a prank from my childhood. As long as the Wargs leave us alone, I'll be fine.

#ask #anonymous

2:32PM When will we be out of these Giver-forsaken foothills? The fact that they exist at all is surely meant to mock me, because I am weary and we haven’t even reached the actual mountains yet. I miss the easy hills of the Shire, the babbling brooks, the well-marked paths, I miss the taste of the berries are ripening as we speak, and the smell of the flowers that are blooming in the gardens of Bag End. I miss my books and armchair. I miss everything.

#adventureblogging

2:39PM

Anonymous asked: I'm not sure if he was asking you in that context though, that he doesn't believe you've pledged yourself to the quest entirely. To me it sounds more like he's wanting you to ask yourself the question as you are doing now. To be sure of yourself so you won't come to regret your decision to stay with them later on.

I'm sure of my intentions to remain with the Company. I just don't think they're the same ones that His Majesty is looking for. Wanting to keep my word is all fine and good, but it doesn't seem to be enough for him.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #the company

2:50PM

Anonymous asked: Your updates are hilarious, Fili and Kili! What do you think it would take for your Indad and Mr. Boggins to realize their affection for one another?

Mr Boggins is clearly determined not to let Indâd know of his attraction, and Indâd is emotionally oblivious enough not to notice all the slips of affection that Mr Boggins shows. At this rate we
imagine that it might take them several years to notice anything out of the ordinary, unless someone
does something to make them tell the truth to one another.

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

3:49PM

Anonymous asked: Although Thorin seems to stay away from Bilbo's blog, have the two of you
ever read through it? It might help the Company understand the hobbit better, so long as you
don't pry into anything too private.

That’s exactly how we know Mr Boggins is hiding his feelings (though very badly, as anyone who
isn’t Indâd but has eyes can see how utterly besotted he looks). Of course, as the main reason for his
confusing behaviour around Indâd is tied directly to his feelings, we can’t tell Indâd about it because
that’d invalidate our stakes in the wagers.

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

4:23PM

Shame that we haven’t gotten into the mountains properly just yet. There are plenty of caves up there
that we can stuff these two into and have them work out their differences together.

#we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

4:49PM

Anonymous asked: Hey Fili and Kili! Do you have your own blog?

Indâd won’t let us, he says we’ll tell the Enemy all of his secrets, and if we don’t, all we’ll ever post
are slanders and lies. Clearly he needs to be persuaded otherwise. We want a blog!

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #Indâd #getfeeandkeetheirownblog

5:11PM We’ve made camp. Dwalin is still sparring with Ori and I am still tending to His Majesty
the Useless Lump. I’m sure he’s doing it on purpose, but Óin insists that he’s my charge now, and I
must do good by him. I wonder if he’s recently lost money in the wagers.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #scribedwarf #trumpetdwarf #that asshole #the bagginshield conspiracy

5:32PM

Anonymous asked: Barricading them in a cave does sound very tempting. I have to say though,
the mutual staring is very sweet. If you don’t mind my asking; what is your mother like? Is she
a very formidable dwarf, or more gentle? Would she have liked to come on the quest as well
do you think?

Amad is as formidable as she is gentle. Nothing gets by her; she knows exactly when we’re lying.
She has this way of commanding all the attention in a room, which is good for Indâd when he gets
weary of interacting with strangers. The two of them are a team, which is why Amad remained
behind in the Blue Mountains. The people in our settlement look to our family in times of need, and
Amad believes her duty is with the people. She originally wanted Kee to stay behind, saying that
battling a dragon might be more than they could handle, but Kee and I are inseparable, and I
promised I would keep an eye on them and make sure they don’t get too overwhelmed by all of the
excitement.

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #amad #kee
6PM I asked Glóin exactly how the Conspiracy worked, but Glóin was annoyingly reticent about that, merely stating that the current betting pool includes seventy-six gold coins, twenty-three silver, two bronze, and one of Fíli’s daggers — among other Company members’ personal belongings. Also that the wagers have several stages at which to win. I can only guess what those stages are.

#adventureblogging #the bagginsshield conspiracy #firedwarf #thing 1 #the company

6:01PM

Anonymous asked: Keep the caves in mind, it may be your best choice that this rate! That or maybe 'accidentally' leave Bilbo's blog up for your uncle to read. He's not invading the hobbit's privacy if he reads it by accident, right? ;)
So many things could go wrong with simply leaving a random page of Mr Boggins's blog for Indâd to read; we'd rather take our chances with the caves, thanks ;) )

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

6:34PM

Anonymous asked: Ooh ooh, Fili, Kili! Idea for getting the two oblivious lumps a little more intimate time together! (If it won't affect the wagers too much and all that). His arm is hurt, yes? So doing his own braids will be near impossible, surely. Perhaps the next time he needs them re-done, you could be regretfully 'very busy' or 'absent' and so Mr Baggins (who it seems is doing a wonderful job of looking after your uncle), could do this for him instead? Now there’s an idea! We’ll keep it in mind for the next time Indâd needs his braids done. Of course, we might need to teach Mr Boggins a new style of braid before we do that… :) 

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

6:41PM

Anonymous asked: You're doing very well in looking after His Majesty, I'm sure of it. You must be good at caring for others if Oin has put you in charge, he wouldn't otherwise. And I'm positive His Majesty is very grateful to you (even if he has a hard time showing it). Perhaps he's quite enjoying the attention and the chance to be interacting with you without things devolving into an argument.
What a pitiful state of affairs then, if the only way we can have any sort of civil interaction involves one of us pretending to be more injured than we actually are and the other one obliged to care for them.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

7:19PM

Maybe if we promise to be on our best behaviour, Mr Boggins will tell us why he’s trying to hide his feelings from Indâd. Really, it shouldn’t be this hard for him to make the first move.

#we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins

8PM

We told Indâd to make the first move, as clearly Mr Boggins won’t be doing any of that. He put us, along with Bofur, on first watch.

#we're guests #Indâd #mr boggins #bofur
8:23PM I asked Gandalf about the Wargs we heard last night. We’re not hearing anything tonight so far, but I just want to know if the Wargs will return tonight. Gandalf says it’s likely that the Wargs and the Orcs tracking us have an alliance of some sort, but he’s not sure about that. His Majesty has tripled the watch for tonight onwards. I’m going to bed.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard

June 28th, 2015

Bilbo

8AM
Anonymous asked: regarding the last person’s message and how you find this state of affairs pitiful. All relationships must start somewhere. Maybe His Majesty is simply unused to interacting with others like yourself and this is the only way he can think to do it for now? The two of you will probably become closer with time and conversation will flow easier. It’s dreadfully convoluted of him. Here I thought Dwarves just said whatever was on their minds, and damn the consequences. The general behaviour of the Company at Rivendell certainly veered that way.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #the company

8:12AM Already this damnable heat is trying to find its way into my bones. I don’t want to cover up, but I still fear that my burn will relapse if I expose the skin to more sunlight. I might kill for just one day spent entirely in the shade, but I can understand the need for swiftness on these wild paths.
#adventureblogging

10:40AM Is it just me, or are the hills getting steeper?
#adventureblogging

10:45AM Maybe we’ll be in the mountains soon. Maybe it won’t be as hot there. Maybe I won’t have to be tending to His Majesty all the time. Óin’s already gave him some small exercises to do for his arm but he’s still playing at being useless. Maybe he’s trying to tell me something.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #trumpetdwarf

11:31AM my head i spinning. i think i might fall. mabe i should just lie down
#adventureblogging

Thorin

11:45AM
Mr Boggins has just fainted from the heat! Indâd caught him, though, and tried to carry him before remembering he’d dislocated a shoulder. He then ordered us to make camp by the next water source and is now almost panicked over Mr Boggins’s limp form.
#we're guests #mr boggins #indâd
1PM

We’ve managed to find a stream to make camp by. Índâd and Óin are wetting strips of cloth and putting them on Mr Boggins’s brows. Óin says it’s heat exhaustion and that when Mr Boggins wakes, he will need to drink as much water as he can.

#we're guests #mr boggins #índâd #óin

2:10PM

Mr Boggins is coming to. Índâd looks properly relieved, not to mention livid at the fact that no one could have prevented it from happening.

#we're guests #mr boggins #índâd #silly índâd

2:55PM

Anonymous asked: Yes! Do so! For the sake of wagers and everyone’s sanity. It would be nice to hear why Mr Baggins is hiding his feelings. Maybe you can even put whatever misgivings or fears he has to rest and he’d be more inclined to take the plunge ;)
Don’t let Mr Boggins get wind of what we’re trying to do, then! ;)

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #mr boggins

2:58PM

Anonymous asked: Ah, try not to let him direct his worry towards Mr Baggins in a way that might be mistaken for anger if you can. I have a feeling the hobbit will merely see it as more proof that your uncle dislikes him and thinks him weak, poor fellow. Mr Boggins is so determined to believe that Índâd wants him gone that he’d read any act of kindness from him as an act of pity. It is pretty tragic if you think about it.

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #mr boggins #índâd

3PM

I hate the heat. Óin tells me that after I had fainted from heat exhaustion, His Majesty had ordered the Company to find the next source of water in these mountains, and had tried to carry me before Dwalin pointed out that his shoulder was still healing, and so between the two of them, they managed to move me to the bank of a small stream that Nori had found, and cool my brows with strips of cloth dipped in the cold mountain spring. We’ve made camp here now, since His Majesty refuses to expose me to more strenuous activity. We’ll be in the mountains tomorrow anyway. We’d be there several hours earlier if we set out now, but because I’m hurt now, we’re going nowhere.
I feel like such a burden.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #trumpetdwarf #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf

3:45PM

Mr Boggins is trying to get Índâd to stop mothering him. Except every time he tries to do it he makes this angry rabbit face and it backfires completely.

#we're guests #mr boggins #índâd

3:59PM

Anonymous asked: You are absolutely not a burden, Mr. Baggins. Dwarves are a hardier folk than Hobbits, and are much more resilient to the heat than you are. It is especially important for you to drink lots of water and take breaks if you can. Try not to push yourself!
I'm afraid I might end up spending most of my days at the back of the line, then. I'm not cut out for this sort of thing. I can stroll across hills and fields in the Shire, no problem, but that's decent country with trees and streams and lots of friendly folk willing to share meals.

#ask #anonymous

4:21PM

Indâd is wondering why Mr Boggins is being so confusing. Apparently Mr Boggins doesn't want to make any sort of conversation other than ones pertaining to Indâd's shoulder. We really do need to figure out why Mr Boggins is putting so much misguided effort into hiding his feelings.

#we're guests #mr boggins #indâd

4:29PM I think I am feeling better. Bofur says most of the Company thanks me for getting His Majesty to set up camp earlier, as they were also fairly tired and wanted a break. He's probably just trying to make me feel better about delaying the Company from reaching the mountains.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #the company

5PM Fili and Kili have asked me why I am the way I am. The heat is getting to all of us, I think.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #i am the way i am because of what i have done #obviously #my choices shape who i am #???

5:27PM

Anonymous asked: I think perhaps they're curious as to why you're being distant towards Thorin again? Maybe you need to ask them to specify what they mean by 'why you are the way you are'.

I tried asking them what they mean. They said that I'm hiding something from their uncle. I told them I wasn't hiding anything.

As for being distant, I have no idea what you mean. I have been interacting with His Majesty as usual.

#ask #anonymous #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

5:30PM

Mr Boggins is not answering our questions properly. It may be because of his exhaustion today.

We'll try again tomorrow.

#we're guests #mr boggins

5:32PM

Anonymous asked: You mentioned before Oin's paste to prevent the sunlight causing redness, and also that you've heard of others using mud. If there's not enough paste from Oin, although the thought of it is unsavoury, maybe mud wouldn't be such a bad idea?

And walk for hours every day feeling and smelling like I need a bath? I'm afraid I'm still vain enough not to want to do that, thanks.

#ask #anonymous #trumpetdwarf
Indâd has been trying to wash and comb his hair with the rest of the Company after supper. He tried calling Fee to help him, but Fee and I claimed that we were helping Balin with the maps. Mr Boggins, citing Óin's instructions to him, has stepped in to help.

#we're guests #mr boggins #indâd #oin #fee

He's not responding to Indâd's questions with more than one or two word answers. Really, does he think he'll blurt out a confession if he talks any more? Silly Hobbit.

#we're guests #mr boggins #indâd

Have helped His Majesty with his hair, which surprisingly didn't cause the Company to toss coins at one another. Maybe we're finally rid of that pesky Conspiracy.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #the bagginshield conspiracy

Glóin says this doesn't count for the wagers, because Mr Boggins was clearly working under instructions from Óin. He also didn't do the braids, so it's not even the complete event. Dwalin is braiding Indâd's hair instead, sending us pointed glares as he does so.

#we're guests #mr boggins #indâd #gloin #oin #dwalin

Anonymous asked: It's a shame you didn't grab some apple cider vinegar in Rivendell if they had it. That clears sun burn right up. As a fellow fair skinned (freckles and all) person, I wish you the best.
I will ask Óin if he has anything like that. He has been putting some sort of goop from a plant on my burn which has helped soothe it.

#ask #anonymous #trumpetdwarf

The sun may only be mostly setting, but I’m going to bed now, so I won’t delay the company any longer.

#adventureblogging #the company

Anonymous asked: Oh well, it was worth a try :) at least Mr Baggins helped with Thorin's hair a little. Shame they didn't speak more though. Not to worry, the option of the caves is still a possibility ;)
We just need to make sure we don't accidentally barricade them in a cave that's already occupied by something that thinks Dwarves and Hobbits taste delicious. We might lose the wager if they get eaten.

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #mr boggins #indâd
So this chapter is a bit short! The last few days of June and first few days of July in 2015 were Wild to say the least. Unfortunately, during that time, I had to unexpectedly go to the hospital for almost two weeks! I had been sick for some time and found out that I had had lymphoma! But everything is fine now, it was taken care off, and Lily was AMAZING and took control of both blogs, writing everything by herself while I was unable to write. Props out to her for handling that while doing the 1432928 she was doing in her daily life.

Once I got my laptop back, 'Thorin' was able to take back control of exileddurin, but due to my days being filled with doctors and examinations and sleeping off the effects of chemo, not much was written! Things go back to basically normal in next week's chapter though :)
10:15AM Balin says that we are making good time, and should be in the Misty Mountains after lunch. Dori asked if we would have a rest day, and His Majesty scowled something fierce and said that we would not be having rest days until we have shaken off our tail.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #winedwarf #that asshole

10:20AM I suppose, when one is caught between resting and being slaughtered by Orcs, one has to forego rest days as well.

#adventureblogging #is triple watch not enough

12:09PM The Mountains are so close. I wonder what it’d be like to travel, nice as you please, in the shady valleys between. I suspect going that way is guaranteed to get you ambushed and killed by Orcs, as they detest sunlight. Maybe that’s why we’re on the sunniest road through these Giver-forsaken mountains.

#adventureblogging

1:56PM

We’re in the Misty Mountains at last. These foothills were not this extensive the last time Fee and I came this way. We were accompanying some merchants from the Blue Mountains heading to Rhûn, and we were on the trail across the Mountains in almost no time. Maybe it’s just the High Pass trail that’s tricky? But Indâd insists that it’s the safest way.

#the quest #we're guests #indâd #fee

2PM Balin says we’re on the trail to the High Pass at last. I can hear quiet cheering from the rest of the Company. His Majesty is doing that weird smile-scowl thing, and my own heart is flopping like a fish in my chest. Typical.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #the company #that asshole

4PM
Sent ahead to find camp again. We’re currently scouting out some small caves. Can’t do any barricading while Indâd is still injured, but it’s worth the practice.

#the quest #we're guests #fee #and #kee #don't we deserve our own blog #getfeeandkeetheirownblog

4:25PM I asked Balin why we were planning to take the High Pass, as I had heard talk of a different road through the Misty Mountains in Rivendell. Balin said that Lord Elrond recommended the High Pass, as the other pass commonly travelled by the Free Peoples through these mountains had become fraught with peril and Goblin-traps, and the two were not mutually exclusive. I asked when was the last time that Lord Elrond had travelled such a road. Balin chuckled in agreement, lamenting something about how change is the only constant in this world.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

5:12PM Glóin and Óin are arguing over who has to start the fire again, which we suppose is a comforting reminder that siblings will always find something to bicker over, despite our ages. Mr Boggins and Indâd are doing that irritating ‘look at each other when the other isn’t looking’ thing again.

#the quest #we're guests #indâd #mr boggins #gloin #oin

6:18PM Bofur looks a little downcast. I shall speak with him.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

6:42PM I asked Bofur why he looked sad, and Bofur said that Khazad-dûm lay to the southernmost tip of this mountain range. To think that these mountains had once been the domain of Dwarves, but were now all abandoned to the Orcs and Goblins who use Dwarvish halls and Dwarvish tunnels for their own evil purposes — well, it’s sobering, to say the least.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf
7:11PM

Anonymous asked: Aw, you both certainly deserve a blog! Maybe tell your uncle that his followers were very impressed and entertained with how you both looked after his blog whilst he was unable to do so (which is very true). That might persuade him!

He says that we'd put nothing on our blog except skewed observations of his interactions with Mr Boggins. Which is completely unfair as he makes a great deal of posts about the hobbit for someone who professes not to have any sort of interest in him. ;)

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #indâd #mr boggins #getfeeandkeetheirownblog

8:25PM I have not heard Wargs two nights in a row, but their cries still unsettle me. If this continues, I may have to tell someone about it. I wonder who else in this Company has similar issues with noises from their past? Given that so many of them have known hardship, I imagine I’m not alone, at the very least, though I don’t know how not-alone I am.

#adventureblogging #the company

8:34PM

Indâd is taking first watch with us. Mr Boggins is still awake as well, staring at the fire. Fee is nudging Indâd and nodding in Mr Boggins’s direction, but Indâd doesn’t seem to be getting the hint, or is deliberately refusing to look over.

Well, if he’s going to be like this, he’ll only have himself to blame if he ends up forever alone.

#the quest #we're guests #indâd #mr boggins #these two will kill us of frustration first #it's really for their own goods you know #they'll thank us later at their wedding

June 30th, 2015

Bilbo

10:45AM His Majesty seems to be able to move his sword arm without much incident now, thanks to some of the stretching exercises prescribed by Óin. He’ll soon be out of the sling, and I’ll soon be released from my duties.

I’m not sure how to feel about that.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #trumpetdwarf

Thorin

11AM

Indâd seems a tad distant today. He’s also got some use of his sword arm back, but he has been instructed not to overtax that arm. Once he’s properly free of the sling, the barricade idea will be near the front of our minds.

#the quest #we're guests #indâd
12:17PM The clouds are drawing closer to us. Balin suspects we might start seeing some light rain in the coming days, and thunderstorm season soon after that. I’m infinitely glad I didn’t leave Dwalin’s hood in Rivendell, as I’ll clearly need it soon.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf

1:54PM It’s not so dreadfully hot up in the mountains. Sometimes the breeze is downright chilly. And chilling, too, when it does the whistling noise. I wonder how long it’s going to take to get us over the mountains.

#adventureblogging

4:01PM We’ll be stopping for camp soon. Dwalin and Ori are sparring again. His Majesty and I should be practising as well, but he cannot join me for obvious reasons, and really, I don’t think I could handle his hands on my arms and his breath in my ears without turning into an absolute fool.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #scribedwarf #that asshole #that infuriating asshole

4:15PM

Anonymous asked: If your uncle is feeling up to anything remotely physical, perhaps he should give Mr Baggins another lesson regarding his swordplay? Surely he could at least instruct him on footwork. It would be amusing to see Mr Baggins reaction at least, don’t you think? It’d be hilarious. Mr Boggins makes the greatest expressions when he’s got Indâd trying to correct his stances. We’ll see if Indâd is up for it ;)

#ask #anonymous #we're guests #indâd #mr boggins

4:30PM

Fee says that Mr Boggins is probably secretly sad about not having an excuse to fuss over Indâd again.

#the quest #we're guests #indâd #mr boggins #fee

4:57PM Fíli and Kíli suggested I practice my footwork with their uncle. I said at this point I have practised enough footwork to do them in my sleep, and refused.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

5:34PM

Fee asked Ori what he was working on. Ori blushed and said it was artwork of Indâd and Mr. Boggins.

Mr Boggins still seems determined to ignore Indâd unless spoken to first, which must be proving frustrating for him if he does in fact want to play hard-to-get with Thorin the Oblivious.

#the quest #we're guests #fee #ori #indâd #mr boggins

5:40PM

If Indâd does in fact die on the Quest, we will put up a statue of him calling him the World’s Most Oblivious Uncle. He’d haunt the jewels out of us, but we’d probably be too busy and important to care.

#the quest #we're guests #indâd #also we'll get a blog #getfeeandkeetheirownblog
7:19PM Anonymous asked: i don't blame you for falling for thorin. he's really beautiful
He's also a prat and a half; don't make my mistakes.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

7:21PM Bombur keeps on muttering stuff about ducks and glazes. I asked him why, and he says His Majesty is still craving Elvish Roast Duck and has been pestering Bombur to make more. Bombur says he could figure it out, but his expectations for mastering the technique are quite low. Maybe we’ll have time in these mountains to practice our roasting.
As if. There’s no time for roasting duck in these mountains. Or space.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole

7:25PM Fíli and Kíli certainly seem interested in seeing me and His Majesty breathe each other’s air or something, though they continue to deny their involvement in the ridiculous Company-wide matchmaking effort. As if the past few days haven’t been obvious enough!
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

7:31PM
Anonymous asked: Nice work, Ori! I'm sure the artwork will look fantastic!
It’s a very canny likeness, if nothing else ;)
#ask #anonymous #we're guests #ori

7:50PM
Anonymous asked: Is it really that bad to develop feelings for Thorin?
I wouldn’t recommend it. Nasty business. Need all of your self-control not to tackle him to the ground the next time the light hits his face just right. Makes you feel like a fool every time he talks to you. So no, don’t develop feelings for Thorin Oakenshield. You’ll thank me.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

7:58PM
Anonymous asked: Practice makes perfect, as they say. It's probably frustrating for someone who hasn't done much in the way of fighting before, but it's probably for the best if you keep up the training.
There is not a single muscle in my body that is not sore from training with His Majesty. I’ll thank you to let me decide when I need a break from these torture-sessions.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

8:12PM
Indâd says that he thinks he’ll be able to take over the blog again tomorrow. Which is sad for us, of course, because we do love posting in Indâd’s blog. Everyone who wants more of us, though, will have to petition Indâd to give us a blog of our own! ;)
#the quest #we're guests #indâd #getfeeandkeetheirownblog

8:39PM
Anonymous asked: I know from experience that sometimes a day or two off to let your muscles
rebuild themselves, can do wonders in helping technique, not to mention just feeling better in general. But some light exercises will help keep you from becoming stiff. Also I quite enjoy reading about your adventures. I do hope your head is better?

My head is, in fact, doing better since the fainting bout. I have been drinking water and smothering myself in Óin’s paste, though I don’t think I shall need as much once the rain starts falling — there at least won’t be all of this infernal sun beating down on us all the time.

His Majesty also notes that the road may soon get dangerous, and that eventually we may not have enough space for swordfights, as some parts of the trails through the mountain are only narrow ribbons along the edge of sharp cliffs. But I suspect once we get over the mountains the training may start up once more.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

9:08PM A great deal of things change, but at least the stars still shine, bright and constant in their spheres. Up here in the mountains you feel a little closer to them, I think.

#adventureblogging #i still remember how his majesty thought they were fireflies

July 1st, 2015

Bilbo

9:45AM His Majesty seems to have regained control of his blog from his sister-children. I think I might actually miss them maintaining the blog, as it means they’re preoccupied with that and not with other mischief.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

Thorin

10 am

I have regained my account from my nanaddan. They have complained about its loss and are trying to petition for one of their own. Seeing how much they have exaggerated on my own account, I told them that I do not think they are ready for one of their own.

On that note, I must say that most of the things that my nanaddan have posted here these past few days are stretched truths. Mr Baggins and I remain professional and there is no pining happening, as my nanaddan seem to believe.

Admittedly, they were right in my frustration about Mr Baggins having been so helpful these past few days and yet having kept himself at a distance. I have tried speaking with him but am either ignored or turned away with a few words. I am still as confused by the Hobbit as usual.

#the quest #bungling burglar #my sister children

10:32 am

Anonymous asked: What is Dís like? Is she much like you? And what kind of person was Frerin? If this is too forward, feel free to ignore. I lost a younger brother as well and sometimes talking about family is difficult.

Dís and I have been called similar, though more in looks than in manner. She is very strong-willed and is never afraid to speak what is on her mind. Fíli shares her mannerisms, though he is somewhat quieter. Both of her children inherited her mischievousness and her fierce loyalty.
On the other hand, I am reminded more and more each day of Frerin when I see Kíli. My brother was quick-tempered but also quick to calm in the right environments. He always made sure that his voice was heard, though that was easy, as he was loud: loud in voice, and spirit, and love for his family and people. He was clever, but sometimes he would out-think himself and grow frustrated because his hands could not keep up with his mind, and was thus often focused on keeping his hands active through simple, repetitive gestures. He also was one of the few to laugh at my poorer jokes.

It has been many years since his passing, but I still miss him fiercely.

12:14PM Looks like it might rain.
#adventureblogging

3:21PM It's raining.
#adventureblogging

I find that regaining my account was more difficult that I imagined it would be. While my arm is on the road to recovery, added with the rain and having not updated in some days, I find that reporting has slipped my mind. I apologize for long delays. However, there is not much to say for the day as of now. It had been raining for a time and while the company seems displeased by this, it is easy enough to push through. It is important, both for time and safety reasons that we cover as much distance as possible each day.

4 pm
#the quest #there will be delays for some time #i apologize

4:45PM Despite the rain, we haven’t taken shelter just yet. His Majesty insists that the rain is just water. I wonder if he understands the concept of a cold.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

5PM We have stopped to find shelter. I asked His Majesty if he was feeling better, and he said he was. I then wondered if I was released from my duties, and he very rapidly insisted I stay with him another day, just to be sure. Typical.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

5:10 pm
I have noticed that Mr Baggins seems to be purposefully avoiding my eye. Before, I had believed that he simply did not look my way unless needed but I have caught him several times looking directly at me, only to turn his gaze another direction once he became aware that I was looking at him.

Mr Baggins asked if I was feeling better and I replied that I was and thanked him for the help that he had provided so much. He inquired if I needed more help and I admitted that I did, at least for one more day. My arm may be on the road to recovery but it is not yet healed and I may require more help.

I may not have said so aloud, but I will also say that I do not wish to lose Mr Baggins’ company. While we barely spoke during his time helping, it was comforting to have him nearby.
5:21PM
Anonymous asked: Perhaps he's just grateful for the company you're giving him, and the care and attention you've shown, and so doesn't want it to end just yet. In a positive light, it is rather flattering, don't you think? He clearly thinks well of your efforts. Or perhaps he just likes being pampered like the king he thinks he’s supposed to be. I bet he hasn’t had someone truly at his beck and call for quite a while.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

5:26 pm
Anonymous asked: I think you should try and tell him that you enjoy his company and find him comforting. He'd appreciate it, I'm sure. I think you're both more fond of one another than you realise, and to speak plainly and honestly to one another would probably help in this respect.
While I do enjoy his company, I do not believe that Mr Baggins enjoys mine. I have tried to speak plainly with him before but I do not think we are skilled at understanding one another.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

5:30PM
Anonymous asked: I suppose that could be it. But from how he comes across in his blog he really doesn't seem the type of dwarf who would expect such things, even though he is to be king. Believe me, he comes across in real life rather differently.
#grumpier and surlier #and at least twice as majestic #but don’t tell him that it might get to his ego #ask #anonymous #that asshole

6:17PM Really time to stop raining now, a couple hours is fine already.
#adventureblogging

8PM Still raining. I hate this.
#adventureblogging

July 2nd, 2015
Thorin
7:30 am
We have begun our travels again, continuing through the mountains. The sun still beats down on us but the chill in the air keeps the worst of the heat away. Hopefully, this will make it easier to travel
faster. We must get to Erebor before Durin’s Day. We must.
#the quest #surely we have tarried long enough

Bilbo

9:23AM We keep going up and up and up, and it gets colder the more we go up. Will the up never end? Will there ever be a down? I have no idea. Perhaps the High Pass simply never ends.
#adventureblogging #i might be tired still

9:30 am

My nanaddan are showing off their youth again. They are challenging each other to climbing races and loudly talking of their skill. Their joyful youth is amusing and encouraging.
#the quest #my sister children

10AM Someday, I will be as cheery about climbing mountains as Fíli and Kíli, who seem to be constant wells of boundless energy. They make me feel old with creaky joints, and I’m still only fifty-one.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

11:42AM Those two troublemakers have been shouting into the valley and laughing at the echoes. We let them get away with it for a bit, but then they shouted a word (I think it was in Khuzdul?) too loudly, and caused several rocks to roll down the slope towards us. We all scrambled to get out of the way, and His Majesty has barred the two of them from shouting for fear of causing another similar incident.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

11:45 am

I take back my words from earlier. My nanaddan are too reckless here in the mountains. They continued their games and began shouting for a time, amused by the echoes that the rock walls sent back to them. However, their fun nearly crushed the company when one particularly loud echo shook the mountain wall too much and sent several large boulders rolling towards us. None are hurt, though it was a close call. I have banned my nanaddan from any more shouting. They seem to realize how serious the situation is, staring at the boulders that nearly put an end to our quest.
#the quest #my sister children

3:12PM I made the mistake of turning back to look at the lands we’ve left behind us. It’s so expansive, stretching all the way out to the horizon. I can see valleys and forests below, and far off in the distance, I know there lies the Shire and my own Bag End, my books, and my armchair. How I miss it all!
#adventureblogging
While checking on the company, I noticed that Mr Baggins was staring back at the path behind us. He stayed looking back for several minutes and when he finally faced forward again, his face looked drawn and his eyes were downcast. Is he once again regretting coming with us?

#the quest #bungling burglar

**6:48PM** The air is fresh, and all you can hear is the sound of water and the crack of stone and the whistling of the wind. The echoes really are uncanny; after His Majesty banned his sister-children from shouting too loudly, the rest of us seem to have applied that ban to ourselves as well. Who knows what is out there, listening to our conversations?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #the company

**8:10PM** I’ve just realised something. His Majesty never asks me to take a watch. He just assigned Ori a watch with Dori and Dwalin, and now I think besides Gandalf and myself everyone in the Company has taken watch at least once. I’m not sure how to feel about it. I mean, I do value my sleep and would thus be a horrid watch-hobbit, but at the same time it feels as if being asked to take watch is some sort of… thing that only Company members get to do. Which means His Majesty doesn’t think I’m part of the Company. Still, I suppose I’d be completely useless on a watch. I might as well go to bed before this thought eats me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #scribedwarf #winedwarf #brawnsdwarf #meddling wizard #the company

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**July 3rd, 2015**

**Thorin**

**10AM**

Balin and Dwalin are, once more, arguing about the weather. I have requested they take such discussions at a distance from me, as they can get very heated when they are debating.

#the quest #balin #dwalin #siblings will find anything to argue over #my own siblings and i are no different

**Bilbo**

**10:12AM** Balin and Dwalin are arguing about an approaching storm. They’re not sure if it’ll break today or tomorrow. Dwalin thinks it’s going to happen today, the bloody pessimist. I hope he’s wrong.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf

**1:43PM** We’ve gotten some occasional patches of rain today. It just comes and goes, on and off. Sometimes in the springtime the Shire gets showers like this, and I’d go for weeks on end with an umbrella perpetually dangling from my arm. Wish I had one now. I might make it a better weapon than my little sword.

#adventureblogging
3:28PM There’s been more talk of Erebor amongst the Company, and how we’re on a very tight schedule about the whole thing. Everyone’s divided into two camps, the ‘We’re going to get to Erebor on time’ camp versus the ‘We’re not going to get to Erebor on time’ camp. I half-expect a new set of wagers to pop up surrounding this.

#adventureblogging #the company #they can do that instead of the damn conspiracy

3:45PM

The company is divided on whether or not we will reach Erebor by Durin’s Day.

I, on the other hand, cannot face such division. There is no other way.

#the quest #the company #we cannot fail

6:21PM

I have informed Mr Baggins that he is relieved of duty in tending to me, as my sword arm is regaining its former strength and dexterity. Mr Baggins nodded, and walked away without a word. I feel that there is something I have missed, but I do not know what.

#the quest #mr baggins

6:30PM As of now, I consider myself no longer required to flutter around His Majesty like some deranged bird, asking if he’s okay every other hour.

Feels almost as if there’s nothing left to do.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

July 4th, 2015

Bilbo

8AM Looks like rain’s on the horizon today.

#adventureblogging

Thorin

4:30 pm

My nanaddan have begun to proclaim that the mountains ‘go on for eternity’ and predict that it will take until Durin’s Day just to get to the other side. I have told them to not think on that and that we should have confidence, as it is extremely important that we reach Erebor on time.

I received only huffs in reply. As energetic as they were before, my nanaddan are displaying their boredom with the same level of dramatics. It is something else that they have inherited from their mother.

#the quest #my sister children

4:35 pm

My nanaddan argue that Mr Baggins agrees with them, saying that the mountains are surely never-
ending and that we will be trapped here forever.
Mahal save me from the dramatics of Hobbits and my nanaddan.
#the quest #my sister children #bungling burglar #it is mountains #they cannot be climbed in a manner of days

5:15 pm
I did not realize how accustomed I had become to Mr Baggins' presence over the past several days. I have found myself turning to speak with him multiple times, only to find him discussing the weather with another company member.
Dwalin seems to find it funny each time I am momentarily confused by where Mr Baggins is. I have assigned him to scout duty with Fíli and Kíli in response.

5:23 PM The clouds are getting thicker and darker. We're searching for shelter already. His Majesty has sent out Dwalin along with Fíli and Kíli, as if that will make our search easier.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #brawnsdwarf #that asshole

6:10 PM It's thunderstorming now. We've taken shelter beneath an overhang. It's not much help against the rains that are blown under the rock by the wind, but it will have to do for tonight.

#adventureblogging

8PM

The thunderstorm that Balin has predicted has already been in progress for hours. The noise appears to be disturbing Mr Baggins, although he denies anything of the sort as he huddles by the fire. I find myself concerned for his well-being and will therefore attempt to keep an eye on him during the night, to ensure his safety.

#the quest #balin #mr baggins

9:07PM I think His Majesty still thinks I'm supposed to be fretting over him, because he put his bedroll down by mine. I would move it, but I've found a perfectly good spot near the fire and would hate to leave. Or to send His Majesty away, either, I wouldn't want him to be sick again. He turns into such a lump when he’s sick.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

July 5th, 2015

Bilbo

7:24AM I’m afraid I didn’t sleep very well last night. Thunderstorms aren’t exactly the greatest lullabies around, and being up so high in the mountains during one makes me worry even more. I had to hum snatches of my mother’s lullaby to myself until I fell asleep.
And now it’s far too early for me to be alive.
The rains have stopped, though the ground has gathered the water in puddles and small lakes that stretch many feet. Even without it falling from the sky, the water is sure to soak us through by the end of the day.

Balin is already predicting when it will next rain. I asked him if he could speak of something besides the weather, as it is only bringing about more weariness. He responded that he did not have much else to talk about. Dwalin agreed from behind us, which sent the brothers into one of their arguments. If their arguments could be what powers us through the mountains, we would have reached the other side by now. I can only hope that they do not continue these arguments for the entire quest, though I fear my hope will go unrealized.

The company still talks of Erebor, but their voices are hushed and their expressions gloomy. I think more people are switching to the ‘We’ll never make it in time’ camp. I’m still not sure which side I’ll end up picking, as we still have two months left, and mountains surely cannot last for two months.

Despite their attempts to keep their conversations low, I can hear the discussions amongst the company about when we will reach Erebor. Even if I could not distinguish their words, I would be able to understand through the set of their shoulders and the weariness on their faces that most do not believe that our quest will prove successful. Once we are through the mountains and away from this dreary weather, they will change their minds, I am sure. The success of a quest relies on the belief of the quest itself.

I also noticed that while the company has voiced their opinions, Mr Baggins has stayed silent about our arrival. I have not seen him indicate more support to one side of the argument or the other, simply observing. Perhaps he still holds hope that we will make it in time.

Bofur slipped a little on some of the rocks. I caught him just before he lost balance completely, and he thanked me, saying that the rain has made everything ridiculously muddy and that I should watch my step. Well, I’m almost certain that we’ll have no opportunities for swordfighting lessons, at this rate.

I witnessed Bofur nearly lose his balance earlier on the muddy rocks, though Mr Baggins helped him before he could fall. Though the event was minor and no harm was done, it has made the company even more wary about where to place their feet. Our progress had already been slowed by the rain
and it is now further held back by the mud left behind. Each delay may be small but I can feel them adding together to drag at our feet. Still, however, I must hold confidence that we will reach Erebor in time.

#the quest #the company #bungling burglar #bofur
Thorin

8:30 am

The rains have loosened pieces of the mountain. We can hear the echoes as the boulders come loose and fall. Between watching our feet and keeping an eye turned upwards, wary of the falling boulders, the company has begun to look strained. It has barely begun but it is clear to see that the day will be a long one.

#the quest

Bilbo

9:54 AM Bloody boulders. No one’s even yelling that loudly and still they come.

#adventureblogging

10:11 AM Balin says it’s the snowmelt that is releasing these boulders. Bofur insists it’s stone giants. At this point, I’d believe both.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #hatdwarf

11 am

I overheard morbid wager talk on if we were destined to perish under a falling boulder or by slipping over the edge of the mountain side. I called for an end of such conversation, as it would only welcome bad things.

#the quest #the company

1:25 PM His Majesty just saved me from an incoming boulder crashing over our heads. Except his definition of ‘saving me’ isn’t simply pushing me out of the way and is more of pressing me against the ground until the boulder has gone through.

When I demanded to know why he did that, he had the audacity to tell me he was trying to keep me safe. If being pressed into the ground by a brick wall is called ‘keeping me safe’, I think I might have gotten my definitions about safety wrong at some point.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

1:30 pm

My confusion associated with Mr Baggins continues to grow.

While watching for boulders, I managed to see one headed right for the Hobbit and moved him in time for him to avoid it. When I helped him up, however, he was quite red in the face and demanded to know the reason behind my actions. I thought that the boulder falling above his head would be a clear enough explanation and told him that I had acted to keep him safe.

Mr Baggins, in response, reared up in anger and told me that he was quite capable of keeping himself
Would he have preferred I let the rock crush him? I will truly never understand him.

#the quest #bungling burglar

2:15 pm

Another boulder made Mr Baggins its target. However, Bofur was able to move him out of the way before any harm came to the Hobbit. When the danger had passed, Mr Baggins profusely thanked Bofur.

Was Mr Baggins upset that I was the one to save him earlier? I can see no other explanation, other than madness having claimed the Hobbit.

#the quest #bungling burglar #bofur

3 pm

My nanaddan claim that if one was to view avoiding the boulders as a game, it becomes quite fun. I do not think I can see it that way though I continue to applaud their youthful merriment.

#the quest #my sister children

3:30PM We can still hear the rumbles of falling boulders. The Company’s been spending the entire morning wondering if we’ll die by falling or by falling rocks first. I blame the terrible weather and the slippery roads for all of this morbid nonsense.

#adventureblogging #the company

4PM His Majesty looks at me sometimes, I can sense his eyes on me when I’m not looking, but when I am, he pretends like he hasn’t seen anything. Was it our earlier argument that has caused him to do this?

#adventureblogging #that asshole

4:12PM I told His Majesty that if he ever feels the need to save me from a boulder again, he can simply push me out of its path instead of practically sitting on me.

I don’t think he took the suggestion very well, though.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

4:13PM

Anonymous asked: I'm sure he was just acting instinctively. The best way to keep you safe without risking you falling was to simply cover you with his own body.

I wouldn’t call being trapped between a rock and a hard place ‘safe’.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

4:15 pm

I attempted to ask Mr Baggins if he was upset with me for saving him earlier. He promptly told me that it was the manner in which I had saved him that he had been displeased with. I did not realize that rescuing someone from death required manners. Is this a Hobbit belief or simply Mr Baggins continuing to confuse me with his ways?

#the quest #bungling burglar

4:51PM I have demonstrated proper saving-from-boulder protocol with His Majesty by pushing him
out of the way when another one came rolling past.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

**4:55 pm**

A boulder attempted to claim me as its victim but Mr. Baggins pushed me forward before it could. He then declared that **that** was the proper way to save someone, not my earlier business of ‘tossing him to the ground.’

#the quest #bungling burglar

**5:23 PM** The inevitable has happened. A boulder has caused part of the ledge we are on to crumble, and now we have to jump over a rift on the side of the mountain. Most of the Company’s already gone. I am not looking forward to jumping the distance. I feel that I may only make it out of these Giver-forsaken mountains with a serious fear of heights.

#adventureblogging #the company #i hate these rocks

**5:48PM** The Company may be morally opposed to tossing Dwarves, but they appear not to have an issue with tossing Hobbits. Fíli and Kíli hurled me across the rift, and no one except His Majesty caught me at the other end. I found myself pressed face-first into a brick wall for a good minute or so, and had to catch my breath as well. At least I don’t think I left any vital organs back on the other side (such as, of course, my stomach).

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #the company

**6 pm**

Part of our path was destroyed by a boulder. It was thankfully a distance that the company was able to jump across.

Mr. Baggins was one of the last to cross and my nanaddan helped him by tossing him over. I was apparently the only one to move to catch him, as when I did, no one else had stepped forward. What surprised me was how much Mr. Baggins was shaking. He usually voices when something is not to his liking or causing him discomfort, yet he had not said anything about fright before he had been thrown. I did not trust his legs to hold him up, so I kept my grip on him until the shaking stopped.

When I let him go and asked if he was well, Mr. Baggins made some sort of noise that I could not distinguish before pushing past me. I did not watch to see what he did next, as there were still members of the company to help across the ledge, but when we continued on, Mr. Baggins seemed back to his normal self.

#the quest #bungling burglar

**6:04 pm**

*Anonymous asked:* Judging by his latest blog entry, I'd presume it was less that he was feeling discourteous about your helping him, and more the fact that he was flustered by you pressing against him.

Mr. Baggins seemed more angry than flustered to me at the time, especially with the tone of his voice.

I apologise if my manner of saving his life is not to his liking.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar #i will never understand this hobbit
7:42PM We are finally stopping for supper. Thank everything.
#adventureblogging

7:45 pm

When I announced that we were stopping for the night, the sigh of relief would have been nearly comical, if it were not directly followed by the rumble of a falling boulder.
#the quest

9:08PM Before I turned in, I approached His Majesty and thanked him for catching me. It might have been the fire, but I think his face was red when he said “don’t worry about it”. If he doesn’t want me on the Quest, would he go to such lengths to make sure I was safe?
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

9:15 pm

Mr Baggins approached me and thanked me for catching him earlier. I did not understand why that warranted a thank you, as it would have not made sense to not catch him. I meant to ask if he was feeling well, as I had felt that the jump had shaken him, but he had already turned away and returned to his bedroll.
#the quest #bungling burglar

July 7th, 2015

Bilbo

8:21AM Gandalf looks the gloomiest out of the entire Company today, which is something, considering that His Majesty’s expression these days could probably wilt my plants, and the rest of the Dwarves are looking steadily less optimistic about getting out of these mountains in time to get to Erebor for Durin’s Day.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #the company #that asshole

8:54AM Gandalf and I talked. We also argued a little about what exactly counted as an incident. Gandalf says that it’s been awhile since our last incident, which is Gandalf-speak for ‘things actively trying to kill us’, but by my reckoning should also include every damn boulder that’s rolled past us these past couple of days. I informed him that I would be all too glad to get out of the Mountains without incident, and he says that the air unsettles him, and that something bad is going to happen soon.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

Thorin

9 am
Óin has checked my arm and informed me that it appears to be fully healed. I am thankful, as these mountains seem insistently on calling on our full strength. The sound of falling boulders is still in the air and more rain looks to be approaching.

#the quest #oin

11:38AM On the one hand, boulders are still out to kill us. On the other, His Majesty is healed enough to use his sword arm again.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

The boulders continue to target the company. I moved Mr. Baggins once again out of the way of one of the falling rocks. I did not shift him closer to the ground, out of the way, as I did yesterday. Instead, I simply pushed him to a safer spot.

Once the danger had passed, Mr Baggins thanked me for using a *proper* lifesaving technique. I am not entirely sure why a shove is deemed more proper than a crouch.

#the quest #bungling burglar

1:52PM It seems that the skies have an infinite amount of rain to bestow upon us. The Vala that created rain clearly thought we were all plants that need watering every two to three days. So, probably the Giver of Fruits, then. Brilliant.

#adventureblogging

2:54PM *Anonymous asked:* I know you're a bit cross with Thorin right now, but perhaps you could think of a way to raise his spirits? All the talk of not reaching Erebor in time is getting him down. It must be hard thinking that nobody believes in his quest.

I'll try, but I have a feeling the boulders crashing around our ears might make my words sound disingenuous.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

3 pm

The company made jest wagers yesterday, predicting our deaths in these mountains. The jests echo in my ears now, as the boulders fall around us and the rain continues to add danger to our path. Each of us knew at the beginning that this quest would not be easy. Yet it seems that even the elements seek to challenge our resolve.

Despite this, I still believe that we will be successful.

#the quest #the company

5:23PM We have found shelter at last. His Majesty tried to share his coat with me to shield me from the rain, but I had Dwalin’s spare cloak and hood, so I declined the offer. Yet another strange length he’d go to. Something’s not right.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #something bad will happen but it's not a boulder
6:17PM Gandalf’s words have been haunting me all day. Something bad’s going to happen.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #why so pessimistic

7:28PM
Anonymous asked: it seems like his majesty has been going to great lengths to protect you especially and although I know your pride thinks you don’t need to be protecting, if you think of it another way, it's quite sweet.
Wish he’d be sweet somewhere else. It looks odd and my stomach flops like a fish every time he does it.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

8:15 pm
After supper, Gandalf approached me and spoke quietly. He warned that something was coming — he could not say what it was or when it would appear, but that our guard needed to be up. I told him that we all had our eyes open, as the mountains required it. But he simply said we should be prepared for something soon before turning away.
I already have three company members on each watch shift. I did not add more, but passed Gandalf’s message off. I can feel the tension build once again in the company as our eyes scan the mountains.
#the quest #the wizard #the company

8:54PM His Majesty seems to be in full health by now. Why is he still putting his bedroll next to mine?
#adventureblogging #that asshole

9 pm
I have noticed that Mr Baggins seems uneasy at night, even during sleep. He tosses and turns quite frequently and even his snoring has decreased, indicating that he is not sleep deep enough to snore. I have been placing my bedroll near his because of this. He has made no comment of my presence until tonight. There were no words said, simply a long look from him that I could not decipher.
#the quest #bungling burglar

July 8th, 2015
Thorin

3:45 am
I woke to the sound of snickering. I expected to be woken for third watch but judging by the moon, I had been allowed to sleep. I looked to find Dwalin and Nori to be the source of snickering, while Bifur was smirking at the side.
I asked why I had not been awakened for third watch. Nori, who had been part of the second watch yet was still awake, pointed at something beside me.
It was Mr Baggins. During the night, he must have rolled closer and had latched himself to my side. It must have been early in the night too, for I had become accustomed to his presence enough that I had not noticed him until he was pointed out to me.

I attempted to move, noting that Mr Baggins had drooled on my furs as he has a habit of doing, but the Hobbit only clung tighter. His nose twitched in a rabbit way before he settled down again. There was more snickering from behind me. I told those on watch that they should have woken me despite the Hobbit’s presence. Dwalin snorted in response and said that he was not about to break up ‘such a lovely couple when they looked so cozy.’ I told them that Mr Baggins and I were no such thing and Bifur laughed outright.

I argued with Nori that he especially should have woken me, as he has already been awake through one watch and to stay awake through another would affect his level of alertness. He claimed that he was wide awake and quite alert, to which Dwalin added to with his continued snickering.

I have attempted again to free myself from Mr Baggins but he is stuck fast to my side. Dwalin and Nori have been of no help and have only found amusement with my predicament. Bifur offered no help either, commenting that I should return to sleep, as I had apparently looked quite content before. I continued my argument that it is not right for me to simply sleep through my watch and have Nori take another, though the thief replied that he volunteered for the extra watch. He went on to say that if any harm comes to him due to his lack of sleep, then it is of his own choice and responsibility and that I should go back to sleep.

Dwalin added that sleeping would help as I stopped glowering in my sleep and I should allow my face time to relax. I told him that he was on third watch for tomorrow night as well.

I attempted one final time to remove Mr Baggins from my side. This time, he raised his head and his eyes actually opened. There was no focus in his gaze when he turned it upon me. Mr Baggins made a displeased noise that I believe was him trying to say, “No,” before he shut his eyes again, put his head back where it had been, and went back to sleep.

Bifur had to hold Dwalin’s shoulder from laughing so hard. Dwalin said that at least I had chosen a Hobbit with a backbone to which Nori waggled his eyebrows at. I told them all to be quiet, lest their ridiculous noise draw the attention of an enemy. They quieted by going back to their snickering.

I have decided to let it be and return to sleep. Nori seems as determined to stay awake as Mr Baggins is to keep me where I am.

Bilbo

7:16AM Nori and Dwalin have been sending me pointed stares and laughing when I demand why they are doing such things. I asked Bofur why they were doing such things, and he waggled his eyebrows and informed me that I had been discovered cuddling up with His Majesty in my sleep this morning.

Giver grant me patience.

7:30 am

We are traveling once again.
When I awoke again, Mr Baggins had removed himself from my side and rolled back to where he had been originally. However, Dwalin and Nori still were laughing to themselves about the event. Judging by the looks of the company, I believe that they have told others. It is similar to the wagers — I do not understand their interest in the interactions between Mr Baggins and I. They suggest that there is something between us beside being acquainted but I do not see what it is that they are seeing.

Dwalin and Nori have taken it upon themselves to irritate me today. They have been nudging me and making remarks about Mr Baggins to me ever since we departed camp. They seem to be trying to get me to admit to wanting to take Mr Baggins off into the woods. I have told them quite clearly, several times, that I do not want to do anything of the sort, especially with Mr Baggins. Dwalin asked me then why I stare so much at Mr Baggins. I have no idea what he means and told him as such, as I do not stare at the Hobbit. He informed me that I had been staring at Mr Baggins for nearly five minutes just before he had said so. I argued that I had been doing no such thing and that if I had been, which I had not, it is only because he and Nori insist on talking nonstop about the Hobbit. Nori called me denser than the falling boulders. I assigned him second watch for tomorrow.

His Majesty is staring at me again. Why does he do that?

They have started again, though they are back to jesting about how Mr Baggins clung to me in his sleep. They are attempting to insinuate that Mr Baggins has wishes for relations with me. I have told them to leave me out of their assumptions and to not speak of them with me, as I have no wish to discuss Mr Baggins’ private feelings, nonexistent or otherwise. Thankfully, they heard the seriousness in my tone and left the topic be. Though it has not stopped them from smirking at myself or Mr Baggins.

Dwalin and Nori have been nudging His Majesty and then sending me pointed grins when I catch them doing it. I’m surprised to find them doing such a thing; I thought this sort of behaviour was limited to just Fili and Kili.
4:30 pm

Dwalin has not talked again about the private feelings of Mr Baggins, though he has not dropped the
topic of the Hobbit. Instead, he has shifted back to how I awoke with the Hobbit asleep on me. Nori
commented that he had been part of one of the ‘cuddle piles’ before and that he personally knew that
Mr Baggins was soft to sleep against. He asked me if I agreed and I did not answer.

Dwalin filled in my silence by pointing out that Mr Baggins even looked soft, with his curls and lack
of scars and calluses. I still said nothing, knowing that they were attempting to bait me, though for
what, I could not say.

I was able to ignore their conversation for a time until Dwalin began laughing. I asked what was the
cause and he said that I was. At my confusion, he claimed that I had been staring at Mr Baggins the
entire time they had been talking. As I had earlier when he claimed something similar, I denied such
actions. Dwalin snorted, shaking his head and saying that I was not aware that I was doing it.

I know where my eyes have been and I know that I have not been staring at the Hobbit. Dwalin is
simply trying to anger me for some unknown reason.

#the quest #dwalin #nori #bungling burglar

5:10PM  Balin mentioned that there were storm clouds gathering and that we were likely to see
another thunderstorm tomorrow. His Majesty assigned Balin to middle watch. A bit harsh, but then I
suppose we’re all sick of Balin playing almanack for us.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole

7PM  Bofur has tried braiding my hair again, as it’s gotten longer since the last time, and I keep on
forgetting to cut it. The braid he made looks really good and helps keep some of my hair out of my
face. I might keep in it in for a day or two.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

8 pm

Dwalin pointed out to me that Mr Baggins had a braid in his hair. When I looked, I discovered that
he did and when I asked Dwalin about it, he informed me that it had been braided in by Bofur, in
friendship. His smirk said something different however.

Bofur looks quite pleased with himself.

#the quest #dwalin #bungling burglar #bofur #i have assigned him third watch

8:21PM  His Majesty is glowering at me. I moved my bedroll away from his; I do not need that milk-
curdling glare directed at me as I go to bed, thanks.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

July 9th, 2015

Thorin
It had already begun to rain by the time we had awoken. Camp was packed quickly, though our packs and supplies have not been properly dry for some time. The sky is dark and the clouds are stretched to the horizon. I can only think on Gandalf’s warning words.

#the quest #the wizard

Bilbo

8AM It’s raining this morning and Balin is looking dreadfully insufferable about it. I hope he trips, but doesn’t actually fall off the mountain. Just a little slippery stumble that reminds him of the consequences of being smug about bad weather.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

Anonymous asked: thorin, you are such a nurturing and caring person and it makes me wonder how much time you spent with fíli and kíli when they were wee little ones and if you'd ever want children of your own?

I thank you for the kind assessment of my character, though I am not sure how you would know if your words are true. You seem quite certain. I spent quite a bit of time with my nanaddan as they grew up, though I was not there every day. I had my own duties to attend to that required my leave for months at a time. I helped my sister with their upbringing whenever I could.

As for children of my own, I have never felt the urge to have the relations necessary for children with anyone. While the thought of heirs has, of course, crossed my mind, I am content with my nanaddan claiming that title.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

10 AM

The rain has steadily begun to come down harder. The path before us has offered some stretches of space where we can avoid the rain, but they are few in number and far between.

#the quest

11:42 AM Rain, rain, go away. Come again some other day. I’ve truly hit the bottom if I’m quoting nursery rhymes, I think.

#adventureblogging

1:24 PM We have actually had to stop for lunch because Bombur refused to pass out any kind of food in this weather. The rain is coming down in sheets. Dwalin’s hood is slowly but surely being soaked through.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #brawnsdwarf

1:45 PM

We are stopped for lunch in a sheltered space, as Bombur had declared that if he had to serve the
food in the rain, it would be washed away before he could pass it along. The company looks grateful for the attempt to dry off, eyeing the still falling rain as they eat. If it continues to rain so hard for much longer, we will have to worry about ourselves being washed away down the side of the mountain.

#the quest #the company #bombur

3 pm

The rain has thankfully begun to lessen, though it is still bothersome. However, there are clouds that mark a thunderstorm approaching. Despite my previous annoyance with his predictions, I asked Balin how long we had before it struck, so that we may find shelter for the night before then.

#the quest #balin

4:10PM Is that thunder?

#adventureblogging #please don't be

5:15 pm

The rumble of the thunder is like a growling beast, approaching us slowly but with dark intent. With each echo and distant flash of lightning, I have noticed Mr Baggins’ head snap around to stare at the clouds with worry in his eyes.

#the quest #bungling burglar

6:27PM We found shelter almost as soon as the thunder and lightning began and Bombur’s soup has helped chase away some of the gloom. Still worrying, though, the flashes of light in the darkened sky and the roar of thunder after. I wonder how far the storm is from us.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

7:18PM I’ve tried to take my mind off the oncoming storm by telling a story about a locked-smial silver theft and murder. The Company tried to guess who committed the crimes, but only His Majesty got the guess right on his first try. Fíli and Kíli demanded to know how he managed to get the answer so quickly.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

7:30 pm

During supper, Mr Baggins asked if the company would like to hear a tale. They readily agreed and the Hobbit warned that he would not reveal the ending right away but that the company would have to guess first. This only increased the excitement and soon, Mr Baggins began his tale. The story was interesting and Mr Baggins, a natural-born storyteller, told it well. It involved a gardener, a murder, and three cats. The company was attempting to guess at the ending before Mr Baggins even prompted them to and he had to tell them several times to wait, though he seemed amused while doing so. I noticed that there was a small character, the neighbor, that with each mention of him, Mr Baggins’ nose would give a small twitch. When at last the story was reaching its ending, Mr Baggins asked the company if they were able to guess the identity of the murderer, given the clues provided in the story. The company immediately started shouting their guesses, though Mr Baggins turned them all down. I guessed the neighbor
character, going more by Mr Baggins’ actions than what he had said. I saw surprise cross his face when he informed me that I was correct and that the neighbor was indeed the murderer. My nanaddan protested this and accused me of cheating somehow. I simply said that I had used the facts given to me.

8:15 pm
Despite how lively he seemed during the story, I can see that Mr Baggins is shaken. He has been watching the skies with increasing dread and has only picked at his meal. Could he be afraid of thunderstorms?

8:35 pm
Mr Baggins retired to his bedroll early. When he clambered inside, he pulled the edge completely over his head, cocooning himself within. However, I saw as he had climbed inside that he had been shaking.

8:45 PM If my calculations are right, the storm is practically above us. I feel like a small child. I should not be this concerned about the storm at this age, and yet I am still counting the seconds between the flashes and the roars.

9 pm
I approached where Mr Baggins lay in his bedroll and asked if there was anything I could do to help. He denied needing help, though moments later a loud roll of thunder echoed around us and I could hear his yelp of fright.

I gathered my own bedroll and laid it next to his. Softly, so that only he could hear, as I was sure Mr Baggins would not want attention called to his state, I began to sing to him. I chose the song that he sang to me at the start of the quest, after my night terror. I still remember the words and the tune came back easily.

I could not see his reaction but with as close as I was lying, I could feel that Mr Baggins had stopped shaking so harshly. He continued to jump with each crack of thunder but in between the crashes, he laid still.

9:03 PM I can’t do this pretending anymore. I have to tell him. He sang to me when the noises of the storm grew too much for me. The least I can do is be honest. I don’t want anything to come of it, though — I just want to apologise, explain, and be done with it. I’ll do something in the morning. It shouldn’t take too long.
July 10th, 2015

Bilbo

7AM It’s overcast. I don’t know if that’s a good sign or not. I should just get this over with. The sooner, the better.
#adventureblogging

Thorin

7:30 am

Anonymous asked: It was very kind of you to help Bilbo in that way. I’m sure such a thing would make him feel calmer and happy to know you cared about his peace of mind.

Mr Baggins has been baffling to me since this quest began. I do not know the source of your knowledge of his state of mind but there seems to be very few things that I have done that have actually made Mr Baggins happy. More often than not, he displays frustration towards me. For someone who claims that I am his friend, he has an odd way of demonstrating friendship.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

8 am

We have begun our travels once again. It has not begun raining but judging by the look on Balin’s face, it will be on us before the day ends.

As we were packing up camp, I noticed Mr Baggins very clearly avoid me more than once. He kept his gaze turned steadily in another direction, away from myself, even when it looked to be inconvenient.

I could not see his face last night — perhaps my singing did not help as I believed.
#the quest #balin #bungling burglar

8:45AM Of course when I actually do decide to talk to His Majesty, he suddenly decides he has to lead us ahead on this dangerous mountain trail that’s forcing us to walk in single-file for fear of falling off the side of the cliff. Of bloody course.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:12AM

Anonymous asked: It's brave of you to decide to tell him. He'll appreciate the honesty as he seems like the kind of dwarf who is grateful for honest companions. I think, whether he reciprocates your feelings or not; you will feel better for telling him. You won't have the constant pressure of having to keep it hidden anymore, and things might be easier between you since now Thorin will understand why you've acted in certain ways. I'd imagine he'll take it all in his stride, he might even be flattered.

We’ll see how it goes. I have yet to find a good opportunity to broach the topic, considering how he’s been striding on ahead of the rest of us with his long shanks (for a Dwarf).
#don’t you dare tell him #i want to do it on my own terms #ask #anonymous #that asshole

9:15 am

Dwalin attempted to approach me and I knew it would be about my choice to sing to Mr Baggins last
night. Thankfully, we came upon a narrow path that required the company to walk one behind the other. Dwalin was unable to speak to me during the crossing and after, Balin reached me first. I would much rather discuss the weather than hear more of Dwalin’s teasing talk of the Hobbit.

#the quest #dwalin #baling burglar

10:37AM If it rains, I will personally go to the Valar and demand that they find some other way of redistributing water onto Middle-earth. I almost wish we had the burning sun back again.

#adventureblogging

11:51AM We paused for lunch, and I tried to approach His Majesty, but Bombur had me help with preparing and distributing lunch. I thought I could use that to approach His Majesty, but Bombur seemed to have gotten to him first as he was eating his salted beef and cheese wrapped in flatbread by the time I got there.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole

Kíli commented after lunch that it was much easier to eat without the rain trying to steal their food. Fíli told them that they were going to lose their food for certain, as they had just challenged the rain with their words.

They both argued, though with no fire behind their words, on whether the rain came after those who spoke ill of it. A wager has sprung up between them — if it rain tomorrow and Kíli loses their lunch, then the rain is vengeful. If they manage to keep their hold on their lunch, then the rain is simply doing as it was meant to.

I asked them about what if Fíli were the one to lose his lunch and what that would say about the rain. This launched them into a whole new debate.

While they are grown and many of the tricks from their youth do not work on them anymore, it is pleasing to see that I can still use some.

#the quest #my sister children

2:10PM I tried to approach His Majesty again, but Gandalf stopped me and asked how I was faring so far. I told him the adventure had been going well for me, relatively speaking. He somehow managed to get out of me my aversions towards Wargs and thunder, which then somehow turned into another argument about incidents and whether or not all fifteen of us would make it out of the Misty Mountains alive.

For a Wizard who dabbles with such wonderful fireworks, he certainly puts a damper on any mood.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard #middle-earth's greatest wet blanket

3 pm

The clouds continue to gather but have not opened on us yet. I do not want us to walk through more but the wait is nearly as stressful.

#the quest

4:09PM I swear, every time I think I’m ready to tell His Majesty about my recent affliction, someone
has gotten in the way. Did none of them wager for this outcome and are simply all trying to delay me? Even Bofur has tried to rebraid my hair with him walking backwards just ahead of me!

#adventureblogging #hadtwarf #the company #the bagginshield conspiracy #that asshole

5:23PM I have been running my lines over and over in my head, as if I am to appear in one of those little masked pageants at the Free Fair. In my head, I would go up to him and tell him, “Thorin, I need to tell you something,” and I would tell him, plain and simple, that if we ever get out of these Giver-forsaken mountains, I would like to have relations with him. That I was physically attracted to him and had been since Rivendell, hence all the avoiding. I don’t know how he’d react. The me in my head spouts all of my lines out like a fountain and he never interrupts me. I imagine the real one would. I should come up with tentative answers for any questions he might have.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #i am so incredibly nervous

5:57PM

Anonymous asked: Best of luck to you! You'll do fine.
Thank you for the reassurance. This should not be so difficult and yet it is.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

6:45 pm

We have found shelter for the night and the skies have not yet begun to pour down. The company has expressed relief at the day of no rain, as it provided us a chance to allow our packs and supplies to dry.

#the quest #the company

7:11PM

Look at him. My heart is racing leagues ahead of me without even leaving my chest. I don’t know if I can do this.

#adventureblogging #travelling #that asshole #surely my knees are sturdier than this

7:33PM

Anonymous asked: You can do it, Mr Baggins!
I really do hope so. He seems open to conversation right now. I am anxious just thinking about it.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

8:12PM

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That didn’t go so well.
I’m sorry I ever opened my mouth and blabbed any of my feelings about him. Clearly I didn’t learn from the last time I let him know what was on my mind. I won’t be doing any of that again. I’m going to bed.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that unbelievable asshole

8:30 pm

I can truthfully say that I am not entirely certain what just transpired between Mr Baggins and I.

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After supper, Mr Baggins approached me and asked if he could have a word in private. I agreed and we left the company to speak out of range of their hearing. This did not go unnoticed and a few whistles and inappropriate calls followed us. I apologized to Mr Baggins for the company’s actions, as I was sure they would make him uncomfortable.

However, he said that that was what he wished to talk about. He clarified that he wanted to talk about what the company was teasing about — our relationship.

I remembered our conversation in Rivendell when Mr Baggins had called us friends. I told him that I recalled the event, though given his recent unfriendly way of acting, I did not know if that label still applied.

Mr Baggins grew angry at my words. “I wouldn’t be so bloody unfriendly if you didn’t just go back to treating me like you’re doing a favor to Gandalf by taking me along!”

I said that I never treated him as such to which Mr Baggins gave a loud, scornful laugh. “That’s the only way you’ve treated me,” he continued. “Except in Rivendell, when you became this whole other Dwarf. It was there, in Rivendell… That’s when I knew.”

“Knew what?” I asked.

At the question, Mr Baggins’ demeanor changed. His eyes met mine with an intensity that I have not seen from him before. He began moving towards me and I found myself moving back. I felt as if Mr Baggins was moments away from attacking me.

“I wanted you back in Rivendell, where I saw that there was poetry in you, and you showed me a part of yourself that you’ve now shoved away again like it embarrasses you.”

Mr Baggins continued advancing while I matched his steps with my own. I stopped when the rock wall of the mountain pressed against my back.

“That night with the harp?” Mr Baggins went on. “I dreamed of you and I didn’t know how to handle this. I hadn’t felt anything like this in ages; you set me blazing like nothing else.”

He finally stopped and pulled back a step, his gaze releasing mine to turn downwards. “Now I don’t know what I want, because there’s no way I can fan this flame. You’re not interested… Why did I do this?”

A silence stretched between us while I attempted to gather myself. I cannot explain what I was experiencing, just that it was new and uncomfortable.

If I had heard Mr Baggins correctly, he was expressing desire for relations with me. With me. That idea made no sense to me.

“Is this a jest?” I asked, as that was the only thing I could believe to be true.

Mr Baggins’ face twisted in anger for a moment before he looked away, his shoulders slumping. “That’s what I thought you’d say.”

He turned and walked back to the camp. I could not bring myself to call him back and instead continued to stay pressed against the mountainside.

I am still not sure what exactly happened. I do not believe that I have ever been this confused, not only with Mr Baggins but also with myself.

#the quest #mr baggins
8:45PM Sure, rain, why don’t you come. Go ahead and do your worst.
#adventureblogging #drown me for all i care #i don't need this embarassment #i understand how bofur felt #but somehow this seems more irreconcilable to me #what am i going to do

9PM What does it matter in the end? I got it off my chest. His being like stone is his identity, and I am not about to force him out of it any more than what I’ve done earlier today. And while this clears the air between us, it’s making it more painfully obvious than ever before that I shouldn’t have come on this bloody Quest.
Let it rot. Let these bloody feelings rot and wither. What use do I have for them? I’ll do my contracted role and leave and forget about him; I don’t even want his bloody gold.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:08PM
Anonymous asked: Did he explicitly say he was like stone? because tbh he seems really confused, but not wholly disinterested in you.
Of course he has, in the past. I cannot expect him to change, not now, not even for me.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #can we not talk about this

9:30PM
Anonymous asked: how did his majesty react? I'm sure you just embarrassed and it didn’t go too horribly
No. It was horrible. I made him uncomfortable. I crossed a line. It was horrible and I feel horrible, and while I am relieved I told him, I think part of me knew that this was going to happen. Knew that I was going to make a complete cock of myself and be rejected anyway.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #and now can we not talk about it

9:59 pm
Anonymous asked: I think you should tell Bilbo your feelings towards him. He sounds very heartbroken. Even if you don't feel any way the same towards him, you should talk to him. I know you don't like talking to him, but you have to this time...
It is not that I do not wish to talk with Mr Baggins, nor must I, but I must first sort out my mind before I speak it. When I know what it is that I wish to say, I will, for it is the right thing to do.
#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

July 11th, 2015

Thorin

7 am
We are traveling once again. I could not sleep. There is something burning within me and the rain has not dampened it.

The company has been quiet, staring at me while pretending that they are not. Mr Baggins is not pretending as he is not staring. In fact, he seems to be acting as if I do not exist.
I find that my mind is still clouded and my body feels like a stranger’s.
Bilbo

7:16AM
Anonymous asked: It's a brave thing you did and I wish you the best of luck in the rest of your adventure.
Thank you very much.
#ask #anonymous

8:25AM
Anonymous asked: alright, no more talk of it, just know you are brave.
Thank you.
#ask #anonymous

9:09AM
Anonymous asked: My apologies. I didn't mean to make you feel worse. What's your favorite book? Best pie you've ever had? Happiest memory?
My favourite book is this collection of nonsense poems that Mum used to read to me. So many things about faeries and sprites and little knight hunting down honeycombs! But there was always this one poem that drew me in, one about a great golden hoard with a curse. Mum never cared for it much, but I’d always read it at least three times when I read through the book.
As for pies, the best I’ve had are the strawberry and cream pies that I had one Midsummer in Tuckborough as a child. I can’t for the life of me find the proper recipe for it, which is a shame. And I suppose eating that pie is one of my happiest memories.
#ask #anonymous

9:15 am
Dwalin approached me to ask after my health. I confessed that I was not feeling like myself. He clapped me on the shoulder, gave his well wishes, and then said that I am an idiot. When I inquired about his assessment, he gave a sigh and did not explain, simply suggested that I speak with Mr Baggins.
I told Dwalin that it was due to speaking with Mr Baggins that I was feeling this way. He smirked and said that I should save the explanation for the Hobbit.
Once I have gathered my thoughts, I shall speak with Mr Baggins again.
#the quest #dwalin #bungling burglar

10 am
I believe the company knows what was discussed between Mr Baggins and I. Each time the Hobbit and I interact, they seem to hold their breath.
Mr Baggins has not looked me in the eye and has gone out of his way to avoid me, staying to the rear of the group. I attempted once already to speak with him, to inform him that I was in the process of sorting my thoughts, but he ducked away and said nothing.
#the quest #bungling burglar #the company

10:10AM This rain is a perfect representation of my mood today.
#adventureblogging
Anonymous asked: **maybe just tell him it may take you a while to completely gather and name your feelings about what he said so he knows you're not ignoring him because he said what he did?**

I have attempted to speak with Mr Baggins to say this but he has been openly refusing to speak with me, going so far as to turn completely around and walk away if I approach him.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

Anonymous asked: **carpe diem Thorin. carpe diem. wait too long upon mental sorting perfection to speak your heart & you may well lose the opportunity to speak, or to be heard. best of luck :D**

I thank you for the wish of luck. I feel that I will need it. It seems that Mr Baggins will not make speaking with him an easy task.

#ask #anonymous #bungling burglar

11:28AM I think some of the details of the argument His Majesty and I had were divulged to the Company. It might explain why Bofur has suddenly hugged me, joked about how the tables had turned, and suggested we steal Dori’s wine stash so we can get sloshed at camp tonight. I told him it sounded like a great idea.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #hatdwarf #winedwarf

11:45AM Dori has offered me a bowl or two of his wine stash. So much for stealing it. But maybe I can convince him a couple more bowls won't hurt.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

12:30 pm

My initial thought on Mr Baggins’ confession was that it was unbelievable. However, I recalled the breakfasts in Rivendell, Dwalin’s claim that the Hobbit had been staring at me when I was not looking, and his behavior on the night we talked among the fireflies. Looking back, I can see them from a new light. The evidence of Mr Baggins’ desire for relations has been before me for a time, I had simply failed at noticing.

I still do not understand my own feelings, however. The inner burning has not disappeared, simply lessened, as if it is waiting for something.

#the quest #mr baggins

1:50 pm

Before I examine myself, I must first understand what Mr Baggins said to me.

~~~

Relations have been proposed to me before, most before I had made it known that I was like stone, though a few still followed even then. None have affected me in this way before. Mr Baggins said that he desired me in Rivendell and when I reexamine his behavior from that time, I still find it to be a confusing way to approach the one that he holds interest in. However, it does hold more sense in that light, compared to the seemingly random anger that I believed he had held. Mr Baggins claims that I was different in Rivendell. Though surrounded by Elves, my behavior was
influenced by not being in constant danger, the company having enough to eat, and a safe place to sleep. Traveling on the road requires one to harden, for the world will not be kind to those who are soft. But Mr Baggins says that it was when I was relaxed that he began to desire relations with me. His anger towards me since we have departed Rivendell is beginning to make sense to me, though I do not know why he expected my behaviors to be the same in such different environments.

2PM Still regretting I ever opened my big mouth and blabbed my feelings at all. What possessed me to do such a madcap thing?

#adventureblogging

2:28PM

Anonymous asked: **Dear Mr. Baggins, I hate to intrude into your personal business, but have you considered that by referring to Mr. Oakenshield as 'that asshole', maybe, you are biasing your interaction with him? Again, I am sorry if my suggestion makes you upset. I am solely curious if it has ever crossed your mind.**

Please stop analysing the minutiae of my modes of address for His Majesty. In fact, please stop talking about him altogether. I don't want to hear about him or how I should talk to him, because the very last thing on my list of things I want to do right now is to interact with him in any way.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

2:45 pm

I cannot say that it is often that my own actions confuse me, but in regards to Mr Baggins, perhaps it is appropriate.

~~~

I believe that Mr Baggins intrigued my attentions from the start. I have never had long interactions with Hobbits and to meet the one that Gandalf was vouching for made me curious. That confused curiosity has not left me, even now. However, I am only seeing it now, but something caused my view of the Hobbit to change to something that I have not felt before. Looking back, I believe that my feelings began to grow in a romantic sense when Mr Baggins sang me to sleep. I did not recognize them for what they were as I had no basis to go off of. Even when I presented him with his bookmark gift, it did not enter my mind that I had done so with any other intent than friendship.

I now understand that company’s frustrations, though I still do not approve of their wagers.

#the quest #mr baggins

3:30 pm

While it is… freeing in a way to put words to these feelings, it cannot amount to anything.

~~~

We are traveling on a quest that leaves us in constant danger. Our attentions must be focused on what is ahead and not on such distractions. I know that some in the company have been able to have relations and continue forward with little trouble, but those members have experience in such things. While I am intrigued by the idea of a relationship, I would not desire to begin one on the road, especially with such risk involved.

There is also the fact that while I may want something more aligned with the heart, Mr Baggins desires relations of the physical type. We have separate desires that do not combine when said desires are each one-sided.
While I did not wish to upset Mr Baggins when he confessed his feelings, I believe that my answer would have been upsetting to him anyway.

3:45 pm

Anonymous asked: With regards to your latest post: I'd wondered why you were compelled to assign Bofur third watch the other night, when all he'd done was braid Bilbo's hair; this makes thing a bit clearer, I must say!

It would seem that quite a few of my actions have been influenced by my previously unrecognized desire for a romantic relationship with Mr Baggins.

4 pm

Anonymous asked: sorry for bothering you with this while you are trying to sort your feelings but.. have you tried to picture yourself and bilbo in that kind of situation? Maybe a mental image can help you decide if it's something you want or not. Have a nice day your majesty :) While I can admit to thoughts of romantic relations, I do not feel the urge to have physical relations with Mr Baggins. At the very least, not at this time, while I am still putting words to other feelings.

4:15 pm

I have been so absorbed in my thoughts that I did not noticing that a boulder had targeted me. I was pushed out of the way by Bofur and the action moved us ahead of the company, out of their hearing range. While we were there, Bofur expressed his anger towards me and stated that if it would not have caused Mr Baggins more heartache and distress, he would have let the boulder hit me. I told them that I did not appreciate the way he was speaking to me but that I understood how he felt. I am not pleased with myself in this moment, nor with the place where Mr Baggins and I stand, and I told this to Bofur. He considered the words and asked if I intended to speak with Mr Baggins. I promised that I would, if Mr Baggins was willing to listen. Bofur seemed satisfied by this and even clapped me on the shoulder and wished me luck.

4:30 pm

Anonymous asked: I think you should definitely tell Bilbo all this as soon as you can. Can you not request to speak to him in private as he did with you yesterday? I'm sure he'd be a lot happier knowing you feel something for him too.

If he is willing to listen, I will try to speak with him. I would like to clear up any confusion as that has only lead to frustration in the past. But Mr Baggins has been very clear about avoiding me today.

4:45 pm

I have attempted multiple times today to talk with Mr Baggins. Each time, he turns and walks deliberately away or puts several company members between us. Our travel is important and cannot be stopped, as we are on a time limit, so I cannot stop us to ask him to talk with me. I will try once we make camp, though I doubt Mr Baggins will be more willing to speak.

5 pm

Anonymous asked: But surely it would be better to be in a relationship despite the danger, than to continuously deny yourselves and feel affected due to this denial. And how do you know
Bilbo doesn't also want an emotion and romance based relationship as well as physical? It would be far better to discuss this with him. At least he'd know there was some interest there and I think it would ease his heart break at the very least. I have gone this long in my life without the need for relations. I have an important goal to reach that affects not only me but my people. I cannot let this quest fail and I will not risk it for the sake of a relationship with the Hobbit. Erebor is more important than my own happiness.

#ask #anonymous #mr.baggins

5:38PM The rain has let up for a brief bit, which I guess is good, but right now I really cannot tell.
#adventureblogging

5:45 pm
Anonymous asked: Your majesty, I don't think a romantic relationship would make your quest fall into a secondary place. I know for a fact that Mr. Baggins knows how important this quest is, and I don't think he would do anything to slow you or change your goals if you decide to start a relationship with him. Give a chance to both your feelings and to Mr. Baggins to prove himself if he feels the same way about you your Highness!

Even with good intentions and a desire to continue on without losing focus, a relationship is a distraction. As I have said, this quest is too important to risk it on relations.

If we reach Erebor and our quest sees completion, and the both of us still hold these feelings, then perhaps a relationship can form.
#ask #anonymous #mr.baggins

6 pm
Balin approached me and reassured me that things would work themselves out. I thanked him for his words but expressed doubt, due to Mr. Baggins’ avoidance of me. Balin predicted that it would simply take time. I hope that he is right, as there is the quest to think about.
#the.quest #balin #mr.baggins

6:31 pm
Anonymous asked: I understand your reluctance to start a relationship on this quest. Your loyalty to your people is nothing but commendable and shows that you are a great leader. Nevertheless, I hope that you'll find a way to balance both your duty and your personal happiness. You deserve to have something purely for yourself.

I sincerely thank you for your kind words and well wishes. However, I find that I hope this feeling dies down. I truly wish to focus on reclaiming my homeland and seeing my people living and thriving once again in Erebor. This potential relationship could threaten that and I value my people's happiness above my own.
#ask #anonymous #mr.baggins

7:20PM We’ve set up camp now and are tucking into supper. I don’t know whether or not His Majesty is trying to catch my eye or something, but I don’t want to make the first move. He needs his space, and I am giving it to him.
#adventureblogging #that.asshole
Bofur and Dori have come over with bowls of wine from Rivendell. Apparently Dori has obtained some Miruvor from Rivendell and has spiked the wine with some of it to get my spirits back up. I hope Óin is ready to treat us tomorrow morning, because I expect to end the night unable to remember my own name.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #winedwarf #trumpetdwarf #i need to forget

9PM

Anonymous asked: You spoke from the heart and wanted to let Thorin know how you felt. There's nothing to be ashamed of in doing that. I hope any hurt and embarrassment passes soon. Maybe Thorin just needs to collect his thoughts, he didn't outright tell you he wasn't interested in you, did he? There may be hope yet.

why would he be interested? he's like stone, and if nothing else her's intesrsteed in an emotional or romantic relationship of some sort, and entangling our feelings izs thke last thing we need on this quxest. life is not simple, so i don't expcte rwhatever that cotmes mfor this tio abe simple, either. though i think ib'd rather just have nothing at all.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

9:21 PM

Anonymous asked: You have given Thorin a very big shock. He will need time to sort through his feelings. Remember how long it took you to come to grips with your new feelings in Rivendell? Please give him some time. It may turn out better than you think.

i phoe he finds nothing. that he'xs not actually inztetesred in a msilly old hobbit like me with anotthing sto gifve outside of some food a couple weeks ago, and endless piles of daisy petalys. nall of this has reminnded me that sself-discipline is the best route for yus both, and that i should simply control myself and ignore all of these feelingss, and eventually things will be the wazy xthey were before rivendell. i trited to harbour tender feelings, land vit didn't work. too bad.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

9:30 pm

Anonymous asked: I have a feeling a few of your company may be 'drowning their sorrows'. You might want to keep an eye on that, just to make sure they're all safe.

Thank you for the warning but know that I am well aware of their actions. They are being quite… loud.

#ask #anonymous #the company

9:37 pm

Dori, Bofur, and Mr Baggins begun sharing bowls of wine some time ago. Dori stopped after a few bowls but Mr Baggins quickly went through quite a few.

When I tried speaking with him once we had made camp, Mr Baggins had stood and walked away from me. He and Bofur have been clung to each other’s sides since then and are now talking quite loudly. Mr Baggins seems to be complaining about things that I have done in the past, though he is slurring quite a lot.

I have taken out my pipe and gone through a good amount of the pipeweed already. It is not as calming as it has been in the past.

#the quest #dori #bofur #mr baggins

9:45 pm

Glóin joined me where I was seated. I offered to share my pipe but he declined. Instead, he gave me advice. He said that it was quite scary, beginning a relationship, but that the bravest thing was
I told him of my desire to see Erebor reclaimed and that I did not want something to distract me. Glóin shook his head. He explained that it would not make us weaker but, in fact, stronger. He compared it to the company — together, we were able to support one another and be stronger. I thanked him for his advice and that I would consider it. Glóin smiled and said that he was confident that Mr Baggins and I would work it out.

Anonymous asked: Regardless of how you choose to handle this situation I wish you luck. =)
I thank you for your well wishes.

Mr Baggins has been talking with Bofur in a lowered voice for some time. He had been shouting earlier but Bofur had convinced him to quiet himself. The previous time that Mr Baggins had become intoxicated had been in Rivendell, the night we had spoken with fireflies around us. He had been kind, unlike how he is usually with his being angry at me.

Now, Mr Baggins is just as friendly but this time, he is plastered against Bofur’s side. Bofur seems to be pleased. His arm has been around Mr Baggins’ shoulders for a time now and Mr Baggins has been poking at Bofur’s side to make his points, which has only led to the both of them giggling together.

Bifur had yelled in Khuzdul at Bofur about his behavior but Bofur had simply replied that he was helping a friend through a hard time.

I have said nothing, though I can feel the eyes of some of the company on me. It is not my place to say anything and even if it were, what would be said? Bofur is Mr Baggins’ friend while I can most likely no longer claim that title.

Bofur and Mr Baggins have finally retired to bed. They have managed to make it into their bedrolls, thought Dori had to assist them.

My nanaddan are on first watch with me and have been trying to distract me. I have asked them to stop and to pay attention to keeping watch. They have been whispering together for several minutes now and I fear that they are planning something.

Bilbo

6:34AM bollocks
#adventureblogging #no turn the sun off

July 12th, 2015
We were slightly delayed in leaving camp this morning, as Mr Baggins and Bofur awoke with terrible headaches, cursing at the sun. They required help in packing their things, which Bifur and Ori provided. Óin and Bombur shared a fire, over which breakfast was made and water was boiled for willow tea for Bofur and Mr Baggins. They sipped their tea instead of eating and were the last to finish. Upon departing, they quickly were left at the rear of the group. I find that I am not too sympathetic to their predicament.

8:38AM
Anonymous asked: Hope you're not feeling the effects of that wine too badly this morning. If you're interested to know what happened; according to other sources you were very loudly complaining about His Majesty, and clung to Bofur rather a lot. Nothing too disastrous. Hope you feel better soon!
I gathered as much, thanks.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #hatdwarf

8:51AM May the Giver bless Óin’s willow tea forever and ever.
#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf

9AM Apparently Bo and I were both very outrageously drunk last night, which I personally don’t regret as much as I should. Of course, we’re now lagging at the back of the Company with head-splitting hangovers, but it was worth it. Especially since now we’re very much out of sight of those at the head, and I still am not in the mood to look at His Majesty today.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company #that asshole

9:15 am
The rear of the company, mostly involving Mr Baggins and Bofur, has lagged enough that I can no longer see them. Thankfully, however, I can simply inquire after his health and have an answer fairly soon, as the company knows how to pass along a quick word.
#the quest #mr baggins #bofur

10 am
My nanaddan are attempting to distract me, as they tried to last night during watch. As Óin’s will tea takes effect, Mr Baggins and Bofur have caught up with the company enough to be within sight, unlike earlier. I may have decided to let Mr Baggins be the one to initiate conversations, but I still wish to speak with him. Leading the company is more important, however, so I would have to wait for a time that does not interfere.
#the quest #my sister children #oin #mr baggins #bofur

11:28AM
Anonymous asked: You're being a bit unfair to Thorin. You surprised him with your confession and hardly gave him time to respond. Besides, when this happened with you and Bofur he didn't start ignoring you and treating you harshly after you rejected him. If Thorin is made of stone you can't expect him to suddenly leap into your arms.

I do not expect him to leap into my arms. The more I think about it, having him do anything of the sort would be a disaster for everyone involved. As you mentioned, he's like stone. Any sort of interest he might still have for me is not the sort of interest I want from him. It would not work out. Besides, I actually enjoy spending time with Bofur and would have disliked losing his friendship over physical relations.

11:52AM Gandalf is once again fearing the worst. Both he and Balin are anticipating a thunderstorm tomorrow, based on the clouds. His Majesty has assigned Balin to third watch for more talk of the weather.

12 pm

I have heard too much of Balin’s talk of the weather; it is too dark of a topic. Once we have successfully crossed the mountains, I do not believe that hot, sunny days will be complained about again on this quest.

2:17PM I overheard His Majesty and Bo arguing about me. It was mostly hushed whispers just within earshot of the rest of the Company, something about my place with the Company and my contract for the job.

2:25 pm

Bofur approached me to apologize for how loud he and Mr Baggins had been last night. I admit that I spoke to him in anger and said that his behavior had been inappropriate and, in a way, blatantly rude.

Bofur repeated his argument from last night — that he had been helping a suffering friend in need. I agreed that had been but continued to say that it had been not been necessary to rub in the fact that Mr Baggins now quite dislikes my presence.

Bofur shook his head and stated that Mr Baggins did not dislike my presence, that he in fact felt the opposite.

I ask them why he was being so obvious in his avoidance of me, refusing to speak me with like a child. I said that when I had asked Gandalf to find a burglar, I had expected some modicum of professionalism.

Bofur told me that I was not displaying a sense of professionalism, if fingers were going to be pointed.

I have been leading the company, I reminded him, through the mountains while battling the
company’s belief that we will fail to reach the end of the mountains, or succeed on the quest, or simply live through the day. Even without the boulders rolling at us and the rain threatening to sweep us away, my life is dangerous and quite complicated enough as it is. It is my professionalism that is influencing my decision to deny this relationship and focus on other things.

Bofur asked if I wished Mr Baggins to leave the company, despite the contract he signed.

I replied that the contract was more of a formality; Mr Baggins could change his mind to leave whenever he wished and I would not stop him. However, that did not mean that I wished him gone. I just wish for him not to be a distraction.

Bofur accepted that and sighed before wishing me luck. It seemed genuine and I thanked him.

#the quest #bofur #mr baggins

**2:29PM** I made a promise, but apparently that promise, that signature of mine, is worth nothing to him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that unbelievable asshole

**3PM** And if my promise means nothing, then my honour still remains if I choose to leave an enterprise that will not honour me, right? What is the point of swearing fealty to some leader who does not value your service?

#adventureblogging #that asshole

**3:15 pm**

*Anonymous asked:* I applaud you for taking everything in stride. When your head and your heart want two different things, it can be hard to keep your cool. You are a fine dwarf, Your Majesty. Your people are lucky to have a leader like yourself.

I thank you for your kind words, as they do mean quite a lot to me. However, I must ask that you do not refer to me as ‘Your Majesty.’ I am but a blacksmith looking to reclaim my homeland.

#ask #anonymous

**3:30PM**

*Anonymous asked:* Then may I suggest not ignoring Thorin? I understand that you’re embarrassed, but ignoring him will only make things worse and more awkward. Remember that he’s the leader of your journey and deserves respect.

Is it my journey anymore, when my word means so little to him? Maybe it would be better if I just left, after all. He’s given me permission to.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #if he wants to talk to me he can talk to me #but i don’t know if i have it in me to listen

**3:30 pm**

*Anonymous asked:* Shoutout to Fee and Kee for being the most wonderful hellions. They deserve their own blog! Seriously, it’s a full time job being that damn adorable. Thorin, I cannot understand how in the world you can resist Fee’s blue eyes and Kee’s smile.

I know that your words are meant to be kind but I must admit that they disturb me in a way that I cannot explain. I must ask that you keep your distance from my nanaddan.
Anonymous asked: A lovely dwarrowdam by the name of Freyja once told me that far to the East, across the sea, lies a large continent much like Arda. What makes it worth mentioning is the tales of dragons and their riders who reside there. What do you make of that? I do not enjoy the subject of dragons, even with talk of them having riders. Interesting as that may be, I have suffered too long from nightmares of dragons to think on them as an activity.

4:31PM Is it too late to return to Rivendell?

#adventureblogging #where my food and my presence are actually appreciated #i've been reading lord erestor's books #but i suspect his majesty disapproves of it #but who gives a toss about him

5:09PM

Anonymous asked: But does your promise not mean everything to yourself if not others? Would you feel right in leaving the rest of the Company to their quest when your presence might help further along the way? I'm not wishing to make you feel guilty. I'm just wondering if you'd rather not see the adventure through to the end, so that you know for sure that you've done everything you can for the group.

Really, let's be honest: at this point the only thing on the Quest my presence will further is His Insufferable Majesty's irritation. If I leave, I'd be doing the rest of them a favour, really.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

5:28PM I honestly don’t know if I can stand being in his presence anymore. It reminds me of what I did, reminds me of what I’ve said. I don’t care what feelings he might return, since they are not the sort of feelings I am searching for. If I am to turn back, I should do it soon, before I’m too deep into the mountains to remember my way back.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

5:30 pm

I have noticed more whispered talk than usual amongst the company, though the wager book has not made an appearance. It could be due to the rain or they could be discussing something else. However, I feel their eyes at times and I can only assume that they are readjusting their wagers. There are times when I wonder who among them is currently winning.

#the quest #the company

6:16PM

Anonymous asked: Perhaps you just misheard him. You are an asset, and in Gandalf's opinion, it seems as if you may be important to the success of the very quest. You are worth something and Thorin knows that, I'm certain. If you left the Company would feel your loss. No, please do tell me what I am worth, because 'something' is not enough. With these neverending mountains, who knows if I'll ever be of any use again.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #meddling wizard #the company
6:45PM
Anonymous asked: Thorin has romantic feelings for you. He said so himself.
How unfortunate then, that I cannot afford a romance right now.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #i am simply not interested

7:10PM
Anonymous asked: if I do recall Thorin did try to talk to you about after your confession but you avoided/ put company members between yourself and him.. maybe he had something important to say
If he approaches me today, I’ll listen. I have some things to say to him as well, so I might as well let him talk to me.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #if this goes pear shaped please don't talk about his majesty to me #i am sick and tired of these confounded anons telling me what to do

7:19PM And even if we continue on, the chances of anything happening between us is nothing. I will not allow it to happen. If he’s so offended by my lack of professionalism, then I will be professional. There is no room for sentiment when you’re dealing with a prat who’s married to a mountain, for Giver’s sake.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:24PM
Anonymous asked: you fight your feelings so hard and when thorin accepts for a romantic relationship you decline? not trying to say it's wrong just simply curious as to why. best of luck.
What part of 'perilous Quest to reclaim treasure from a dragon' do you not understand? Is it the 'perilous' part? I very strongly suspect it may be the 'perilous' part. Not only am I uninterested in romance at the moment, but I find it a potential source of trouble that might jeopardise the Quest's safety, and believe me, I would rather be alive and single than dead but in a romantic relationship with Thorin Oakenshield.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #just stop pestering me already

8 pm
I made a decision earlier that I would wait for Mr Baggins to approach me so that we may speak. However, he has made no move to do so and I grew impatient. I went to him to ask for a private moment to talk and was surprised when he not only did not move to avoid me but he also agreed. He stood and walked to a secluded location outside of the company’s hearing range and I followed. This time, there were no whistles or inappropriate words from the company.

Mr Baggins stopped and looked at me, his gaze carefully guarded. He spoke before I could, declaring that a relationship between us could not work. I felt like the words had been taken out of my mouth and it left me with nothing to say. I nodded and finally gathered myself enough to agree, though I admitted that I was confused, given his confession earlier.

Mr Baggins shrugged and crossed his arms, his face remaining blank and closed off. He explained that he did not want an emotional entanglement on a quest that could end with one or both of us dead. He continued, saying that he had gone many years without physical relations and could easily continue to do so. He lastly said that I was ‘married to the mountain,’ so a relationship would have been pointless to pursue anyway.

I stated that I was not married to Erebor and Mr Baggins just gave a laugh, though it was not one of joy.
Mr Baggins declared that if it was not for my insistence, the company would have given up on the quest by now and that it was my obsession that was keeping everyone here. He restated that there was no way to compete with Erebor when it came to me and so, there was no point in trying. Mr Baggins added on that he overheard the conversation between Bofur and I earlier, and that he knows that I am offended by his apparent lack of professionalism.

It was here that Mr Baggins extended his hand. He said that it would be best if we were to stay professional acquaintances. That he will do his job and that we shall continue as if his confession had never happened.

I took his hand and we shook on it. When Mr Baggins released my hand, he returned to where he had been seated. I stayed for a few moments, still thrown by Mr Baggins’ change of mind from just two days ago.

We had both decided it would be better to not pursue anything. It made the most sense and would most likely produce the best chances of us seeing this quest through. And yet… I cannot help but feel disappointed.

8:10PM
Anonymous asked: You're acting like a tween hobbit, Mr. Baggins. You're making assumptions about conversations and actions while refusing to actually speak directly about any issues. You're ignoring someone out of your own embarrassment. Thorin is rough around the edges, true, but he's a survivor leading a company on a perilous journey.
Oh, for the love of Eru will you confounded faceless entities just stop it? Stop telling me to talk to him! Why are you lot all so fixated on whether or not I breathe in that tosser’s general direction? Give it a bloody rest, for Eru’s sake! It’s done, it’s over, I’ve done the responsible thing and told him we’re professional acquaintances and that I’m going to do my bloody job and leave, provided I don’t die in the bloody process.
Why won’t any of you miserable wankers ever ask me about my relationship with other members of the Company? That’d be a right pleasant change for one. But no, it’s Thorin bloody Oakenshield this and Thorin bloody Oakenshield that; if you’re so obsessed with his so-called ’majestic ass’, go bother him yourself. I am sick and tired of being told what to do like a child, and the more you lot nag at me to do anything regarding that bleedin’ royal arse, the less inclined I am to do it.
I don’t usually use this much foul language, but I really feel like I need to convey how utterly finished I am about this entire matter. Piss off about fucking Thorin Oakenshield already.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that unbelievable asshole #just shut your bloody mouth about him and piss off

8:50PM I am sick of the rain. All you can hear from out under the overhang is the shifting and groaning of rocks. Gandalf says they’re being moved by stone giants, though he prevented Bo from getting a better look. I am more concerned about the howling in the distance, to be honest. I am going to try to go to bed.
I’ve been thinking about Rivendell all day, and maybe I’ll come to a decision about it tomorrow.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #hatdwarf
July 13 - July 19

Chapter Notes

Quite an interesting chapter ahead! July 13th, 2015 saw a total of 58 asks between Thorin and Bilbo!! Even though there are no posts for the 14th or 15th (goblin tunnels have no wifi, can you believe?) the rest of the days of the week sure do make up for it, however!

We’d also like to thank everyone who’s been commenting on the chapters :) We truly love all of your comments and love seeing new readers joining in the LiveBlog madness <3

As a reminder, nearly all of the asks sent to the Blogs were sent in by our readers! Some became very upset with Thorin and Bilbo’s choices and ended up being quite rude but we very rarely ignored/deleted an ask, rude or otherwise. The ask format has also been minorly edited for easier reading.

July 13th, 2015

Bilbo

6:30AM My sleep was not comfortable, to say the least. I tossed and turned all night and can’t remember my dreams, though I have a feeling that they were bad, full of wolf-cries and thunder-crashes.

#adventureblogging

6:41AM Gandalf, Fíli, and Kíli have noticed muddy Warg prints on the rocks a couple yards from the camp. It seems to be an entire pack, and it’s hard to tell if there are Orcs with them. A triple watch is probably now more necessary than ever. And Ori has already served three watches. I, as usual, am useless.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #thing 1 #thing 2 #scribedwarf

Thorin

6:45 am

As we were getting ready to depart from the campsite, Gandalf and my nanaddan spotted the tracks of Wargs, just yards from where we slept. They looked to be only a day or two old and there were enough tracks to determine that it was a pack.

I can see that this discovery has made the company more wary than they already were. I cannot help but think of Gandalf’s words and wonder if his ill feeling will turn out to be true.

#the quest #the wizard #my sister children

7:12AM

Anonymous asked:
Mr. Baggins! How do you feel about Balin?
He should lighten up on the gloomy weather predictions, but otherwise I find him a delight to talk to. He’s extremely knowledgeable about a great deal of subjects and has some very interesting stories about Erebor’s history, as well entertaining anecdotes from the childhoods of many Company members. He is the storyteller I have always wished to become. My own skills are decent, I will admit, but Balin has that air of wisdom about him and that knowing twinkle in his eye as if he is asking you to keep what he is about to tell you an absolute secret, and you cannot help but obey. I couldn’t hope to cultivate such an expression.

#ask #anonymous #brainsdwarf

7:30 am
Anonymous asked:
I think Mr. Baggins has many admirable qualities, but as someone who's younger sibling is asexual I’m deeply troubled by his behavior towards you. You experience the world differently than he does, and even if you were not "like stone", to obliquely court someone and then be sent into a towering rage when these unsolicited actions do not result in a desired outcome is unacceptable. I have a feeling you will be inclined to defend him, but please remember that you are not at fault for who you are.
I thank you for defending me but I do not think that it was needed in this instance. Mr Baggins may be upset and discomforted at the moment but I do not believe it is due to my identity, but more because of the situation we are in.
He stated his desires and, though done in anger, he allowed me time to come to my own conclusions of my feelings. We both reached the same idea on our own — that we desire different things in a relationship and so to begin one together would not end well.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

8:15 am
Anonymous asked:
I'm what you would call like stone, though I experience attraction to people I have an emotional connection with. It's heartening to read the account of someone like myself, as I come from a culture that doesn't understand people like us, and often deride the condition as being childish or naive. I like reading of your endeavor from your perspective, and I empathize deeply with your desire to court and be courted without initial expectations of a physical relationship. Sorry it didn't work out.
I have had a number of people so far tell me that they feel as I do, like stone, and that they are glad that they have found someone similar to them. It gives me joy to know that this account of this quest is helping those who read it. I know how empowering it feels to meet another like yourself, to know that you are not alone. I urge you to remember that — that you are not alone and that you may find support here if you require it.

#ask #anonymous

9 am
Anonymous asked:
I find it so distressing that you of all people can't recognize the signs that you have become dear to someone. It is perfectly fine to put your needs first sometimes. Don't you see you're Master Baggins sun and moon and stars?
Mr Baggins has stated his feelings and they were not as you claim them to be. While putting one’s needs first is important, there are exceptions. In my case, I am in a position that
requires that the needs of those who are depending on me to come first. I am more than willing to give up my own needs for those of my people’s.

#ask #anonymous #mr.baggins

9:42AM
Anonymous asked:
Hello, I understand that you have had a trying time lately. I hope that the weather picks up. Also I haven’t heard anything about Fíli and Kíli lately? Or Dwalin, though drama tends to overshadow people uninvolved in the actual drama. How far away from the misty Mountains is the group now? Thank you, I do enjoy your blog very much.
We have been in the Misty Mountains for far too long, in my opinion. The weather keeps on being ominous, and the two terrors that are Fíli and Kíli have been muttering about caves. Plotting mischief, I suspect. Dwalin is still his old burly self, and has mostly been arguing with Balin about what direction they should be heading in and how bad the weather is.
Thank you for the compliments. I hope the weather betters as well.

#ask #anonymous #thing 1 #thing 2 #brawnsdwarf #brainsdwarf

9:45 am
Anonymous asked:
I fail to see how you haven't behaved professionally. Bofur was out of line to say that after he and Mr. Baggins got completely sloshed and acted foolishly. I wish you luck in dealing with your confusing situation and Mr. Baggins' disdain.
While I thank you for coming to my defense, I must admit that Bofur was correct when he called me unprofessional. I assigned him to the third watch a few days previous because of my jealous feelings when seeing him braid Mr Baggins’ hair. I did not realize at the time that that was why I did so but that does not make it right. I am to be a leader to this company and to my people and to behave in such a manner simply because I cannot control my jealousy is extremely unprofessional. I know that there have been other instances where I have behaved in that manner as well, so it is something that I need to change and make better about myself.
I also thank you for the well wishes towards my situation. I believe that I will need them.

#ask #anonymous #bofur #mr.baggins

10:18AM
Anonymous asked:
How do you feel about cats?
Delightful. One of the Bolgers’ cats comes by Bag End all the time. I feed her some chicken whenever I can spare it.

#ask #anonymous

10:30AM
Anonymous asked:
Is there a Company "mom"?
Probably Gandalf or Balin, as they help His Majesty lead by finding the right path. Truly an important job, and one that is crucial to our success.

#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard #brainsdwarf
10:30 am
Anonymous asked:
It would appear that Master Baggins is experiencing renewed doubts as to his worth to your quest after overhearing your conversation with Bofur. Without presuming to tell you what to do, perhaps it would be beneficial to reassure him that you did not, in fact, intend to dismiss his word of honour. Although, given your history of misunderstandings it may be best to proceed with caution. Best of luck on your endeavours!
If Mr Baggins has questions about his role in the company, he need only to ask.
#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

10:41 AM
Anonymous asked:
Do hobbits keep pets? Other than smaller hoofstock and reasonably sized farm animals? I've always be kind of curious about that. The only hobbit I know with dogs is Farmer Maggot. What kind of pet would you keep if any?  
I'd consider any animal that a Hobbit allows into their smial, feeds, washes, and plays with with not too many expectations for labour or service in return, and is not destined to end up a dish in the future as a pet. I have known cousins who keep pet pigs and lambs, and the Bolgers have cats that help them keep mice out of their pantry. I would probably have a cat for a similar reason, or a dog to keep me company on my long walks.
#ask #anonymous

11:13 AM
my-insanity-is-an-artform asked:
So Master Baggins, I have a question. Who is your Favourite dwarf so far?  
Bo, definitely. He makes marvellous braids. Lost cause for cooking, but an excellent singer and provides very witty conversation. Gives wonderful hugs. Shame I don’t fancy him; it’d make life much easier.
#ask #hatdwarf #my-insanity-is-an-artform

12:30 PM
Anonymous asked:
What is the deal with Lobelia and your spoons?!  
Lobelia ‘Spoon Thief’ Sackville-Baggins believes she knows what’s best for me (marrying and siring fauntlings, or the ‘respectable’ thing) and my house (in her possession), and constantly endeavours to achieve either one or the other in each of her interactions with me. This usually manifests as her ‘reappropriating’ my mother’s antique spoons.
#ask #anonymous #spoon thief

1 pm
Anonymous asked:
You’re a blacksmith—what did you craft for your masterpiece? I am designing throwing axes for mine (I'm a blacksmith as well) but getting the balance just right is making my head spin! My masterpiece was a sword that I completed some years ago. I am still proud of it, though it is no longer in my possession.
I suggest calming breathes if your head is spinning and perhaps time away from the axes will help. Breaks are good, and allow your mind and body time to rest. When you return, you may see things from a different angle. As for balance, it is indeed hard to find, but it is a euphoric moment when it is finally reached. I wish you luck with your axes!

#ask #anonymous

1:09PM

Anonymous asked:

Have you ever considered swapping recipes with Bombur? I mean, we all know you're a terrific cook, but have you learned any new cooking methods or ingredients on the journey? I know your knowledge in basic herbs must have helped with meals right?

I already have. Bombur has been teaching me how to prepare meat properly, as I usually get mine fresh-cut from the abattoir back in the Shire. Plucking birds is not fun, though the repetitive movements can be calming sometimes.

In turn, I have taught Bombur some recipes of my own for preparing greens. Hopefully we might have some time to rest when we’re out of the mountains for some longer, more complicated dishes. I have a very nice recipe involving seared scallop and quail egg that I could teach him, provided we find any scallops or quail eggs out here in the Wild (which I do doubt).

#ask #anonymous #bigdwarf

1:42PM

So far, the decision to remain strictly professional with His Majesty has clearly done wonders, as I am no longer subject to sly and knowing glances from fellow Company members as I go. Word must have spread, then. Good.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

1:45 PM

Anonymous asked:

I know you see the best in Mr. Baggins, but he owes you an apology. Big time.

It seems that quite a few people believe that Mr Baggins is in the wrong here. It is my understanding that he is acting in his own interest and putting his own needs first. Is that not what I have been told to do? Mr Baggins is protecting himself and I cannot fault him for that.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

2:10PM

Anonymous asked:

Who do you have the most in common with of the Company? Who do you think would do best living in the Shire?

Bombur or Dori, probably, would fare best in the Shire. Dori may enjoy the Old Vineyard and their wines, and Bombur would enjoy the food, especially since the cuisine of Buckland is vastly different from the cuisine of Hobbiton and of Tuckborough. There are different specialities in each of the four farthings, and I am sure Bombur would love to learn about all of them.

As for who I have most in common with, perhaps Ori. He and I are both inexperienced fighters; we vastly prefer the pen to the sword.

#ask #anonymous #bigdwarf #winedwarf #scribedwarf

2:20PM
Anonymous asked:
The world is a big place Master Baggins. Once Erebor is reclaimed, do you think you'll travel before returning home? Rohan, I hear, is lovely in Spring.
I do not know where my feet will take me after this adventure. I am keen on returning to Rivendell, but I feel that there is more beyond the Mountains that I have yet to see even on this adventure, and I must see what lies ahead on my current path before I turn my head to wishes and fantasies.
I have, though, had childhood hopes of chasing down the locations of the great lands of Hobbit lore, of the Last Desert and the jungles of the Oliphaunts.

Anonymous asked:
Who of the company have you known longest?
I have known Balin since before Erebor fell. He has always shared his own wisdom with me and I have always trusted his advice.

Anonymous asked:
Did you ever wish you had siblings?
Sometimes. I would have loved to have someone to share my adventures with as a child. However, my multitudes of cousins have given me the same sort of experience without the responsibilities.

riptide-lullabies asked:
Mr Baggins, I am embarrassed on your behalf at your behavior and attitude. May your toes always be chilly, your tea never more than lukewarm and may every itch you ever have go unscratched!
Would you like to take my place on this miserable little road in the blasted nowhere of the Misty Mountains? Really, do be my guest. I am sick of this weather, sick of walking onwards with no end in sight, sick of not having much to eat and only eating at odd hours, sick of having to dig my own bloody latrine with a bloody shovel, and above all, sick of every last blasted messenger who thinks I should have pursued a romantic relationship with Thorin Oakenshield and is now reprimanding me for, what, not having making him uncomfortable? Would you have been satisfied if I had continued my advances? Forced him into more uncomfortable situations?
Fuck off.

Anonymous asked:
I'm one of the nagging anons, one who specifically called out your courting methods. I'm quite defensive of Thorin, as he is of a sexual persuasion like that of my younger sister, and she is treated quite poorly by suitors because of it. They behave quite as you have when it comes to courting, and call her awful things because they consider her "a tease" or accuse her of being "frigid" and "unattainable". She's just different, and has trouble reading the intent of others. My ire stems from that.
How bloody fucking dare you accuse me of being the very suitors I have had to reject in the Shire. My own ire is not towards Thorin, his identity is what it is and I will not make him uncomfortable, hence my decision to remain only professionally acquainted with him. My own ire is towards the rest of you bloody wankers who continue to persist and nag and demand that I interact with someone about a topic that will only continue to give us grief. You can go bugger yourself, you absolute prick.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

3:29PM
Anonymous asked:
What do you think of the brothers Ri?
They're a good bunch. I understand Dori's need to protect Ori, but Ori does not need to be coddled. He has a growing poetic genius and thinks quite abstractly sometimes. Nori is a troublemaker, but he and Dwalin seem to have an agreeable arrangement, and are hardly seen without one another these days.
All of them are excellent fighters to some degree. Or at least much better than me.

#ask #anonymous #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf #scribedwarf #winedwarf

3:50PM
Anonymous asked:
Anon with the younger sister like Thorin again. She's the one who's implored me to maybe acknowledge that you've been hurt by your feelings for Thorin. It's hard not to judge you harshly, as she's been quite delighted to be reading Thorin's blog and discover someone who is not only heroic, but also like her. They're both a bit obtuse and at sea when it comes to love, and unaware of the agendas of others. I think she's sad that these qualities they share make you so angry. Yet she defends you.
She really shouldn't be, obviously, as I am clearly an utter wanker who despises Thorin’s identity and not the disrespectful way in which he has treated me as a so-called contracted Company member on this Quest. Never mind the fact that back in the Shire I have not felt romantic nor physical attraction towards any others since my tween years, or that my first discovery of my feelings for Thorin led me to believe that I broke a part of myself overnight. Clearly my discomfort with engaging Thorin on such a personal topic is a sign that I am enraged at his refusal to be led into the trees.
Oh no, I am definitely the exact same breed as those cock-brained lads in the Shire who first labelled me queer for not being married at fifty-one. Thank you for illuminating it for me.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

4PM
Anonymous asked:
Defensive anon with the younger sister one last time. I have to say I get that you've been hurt, I get that this hasn't been easy for you from day one. But I don't believe you understand Thorin, and I think with your actions you've informed him that his friendship is meaningless to you if it does not come with the conditions that you want. And that's fucking disappointing. My sister will keep reading and let me know if you get it together. For Thorin's sake, I hope so.
His friendship is so meaningless to me that I have decided that a strictly professional relationship is all that must remain between us for the good of the Quest to reclaim his homeland, in which I have absolutely no stakes. Very selfish of me, I’m afraid. Truly, I am the worst specimen of gentlehobbit that ever walked Middle-earth, and for Thorin’s sake, I should simply take a long dive off the side of this mountain.
Honestly, go bugger yourself. I am done speaking to you as you clearly do so from a place of utter ignorance about me.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

4:05 pm

I noticed that Mr Baggins had taken out his handkerchief and had held it against his face for a long moment. He had paused to take a deep breath and after releasing it, he patted at his eyes. I wondered if he had been crying and wished to ask him on it. However, we had both agreed to be professional and I doubt that he would appreciate me pointing out what looked to be a private moment.

#the quest #mr baggins

4:31PM

Anonymous asked:

Pardon me, Mr Baggins, but I'm a bit confused about all this. You knew of Thorin's orientation before you told him how you felt, so why did approach him at all? Did you just want to explain your behavior toward him up til that point?

Yes. It got out of hand. I did some things I now regret.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

4:32PM

Saved His Majesty from an oncoming boulder. He thanked me for my effort. I said it was no problem, that I should endeavour to secure the safety of the leader of our group. I am sure, given time, this new formality will become more natural for us. It’s certainly what I have been taught all my life as a Baggins of Bag End.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

4:35 pm

Mr Baggins pulled me out of the way of a boulder. Once the danger had passed, I gave Mr Baggins a formal thank you for the rescue and he responded in kind.

I found that the entire encounter felt odd but I imagine I will grow used to it in time.

#the quest #mr baggins

4:45PM

Anonymous asked:

I have to say that I agree with you, Mr. Baggins, when you say some people need to 'sod off'. These anonymous people who keep insisting that something can come of you and His Majesty seem to be ignoring the fact that both of you have already decided its better not to pursue a relationship. Just because they want some swooning love story from a fairy tale does not mean they can bother you and make you more uncomfortable. I sincerely hope they stop nagging you soon. Best wishes on your journey xx

Would have been nice to live a fairytale. Life is rarely that kind.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

5PM
riptide-lullabies asked:
No. Actually I'm glad you stopped, it clear you two need different things. Your attitude is what's appalling. Quests aren't cozy things. It didn't work out, alright, move on. Fake it until you make it. Be. Professional. Thorin certainly is trying to.
Are you done scolding a full-grown Hobbit like a child for what they write on their own blog?
#ask #riptide-lullabies #really and honestly hard to move on when you decide to bring it up again

5:05 pm
We have found shelter from the rain under an overhang. The wind is making the shelter a bit useless, as we are still getting wet from the rain. Hopefully, however, it dies down soon and we are given a night of peace.
#the quest

5:11PM It's started to rain again. We’ve all gathered under an overhang for shelter, and Bombur is starting to make supper before the rain picks up and renders all further attempts at a fire completely useless.
I am wrapped in my blankets. It is frighteningly cold in these parts of the Mountains.
#adventureblogging

5:15 pm
Anonymous asked:
If Bilbo is upset, it is a troubling thought though, isn't it. I do hope he's not feeling unhappy about something.
I have not checked Mr Baggins' blog for privacy reasons but if the questions that I am receiving are anything to go on, I believe he is currently facing quite a bit of anger for our mutual decision to not pursue a relationship. I hope that I am wrong, however.
If he would like to speak on his feelings, he is more than welcome to, as any in the company would be willing to listen and pass on advice. But I will not question him directly, for the sake of his privacy.
#ask #anonymous #mr_baggins

5:19PM
Anonymous asked:
(Anon from here, again) Ah, thanks for clarifying! Seeing as my own orientation differs from you both - I'm interested in sex, unlike Thorin, but not in casual sex, like yourself - this has been a bit perplexing to watch! Can't imagine how it must feel as someone personally involved in the whole mess.
Not casually. I would never be open to relations with just anyone. I simply know I have a physical attraction to Thorin, but do not know if I harbour romantic feelings as well. And if I did, a Quest is not a good time to develop such attachments.
#ask #anonymous #that_asshole

5:20PM
Anonymous asked:
Mr Baggins, I know you've had a lot of questions regarding Thorin, and I apologise for adding to them, but I was just wondering something and I hope you don't mind my asking. If all were to go well on the quest, and Thorin had an interest in a romantic relationship after Erebor was claimed; would you be interested in such a relationship then? Again, I apologise for the nosey question. On another matter and you may have been asked this before, how long have you or your family known Gandalf?

I do not know. I suppose I would. As for Gandalf, my family has known him since before I was born. The Wizard has been setting off fireworks for the Old Took since they became friends, and I believe he had an interest in the Shire even before that.

#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard

5:25PM
Anonymous asked:
please don’t be upset. I think some people are failing to realise that they might be reading thorin's thoughts over on his blog but that you shouldn't be expected to read his mind. I think these anons forget that he hasn't always acted towards you in the same way that he talks about you on his blog. they also really don't have any right to dictate how you should feel and how you should deal with your feelings and I for one think you have behaved just fine. neither of you is in the wrong here.
For the record, I do not read Thorin’s blog, nor will I unless he gives me permission to. It is not my space to intrude, and he needs a place to tell the world how useless I am anyway. Thank you for your support of both of us.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

5:25PM
Anonymous asked:
Thorin’s said some really unkind things to you, whatever his intentions were at the time. Hopefully, your decision to remain professional makes that hurt less. The other dwarves seem to really like you.
It has been painful for both of us, I suspect. This new decision has been a good one in my opinion.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #the company

5:44PM
Anonymous asked:
Dear Mr. Baggins, an avid reader of your blog here. I'm asking in anonymity because of the nature of the... question. The matter is that during your stay at Rivendell, one of your friends seem to have left something behind... a cucumber-shaped personal... thingy. I would not for the immortal life of me wish to keep something that is not mine. I don't suppose you know who it belongs to?
It might belong to Nori. He’s made several jokes about wearing a codpiece in the past.
#ask #anonymous #pointydwarf #maybe that's why he and Dwalin haven't been trying to find some caves to hole up in

6 pm
The rain has only increased with time and there is the rumble of an approaching thunderstorm. It seems that we will have a harsh night ahead of us.
#the quest
6:06PM
Anonymous asked:
Wonderful! Then I will send it back to him as soon as your quest is finished. Although I have a feeling he might miss it in the meantime. Well, that'll teach him a thing or two about carefulness.
I mentioned it to him, and Nori said not to worry; he has several more in his bags, one for every occasion. He certainly does like to come prepared.
#ask #anonymous #pointydwarf

6:30 pm
Anonymous asked:
I understand gems aren't your speciality, but in my circle people tend to appreciate semi-precious stones and crystals kept in as natural a state as possible, with minimal shaping or polishing, rather than rare stones cut into facets. When shaping does happen, the crystals tend to be formed into rounded forms or wands. Much of this has to do with the belief that crystals emit auras beneficial to people's physical and mental health. I'm curious about what dwarven customs surround gems.

You are correct in that gems are not my speciality, but I do know that for those who make it their craft, it is up to them to decide what looks best for a stone. I am not the best to speak to on the subject, as I do not understand it as well, but those in the craft know when to cut and polish a stone and when to simply maintain its natural appearance.
#ask #anonymous

6:31PM
Anonymous asked:
Master Baggins, I wish to sincerely apologize for the other anons. I am also, as the Dwarves would say, "like stone", and even if I can't understand your want for a purely physical relationship, I would never hold such a thing against you. It's unfortunate that other people can't recognize that you wish to remain "professional" for reasons other than Thorin's being like stone, but, well, some people are assholes (excuse my language, please). Anyway, please know that I support your decision :)
No need to curtail your language. As you can see, there are some here who think my own occasionally colourful vocabulary is a sign of my disreputable attitude. Thank you for your support.
#ask #anonymous

6:43PM
puddeneen asked:
How do you lean towards Dwarven fashions, from what you've seen, Mr. Baggins? I ask because you appeared keen on those of Rivendell; and you seem a well-dressed Hobbit in general. I quite like their use of geometric designs/embellishment and fur trim. The sheer amount of layers they favour is a bit intimidating, though!
I agree with the layering being quite excessive, though for some Company members it seems as if they are still just as bulky even without their layers on! But as it is arse-biting cold here in the mountains I think I could do with some Dwarven fur trim on my own clothes right now.
6:47PM The rain has increased into a giant cacophony of noise and light. Gandalf calls it a thunder-battle, as apparently two separate thunderstorms cannot exist in these parts without fighting it out. These sorts of conditions are great ones for rock-hurling competitions by the Stone Giants. Bo looks very taken aback by the sight of them off in the valley below. I've had to pull him back in from the edge several times already.

7 pm

There is a thunder-battle that is raging near us. Each boom from the thunder and the Stone Giants feels as though it will shake us off of the mountain side. Our shelter has not done well in sheltering us but the storm is too chaotic to search for anything better.

I heard Dori ask Gandalf if there were any magic he could cast to calm the Stone Giants or the rain. Gandalf said that his magic did not cover such things and that we would simply have to wait it out.

7:12PM

Anonymous asked:

I just wanted to say, Mr Baggins, because I don't think I've seen anyone do so yet: that you accept and respect that Thorin can't give you what you're after (something purely physical, from what I gather?) honestly says a lot about you as an individual in my opinion. There are, sadly, some out there who wouldn't be so conscientious.

Thank you. I would rather not force someone into a situation that discomforts them. I cannot provide Thorin what he needs, and he cannot give me what I want. It’s better if we keep our distance.

7:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

Just out of curiosity, do dwarves keep pets? If so what kind of pet would you have?

In Erebor, I remember that a number of Dwarves kept ravens as pets. Some also had ponies in the stables that were taken out for more joy rides than for business. Young dwarves have also collected rocks and called them pets, though mostly in jest.

When I was young, I was allowed to keep a dog. I received her as a pup and she grew to full size quite quickly. She was, unfortunately, lost when Erebor fell. If I have the opportunity to once Erebor is reclaimed, I may find another dog to keep.

7:22PM

Anonymous asked:

I, for one am happy to see that you made a decision on your own. Bugger what the other anons say. It's your life, dammit. Your capable of changing or not changing your mind if you want to. Glad you did what you felt was right.

Thank you.
7:43 PM I hate thunder-battles.
#adventureblogging #I don’t think I can remember what it is like to feel dry again

7:45 pm
The rain is beginning to lessen and the boom shakes from the Stone Giants’ game have become less frequent. Perhaps it will soon be safe to find new shelter.
#the quest

7:57PM
Anonymous asked:
Do you have a favorite kind of tea? If so, what kind? I love tea and could always use a good recommendation. (Also perhaps the thought of a warm drink could help warm you up in the rain?)
I have become a fan of the chrysanthemum tea they serve at Rivendell with their tea-meals. It is very light and crisp, flavourful without being overwhelming. It pairs well with both sweet and savoury dishes. Eithriel has told me that it’s also very good for sore throats, but I have yet to test that. What wouldn’t I do for a cup of tea right now!
#ask #anonymous #there's certainly enough water falling from the sky

8 pm
Anonymous asked:
Are there any other instruments besides the harp that you can play?
I have picked up other instruments due to family members learning to play them. I am not too skilled at the flute but Dís taught me enough to allow me to play a few songs with her. I know enough of the violin to have given Fíli and Kíli their first lessons before a better tutor was found. I also used to play the timbrel with my brother, Frerin. He enjoyed the repetitive motion used to play and would always be the first to suggest that music be added to our day. I also believe the voice to be an instrument and count my own among this list.
#ask #anonymous #my sister children #my sister #my brother

8:15 pm
I asked my nanaddan to scout ahead for shelter, as I believe the Stone Giants have taken a break from their game, at least for now. They both seemed excited to be entrusted with such a task, even though they have been scouts for some time now. When I pointed this out to them, Fíli said that this time, it was actually important. I accepted their reasoning and sent them off.
#the quest #my sister children

8:21PM The fighting has died down for a bit, and His Majesty has sent his sister-children out to look for a more sheltered place to stay for the night. Out here with just an overhang there is no protection from the wind and rain (as our soaked selves will now attest to), and there is always the chance a passing Stone Giant will mistake our part of the mountain for a ball in their sport and kick us high into the sky. Fíli and Kíli seem excited about scouting for a cave, anyway. They seem to believe their
time has come.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

8:30PM
Anonymous asked:
I'm not quite sure how to articulate my own frustration with the anons who have been pestering you, but for your sake I hope they stop soon so you can have some peace. Currently they are being supportive, and for that I am glad. I do genuinely regret messing up the confession terribly, and I think with some distance between us it will be easier for us to work together.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

8:40 pm
Anonymous asked:
Since Kili does not identify as either male or female, would it be inappropriate to refer to them as a prince? Is there a word in Khuzdul for a gender neutral monarch? Unfortunately, many humans are less enlightened when it comes to these things, and our language fails to encompass these concepts.
I thank you for asking so that yourself and others may be educated on this matter. There are multiple gender neutral words that could be used. The most commonly used is uzbad-nadan, or king-child. For Kili directly, nû'rayad can be used, as it means second-heir.
#ask #anonymous #my sister children

9:01PM Fili and Kili have returned from their venture with good news! Another cave has been discovered not too far from here. It is dry and large enough to fit all of us. Gandalf might look sceptical, but I would not want to look a gift pony in the mouth in these sodden clothes.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #meddling wizard

9:03 pm
My nanaddan have returned successful! They say that there is a cave that is not too far that is sheltered and has enough room to hold us all. I congratulated them on the find and told them to lead the company to the site.
#the quest #my sister children #the company

9:38PM I have had the greatest scare of my life.
I was too hasty to get to the cave, and in my excitement I slipped and almost tumbled off the side of the cliff. For a moment or two I was dangling by the tips of my fingers, and no matter how hard the Company tried they could not pull me up.
Until Thorin got down onto the ledge and hoisted me up. He almost fell off himself, but we both eventually ended up on solid ground.
I moved to thank him, but Dwalin said something about how it was good we didn’t lose our burglar, and then Thorin finally snapped.
“Mr Baggins has been lost since he left home. He should never have come. He should have stayed where it was safe.”
That’s it, then, I guess. That’s a professional dismissal if ever I saw one.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf

9:40PM
Anonymous asked:
'IT is not my space to intrude, and he needs a place to tell the world how useless I am anyway.'
It's good of you not to go prying into Thorin's blog, though I must say that you are mistaken there. If it helps at all, Thorin has never once outright said nor even implied that you are useless, because it's the truth. You are not useless. Any contribution you've made, small or large, emotional or physical will help the others. Your readers have faith in you Mr Baggins and it is not misplaced.
I think “lost since he left home” counts as calling me useless, but thanks anyway.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

9:45 pm
As we were being led to the cave site, I looked back in time to see Mr Baggins slip on the path and fall over the edge. He managed to grab a hold to the ledge and the company moved to grab him.

However, they seemed to have a hard time at it and Mr Baggins nearly was dropped.
I quickly went over the side myself, keeping a hold of the ledge and Dwalin was swift to hold my arm. I found footing and managed to grab Mr Baggins just before he fell. I hoisted him upwards so that the company may grab him.

Once they had successfully pulled him up, I moved to go up as well but the rain had wet the rocks and my foot slipped. I am thankful that Dwalin already had a hold of me because I would have been lost otherwise. He and Fíli pulled me back onto solid ground, though my heart has yet to calm down from my near fall.

Dwalin commented that it was lucky that we did not lose our burglar. I barely heard him through the sound of my own heart pounding. I can still see Mr Baggins falling over the side, before he managed to grab the ledge. I said that Mr Baggins should have never come, he should be where it was safe.

#the quest #mr baggins #dwalin #my sister children

9:45PM
Anonymous asked:
To obliquely court someone and then go into rages when it does not yield desirable results, and then punish him by meanly snubbing them when he begins to understand? What drives you to such unkindness? Thorin's blog has many good things to say about you, and many efforts to understand you, and yet you call him mean things and ignore him? He's hardly perfect, but did you ever really stop and think about what all this looks like from his point of view?
Let me tell you what he really thinks of me. He thinks I am his great act of charity for Gandalf. That I am a foolish, simple little Hobbit who should not have stepped out my door. I am useless at everything except cooking and being a silly distraction from his Quest. I am a dead weight that he has to drag around because Gandalf thinks it'd be fun to show me mountains and dragons and gold. He said it himself. I’ve been lost since I left home. I have no place in this Company.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #meddling wizard #the company

9:50PM
Anonymous asked:
When you're done with your pity party do inform us. Thorin isn't perfect in the slightest but he's trying. If all you are going to do us be an ass, why are you even here? Don't use the contract as an excuse, thorin has said he'd rip it up for anyone.

Go away.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

We have made it to the cave and settled in. The floor is thankfully dry and it goes quite a ways back, so we are able to all lay out without being on top of one another. Bofur has volunteered for first watch. Since there is only one entrance, I think it best to go back to single watches, at least for tonight. I can see that the company is exhausted. Perhaps tomorrow can be a rest day, since this cave is well sheltered. I plan to discuss it with Balin in the morning, but for now, everyone has already set out their bedrolls and are putting the dry ground to use.

#the quest #bofur #balin #the company

10:02PM I cannot settle into this cave as the others have. Bo has first watch and he’s been watching me like a hawk. I think he knows my discomfort.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

10:09PM That’s it. When the rest of the Company finally drift to sleep, I’m packing up and heading back to Rivendell. I cannot do this anymore. Rivendell pulls at me like never before, and now that I’ve ruined everything between myself and Thorin, what else is there for me? Professionalism only takes you so far. This is me, professionally bowing out.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole

**Anonymous asked:**

I think you should go back to Rivendell. You seem very unhappy and have for quite a while. Perhaps Bofur would be willing to travel with you? He's a good friend from what you've said about him. He'd get you there safe. Maybe he'd even want to stay.

Bo has family. I would not separate him from his brother and his cousin when I leave.

#ask #anonymous #hatdwarf

10:15 pm

My heart has finally slowed down and my hands have stopped their shaking. The near fall that Mr Baggins and I almost had is still on my mind, though the shock of it is wearing off. I have been listening to Mr Baggins shift in his bedroll for the past few minutes. My words are echoing back at me and I am now realizing how my words may have been taken.

I did mean what I said — Mr Baggins should have stayed in his home, where he was safe and content. Though we agreed on a professional friendship, I find that my heart still holds onto its feelings. And I do not wish to see him come to harm, though he has accepted the risk as we all have.

It is at once my desire to see him leave but to see him stay.

Even when I can put my feelings into words, I find that the Hobbit only confuses me! My words earlier were not professional, however, and I know that I must apologize come morning.
10:38PM  
**Anonymous asked:**
Dear god, some of the messages you've been getting leave me speechless. Of course you can defend yourself but I'd like to offer my support anyway. I think you're handling yourself just fine, Mister Baggins. Do whatever is best for you and thank you for letting us have a glimpse into your life. 
Thank you for your kind words.

#ask #anonymous

10:45 pm  
**gallifrayan-cat asked:**
Where I come from when our ancestors looked up at the stars they saw images and told stories about them. For instance there is a story of a man, Orion, and his dogs fighting the great bull, Taurus. In the night sky a group of stars is seen as the man while another group nearby is the bull. Do you have anything like this in your culture? 
We do have a few stories similar to that. One is a constellation known as Durin’s Crown. It is a set of stars that Durin was said to have seen shining during the day, forming a crown above his reflection in Kheled-zâram. He took it as a good sign and built Khazad-dûm.

#ask #mirrormere #moria #gallifrayan-cat

10:50PM  
**Anonymous asked:**
Keep Safe!!!!
Thank you for your well-wishes.

#ask #anonymous

10:55PM  
**Anonymous asked:**
Clearly you've had a real tough time, and this journey seems to have had a lot of intense ups and downs emotionally speaking. I hope you find your balance and I wish you luck in your endeavors, whatever that ends up being.
Thank you.

#ask #anonymous

11PM  
**Anonymous asked:**
You messed up a wee bit, Mr. Baggins, but I think it's time for the anon hate to die down now. Hobbits aren't perfect. Dwarves sure as hell aren't perfect. Please let the hobbit live, people.
He was just dangling off a cliff.
Thank you.

#ask #anonymous

11:05PM
Anonymous asked:
I hope you get back to Rivendell safely, Mr. Baggins. Perhaps Bofur would come with you? He seems just about as done with Thorin's shit as you are (and you have every right to be). I'd hate to see you have to make that journey by yourself. You deserve to be safe and happy. I would not want to make Bofur abandon his family. It is best if I, and only I myself, left.
#ask #anonymous #hatdwarf

11:15 pm
Anonymous asked:
Master Dwarf, for what it's worth, I do believe you're doing marvellously. Your actions have spoken for you in the past decades, with caring for your people and not giving up. You have overcome greater than this. I thank you for your words and support. They are well appreciated.
#ask #anonymous

11:15PM
Anonymous asked:
I hope that none of these anons are being interpreted as actual hate, Mr. Baggins. While some are ruder than others, I think it shows that all of us are emotionally invested in your journey and just really care about your blog and Thorin's. You've been kind've an arse lately, true, but you're doing your best.
Words may be words, but they have the power to hurt even when the speaker doesn't intend it. I know this all too well, and should strive to remember it better for the future.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

11:25PM
Anonymous asked:
I'm so sorry that everything's been so rough for you Mr. Baggins, it can't be easy trying to decode members of a different race and dodge all sorts of danger at the same time. If it means anything, we believe in you entirely. You were picked for this by a WIZARD after all, surely his thousands of years of experience have given him some judge of character. Good luck, whatever you may choose.
Thank you. I am glad to have your support.
#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard

11:25 pm
Anonymous asked:
I think you may need to talk to Bilbo. I think he took what you said wrongly and may be thinking that you meant something completely else. I am aware that I need to speak with Mr Baggins. I will do so in the morning, once I have had time to gather my words and he had gotten some rest. I am sure the near fall has also shaken him and I wish to allow him time to recover.
#ask #anonymous #mr baggins
11:30PM

Come all ye pretty lassies all
And young lads in your prime
Tend to the gardens of your heart
And let no one steal your thyme

My heart it was brimming full
Of flowers everywhere
But for all the tenders I would not choose
The one I held so dear

The lilac in its first blush
I thought it'd come too soon
The larkspur was sweet but fickle, too
And the marigold has made me blue

The one who had sprouted the rose
I thought was meant to be
But when I approached the rose so dear
Striped carnations they had left for me

My heart now is overrun by weeds
And asphodel and rue
This bed once had been overfilled with thyme
Now has nothing left to plant anew

#poetry #that asshole #(to the tune of The Sprig of Thyme by Ralph Vaughan Williams)

11:33 pm

I have just overheard Mr Baggins tell Bofur that he is leaving and returning to Rivendell.
I do not think it is my place to ask him to stay, as I am the one to tell him to leave.
I wish him luck.

#the quest #bofur #mr baggins #farewell

11:34PM Farewell, Thorin Oakenshield.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

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July 14th, 2015

No posts found

July 15th, 2015

No posts found
The Hobbit is dead.

Er... Thorin? It's been an unusually long time since you updated. Everything okay?
I will explain my absence soon. But... no, things are not... okay.

What happened to Bilbo? Where's the hobbit?!
Please allow me time to gather my words and explain. I will tell everything soon.

Gandalf informs me that today is Thursday and that we were captured sometime in the hours of late Monday and early Tuesday. I will try to tell all that happened in that time.

The cave that we had taken shelter in was actually the so called Front Porch for a settlement of Goblins. As Mr Baggins was leaving to return to Rivendell, he pulled out his sword, which was glowing blue. I then noticed the floor began to shift and called out a warning that came too late. The floor opened beneath us and we slipped down a long tunnel that led to a cage.

From there, we were overtaken by the Goblins who chased us with whips before putting us in chains. We were then forcibly led before the Goblin leader.

"Who are these creatures?" the Great Goblin demanded. "Search them, look in every crack and crevasse!"

"Dwarves," said one of our capturers, as the Goblins picked through our clothes and packs. "And this!" Mr Baggins was yanked forward then with such harshness that he stumbled and fell to his knees.

"What are Dwarves and that doing here on our Front Porch?" the Great Goblin asked. "Spies, I suspect! Do you think the small one will squeal?"

"We can certainly make him," one of the Goblins laughed.

Mr Baggins looked around in horror and I could see that he was shaking. His teeth were pressed into his lower lip and I watched a single tear fall down his cheek.

A Goblin went to grab at Mr Baggins and I stepped forward and shouted, "Do not touch him!" The rage in my voice stopped the Goblin and drew all attention to me, away from the Hobbit.

"Ooh, we have hit a nerve," said the Great Goblin. Then his face changed as he recognized me, calling out my name and title. "I know someone who would pay a pretty price for your head," he told me. "Someone looking for revenge for his father's death."

My blood, which was hot with rage, then ran cold as I understood whom he was speaking of. He laughed at my expression and sent off a messenger to let the one after me know that I was the Goblin’s prisoner.

The Great Goblin then inquired, "What brings you here to us of all places? Where are you coming from and where are you going? I know your kind only too well but I should like to know all about you! Let us have the truth or I will prepare something particularly uncomfortable for this one." At
this, he motioned to Mr Baggins.

I told the Great Goblin that we were traveling to see our relatives on the other side of the Misty Mountains. He may have believed it if not for one of the Goblins who had searched us bringing forward Orcrist. It was known as Biter to the Goblins, for it had slain a great number of their kind in the past.

“Murderers and Elf-friends!” the Great Goblin called out in anger while the Goblins around us sneered at the blade. “Smash them and beat them! Bite them and gnash them! Take them away to dark holes filled with snakes, and never let them see the light again! Start with that one!” he cried, pointing at Mr Baggins at the end.

Before I could step forward, the fires around us went out, save for one that exploded upwards in a flash of blue flame. It showered down small white sparks onto the Goblins that caused them to shriek and shout.

From the darkness around us, a light flashed. It was Gandalf’s blade! It sliced through the Great Goblin and Gandalf called at us to run! Thank Mahal for Nori’s clever lockpicks, as he had been freeing us from our chains quietly during the commotion. With the chains out of the way, we grabbed our packs and swords and set of rushing behind the wizard. However, the Goblins caught up to us all too soon and we began to fight them off. It is here that we lost our burglar. I saw it all, having looked back at that moment.

Dori and Mr Baggins were fighting side by side, as many of us were, and when Dori missed a rushing Goblin, it tackled Mr Baggins, sending them both over the edge. Mr Baggins did not even shout, just looked up with wide eyes as he fell into the darkness below. Surely nothing could survive that fall, not from the height we were at.

He should have never left his home.

#the quest #the wizard #nori #mr baggins #this is all my fault

5:30 pm

The rest of our escape —

After we had cleared enough Goblins away, Gandalf led us to the exit. There were a few more minor fights before we finally escaped into the sunlight. As Goblins hate sunlight, they did not follow us for long, though Gandalf urged us to hurry anyway, as night would come eventually and then the Goblins would come. We went as quick as we could across the valley that we had exited out of, realizing that we had come out on the other side of the Misty Mountains! Though it had cost us dearly, the journey through the Goblin settlement had been a shortcut, surely cutting away days on our quest.

Once we had reached the edge of the valley, we carefully went over the edge and down the slope beyond. There was a stony path that we followed for a time. I dared not send out anyone to find a place to rest, and instead told the company to keep their eyes open. It was a time before a site was discovered — hidden in a dell on the side of the path, blocked from view by bushes and low trees. There were two boulders with a spot that could be used as a look-out post as well. We went down into the dell, being sure not to leave footprints or signs of our presence.

Once inside the dell, Gandalf counted off the company, and finally realized that we were one short.

“Where is Mr Baggins?” he asked. Dori met my gaze and then looked away.

“He is lost,” I announced. “Driven over the side during our escape by a Goblin, down in the darkness of the mountain.”

Gandalf looked surprised. “Are you sure?”

I nodded. “I saw it with my own eyes. There is no way he could have survived such a fall.”

The company grew quiet. Bofur removed his hat and sat down heavily, as if his legs had given out.

“Is there no way we can go back for him?” Ori asked quietly.

I shook my head, sitting on a low boulder, my own legs losing strength.

Balin began to speak but I spoke louder. “He is gone!”

The company returned to their silence. After a few minutes, they too found places to sit while Óin
saw to any wounds. Bombur asked if we could start a fire and my nanaddan suggested going to hunt, as the Goblins had taken much of our food. I commanded that everyone stay close and that a fire not be started. Once our wounds have been seen to, we will have to continue on before darkness falls. I could sense that Gandalf wished to say something but he kept his words to himself for now.

I keep finding myself looking for Mr Baggins, despite knowing he is not here.

#the quest #the wizard #bofur #dori #ori #my sister children #the company #mr baggins

5:40 pm

Anonymous asked:

I'm so sorry, Thorin. I would not wish harm on any of the company, but I'm sorry that it was Bilbo. I hope you are able to grieve and have a little peace before the company moves again.

Mr Baggins agreed to the risks of this quest as we all did. There will be time for grief later but for right now, we must focus on those of us who are still here and continue on before we are retaken by the Goblins. Mr Baggins gave his life for our quest, we must not let his sacrifice be in vain.

#ask #anonymous #the company #mr baggins

5:50 pm

My nanaddan have joined me where I sat and asked if they could help me redo my braids. I had not noticed that they had become tangled and disturbed from our time in the Goblin caves. I told them that they were more than welcome to and they both set about carefully unbraiding my hair and combing it out. I could see others in the company doing the same. I noted that Nori and Ori were gently re-braiding Dori’s hair.

#the quest #my sister children #nori #ori #dori

6 pm

Anonymous asked:

This is all so terrible; I’ve not got the words. How do the rest of the company fare?

It is most unfortunate and I regret this happening. The company is recovering, both from their injuries and their grief. However, we must move forward soon, with heavy hearts or no, as much relies on this quest being successful.

#ask #anonymous #the company

6:15 pm

My nanaddan have assured me that Mr Baggins’ fate was not my fault. How was it not?

I am leader of this company and it is my duty to protect those who have pledged their loyalty to me. I should have trained him better and should have protected him, knowing that he was not fully trained. I should never have been so harsh towards him. He questioned his place among the company due to my words and that caused his anger towards me. Even when we had agreed to a professional friendship, my words still hurt him and drove him away.

The last words I said to him were in anger, telling him that he was lost. How have I not been responsible for his fate?

#the quest #my sister children #mr baggins #i am sorry to have led him into such peril

6:53 pm

Mr Baggins has surprised us once again

Beyond even my hopes, Mr Baggins is alive and well!

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Óin had finished tending to our wounds, thankfully announcing that none were too inconvenient and that everyone was deemed well enough to travel. I said that we should continue on, but Gandalf
“Are you sure we cannot go back and search for Mr Baggins? He’s a very fine and hardy fellow, I’m sure he could have survived.”

“No one could have survived such a fall, even without an attacking Goblin attached to them,” I replied. “We have lost him.”

“We have not lost him,” snapped Gandalf. “I do not bring things that are of no use. You must help me find him, while his fate is still uncertain. He is my friend, after all, and I would like to see him again, dead or alive.”

“I will not risk the company’s lives going back into those abominable tunnels to look for one burglar!” I exclaimed. Did he not see that if we stop and dwell on those lost, we will never move forward?

“Well, you must either go back and help me, or continue forward without my help,” retorted Gandalf. “Why didn’t you stop that Goblin from tackling him, Dori?”

“I couldn’t have, I was busy fending other Goblins away from Ori at the same time!” snapped Dori. “You’ll excuse me if I prioritise my own flesh and blood over the Hobbit, be he your little darling or no. You nearly took off my head with Glamdring, and Thorin was stabbing here, there, and everywhere with Orcrist, I’d thought the two of you had it all squared out, never mind the rest of us. But no. It’s done now. We have to move on, Gandalf.”

“Yes, the sun is setting,” I agreed. “There’s nothing else we can do. Mr Baggins is dead, and no amount of guilt or wishing will bring him back.”

“But I am back,” said a voice, and Mr Baggins stepped into view!! Some of the company cheered while the rest were as I was, speechless with shock. Mr Baggins was clapped on the shoulder several times. He was smiling broadly as he fiddled with the pocket of his waistcoat, which I note now has no buttons.

“Mr Baggins,” I said, stepping closer. I could feel so many words rush up my throat, some of joy, some of anger. But what came out was: “Why did you come back?”

He took a moment and cleared his throat, seeming to collect his thoughts. When he did speak, he kept his gaze fixed on mine.

“I know you doubt me, I know you always have,” Mr Baggins stated. “And you’re right. I often think of Bag End. I miss my books… and my armchair, my garden!” He nodded several times before continuing. “See, that’s where I belong; that’s home.

“And that’s why I came back! Because…” Mr Baggins looked around the company before turning his eyes back to me. “Well, you don’t have one. A home. It was taken from you. And I will help you take it back, if I can.”

I was stunned by his words, as I could feel that they were heartfelt and real. I attempted to find words of my own to thank him but Gandalf interrupted; the shadows were growing long and we had little time to move before the Goblins were upon us again.

We moved quickly, grabbing our packs and covering our footprints to try to leave as little evidence of our presence as possible. It is my hope that we are able to leave the mountains with no loss.

#the quest #mr baggins #i have no words to describe the joy i am feeling

7:35 pm

Anonymous asked:

Thank goodness Mr Baggins is safe! Perhaps when you're safely away from the mountains the two of you can be more at ease with one another again and any misunderstandings you may have had can be smoothed over. Good luck making your way through the mountains without further problems!

Once we are safe, I fully intend to apologize to Mr Baggins for my harsh words before we were captured. It is my hope that he forgives me but I would understand if he chooses not to.

I thank you for the well wishes.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins
7:48 pm

We moved quickly down the stone path that we were on previously until it disappeared. The grasses and flowers along the path became scarce until they too disappeared at the end of the path. We found ourselves at the top of a wide, steep slope of fallen stones; it looked to be the remains of a landslide. When we began to move down it, it proved difficult, as the rocks and debris rolled away under our feet. There were many exclamations of panic as we tried to keep our balance, though thankfully no one fell. I stayed near Mr Baggins and we kept a hand clutched around the others’ sleeve, which helped the both of us to stay upright.

However, our movements caused the rocks above us to begin to shift and move. It was quite suddenly that we found ourselves attempting to outrun the large rocks and debris from above. Thankfully, there was a forest of pine trees at the end of the slope and the company quickly climbed up the nearest ones. Mr Baggins was too short to reach the lower branches and as we had no time to lift him up, we both stayed behind the trees as the rocks flew past. It was some time before it was safe to emerge and the ground had settled. None in the company had been hurt beside bruises on our legs and feet. With the rocks having shifted, our footprints and scent would be harder to track.

We continued into the forest with Gandalf leading the way and the shadows lengthening behind us. The trees stayed silent around us, no matter if we were pushing our way through tall bracken or over a floor of pine-needles. Eventually, we reached a clearing that led to the edge of a cliff. There were several pine trees growing on the ledge but the clearing was otherwise empty.

It was here that we began to hear the howls of what was undeniably a pack of Wargs. They sounded close and seemed to be approaching our location.

I commanded that the company get into the trees and we ran for the several trees at the end of the clearing. Once again, Mr Baggins had trouble getting to the lower branches but with mine and Dori’s help, he was able to climb up. I had just climbed up when the Wargs burst into the clearing, Orcs riding on their backs.

They shouted among themselves in Black Speech and one Orc blew a horn, clearly a summoning signal. The Wargs swarmed to the trees but were unable to reach us. As long as we are in the trees, we should be safe.

8:30 pm

The Wargs are unable to jump high enough to reach where we sit in the trees. The Orcs are discussing amongst themselves how to get us down. A few had bows and arrows and tried to shoot at us but the arrows were stopped by the tree’s branches. They quickly stopped trying to shoot, so as not to exhaust their supplies, sneering up at us.

Mr Baggins asked me if I had any plan for what to do. I had to admit that I did not. He nodded, seeming disappointed, and returned to watching the Wargs try to jump up the trees.

I started to apologize to him, for my harsh words and our situation, but Mr Baggins quickly stopped me.

“If you’ve got something important to say, really important, save for it when we’re safe,” he said. I processed this request and then agreed. Mr Baggins gave a small smile at that and turned his gaze downwards again.

9:15 pm

Unfortunately, the Orcs have finally figured out that we are in trees and that trees are capable of being cut down. They have begun hacking at the bases of the trees. Kili attempted to shoot the Orcs with their arrows but they ran into the problem of the branches being in the way.

9:30 pm
Gandalf has been asked to lend his magic to help. He looked around and discovered the trees to be full of pinecones. He grabbed one and, using the tip of his staff, lit it on fire with magic. Then, he threw the pinecone down to Nori who tossed it to me, as I was at the lowest branch. I aimed and threw it at one of the Wargs. It immediately lit the Warg aflame, including its rider. The Warg panicked and ran forward, bringing itself and its rider over the cliff.

The company cheered and Gandalf started lighting more pinecones. We gathered all the pinecones around us and lit them with the magic fire from the flaming pinecones passed to us. The Orcs quickly retreated away from the base of the trees, running from the fire. We are safe, for now.

9:45 pm

The Orcs came forward after a while and began to use the fire that they had gathered to set the trees ablaze. The flames have crept up the trees slowly and the Orcs have come as close to the trees as they dare, smirking up at us.

Gandalf says that while he skilled at starting fires, controlling and dousing them is quite a bit harder.

10:19 pm

The Orc leader has revealed himself and it is none other than Bolg, son of Azog the Defiler. Azog killed my father, so I killed him years ago. Now Bolg seeks revenge. If it is a fight he desires, then so be it.

If I do not survive this fight, it is my wish that the quest continues on and that Erebor is reclaimed. My title shall pass to Fíli, the firstborn child of my sister, Dís, and my chosen heir. To my company, I thank you for your loyalty and service. No leader could ask for a better team of friends at their side. And to Mr Baggins, I offer my deepest apologies for my harsh words and actions towards you. They were done in anger and confusion, though that does not forgive them. If I am successful in this fight and make it through, I promise to make it up to you.

Mahal give me strength.

Bilbo

11:34PM Finally catching up!

Disappointingly, the rumours of my death have been, in fact, greatly exaggerated. Also, I am still travelling with the Company. In fact, we seem to have finally made it out of the Misty Mountains. I am currently writing this in an eyrie belonging to a Giant Eagle, feeling like a piece of bacon that has been recently taken out of the pan and placed back on the shelf.

What a night. What a past… three days, actually? Gandalf mentioned before the business with the Wargs that today is Thursday, and since we’d been captured sometime between Monday and Tuesday, I’ve been missing for about three days then.

Oh yes. There was some business with the Wargs. I shall tell the tale in two or three subsequent posts, after I’ve gathered the rest of my wits and have had something more than wild berries to eat.

11:38PM

Anonymous asked:

Mahal preserve us?!? Bilbo, I am incredibly surprised by how narrow some of these Anons have been. Also how are you?? On Thorins blog it said you fell?? During the fight with the Goblins?? Please do let us know you are alright when you have a chance.
Narrow people will be narrow. Gandalf says we’ve been in the mountains for three days, so for three days of not much food or water I’d say I was doing quite well. I did, in fact, fall during the fight with the Goblins, but I’m quite alright now, especially in comparison to others, like Thorin, who was recently injured. Thanks for your concern.

#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard #that asshole

11:42PM Out of the Frying Pan, Part One

So, let me just begin with this: I really did have every intention to leave for Rivendell. I couldn’t continue to face Thorin, not after my embarrassment with the confession and his continued disdain towards my usefulness on the Quest. But I had barely taken a step towards the opening of the cave when I noticed that my sword was glowing.

~~

Now, Elf-forged swords glow blue in the presence of Goblins and Orcs, and the cave should have been empty, but a crack appeared and threw all of us down into the lair of the Goblins of Goblin-town. They are these wicked-looking creatures, all leers and sneers and very pale, as if they had never seen the light of day in their dark mountain-tunnels, and they sang this horrible song in their language as they chained and whipped and led us on into the heart of the mountain. I don’t make any pretences as to know what they really sang about, but I suspect it’d go something like this:

*Clap! Snap! the black crack!*
*Grip, grab! Pinch, nab!*
*And down down to Goblin-town*
*You go, my lad!*

*Swish, smack! Whip crack!*
*Batter and beat! Yammer and bleat!*
*Work, work! Nor dare to shirk,*
*While Goblins quaff, and Goblins laugh,*
*Round and round far underground*
*Below, my lad!*

We were brought in chains to the Great Goblin, who demanded to know who we were and why we were there. I was immediately chosen to be the first victim. I have never met Goblins or Orcs, but after meeting these — after seeing the Great Goblin with his enlarged neck — I can safely say that if I never have to meet another Goblin again in my life, it would be too soon. At the time, of course, I was terrified, especially when they dragged me forward and the Great Goblin threatened to torture the details of our Quest out of me.

That’s when Thorin stepped forward. He told them to keep their hands off me. The Great Goblin seemed to recognise him, however, and mentioned that there was an Orc in Gundabad who would love to talk to him about revenge. Thorin insisted that we were merely trying to visit family in the East, but the Goblins then brought out Thorin’s sword, Orcrist, and, well. Things rapidly went downhill from there. We were to be locked up in the darkest dungeons, never to breathe fresh air again, and to be subject to a thousand tortures, and probably enslaved on top of that.

Except that was Gandalf’s cue to step in and stab the Great Goblin to death, his sword glowing pale and cold in the darkness that he had brought with him as a diversion.

Gandalf yelled for us to run, and we didn’t need to be told twice — we grabbed our packs and swords and ran. While Thorin had been distracting the Great Goblin, Nori had in fact been freeing us from our chains with his hidden lockpicks, and Gandalf only had to touch Thorin’s chains with his staff to free him as well. The sudden darkness might have given us a bit of a head’s start, but the Goblins were soon upon us after that, and then we were fighting tooth and nail to escape the Goblins altogether.

We were doing quite well on that front, I think, as everyone in the Company was skilled at fighting,
Gandalf certainly knew which end of Glamdring was the business end, and even I managed to stick my sword into a couple Goblins and shove some others off the rickety wooden platforms that made up most of Goblin-town. So we were all capable of fending for ourselves, and Gandalf was leading us to the exit as quickly as he dared. I could see Fíli looking after Kíli, as his sibling was very intensely focused on shooting Goblins and not much else.

And then Dori couldn’t swing in time to hit a Goblin heading straight for me, and the force of that Goblin when it tackled me brought us both over the ledge. I think the last thing I saw was Thorin’s horrified expression, and then I was falling into the darkness, deeper into the bowels of the mountain with this Goblin attached to me.

#adventureblogging #the company #meddling wizard #winedwarf #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

11:48PM Out of the Frying Pan, Part Two

I’m still not sure how I survived that fall, as it had to be several hundred feet in a straight plunge. But I landed on the Goblin that had tackled me, killing them, and there had also been a pile of mushrooms below us. I was hungry, of course, but I didn’t dare eat any.

That’s when I met this little stinker called Gollum.

~~

I don’t think they call themselves Gollum; it’s just the noise they make sometimes. They had bulging eyes that glowed in the dark and a pale, malnourished body, and these scraggles of hair on their head, and their spine was twisted and curved as if they had forgotten how to walk upright, moving like some sort of animal in the darkness of the mountain. They wore nothing but filthy rags around their loins, and their voice was hoarse and hissing. I was very keenly reminded of the stories of Mewlips from my childhood: slinking, stinking creatures from the marshes beyond the mountains that fed on travellers and collected their bones in a sack. Gollum certainly made short work of the Goblin that had fallen with me, and when they first saw me, they wondered if I was juicy and tender for eating.

Of course, not wanting to be eaten, I challenged them to a game of riddles and won, though they were very displeased at my victory and tried to attack me anyway. So I avoided them as best as I could, and sneakily crept behind them as they inadvertently led me out of the mountain.

I had thought, at some point, that I would kill them, especially when they were all that remained between me and the passage outside. I could see the sun shining through the cracks, could even see the Company fleeing out, led by Gandalf. I wanted to shout for them, but I didn’t want to draw Gollum’s attention to me.

I could have killed that thing; they were unaware of me at the moment, and I had a sword. But I couldn’t. The creature was too pitiful to kill.

So I leapt over them in the dark and escaped the Goblin-tunnels, and I could hear them screaming behind me: “Thief! Thief! Thief! Curse the Baggins, we hates it, we hates it forever!”

But I was too busy running out into the sunlight to care.

#adventureblogging #the company #meddling wizard

11:55PM And Into the Fire

Well, I’d escaped. That’s the good news. My pack is missing a couple things, like my bedroll and clothes (though the Goblins didn’t steal my Elvish robes or books, it seems; they don’t have much fondness for Elvish-made things), and the clothes on me are now ruined because I lost the buttons on my waistcoat in my bid for freedom. But I escaped. And now I had to find the Company.

~~

I’d somehow gotten out to the Eastern side of the Mountains, so I suppose our adventure underground had its uses after all, and the sun was slipping towards the horizon when I found the Company, all gathered some ways away in a copse of woods, talking about me. Bofur was sneezing into his coat rag and dabbing at his eyes, and even Thorin looked winded.

Gandalf kept on insisting that the Company send people back into the mountains to look for me, but Thorin insisted that no one could have survived that fall. He would not risk the rest of the Company
for me because he was convinced that I was dead. They had to move on if they were to survive the Goblins that night.

That was when I stepped out and revealed myself. The looks on their faces! Thorin was convinced that he had seen a ghost, and several members of the Company patted me, as if to make sure I was really there. And after Thorin collected himself, he asked me why I chose to return. He stepped towards me, and everything came rushing back. The decision to be professional. The confession. The feelings, all of it. And I think something within me stirred a little more, though I’m still not sure what to name it.

And I remembered why I came back. When I was leaving for Rivendell, I had thought that being a member of the Company meant that I had to be a Dwarf, or I had to have had a personal stake in the restoration of Erebor, or that I could hold my own in a fight. But no, being part of the Company was easier than that. It was believing in a home. One doesn’t have to have lost family members to the Dragon to want to see Erebor reclaimed once more. I thought of Bag End, of what I would do if Dragons or Goblins or wicked Men had come to the Shire and laid waste to its green fields and enslaved its people.

I knew, then, that while I did miss my own home, these Dwarves didn’t have a home of their own, and it was not only my duty to them as their burglar, but as their friend, to help them obtain one.

And I told Thorin that, and the look on his face made my stomach flop like a fish again. I didn’t have time to dwell on this new feeling because then Gandalf started hustling us away from the mountains, as the sun was indeed setting, and he wanted us out of the range of the Goblins by nightfall. We did kill the Great Goblin, after all, and news surely would have spread.

Well, those news caught up with us in a pine thicket on the edge of a cliff. The Wargs that had been following us since perhaps before Rivendell finally showed themselves as we climbed the trees to avoid them, and I will admit, their size nearly made me piss in my trousers like a fauntling. I don’t know how I avoided it. The Wargs were mounted by Orcs, which are much bigger Goblins, I suppose, more brawny, more battle-hardened.

The fight was in our favour for a while, at least before their leader showed up. Gandalf had lit up several pinecones and we hurled them down at the Wargs trying to bring down our trees. But eventually, due to the Wargs and the Orcs’ concerted efforts, all of our trees began to topple except the very last one at the very tip of the cliff before a very sharp drop.

The Orcs then parted their ranks to let their leader through. He was a particularly brutish fellow with one eye missing. He called himself Bolg, son of Azog the Defiler, the Orc that Thorin slew years ago at Azanulbizar.

And Bolg wanted to requite Thorin “an arm for an arm, and a head for a head.”

At that, the very last tree started to topple, and many of us were left dangling over the cliff, clinging for dear life onto one another and the tree’s failing branches. The Orcs began to taunt us:

*Fifteen birds in a big fir tree,*  
their feathers were fanned in a fiery breeze!  
*But, funny little birds, they had no wings!*  
*O what shall we do with the funny little things?*  
*Come down, little birds, come down and sing!*

“Come down, little bird,” echoed Bolg, “and come face me.”

To my horror, Thorin did. He grabbed his sword and a branch to serve for his shield, and began to charge, but Bolg was quicker, and he and his Warg made short work of Thorin, finally slamming him against the rock, defenseless and beaten and most likely bleeding from where the Warg had bitten into his abdomen like a chew toy.

Bolg called for Thorin’s head, and one of the other Orcs moved to behead Thorin.

And I did the stupidest thing I think I have ever done in my life. At least, up to this point. I have no idea why I did it, but I suspect it had something to do with the new feeling inside me, this strange and fierce fire that drove away all reason. I charged and tackled that Orc, and I stabbed it to death, and I
clambered to my feet in front of Thorin’s prone body with my sword at the ready. I was right. I had no room in my head for any of the training that Thorin had done with me. Not in a situation in which only my instincts mattered. But my wild bluffing didn’t last long, as the rest of the Company then took the opportunity to come and help me.

It might have made for a nice last stand, I suppose, all of us defending our fallen leader, but then the Giant Eagles showed up and took us all away, and here I am, stuck up in an Eagle’s eyrie awaiting my fate.

I don’t know where Thorin is. The last I saw him, he was clutched in the talons of one of the Eagles. I only hope that he is all right.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that horrible terrible nearly gave me a heart attack asshole #the company
#meddling wizard #hatdwarf

11:56PM
exileddurin asked:
I am so sorry for what I said, for making you believe that you had no place among us. It is too late to ask for your forgiveness, and I know that you will not be able to read this, but it may give me closure to grieve for you here in this spot, as it will be closer to you than I will ever be. Farewell, Mr Baggins.
Did you send this to me when you thought I was dead, Thorin?
It’s
Rather sweet, actually.
Thank you.
Please get better soon.

#ask #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #exileddurin

11:58PM
Anonymous asked:
Safe journey, Mr. Baggins. Be careful on the way back to Rivendell, all right?
I thank you for your kind words, but I think my path has put me back onto the same road as the Company’s, as there is no way I am going back through the Goblin-tunnels to return to the other side of the Misty Mountains.

#ask #anonymous #the company

July 17th, 2015
Bilbo

12:23AM I have been flown out to a ledge called the Great Shelf, which is only accessible by flying. Unless Wargs can fly, I suspect we’ll be safe here.

#adventureblogging

12:30AM Gandalf has apparently struck a deal with the Eagles. While he and Óin tend to Thorin, the Eagles will let us make camp on the Great Shelf and bring us sustenance. Then, once Thorin is healed, the Eagles will set us down as far eastward as they dare, which is nowhere near any of the settlements of Men east of the mountains, apparently. The leader of the Eagles and Gandalf have a good relationship, which means that, at the very least, we won’t be ripped up like rabbits to be eaten.
12:46AM
Anonymous asked:
I'm happy to hear you're well. Take good care of Thorin. That great lump would be lost without his burglar by his side.
I'm afraid he'd be lost even when I keep both of my eyes on him. Remember, this is the same bloke who gets lost in the Bindbale Woods. He might not be able to find his way out of a burlap sack, if he ever got himself into one.
But yes, I do intend to take care of him.

1:42AM We have had several rabbits, hares, and a small sheep, as well as kindling, brought up to us for an extremely late meal. Bombur set about cooking, and I helped as best as I could, though it wasn’t much as I was caught between exhaustion and worry.
When Thorin wakes, I shall have to apologise to him.

2:10AM
Anonymous asked:
Where do you get your inspiration for the names of the ponies you ride?
Flowers, usually. Except Bo’s; Bongo had been named after a creature in Hobbit lore.

2:32AM
Anonymous asked:
Hello Mr Baggins. I was wondering if you could give me some advice regarding flowers and their meanings. If you're not busy of course. You seem knowledgeable with flora and their language, and I was curious. For example, is there a particular flower that someone can express regret and apologise with? And which flowers have the meanings of friendship and love? Thank you for your time.
Purple hyacinth, as well as the combination of hawthorn, hazel, and chervil mean “please forgive me”. Friendship and love, however, can be expressed in multitudes of flowers. Yellow roses, ivy, chrysanthemums, geraniums all mean friendship, whereas lavender, myrtle, and daisies (amongst several other different types of flowers) convey love, depending on the type of love that you mean to express. Red roses, of course, are fairly standard, and I have heard that the Dúnedain use the windflower as a message of love (but I wouldn’t recommend that if you want to woo a Hobbit; windflowers to us mean death).

2:50AM
Anonymous asked:
To give you a break from the nigh-upon-endless queries about you-know-who, something about other co-questers. What do you think of Glóin and Óin?
Óin is an excellent healer, despite the fact that he tends to holler at people and require them to holler back on account of his ear trumpet (which sometimes is not very conducive to healing, I think). He is very knowledgable on medicinal herbs and his headache-curing willow bark tea works wonders. Glóin, on the other hand, I have not interacted with as frequently as I have before, but he does have a good eye for detail and consistency and is apparently the bookkeeper for the irritating Conspiracy. His wife, however, is a great beauty, and he has a son and a daughter. I hope to meet them someday.
6:17AM I woke to find myself close to Thorin’s sickbed, which was a compilation of salvaged bedrolls and cloaks from the other Company members. I must have dozed off waiting for him to wake up, which is unfortunate, as Óin told me that Thorin had actually woken from the healing spell Gandalf had used on him minutes after I dozed off on the watch.

I asked if Thorin would be all right, and Óin nodded, saying that despite seven broken ribs, the shoulder of his sword arm becoming dislocated again, and numerous bite injuries being treated to prevent infection, Thorin would actually pull through. Gandalf’s spell speeds up the healing process, especially when the patient is asleep, so if he manages to keep Thorin knocked out with valerian tea for the rest of the day and night, we might actually have him fit enough for light travel tomorrow. I volunteered to tend to him, as I did owe him an apology. Óin taught me the right dosage for the tea — potent, but not damaging.

I asked him if there was something else he wasn’t telling me. Óin got quiet for a moment, and then admitted that the fall Thorin had taken in his fight against Bolg had actually knocked his head about quite badly, and while Gandalf’s spell has successfully halted most of the damage, there may be some long-term effects to his thinking and his moods. I joked that Thorin couldn’t possibly get any grouchier than he already is, but Óin shrugged, and said that Dwarves have hard heads, so whatever knock could have rendered a Dwarf unconscious might have been fatal for an Elf or a Man.

I do hope Thorin’s recovery is swift and that the effects aren’t too noticeable. We can’t lose our leader, not now.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #trumpetdwarf #meddling wizard #actually being of use for once

8:06AM

Anonymous asked:

Take care of that majestic lump and of yourself, alright? We’re rooting for you!

Thank you for your words of encouragement!

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

11:30 am

Thorin

My vision is blurdred slightly but I can see that Mr Baggins is still beside mae. I woke early, when the moonn was stilhl present in the sky, to find mR Baggins asleep at my side. Gandalf told me that hte Hobbit uhad not left it since we ewre brought to this place. I cannot recall where we are exactly, but i have memory of a great bird.

Mr BAaggin,s and Óin much earlier, have given me xa tea that is slightvly foul to the tngoue but helps me to sleep. I have been assured that I am well, but that sleep si the best option for now.

I am pleased inthat Mr Baggins is here, actual flesh and bone, abnd that I did not simpily dream his return. I tried to tell him this but he just told me tlo dwrink the tea and that we would properly talk later.

#the quest #mr baggins #the wizard #oin

11:37AM Thorin woke, briefly. He kept on muttering things I couldn’t quite hear. Gandalf checked him over again to examine the progress of the spell, and made some very pleased noises, so I guess Thorin is on the mend, however slowly. He held onto my hand and kept on mumbling nonsense, which I suppose might have been an honest stab at an apology, so I told him I was sorrier, and that he had to drink his tea so he could get better and then we can apologise to each other properly.

It doesn’t help that he has nothing on from the waist up, so that Óin and I can change his bandages.
from where the Warg bit him. They compress his chest a little, to help splint the ribs, and Nori has been helping us monitor his breathing to make sure it is deep and even despite the bindings, as I hear he’s quite the authority on that.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard #pointydwarf #trumpetdwarf

2:10PM Thinking back to what I was like before the Goblin-town adventure, I must admit, I was a bit of a prat. The Road is nothing like Rivendell; I couldn’t have possibly expected Thorin on the Road to be the same as Thorin in Rivendell. Of course, he could do with pointers on how to express concern for someone without making it feel like he’s criticising them, but I guess what matters more is that he actually, genuinely cares. And I had been blind to that somehow. I wonder if the Eagles would catch us a duck or two. But I suppose Thorin might not be capable of eating duck at this time.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

4:20 pm

I woke to hands on my chest and saw that it was Mr Baggins. He had bandages in his hands, though he paused when he saw that I was awake. He asked how he fared but he told me to return to sleep, saying again that we would speak properly together later.

I thanked him for staying at my side. He gave me more tea and returned to bandaging my chest.

#the quest #mr baggins

4:23PM Thorin woke again to me dipping his fresh bandages in thyme and reapplying them. His words now seem more articulate, yet he’s still speaking nonsense. I have had to make him drink his tea yet again. He’ll have quite a need to make water when he wakes tomorrow morning.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

5:19PM Gandalf says Thorin is healing faster than even he expected, although the effects of the head injury may still require some time to recover from. The solution is, of course, more tea.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

7PM I haven’t given much thought to these new feelings, but they seem to sit more comfortably in my chest than the ones from before. I shall give it more thought tomorrow, or whenever Thorin wakes properly and we can continue with our Quest.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:21PM Anonymous asked:

I’m glad that these new feelings are more comfortable for you, and I hope you figure them out and can talk with Thorin about it once he’s healed. It would be nice for the two of you to have a closer relationship; whatever that may end up being. I wish you the best of luck. Take care of yourself and Thorin too.

Thank you for your words of encouragement. At the very least, I shall have to apologise for misjudging his character. I still think a relationship closer than the professional distance we have agreed to may be unwise, though.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole
9:04PM Óin insists I get some sleep, as he will tend to Thorin in the night. I told him I would sleep close by, so that he could get me if he needed help. Óin’s eyes twinkled at me, and he told me not to worry.
Still can’t help it, though.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #trumpetdwarf

10:45 pm
I awoke and can feel that my mind is starting to clear. My vision remains slightly blurry, though Óin believes that will fade within the next few days. He says that I hit my head quite harshly, and will need time to recover. He also explained that Gandalf used some magic to help me heal faster.
I looked to my side to see that Mr Baggins was asleep there. Óin said that he had not left my side all day, tending to me while Óin saw to the others. I asked if Mr Baggins had sustained any injuries, but Óin told me that he could not understand what I was saying, that I was speaking nonsense. When he saw my panic, he quickly assured that it would also pass with time.
Óin made me another cup of the tea. Somehow, the teas that Mr Baggins has been making for me, though the same tea, have tasted better.
#the quest #mr baggins #the wizard #oin

July 18th, 2015

Bilbo

5:10AM I dreamt of Bag End last night, of wandering through my home looking for something I know I’ve only found recently, though I can’t for the life of me remember what it is I’ve discovered.
#adventureblogging

Thorin

6:30 am

When I awoke earlier this morning, my vision had cleared more, though it was not fully back to its normal state. Mr Baggins, who was at my side, seemed to understand me when I spoke, though he did tell me that some words were still nonsense. He assured me that he could understand me well enough now, and that given more time, my full range of speech should return.
My chest is still wrapped and Óin says that the wrappings will remain until my ribs heal. Nori has come over and given me tips on how to breathe properly with the bindings. He suggested breathing through my nose, as the mouth could pull in too much air. Also, he showed me that equally using my chest and stomach to breathe took pressure off of my lower ribs. I thanked him for the advice and he waved it off. Nori suggested to Óin that my bandages be kept loose, as too much compression could hurt my chest more, and I need room to breathe properly. Óin listened to the advice and Nori departed.
I was allowed to sit up and Óin listened to my breathing. He said that it sounded well, though I should not push it. He instructed that I do some light coughing every few hours, to prevent infection. He had me cough then, despite the discomfort I felt at doing so. He said that that would happen but it was better to have some mild pain than for things to get worse. He departed and I stayed seated for as
long as I dared, tired of lying down. A rock with my furs laid over them was brought over, so that I could sit with support. Mr Baggins brought me broth to drink and some water. I thanked him for the care that he had been providing and he insisted that it was nothing. I feel that whatever anger he was holding before has left him, for he seems to have found some sort of peace that reminds me of our time in Rivendell.

6:42AM Thorin’s awake, and sounding a lot more coherent than he had been yesterday. I’ve given him some broth instead of the valerian tea, and Nori has been going through some deep breathing exercises with him. Óin says that Thorin is to do those exercises, along with some light coughing, once an hour to make sure his lungs don’t get infected while his ribs are on the mend. From what I’m seeing, a great deal of Thorin’s torso is covered in bandages from either splinting his ribs or from the wounds he sustained from his time as a Warg’s chew toy. Óin has pointed out all the splinting bandages and told me to keep those loose on him to make sure his lungs expand properly. Also on my list of duties (besides changing the bandages for his wounds) is to administer willow-bark tea whenever Thorin expresses signs of discomfort, and to make sure he walks around and moves the shoulder that didn’t get re-dislocated, so that he can more easily clear his lungs.

6:55am Mr Baggins asked about how we escaped the Goblin caves. I told him the simple story and then asked how he had survived his fall and how he had escaped. Óin, who was still nearby, said that it was quite the tale and Mr Baggins turned red, explaining that he had already told the company what had happened, though he would not mind telling it again. Mr Baggins told me of his fall and the place that he woke up in. He described the creature he met, Gollum, and told about the game of riddles that he had to play. Finally, he explained how he crept past Gollum and the Goblin guards and escaped. I wanted to ask how he accomplished such a feat, but felt that it would be rude. Gandalf did assure us that Mr Baggins was a first-rate burglar, after all. Mr Baggins went on to lament the loss of the buttons on his waistcoat. Once his story was done, Mr Baggins helped me to stand and to walk around for a while, making sure to stretch my good shoulder. My other was in a sling, having been hurt again in my confrontation with Bolg. As we walked, I praised Mr Baggins on his escape from the Goblin caves. His face turned red and he assured that it had not been as great as it seemed. Though I had not been there, I argued that it must have been, as it took a clever mind to think of riddles while under such pressure. Then to escape, under the noses of the creature and the Goblins! Mr Baggins insisted that I had gone back to speaking nonsense and sat me down again against the rock. His face continued to be red, however, and he seemed to be failing at ridding himself of his smile.

7:02AM I’ve gotten Thorin’s account on how they managed to escape the Goblins. I also retold my side of the tale. The Company had been quite delighted to hear about my own adventure yesterday. Ori had even called Gollum a ‘first-rate villain’. Thorin was quite attentive to my story, and praised my supposed bravery (I certainly felt none of that at the time) as we walked around the camp afterwards. It gets harder and harder to stay professional by the minute, as my heart beats out a mile every time I look at him. It feels as if he is only here by
some sort of miracle, as if he will disappear if I blink too hard at him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #scribedwarf

7:10 am

I questioned Mr Baggins on what had happened with his confrontation of Bolg, as the last thing that I had seen before passing out was him defending me. He explained the entire fight and how the company had joined in. He told of the Eagles coming in to help and bringing us to our current location, their home.

I asked him if he, or any of the company, has sustained any injuries in the fight. He assured me that everyone was fine, that I was the one who needed to be seen to. I told him that his actions had been very brave and I thanked him for coming to my aid. He mumbled that it had been nothing, simply defending the leader of the company.

I tried to smile but my chest began hurting, perhaps because I was breathing wrong. I do not know why, but Mr Baggins noticed my discomfort and quickly made me a cup of willow-bark tea to soothe the pain. He kept his hand near mine as I drank, to be sure that I did not spill any. I admit that that was more distracting than the chest pain.

#the quest #mr baggins

7:20AM I’ve also told Thorin of everything that happened after his confrontation with Bolg. He admits he had been worried for my health, as my rather badly-executed tackle had been the last thing he saw before he lost consciousness. He asked me if I or the others had been hurt, and I replied that none of us had suffered worse than he. He did that strange quirk with his mouth that was probably his closest approximation to a smile while still trying to look stern and majestic. He then grimaced in pain, as if that almost-smile had taken too much effort, and I had to give him some willow-bark tea.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

7:52 am

Mr Baggins and I were walking and I could feel my apology to him weighing on my tongue. I thanked him for his care thus far, as I felt like an invalid, barely able to stand on my own or breathe properly. Mr Baggins simply laughed and said that I could not be an invalid, not with Erebor still unreclaimed.

His words reminded me of the quest, and the apology that I still owed him. Mr Baggins said he was sorry for the comment but I told him that it was my own apology weighing on me. He brought up his own actions since we had left Rivendell, and I said that my own actions towards him had been harsh and uncalled for.

“Did I not say that you were too soft and unfit for the Road, that you had been lost since you left home, that you should have never come with us?” I said to him, the words tasting bitter in my mouth.

Had I truly said that? Mr Baggins stared up at me with wide eyes and I felt our agreement to stay professional friends starting to break down.

“I have never been so wrong in my life,” I admitted and moved forward to hug him. He tensed for a moment, and I planned to release him, but then he relaxed entirely. His own arms did not come up to return the gesture, but his head came forward to rest against my shoulder. Perhaps he felt the agreement wear away as well.

#the quest #mr baggins
8AM I’m not sure what just happened, actually.

I was walking Thorin after our breakfast of cold rabbit and mutton with the Company. He asked me how I was faring, tending to an old invalid like him, and I laughed, saying that he was far from invalid, especially with Erebor still unreclaimed.

That seemed to make him get a little more quiet, and he stopped, looking at me with a strange expression on his face. I apologised for my comment, to which he replied that it was not my comment that affected him, but rather something that he had been reminded of — he had not apologised to me yet for his behaviour prior to our adventure in the Goblin-tunnels.

I told him that I had actually meant to broach the topic, as I had been meaning to apologise as well, especially for misjudging his intentions. He told me that he, in turn, owed me an apology for doubting my abilities.

“Oh, I probably deserved your anger. I’ve been quite the tosser since we left Rivendell,” I said. “Still does not excuse me from treating you in a way that would have caused you to misjudge my intentions, as you put it,” he replied. “Did I not say that that you were too soft and unfit for the Road, that you had been lost since you left home, that you should have never come with us?”

He seemed to be searching for something in my face as he said it. I was dimly aware of the other Company members watching us, as well as a Giant Eagle or two circling above. I felt exposed, vulnerable.

Thorin’s expression softened very rapidly then. “I have never been so wrong in all my life,” he admitted then, and enfolded me in a hug so tight that I was worried would re-break his ribs. I resisted the urge to bury my nose in Thorin’s hair, as I could hear the clink of coins from where the Company was gathered.

Where had that come from, that apology, that embrace? I had more cause to be sorry than he, and I told him so. I’m not a hero, or a warrior, or even a burglar. He had every right to doubt me as he did, considering the amount of times I’ve treated his kindness with presumptuousness and disdain.

Maybe this is an invitation to start anew?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company #my heart might have skipped a beat

9:35AM Óin has declared Thorin fit enough for light travel, and the Eagles have flown us to the top of a hill of stone overlooking a river with a shallow ford. We then bid the Eagles farewell, though Glóin thought it a shame that they could not stay, as they would certainly be “handy in a pinch”.

Gandalf merely replied that the Giant Eagles are not beasts of burden, and would not dare to risk their lives for Dwarves in venturing closer to Smaug’s domain. Asking them to bring us here is favour enough, he says, and now it is up to us to continue on our own.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #firedwarf #meddling wizard #trumpetdwarf

9:45 AM Once I was deemed well enough to travel, the Eagles flew us to a stone hill. We thanked them for the favor they paid us and they departed. Despite my bill of health, I still felt tired from the travel. My nanaddan found me a spot to rest against and I think I shall sleep for a while.

#the quest #my sister children

12:04PM Over lunch I got more information from Gandalf about this place. He calls it the Carrock, named so for the stone stairway carved into the side of the hill leading to the ford. When I asked him who built the stairway, he merely tapped the side of his nose and told me that he would reveal all in good time, as there was no point in calling on the master of the fields beyond while Thorin is still too weak to travel to his house.
I would have asked more questions, but Gandalf then found the leftover mutton he was eating quite fascinating, and I couldn’t get another word out of him. Dratted Wizard.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard

12:25 pm

Dwalin woke me to tell me that lunch was ready and lead me to where the others were sitting. There is talk of climbing down from where we are, apparently called the Carrock, to the river at the bottom of the hill. The company is voicing their deep need for a bath, as we are all covered in dust, sweat, and Goblin blood.

#the quest #dwalin #the company

1:26 PM Fili and Kili have been taking turns helping me get down the staircase, as they are clearly carved for Big Folk instead of little Hobbits like myself. Dwalin is supporting Thorin up ahead, who only looks to be struggling as much as I am because of his ribs.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #brawnsdwarf

1:45 pm

We traveled down from the Carrock, Dwalin helping me as I went. My chest hurt while we made our way down but once I was settled at the bottom, the pain eased. Óin had a somewhat cold cup of willow-bark tea ready for me, having anticipated the pain. I thanked him and he checked my bandages again. He had given me an all clear and said that it would be wise to bath in the river, as it will wash out the wounds and help prevent infection, though he warned me to go easy. I promised that I would and would most likely seek help, as some of the wounds are on my back. Óin winked at that and suggested that I ask Mr Baggins for aid, and then turned away before I could answer. It would seem the wagers are still going on, then.

#the quest #mr baggins #dwalin #oin

2PM Gandalf will be leaving us soon.

At the foot of the steps, and just before the ford, there is a cave that we’ve made camp in. Gandalf had Fili and Kili search every last crevice of this one before we set down our meagre supplies and debated what to do. There is only food enough for one or two more days, Óin’s supply of herbs have been either used up or confiscated, and the majority of us lack bedrolls.

Gandalf says that this is not his adventure, he was never contracted like I was, and he has other business to tend to in the south. He had, apparently, only meant to get us across the mountains. But he would introduce us to the man who is master of the pastures beyond the ford, and if all things go well — as said man has little fondness for Dwarves — we would get supplies and a day or two reprieve from travelling to ensure Thorin’s full health.

The man in question, Beorn, is a skin-changer. Not a furrier, as I believed at first, but someone with the ability to transform into an animal. He named the Carrock and holds domain over the birds and beasts of his lands. Thus, the Company has been banned from hunting in the area, for fear of killing something that serves Beorn.

#adventureblogging #the company #thing 1 #thing 2 #trumpetdwarf #meddling wizard
2:15 pm
We have made camp inside of a cave, though this one has been thoroughly searched and deemed safe by Gandalf himself. After doing so, however, he announced his soon-to-be departure. He said that he had an acquaintance nearby, a skin-changer by the name of Beorn who would help us with our dwindling supplies and a night or two in his home, to let us rest and fully recover our strength.
Gandalf said he would stay to introduce us to Beorn, as the skin-changer is not overly fond of Dwarves.
When asked where he was planning to go, Gandalf said that he had some very important business in the South and revealed that he had not planned to continue with us for the entire quest in the first place. I protested that he had indeed said that he would travel with us but he argued that he had never signed any contract of any sort. There was grumbling amongst the company, as a wizard was a fine companion to have, but it was true — Gandalf had never signed a contract, and thus could leave whenever he wished.

#the quest #the wizard #beorn

3:19PM We went bathing in the ford outside the camp. The coldness of the water shocked me at first, but eventually I grew accustomed to the temperature. I can’t quite recall the last time I took a bath, and I certainly felt dirty and unwashed just looking at the clear, refreshing water in the ford. And bathing with the rest of the Company was not as big a problem as it was before in Rivendell, as now I’ve seen absolutely everything of all of the Dwarves. Well, all except one, I suppose.
I had to help bathe Thorin, as he had all of his injuries to tend to. His wounds from the Warg’s teeth are healing slowly, and the water is clear and cold enough to clean them. I also helped with his hair, as his bad shoulder prevented him from washing his hair effectively, and it is now drying and waiting to be rebraided by Fíli and Kíli. The two of them have offered to teach me the braids, but I declined, suspecting them to be up to no good.
He is my patient. Whatever I may feel for him should have no bearing on how I treat him. I must remain professional, no matter what.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #thing 1 #thing 2

3:30 pm
It has been an hour and I can still feel Mr Baggins’ fingers in my hair.

#the quest #mr baggins

4:30PM Bombur is trying to make do with our pitiful supplies, augmented only by nuts and berries that we have found growing in the trees and bushes nearby. At this point I would even eat acorns, as bitter as they are to the taste. But I’m sure Bombur will figure something out.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

5:15 pm
I asked Mr Baggins about the riddles that he answered in his game of wits against Gollum. He had not gone into detail on the riddles before, but I was curious on what they were. Balin asked for Mr Baggins to retell the entire tale, as he was still in awe of the Hobbit’s skill at sneaking past not only the Goblins and Gollum, but also past Balin’s watch.
Mr Baggins looked a bit shy but the company urged him on and he began his retelling, including what riddles were said. He even gave pauses so that the company may try to guess the answers before he could tell them.

5:32PM Over supper, Balin has asked me to recount my encounter with Gollum and escape from the Goblins once more. He still thinks it a miracle that I managed to sneak past him to surprise the rest of the Company, as nothing gets past his keen hawkish eyes. It’s as if he suspects that I’m not telling him the full story.

Well, he’s right, but now is hardly the time or the place to let them in on the details. Maybe after Erebor is reclaimed, I’ll tell them the secrets to my success.

5:40PM Ori and Kíli are having fun coming up with riddles to stump me with. I’m afraid they’re not quite good at it, as they keep on giving me chestnuts.

5:55PM Balin gave me a good stumper of a riddle. Here it is:

> Often talked of, never seen,
> Ever coming, never been,
> Daily looked for, never here,
> Still approaching, coming near.
> Thousands for it’s visit wait
> But alas for their fate,
> Tho’ they expect me to appear,
> They will never find me here.

6:15 pm

Kíli and Ori have been attempting to come up with riddles to stump Mr Baggins but they have just about given up, as each one they attempt, Mr Baggins manages to answer quite quickly. He seems amused though, smirking as he watched Kíli and Ori whisper together to come up with new riddles.

Balin, however, was able to give Mr Baggins a riddle that took him some time to answer.

7:24PM

Anonymous asked:

It might not be a bad thing to learn to do Thorin's braids. It could be helpful to know, just in case Fili and Kili are too busy to help him at some point or something. Besides it seems like something friends do for one another, it couldn't hurt.

Perhaps, though I do recall Dwalin seems perfectly capable of doing the braids. It’s not professional for me to, as I certainly am not a member of Thorin’s family, and I suspect the type of braid that Fíli and Kíli would want to teach me is not the kind of braid that friends do for one another.

Also, the only thing that I am worse at is swordfighting. Bo puts up with my braids, but he’s got that silly hat of his to hide most of them. Thorin might be more vain.
7:29PM My patient says that he is tired and would like to sleep, as I have been walking him around the camp every hour or so and getting him to do his breathing and coughing exercises. The bedrolls and cloaks for his sickbed have been returned to his owners, which means he is sleeping on his furs. I have insisted he take off his armour at the very least, so that it does not weigh him down in sleep. I have also bundled up my borrowed hood and cloak and pack and insisted he recline on them against the wall of the cave, as Óin insists that he not sleep lying down to prevent infection to his lungs.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #trumpetdwarf

7:30 pm

I felt sleep pulling at me, despite my earlier rest. I told this to Mr Baggins, as he was still beside me and had offered to be at my aid before. He helped me to a section of the cave wall, and bundled his own pack and cloak behind me, as I was not permitted to lay down fully yet, given my healing chest.

Quite a few of the company, including Mr Baggins, had lost their bedrolls in their escape from the Goblin caves. I pointed this loss out to Mr Baggins and he waved it off, saying that he would be fine for the night. I offered him my furs but he declined, saying that I would need them more.

Despite our agreement to stay professional around each other, I find that I do not wish that anymore between myself and Mr Baggins. And so, I offered that we could share my furs, as we have done so before. He argued that it was unprofessional of us to do so.

“Perhaps we should rethink our decision to remain only professional towards one another?” I asked.

Mr Baggins looked hesitant for a few moments before he simply said, “Perhaps.”

“My offer still stands,” I told him and he nodded. “Thank you for the care, Mr Baggins.”

He still seemed as if he was torn between leaving and staying but he finally decided and departed.

#the quest #mr baggins

7:43PM Thorin has insisted that I share his furs with him, as I had nothing else to sleep on. I tried to make an argument for the cave floor not being too hard, but he shook his head and patted the spot next to him against the cave wall. I told him it was dreadfully unprofessional of him.

“Then perhaps we should rethink our decision to remain only professional towards one another,” he replied.

I thought of all of the misunderstandings and pain that we had experienced and inflicted on one another because of my unprofessional feelings, and the new flame in my chest was suddenly doused with cold fear.

“Perhaps,” I told him, and my own chest hurt as if it had been my own ribs that had been broken. I need air.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:48PM Smoke ring total: 7 perfect rings

Thorin was asleep when I returned from the spot where Bo and Dori were taking first watch. I’d shared a pipe with Bo and calmed myself down before bidding them goodnight and returning. Confessing is easier when the other person is asleep, I find. I should have done it before.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #hatdwarf #winedwarf

10 pm

Mr Baggins joined me where I slept after a time. I believe that he took me to be asleep, as he began to speak in a soft voice to me, though without waiting for me to answer.

"I've been thinking, Thorin, and I think I might like to take your offer. But not while you are still
under my care. I think sometime in the past couple of days something's... changed. Shifted. In my feelings. It doesn't make me any less terrified, of course. If anything, it makes me more scared of making a bloody cockup of the entire thing again. Please, get better, and we'll have a proper conversation about it sometime. If I still have the guts to do it, that is."

Mr Baggins leaned against my side and I could feel his breaths get deeper. After a time, he was pressed against me fully, and I could tell he had fallen asleep. I opened my eyes to confirm and found that he had already begun to drool onto my furs. I kept my sigh quiet, as I had just cleaned my furs earlier today.

“As you wish,” I replied quietly.

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**July 19th, 2015**

**Thorin**

6:25 am

I woke early, before the rest of the company, and turned to see that Mr Baggins had stayed beside me through the night. The drool on my furs had increased as well.

When awake, Mr Baggins does a fine job of looking determined and courageous, despite his small stature. But in sleep, that falls away and I am reminded that this is the farthest he has ever traveled.

There was a batch of hair lying across Mr Baggins’ face. I reached up to push it to the side but stopped before I touched him. Would it be wrong to do so while he slept and could not give permission? And just last night, he stated that he wanted to keep things professional between us, until we had a chance to talk once more. I placed my hand back down and left the hair where it was.

I also noted that my shoulder and back hurt from having slept upright on my side. I believe it was worth it, however.

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7:30 am

Most of the company has woken, or are in the process of waking. Mr Baggins is still asleep against me. I have seen multiple exchanges of coins because of this.

Bombur is awake and preparing breakfast. I have asked that he set some water to boil, as once Óin wakes, I will most certainly need some willow-bark tea.

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8:07AM Thorin was already awake by the time I woke up, drinking some willow-bark tea from Óin and gingerly rubbing his shoulder. I set him through his morning breathing exercises before asking him how he slept.

He said he shouldn’t have slept on his side, but waking up to see me drooling onto his furs yet again was quite the sight. I think my cheeks are still on fire.

---

8:15 am
Óin awoke and eased Mr Baggins off of my shoulder, and was careful not to wake him. He led me through some exercises to release the pain from my shoulder and back before allowing me some tea. By the time I had finished, Mr Baggins had woken as well and also had me do a round of exercises, though these were for my breathing. When Mr Baggins asked how I slept, I told him that while my shoulder grew pained, it was worth it to see him drooling on my furs once again. His face turned red in response and he left without replying to fetch some breakfast.

9:37AM Gandalf has checked Thorin over and said that the spell is working beautifully and that, given a day or two of rest, he should be fit for our usual travel once again. Today is now a rest day, to ensure that Thorin does in fact get some rest. Almost as soon as that was announced, Fíli and Kíli made a beeline for the river. Everyone else seems to be joining them, except Gandalf, Thorin, and me.

9:45am Gandalf has seen to me and told me more about the spell he cast. It has sped up the healing process and is said to be working well. He said that given another day or two, I should be be able to travel normally, if things continue to progress well. I announced to the company that today would be a day of rest, and a cheer went up among them. My nanaddan seemed to have anticipated this announcement, as they were practically in the river before the words had finished leaving me. Óin told me that I was allowed to enter the river again, if I wanted, though it would be best to stay to the side. My wounds have been cleaned and seen to and it may agitate them if I were to soak for too long in the water.

10:10AM Thorin has been asking me questions about the Shire, about our festivals and traditions. I told him about the Brandy Hall Yuletide feasts and the Mid-year’s Day bonfires at Michel Delving, though I think I might have fixated a little too hard on the food. It’s a shame we don’t have enough food for second breakfast these days.

10:18AM Anonymous asked:
'He said he shouldn’t have slept on his side, but waking up to see me drooling onto his furs yet again was quite the sight. I think my cheeks are still on fire.' He can be quite charming when the mood takes him, can't he. Sweet of him to say that.
The only person less subtle than you, O faceless messenger, is Thorin himself.

10:30 am I asked Mr Baggins if he wished to join the company in their games in the river. He declined, saying
that he had had his fill of the water yesterday and that he wanted to stay near me, as he had agreed to see to my health.

He has spoken in the past of festivals held in the Shire and I inquired about them. Mr Baggins told me of Shire bonfires and feasts, mentioned the dances and joy that came with them. He also went into detail on the different food that could usually be seen at these gatherings. I asked him several questions about the food until he declared that I had to stop, as it was making him far too hungry.

#the quest #mr baggins

11 am

Anonymous asked:

Mr Baggins seems like a very witty and clever individual. I wonder how he'd fare if he stayed with the Company longer still, if you manage to reclaim Erebor? He might even have the makings of a good advisor, if he were to learn more about dwarves and your culture. When Erebor is reclaimed, Mr Baggins may choose his own future path. If that path keeps him in Erebor, he is more than welcome to learn whatever aspects of the Dwarven culture that he wishes.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

11:25 am

Anonymous asked:

Perhaps you should just resign yourself to having drooled upon furs, Thorin. Still, it is rather sweet. I think, if the two of you do try and have a relationship beyond friendship, that you would be a good match for one another indeed. Once any misunderstandings are sorted through, of course. I wish you both luck, and a speedy recovery to yourself.

I thank you for your wishes of luck and recovery. As for a relationship between Mr Baggins and myself, if one were attempted, I believe as well that it may work. However, as Mr Baggins has already pointed out, we are still agreed upon a professional friendship and that is where we will stay until otherwise decided on — drooled-on furs or not.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

11:29 AM Gandalf has headed out of the cave, saying that he’d like a smoke at the top of the Carrock. I suspect he’s going to do more than smoke, but who am I to question the ways of meddling Wizards?

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

11:45 am

Anonymous asked:

By the way, I really like your writing style. Are you known for being a good story teller? I hope you get better soon!

I thank you for the compliment and well wishes. I have told my share of stories in the past, especially to my nanaddan when they were young, as they are quite fond of stories. However, I do not believe that I have the talent for it as some do. Balin is skilled at weaving words together for tales, as is Mr Baggins. I believe Ori may also have a gift for it, if he were to practice and pursue it.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins #balin #my sister children #ori

12:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

Not sure you'll appreciate it, but that update was so darned adorable to read. It seems like you
care about Mr Baggins a great deal, it's very sweet to see. I hope you can sort things out between you, and wish you luck both with Mr Baggins and your quest.

Thank you for the wishes of luck.

While I do care for Mr Baggins, things are already in their place between us. We have both agreed to stay professional with one another, for the time being.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

12:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

'When Mr Baggins asked how I slept, I told him that while my shoulder grew pained, it was worth it to see him drooling on my furs once again. His face turned red in response and he left without replying to fetch some breakfast.' Oh dear, that's very sweet of you! Seems as is Mr Baggins thought so too, bless him.

Indeed.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

12:45 pm

Mr Baggins and I have moved ourselves outside. He helped me to walk around and stretch my good shoulder. I can feel the strength coming back to me; it is easier to walk than it was yesterday and the wounds on my chest do not ache as they did before.

With my exercise complete for now, Mr Baggins and I have sat down near Bombur. He and Dwalin seem to have collected an assortment of fish from the river.

My nanaddan look to be having a contest on who can create the bigger splash when jumping into the river. Their attempts have given the shore quite a bit of water, though one splash did result in another fish being caught.

#the quest #mr baggins #bombur #dwalin #my sister children

1:49PM Thorin and I finally went out to the riverbank for lunch. Dwalin has been helping Bombur cook the fish that they have caught. It seems a lot harder and messier than it should be, considering that Bombur lost a majority of his pots to the Goblins, and now only has one skillet left to cook with. Hopefully this Beorn, whenever we meet him, can be persuaded to sell us some of his own cookware, if he has them, even if he might not let us stay on his lands for long.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #bigdwarf #brawnsdwarf

2PM

Anonymous asked:

Well done on confessing what you feel. Even if Thorin was sleeping, it's something like good practice at least, right? I hope you're able to tell him what you need to when he's awake and well again. If you were to give a relationship as more than friends a try, it could be a very lovely thing. Even if you're on a dangerous quest, it's well worth the risk, I think. Both of you deserve some happiness, however that may be obtained.

Thank you for your kind words, but all things will happen in their time. I am not about to rush into any sort of relationship, especially not under external pressure from faceless messengers.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #we get enough of that from the company please stop it

4 pm

The game that my nanaddan, Ori, and Nori have been playing mostly seems to involve seeing who
can splash more water on the others. Unfortunately, it has resulted in those on shore being splashed, such as Mr Baggins and I. I cannot tell if this was done on purpose or not. I have asked Mr Baggins if he would like to move, as I was becoming annoyed with the splashing. He agreed that it was beginning to wear on his nerves as well and we have decided to return to the cave.

4:01PM
Anonymous asked:
can i ask what your favourite season is?
Berry season, when all the hedges are laden with fruits and everyone gathers baskets full of them to eat with clotted cream and honey.
#ask #anonymous

4:42PM After lunch, Thorin and I lingered by the riverbank, except we kept on getting splashed by Fíli and Kíli in their latest water fight against Ori and Nori. After a while, I think Thorin got fed up with it, and he led me away from the river, back towards the cave.
“I heard you last night,” he said suddenly, and I felt as if I had been thrown into the river. “Oh,” I said. “I thought you were asleep.”
His cheeks turned pink at that, though I only got a brief glimpse of it before I started staring at the ground, counting the little stones and blades of grass at my feet.
“I was wondering if we could discuss the offer I made,” he said after a moment.
“How impatient of you,” I replied.
“I am not being —” he cut off, shaking his head. “Mr Baggins —”
“Why call me that if you’re hoping to reconsider the professional nature of our relationship?” I interrupted, because that same cold fear was pounding through me again, and my head was spinning. I couldn’t look at him, because the look in his eyes made the spinning worse. “I — look. I’m really sorry. I don’t think it’s right for us to start anything while you’re still on your sickbed, however metaphorically. It’s not that I don’t… don’t care about you, or want to see you happy, or any of that, I just —” and I wasn’t really sure how to encapsulate anything into words anymore at that point. I wanted him close and yet at a distance, knowing and yet ignorant, mine and yet —
“I don’t know what I want anymore,” I said after a moment, “and I was hoping to have more of a clue by the time you were on the mend and we could take out the whole caregiver-patient thing. That’s why I didn’t want us to talk before then. That, and because I’m scared of the entire ‘letting another person into my life’ thing that you seem to be asking for from me.”
He nodded, his expression unreadable, and told me that he would not force any decisions on me, and that we would talk whenever I felt comfortable doing so.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #scribedwarf #pointydwarf

Mr Baggins and I discussed our friendship and the possibility of a relationship. It has given me much to think about.
I admitted to him that I had heard his confession when he believed me to be asleep. When I asked to talk further of our relationship, however, Mr Baggins explained that he was still thinking and wished to wait a while longer. His thoughts, he said, are still aligning themselves and he would prefer to wait until I was fully healed.
I told him that we could talk whenever he wishes and that I would not try to force a decision from him. He thanked me and we have moved forward in our conversation to speak of other things. My
mind, however, still lingers on the pull of my heart.

6:21 PM Thorin is mending quickly, and I still don’t understand these new feelings I get when I look at him.
All things have their time, but surely this is much too fast. It’s not as if I have any precedent or experience for it, either, but that’s what really frightens me, the fact that I’ve never felt anything quite like this before. The burning of desire is a little more familiar, but this seems worse. More painful. I wish I could cut it out and make it stop.

7 pm
We have rejoined the company for supper and my nanaddan look significantly water-logged. They do not seem to mind, though they are sitting closer to the fire than usual.

Gandalf has rejoined us from his smoke on the Carrock, though it has been several hours. Mr Baggins mentioned to me earlier that he did not believe that Gandalf had gone up there simply for some time with his pipe, but if anything else had happened, the wizard kept it to himself.

8:15 pm
Mr Baggins and Balin have reported the sound of Wargs. The company is quickly doing away with evidence of our presence. I have asked Balin, Dori, and Bifur to have the first watch and they agreed.

After discussion, Gandalf agreed that it was best that we leave for Beorn’s house tomorrow, as the Wargs would not be able to get past his defenses. Mr Baggins came to speak to me, concerned, and asked if I would be fine to travel. I assured him that I should be well enough.

8:19 PM We have heard Wargs in the distance! Bolg must have caught up to us faster than I’d feared. I was out on lookout with Balin when we first heard them, and now we must conceal what we can of our presence until we can leave for Beorn’s in the morning. Resting out here another day may soon prove dangerous to us all.

Balin, Dori, and Bifur are on first watch.

9:08 PM While answering the call of nature, I noticed a great shadow lurking in the trees across the river. It didn’t look like a Warg, though. I wonder if that shadow is to be our skin-changing host tomorrow.

9:50 pm
Mr Baggins reported a strange shadow outside, across the river. He told me that it did not seem dangerous and that he believed it to be Beorn. Despite his words, however, I could tell that he was shaking.
I ushered him under my furs and Mr Baggins went readily. He told me that I should try not to sleep on my side once again, as it had only hurt me in the morning. I confessed that I needed something more to rest against, to stop me from turning, and after a few moments, Mr Baggins moved closer to me. He asked if he was acceptable to rest against and once I moved my arm to rest behind his shoulders, I confirmed that he was indeed.

I could still feel that Mr Baggins was shaking, however. I assured him that he would be safe. Mr Baggins said that it was the company he was worried about. I took his hand in my own and insisted that we would be protected through the night. He breathed in deeply before releasing the breath and repeated the action until his shaking stopped. He did not let go of my hand, however, only squeezed it tightly.

Mr Baggins has since fallen asleep, drooling once more on my furs. I find that I do not mind, as his hand remains in mine.

#the quest #mr baggins
July 20 - July 26

Chapter Notes

Apologies for this chapter being late! I had a rather busy week - visiting friends and crazy times at work. Next week's chapter will still be up on Wednesday. I'm hoping for no more delays but I'm going to be moving in two weeks so I apologize in advance if future chapters are delayed.

My tumblr is AnonymousSong and I'll post on Wednesdays if there are any delays and when the chapter goes up! Thanks so much, y'all! <3

July 20th, 2015

Thorin

6:35 am

Gandalf has woken us with the sun, as it is important that we reach Beorn’s residence as soon as we are able. Óin quickly checked the sound of my breathing and my bandages before declaring that I was fit for travel. He warned me not to outpace myself or do anything too strenuous, as I still need another day or two before I am fully healed.

#the quest #the wizard #oin #beorn

Bilbo

6:42 AM We have packed and left for Beorn’s at first light. Bofur carried me across the ford, even though I’m sure I could have gotten across on my own. Thorin doesn’t seem very pleased about the gesture, but the last thing I want is for him to injure himself in some grand but misguided gesture of kindness.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole

7:31 AM Gandalf has given us more details on Beorn. He is a skin-changer that transforms into a black bear, and lives under no enchantment but his own. Gandalf says he’s going to introduce us slowly, in twos, and that we are not to annoy him, as Beorn can get very appalling when he is angry. Some members of the Company grumbled (Nori, I think), but Gandalf insisted that Beorn is the best bet they have for provisions and rest between now and the great forest of Mirkwood that lies between us and Erebor. He may distrust Dwarves, but he absolutely hates Goblins and Orcs, and will kill them on sight if he can.

I asked Gandalf where Beorn came from, and Gandalf said that he might have come down from the mountains, a descendant of the Men who lived here long before the Dragons came down from the Withered Heath. It was said that the Orcs of Gundabad had hunted these men to near-extinction for their animal skins, hence Beorn’s hatred for Orcs. As a result, he is more likely to shelter us, as we, too, have been fleeing Orcs from Gundabad.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #pointydwarf
Gandalf has informed us that we will have to introduced to Beorn in pairs, as he is not overly fond of Dwarves, though he dislikes Goblins and Orcs even more. I could see the company exchange hesitant looks at that information, Nori muttering that this sounded quite like a trap of some sort, but Gandalf has declared that Beorn is our best opportunity for food and rest. As we have done thus far, we will have to trust Gandalf on his word. I too feel hesitant about this Beorn individual, but he seems to be our only option for now.

Anonymous asked:
What do you like the most about Bilbo?
I could not point out one thing about Mr Baggins and declare it as a favorite, as it is the entirety of him that is what makes him who he is.

hallsofstone2941 asked:
You mentioned that if Master Baggins wishes to remain in Erebor after it's reclaimed, he may learn whichever parts of Dwarven culture that he wishes. Does this mean you'd be alright with him learning Khuzdul?
If Mr Baggins chooses to learn Khuzdul, I have no qualms about it. Our language has been taught to outsiders before when they have shown themselves to be loyal and honorable individuals. I believe that Mr Baggins has certainly shown that.

Quiet talk has come up among the company and coins have been gathered. Perhaps if Beorn chooses not to shelter us for the night, we could still surely purchase food and supplies from him. My nanaddan asked me if I had ever meet a skin-changer and I told them that I have not, though I have of course heard of such folk. I reminded them to keep their manners about them and they assured me that they would.

We’ve taken a rest in a grove of long-armed oaks and elms. The grass here is so long and the bushes are laden with sweet berries. I noticed that the acorns on these oaks are already starting to ripen; Gandalf says that Beorn’s oaks drop their acorns earlier than most oaks, and that he can make a marvellous acorn bread when he is so inclined.

The Dwarves then started asking about what sorts of foods they might be able to purchase from Beorn, if he is not willing to shelter us and provide us meals, and Gandalf said that Beorn raises very intelligent cattle and horses, and that they work for him; he does not eat them, nor does he hunt other wild animals for food.
There was some mild grumbling about the potential lack of meat in our upcoming meals, and Dwalin said something scathing about the blocks of bean curd that we had been served in Rivendell. Gandalf scowled at them and informed them that Beorn does a great deal of baking, and subsists almost entirely on cream and honey, for his bees make some of the most marvellous-tasting honey in Middle-earth. That mollified the Dwarves to some extent, I think.
In any case, all of this talk of food has made me hungry. If only we were there already!
11 am

We have stopped for a rest amongst the trees. Óin has checked my breathing once again and had me cough several times so as to hear my chest properly. He repeated his belief from this morning that I should be returned to full health soon.

The company used the stop to question Gandalf more about Beorn and the possibility of purchasing supplies from him. The wizard has informed us that Beorn does not hunt wild animals and while he does have cattle and horses of his own, he will not sell them to us for food. Our hesitation about Beorn increased at the prospect of meatless meals, as we had enough of that in Rivendell. However, Gandalf has assured that the food he offers is fine despite that. As we are in need of food, we do not have much choice in the matter, though Dwalin protested that if we are served more of the bean curd that was popular in Rivendell, he would choose to go hungry.

2 pm

Anonymous asked:

What is your favorite memory of your mother?

I have many memories of my mother that I could call favorite. However, one stands out now — she was the one to teach me how to play the harp and I recall when I had finally learned to play her favorite song. I had sat her down and played it for her and when I was finished, the warmth of her smile was so strong that, even now, I can still feel it.

3 pm

Anonymous asked:

That... Ow... That memory wow that hurt...

The memory I shared of my mother?

I am not sure why it would hurt you, as it is not your memory nor was she your mother. But I do agree that memories can hurt. However, I try to remind myself, as you should as well, that while it is sad that that moment has passed, it did indeed happen. Is it not better to be happy to have the memory than to dwell on the time that has passed since?

3:54PM

We have approached an extraordinary field of wildflowers. Patches of clover have been planted amongst the wild blooms, and all of them are tended to by the largest bees I have ever seen. They quite resemble the Dumbledors and Hummerhorns of Hobbit-legend, actually. I think if one stung me, I would inflate to twice my current size.

I’m sure they’re responsible for the extraordinary honey that Gandalf praised earlier. I know that bees that are allowed to pollinate freely make a much more flavourful honey than bees restricted to just one kind of flower. I certainly wonder what these giant ones can produce.

Our path is surrounded by flowers and large bees. I asked Mr Baggins about the names of the flowers, as he tends to know these things. He pointed out the different sorts of clover, from the
purple to the small white ones. There were several more and some that Mr Baggins admitted that he
did not know the name of, having never seen such flowers.
Gandalf has assured that the bees are not to be worried about, though Kíli has kept a firm hand on
their bow, gripping it when one comes too near. The bees are rather big, quite a deal larger than I
have seen before, but they do not seem concerned with our presence. The buzzing from their wings
is slightly unnerving, but easy enough to ignore.

4:12PM We have reached a thorn hedge at the end of the bee-pasture, fenced in even further by a
belt of towering old-growth oaks. Gandalf and I are to approach the gate at the end of the hedge first
and talk to Beorn, and the Dwarves will follow in pairs, each pair paced at a five-minute interval and
beginning only at Gandalf’s whistle.
This very careful scheduling of our appearances at Beorn’s makes me believe that he doesn’t take
very kindly to strangers in either his bear or Man form, and that worries me greatly. But Thorin made
this strange half-grimace that I suppose is his version of a reassuring smile, so I think I shall have to
grin and be as charming as I can. I’m not completely out of practice at being charming, I think.

4:15 pm
Gandalf has left with Mr Baggins to greet Beorn and instructed that we enter in pairs every five
minutes. The company has expressed their doubts on this plan but has decided on pairs nonetheless.
As we are an odd number, it was decided that Bombur could enter on his own. He did not seem
pleased with this.
I am to go first along with Dori, and have Nori and Ori come behind us. Dori volunteered to enter
with me, though he seems nervous about it. When I asked him if he was well to enter, he declared
that he was quite fine, just not looking forward to being eaten by a giant bear! Ori assured his brother
that if Gandalf trusted Beorn, we are surely not to be eaten. Nori simply said to scream loudly if we
do in fact get eaten, so that they have some warning.

4:15PM A small pack of horses greeted us at the gates at the end of the hedge. Beyond there lies the
giant beehives for the giant bees, and barns, stables, sheds, and what I think might be the main house.
The horses are heading up to the house. Gandalf says they’re reporting our arrival to their master.

4:20PM Beorn is enormous. A bit intimidating, too, considering that I barely come up to his knees,
and the axe he wields has a blade at least twice the size of my head.
We came across him chopping wood in the courtyard. Excluding the size (Gandalf called him big
and strong, but I hadn’t quite grasped how big big would be for someone of Gandalf’s height, so
he’s enormous to me) he was pretty much right in line with Gandalf’s description. He has black hair
all over him, and a beard robust enough to win a Dwarf’s admiration (and I’m sure I’ll be confirmed
on that observation soon enough). He’s also very dark-skinned, almost the same shade as the
Blacklock Dwarves from the Orocarni Mountains, and the hair on his head is styled in tight, almost
ropelike coils and tied back with leather.
Gandalf has introduced himself and me, and informed him that we have had some difficulties with
the Goblins in the Misty Mountains. Beorn has thus invited us inside to tell him our tale. I hope this
ends well for us, and we will be able to get the help we need from him.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

**4:37PM**

Beorn’s halls. Pretty impressive housekeeping work by animals, I think.

#adventureblogging #beorn's halls #the carrock #travelling

**4:40 pm**

We have not been eaten! So far, at least. Half of the company has yet to enter Beorn’s Halls, but things seem to be going well. Gandalf is telling Beorn of our encounter with the Goblins in the mountains and the story is riveting enough that Beorn does not seem to be angered by more and more Dwarves appearing in his home.

When Dori and I entered, we greeted him and offered our service which Beorn quickly declined. He began to ask as to our meaning for crossing the mountains and his lands but Gandalf steered him back to the tale of the Goblins and Beorn’s questions were forgotten.

Nori and Ori joined us soon enough, and after introducing themselves and offering their service, which Beorn declined again, they joined their brother. Ori has already begun sketching Beorn’s Halls.

Dwalin and Balin came after Nori and Ori. Their appearance was met at first with a frown from Beorn, but the two bowed and greeted the man quite politely enough that it caused Beorn to laugh in amusement. When Balin and Dwalin finally sat with us, Nori was still attempting to quiet his snickering.

#the quest #the wizard #beorn #dori #nori #ori #dwalin #balin

**5:32PM** It ended well.

I must say, Gandalf really did know what he was doing in introducing us by twos. As he told Beorn his account of our adventures in the Misty Mountains, he kept on alluding to the true number of the Company, and Beorn kept on getting hung up on the discrepancies between the number of the Company members gathered before him and the number of the Company members in Gandalf’s tale. And as more Dwarves showed up, Gandalf would introduce them nonchalantly, which I think kept Beorn’s interest until the very end. So now he has invited us to supper.

And it is a magnificent supper. No meat, of course, but the cream and honey for the fresh-baked
bread was more than worth it, and I’m sure the other Company members agreed. Also, Beorn’s cakes are mouth-wateringly delicious. I could have eaten the entire platter.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #the company

5:52PM

Anonymous asked:
what do you want to do first when you get home?
Sleep. For a week.

#ask #anonymous

6 pm

Supper was splendid, despite the lack of meat. The cream and honey were wonderful and the mead was welcomed. The company listened to Beorn’s tales of Mirkwood while eating. The stories of the forest were dark but Beorn’s way of speaking kept the mood light. Beorn’s animals served us our meals and brought out seats for us. The dogs stood on their hind legs and used their fore-feet to carry things. White sheep were led in by a coal-black ram, and they carried trays on their backs. The dogs took the trays of bowls and platters, and set them on the table before us. Gandalf and I, the two tallest in the company, were seated on low benches, while the rest of the company was given smoothed, polished logs. There was one even low enough for Mr Baggins, who looked quite small at the table when compared to Beorn. Mr Baggins looks even smaller still, as he has sunk low in his seat. His face shows his contentment as well as his near empty cup of honeyed mead. I have already ushered my nanaddan away from more of the mead, as it is quite good but sending them into fits of laughter. They both seem to be attempting to sneak more to Ori, despite Dori’s watchful eye.

#the quest #beorn #mr baggins #my sister children #ori #dori

6:09PM i’m quite sleepy now. the honeyed mead might bee to blame. beorn shared some stories about mirkwdoo over supper which were a bit frightegnni. now kthe dwarves are talking about gold,o wichh beorn seems disinterested in especially considering the only ceipes of metal he has in his house are the cutlery. the warmth xof the fire and twhe mead and the wind through the windows have all myade me quite drowsy. i should like to take ua nap

#adventureblogging

6:45 pm

Mr Baggins has fallen asleep at the table, with his head resting on his arms. Dwalin suggest I bring him somewhere better for sleeping. I ignored the smirk he gave me while saying it. I went to wake Mr Baggins, as being slumped over at the table did look to be comfortable. However, when I lightly shook his shoulder, he made a noise of protest and buried his face deeper into the fold of his arms. I have left him be, though Dwalin continues to snicker at me.

#the quest #mr baggins #dwalin

7:35PM I woke to the sound of singing. The Dwarves have gathered round one of the fires in the hall and are singing in Khuzdul, long and slow and solemn. I don’t think it’s the same one as the song they sang in Bag End, but it has that same melancholy feeling to it, so it must be about Erebor.
Beorn, on the other hand has left. I asked Gandalf where he went, and Gandalf said he is outside somewhere, guarding his lands from the Orcs that chase us, and that we should not venture outside until the sun is up, for our own safety.

#adventureblogging #the company #meddling wizard

7:36 pm
Anonymous asked:

I'm very glad to hear that the trip to Beorn's went well and that you've had a good supper. Poor Bilbo though, he must be very tired to simply fall asleep at the table like that! It can't be very comfortable for him. Hopefully all of you will get some much needed rest whilst you're at Beorn's and your own injuries will be fully healed by the time you leave.

I thank you for the hopeful wishes. I did attempt to wake Mr Baggins to move him, but he did not seem to enjoy being woken. Whenever he does wake, bedding has been provided.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

7:50 pm

Once the company had eaten their full, talk turned from the tales of the forest to that of Erebor and crafts. Beorn did not seem to care for our talk, instead looking drowsy as his animals cleaned the remains of supper away.

The company spoke together for a while, enjoying the feeling of full bellies mixed with the mead. It was some time later, when we had nearly forgotten that he was here, that Beorn stood from his low seat and exited his halls. He did not seem to leave in anger or haste but in a manner that said he was simply going about his way.

We were seated on the floor, gathered around the fire, and feeling the pull of song, the company began to sing.

The wind came down from the mountains cold,
and like a tide it roared and rolled;
the branches groaned, the forest moaned,
and leaves were laid upon the mould.

It passed the Lonely Mountain bare
and swept above the dragon’s lair:
there black and dark lay boulders stark
and flying smoke was in the air.

It left the world and took its flight
over the wide sea of the night.
The moon set sail upon the gale,
and stars were fanned to leaping light.

When the song was done, I stood and bid the company a good night. I hope to wake in the morning to find that my wounds are finished healing.

#the quest #the company #beorn

8 pm

Extra bedrolls have been provided. They have been set next to our things amongst the straw. I have laid my own bedroll down and set one to the side for Mr Baggins. I do not doubt that he will retire soon and seek to sleep somewhere more comfortable than the table. I placed his things near the bedroll so that he would be able to see that it was prepared for him and settled into my own bedroll.
8:05PM
Anonymous asked:
The supper sounds lovely. I'm happy you've all been invited to stay so that you can all take some time to relax before starting off again. Hopefully the respite will mean Thorin heals that much quicker too. Rest well and have a pleasant time, Mr Baggins.
Thank you for your well-wishes. I think Thorin is well on his way to being fully healed, perhaps within a day or two. It'll be good for the morale of the rest of the Company as well.
#ask #anonymous

8:28PM i seem to be drifting off again. gandalf said i should go to bed now. thorin seems to have already left the gathering for his own bedroll. i should check up on him before i fall completely unconscious.
#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

8:40PM my bedroll has been set up next to thorin's. i wonder who had a hand in that. still, it is convenient, if he needs me to get him willow-bark tea in the middle of the night or something. he is currently sleeping, i think, so i kshan't bother him. good night.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

10:35PM I woke when I heard the sound of snuffling outside. There was some light by the moon drifting in through the windows, but it was obscured briefly by a shadow as something huge passed by outside. For a brief moment, I was worried that maybe Beorn had changed his mind and was coming in bear form to kill us.
#adventureblogging

10:40 pm
I awoke to Mr Baggins moving about in his bedroll. When I asked if he was well, he confessed his worries of Beorn and the rustling outside.

As I did last night, I took his hand in mind and assured him that he was safe. He calmed enough to lay down once again. I offered that he may sleep closer to me, if he wished. Mr Baggins did not answer except to nod and squeeze my hand tighter.
#the quest #mr baggins

10:42PM My restlessness must have woken up Thorin, as he asked me quietly what was bothering me, and I told him about Beorn prowling about outside and my worries, and he held my hand and said that nothing was going to come and kill me, not if he had anything to say about it (which is not very comforting considering that he's still recovering from broken ribs). The last time I saw this side of him had been in Rivendell. Is it because he thinks we are safe here? Perhaps I am just worrying too much, then.
Perhaps I should just lie down again before I make a complete fool of myself. Thorin has extended the invitation for me to rest closer to him. I think I might take it.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11PM Is it a good thing if your lips still tingle fifteen minutes after the kiss?
July 21st, 2015

Bilbo

7:41AM What have I done?
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:08AM
Anonymous asked:
Yes, it's a very good thing! Brave of you by the way.
Brave? I suppose imposing myself on him might be seen by some as brave. I'm afraid I don't see it that way.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:15AM I still can’t believe I kissed him. It was uncalled for; it crossed so many boundaries. I forced this moment of physical contact onto someone who doesn’t experience that sort of attraction to anyone. I shouldn’t have done it.
I don’t think I could possibly look him in the eye again knowing that I went back on my word not to make him do anything he was not ready to do.
I feel despicable.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:17AM
Anonymous asked:
Thorin didn’t seem to mind
He didn’t respond. He just lay there, cold and unresponsive. It certainly looks like he minded.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:20AM
Anonymous asked:
Just give him some space. Let him process how he feels about the kiss and go from there.
I am giving him space. Entire gardenfuls of space. I will give him all of the space and time in the world.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:22AM
Anonymous asked:
I know the two of you don't look at each other's blogs, but Thorin really doesn't seem upset
about the situation.  
He’s not even bloody awake, how would you know?  
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:22AM  
Anonymous asked:  
Generally when something takes me off guard I freeze too. It's not a 'hate this' thing so much as a 'wow where did that come from' thing.  
How would you know it wasn’t both?  
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:25AM  
Anonymous asked:  
Mister Baggins, calm down! Everyone has moments of reckless abandon but what's done is done. Get a cuppa and relax. See what happens.  
No, I can’t relax, knowing that I’ve fucked it up again. Just leave me alone.  
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:36AM  
Anonymous asked:  
It was just a kiss. Just one little thing. Could have been insignificant to Dwarves, actually. Or maybe it doesn’t mean the same thing. I could have asked, after all. I should have just asked before I made a complete prat of myself by assuming that him staring at me like that meant that he wanted a kiss.  
I don’t think any amount of apology is going to solve this.  
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

8:40AM  
Anonymous asked:  
Try not to fret, Mr Baggins. True, you should have asked and it did go somewhat against what you'd both agreed upon. However, the best thing to do in this scenario would be to talk to him about it. No matter how awkward it might feel, it's a sensible idea to explain yourself and let Thorin in turn have his say. I'm aware you don't read one another's blogs, but if it helps Thorin doesn't seem upset in the slightest from what he's written, though he is concerned that you skipped breakfast.
Or we can pretend none of this ever happened. I don’t deserve someone like him, and I was a fool to think anything different.

8:44AM I can’t look him in the face. I can’t do it. It’s the second time I’ve cocked up this entire thing and I just really cannot handle interacting with him anymore. Not now, not so soon after what I’ve done.

8:50 am

I went out through the door to the gardens that Óin pointed me to. I called out for Mr Baggins but he either did not hear me or I have somehow missed him. Perhaps he has returned indoors?

9 am

Anonymous asked:

Excuse me sir? I know you need some time and space to process what just happened, but maybe you could get Mister Baggins a cup of tea? He's distraught, thinking he's overstepped. When I find Mr Baggins, I intend to check his health and be sure that he is well.

9:04AM

Anonymous asked:

Maybe if I just hide out here, he’ll forget this ever happened.

9:04AM

Anonymous asked:

Calm down, mr Baggins. You haven't "fucked up" anything. I'm sure you'd be suprised to know how Thorin has reacted. I bet he's more happy about what happened than anything. Yes, I have. It was a mistake. A stupid mistake I made because I was stupid and impulsive.

9:10 am

Anonymous asked:

Thorin could you please tell Bilbo that you didn't mind him kissing you
I fully intend to do just that — the first step, however, is finding Mr Baggins.

9:14AM

Anonymous asked:

'Or we can pretend none of this ever happened. I don’t deserve someone like him, and I was a fool to think anything different.' Not to be rude, but that's rather ridiculous. It’s a bit late to be pretending otherwise and you do deserve someone like him. Fair enough you acted impulsively, but Thorin will understand, I'm sure. You are both deserving of one another and
you shouldn't doubt yourself like that.
Out of all of the wonders he has seen in this world, why would he settle for a crotchety old Hobbit who has never been so far from home? I wouldn’t give myself the time of day if I were him.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

9:20 am
I returned inside and found the company gathered around the remains of breakfast. When I asked if they had seen Mr Baggins, looks were exchanged between them. They told that Mr Baggins had been awake quite early this morning, though it did not look as if he had eaten. When they invited him to breakfast, he had seemed very upset and hurried into the garden. I explained that I had just been out looking for him and, having not seen Mr Baggins in the gardens, had assumed he had come inside. The company insisted that he was still in the gardens, for they had been waiting for him to come back inside. They showed the bowl of breakfast that they had kept for him, though it had already gone cold. I promised that I would find him and was met with several whistles and calls of luck.

#the quest #the company #mr baggins

9:30 am
Anonymous asked:
Not to pry too much in your personal affairs, Thorin. But I believe Mr Baggins might be upset regarding the kiss he gave you. He's under the impression that he forced that affection upon you and now feels badly for it. Good luck with finding him and talking about this.
I thank you for the luck, as it seems that I will need it. Finding a Hobbit when he does not wish to be found is proving quite difficult.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

9:45 AM
Anonymous asked:
Deep breaths Mr Baggins. All will turn out right in the end. Give yourself as much space as you need, but eventually you two should at least try to touch on the subject at a later time.
Thank you. I do need space. I don’t want to deal with this so soon.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

9:45 am
I went into the gardens once again to find Mr Baggins and ask after him. Beorn’s garden is large and between the large flowers and trees, it is quite easy for one to hide, which seems to be what Mr Baggins is doing. I did manage to see him but when he noticed me, he quickly turned and headed in the opposite direction. I was unable to find him from there, as the grass is quite thick and Hobbits can be very light on their feet when they so choose.

#the quest #mr baggins

9:50 am
Anonymous asked:
You should definitely go find Bilbo and have a word with him about all this. Foolish hobbit is under the impression he is despicable and that he is undeserving of someone like you.
I have seen no evidence of Mr Baggins being foolish. However, I believe he is confused at the moment of his and my own feelings. As I have said, once I manage to locate him, I intend to speak with him.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

9:52AM Why is he being so insistent on finding me? It was a mistake, I made another one of my stupid assumptions and cocked up my second chance at a decent friendship with him because of my stupid feelings. Why can’t we just pretend it never happened and let it die like the mistake it was meant to be?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

10 am

I was initially confused and somewhat frustrated with Mr Baggins’ avoidance. I wished to ask him of his health and of our relationship together, especially given the kiss that he gave me last night. But why would he do something in that manner, then run from it the next morning?

It has occurred to me that this is how Mr Baggins has been with many of our encounters; doing one thing yet saying another, the active avoidance and refusal to talk. I believe that if I leave this up to Mr Baggins to decide when we should speak, we may never pass words back and forth again. When I find him, I must talk with him.

#the quest #mr baggins

10:15 am

Anonymous asked:

Mr. Oakenshield how do you feel about the kiss? What happened?

Mr Baggins kissed me and I enjoyed it.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

10:29AM

puddeneen asked:

Mr Baggins, I really think the only thing for it is to apoligize, then. If he didn't like it, then he deserves one; and if he did, at least he'll have the chance to say so.

I’ll do it later. I need time to think.

#ask #puddeneen #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

10:30 am

Anonymous asked:

Did Bilbo have your consent to kiss you? If he didn't, then he definitely should have, just saying.

If he had not had my consent, I would have made it quite clear.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins #i have a voice and know how to use it

10:34AM It was too good to be true. How could I possibly pretend otherwise? Pretend that I
I deserved any of this? I’m just a simple gentlehobbit from the Shire. What right could I possibly have had to the heart of a King of Dwarves?
I should have tried harder to be professional.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

10:45 am
Anonymous asked:
That was a bold move. Not to be too nosey, but did you mind him doing that? It seems that Mr Baggins is very fond of you. I wish the two of you the very best with whatever happens between you.
Thank you for the well wishes.
I did not mind Mr Baggins’ actions and if I had, I would have voiced it.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

10:53 AM
Anonymous asked:
Just talk to him about it, Bilbo. The whole lack of communication thing hasn’t worked well for you two in the past.
Leave. Me. Alone.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

10:59 am
Anonymous asked:
If you are able to find Mister Baggins, perhaps it would be best to forgo conversation and make yourself clear through action. You are a dwarf of action after all sir. I may believe in action but that does not mean disregarding the power of speech. If action is required, it will be done, though only if my words fail.

#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

11 AM I’m running out of places to hide.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

11:07 AM
Anonymous asked:
Let him speak to you. Worst case scenario, he only confirms your worries. Best case scenario, you get more kisses.
There are a lot more scenarios that are a lot worse and I don’t want to find out what they are, thanks.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that (confusing?) asshole

11:15 am
I was finally able to find Mr Baggins and get him to agree to speak with me. He seemed extremely nervous and could not even look me in the eye. I apologized for making him talk with me, as I could
see that it made him uncomfortable to speak of our relationship and such things, but assured him that it would be for the best. Also, I informed him that I had been given Óin’s word that my wounds were healed and that we may leave the patient and caretaker aspect behind us. He simply took a deep breath before nodding his head once.

I will write this not because I wish to tell of the private happenings between Bilbo and I, but because I wish to have record of the memory.

I told Bilbo that I had very much enjoyed the kiss he had given me last night. He stared at me in surprise while I continued. I explained that my lack of response after the kiss had not been due to disgust or anything of the sort — it had been because I had been surprised and too delightfully dumbstruck to say anything.

I saw that words would only go so far with him, as Bilbo began saying that he felt as if he had taken something from me which was not his. I understood then that I needed to show Bilbo my feelings, not just tell him. As gentle as I could, for I could see that he needed it, I took Bilbo’ face in my hands. I asked if I may and when he gave me a soft yes, I finally returned the kiss that he had given me.

The worry left his eyes after that. It tried to cling but with each press of the lips, I could see it fade. I repeated that I wished to pursue a relationship with him and he laughed for a few moments and called me stubborn. Bilbo placed his own few kisses before he finally nodded and agreed to a relationship.

Anonymous asked: Excuse me sir, but I believe you and Mr Baggins should have an extremely long conversation after you find him. Mr Baggins is essentially "freaking out" and I think it would do him some good to clear up all the matters necessary to clear up. I have found him, and everything seems to be resolved for now. Thank you for your concern for Mr Baggins’ well-being.

He said it was not a mistake. Óin has given him a clean bill of health, thanks to Gandalf. And despite his interest in me being more of the romantic and emotional sort, and less of the physical, he had actually enjoyed the kiss last night, and would like to experience more of them.

And despite my own fears and apprehensions, I think I would be willing to court him with all the patience and care I could possibly muster, and not step beyond any boundaries until they have shifted of their own volition.

I have nowhere to run anymore but into his arms.

“Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul’s thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tottered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.”
— William Shakespeare, Sonnet XXVI

12:38PM I am still waiting to find that all of this has been a cruel joke. It would feel kinder than whatever is pounding so fiercely in my chest.

I returned inside with Mr Baggins for lunch, as neither of us had eaten yet. There was food and questions aplenty, as the company wanted to know what had been bothering Mr Baggins. He neatly avoided their questions, either not truly answering them or distracting the asker. The questions turned to me when the company failed to find the answers they wanted but I did as Mr Baggins had. While I am fine with sharing with them the nature of the relationship between Mr Baggins and I, he informed me that he was not. He trusted the company, yes, but simply felt uncomfortable with such announcements. I said that I understood, though explained that I was happy to tell any who asked.

Mr Baggins’ face had turned red at that.

Anonymous asked:
Congratulations! It's nice that you worked it out
Thank you and, yes, it is indeed pleasing.

Anonymous asked:
Didn't he ask you to call him Bilbo and not Mr Baggins?
Mr Baggins did ask me to refer to him as Bilbo and I do when I am speaking to him. However, for now, I am choosing to continue to use ‘Mr Baggins’ in my writings.

After we had finished eating, Dwalin asked to speak to me privately. I could guess as to what he wished to ask me and once we were out of hearing range of the company, he did as I thought.

“Are you courting the Hobbit?” He crossed his arms and stared at me as if he could read the answer without me saying a word.

“No,” I truthfully answered, as Dwarven courtships start with physical relations.

Dwalin’s eyes narrowed, as if he could sense what I was not saying. “But something happened between you two. Neither of you could keep your eyes off each other all through lunch.”

“You have claimed that that has happened before.”

“Oh, but this time, the both of you were aware that the other one was doing it. And you haven’t stopped with your smiling since you came in from the garden.”

I attempted to control my expression, to which Dwalin rolled his eyes at. “Mr Baggins has asked me to not say anything and I will honor that.”
Dwalin nodded and gave a large sigh through his nose. “Listen, Thorin, I trust you to know what you’re doing. And as much as I want you to have something with the Hobbit, seeing how happy you are… I think a relationship with him right now would be like mining for stars.”

I shook my head and began, “We both understand the risks of this quest and have voiced no expectations—”

Dwalin interrupted me, “You may not have voiced any, sure, but it doesn’t mean it’s not there. Just be careful. I do hope that it works between you, but be prepared in case it doesn’t.”

I understood the meaning in Dwalin’s words and thanked him for being concerned. He clapped me on the shoulder and went to turn away. Before he completed the move, however, he stopped and leaned in to ask: “But did you finally kiss him?”

I did not answer besides to smile, to which Dwalin gave a loud cheer. He returned to the company, declaring that he had won the wager and demanding that they pay him.

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1:53PM Dwalin has been tearing through Beorn’s halls, screaming about how he has won the wagers. Or at least the kiss one. Glóin has implied that there is more than one wager going on in that dratted Conspiracy. The Company clearly has too much time on their hands.

2:01PM
Anonymous asked:
Best case scenario. Told you so.
Don’t be so infuriatingly smug.

2:04PM
Anonymous asked:
Congratulations! And all the best to both of you.
Thank you for your well-wishes.

3:45 pm
Mr Baggins asked me to help him make more of the honey-cakes that Beorn has been providing. The company thankfully left us in peace, though I had the feeling of them watching.

Bilbo and I were able to make some of the honey-cakes before we became distracted. I admit that it was my fault that we lost track of our original intention. There was a large amount of honey that we were free to use and I was eating more than I was using for the cakes.

Bilbo moved the bowl of honey away from me, saying that I was misusing it. I am not entirely sure why, but I followed the sudden urge to scoop a small amount of honey onto my finger and transferred it to Bilbo’s nose. He looked shocked for a few moments by the addition of honey to his face before his eyes narrowed. I had barely seconds to react before he smeared a palmful of honey onto my own face.

We stared at each other in silence for a breath before both launching towards the bowl. The results of the ‘honey-fight,’ as Bilbo called it, are still splattered on Beorn’s table and in my hair and clothes.

Bilbo apologized after, as honey is not easy to get out, but I assured him that it was quite alright, especially given that he was equally covered.

I must confess that I have never tasted honey so sweet as what was on his lips.
4:29PM I was going to let Thorin help me recreate Beorn’s honey cakes from lunch today, but I think we might have gotten a bit distracted, and a lot stickier than we should be. I think I can still taste the honey from his lips.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6 pm

While I was cleaning my clothes and hair of honey, Balin approached me. He was grinning quite widely, especially for one who had lost a bet earlier. I said as much to him and he chuckled and explained that he was not upset to have lost the bet, as there were more wagers to be had and that he was happy for me.

I asked if he had come to warn me as Dwalin had but Balin shook his head. Instead, he offered to begin teaching Mr Baggins our language, Khuzdul. He laughed when surprise crossed my face, as I had had plans to ask him to do just that. I thanked him for offering to teach Mr Baggins but Balin just waved the thanks off. He informed me that supper was soon to be served before he departed. I may have to arrive late, as this honey is refusing to leave my clothing.

#the quest #balin #mr baggins

6:20PM Gandalf has shown up at supper, but we couldn’t get anything out of him for ten minutes as he was busy stifling the entire room with colourful smoke rings. But he has told us now that he had spent the entire day tracking Beorn’s pawprints, and found them heading after Bolg’s own company and their wargs. I only hope nothing particularly nasty has befallen him.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

7:11PM Balin, with a grin wide enough to split his face in half, has suggested that I start learning Khuzdul. I told him that it was probably a bad idea to learn it along with Sindarin, as I might confuse the two. Balin looked affronted, saying that I could not possibly hope to confuse the two, but I remain unconvinced. I am most definitely going to forget that Khuzdul verbs are not conjugated like Sindarin ones.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

8:30 pm

I have spoken with Gandalf and he has told me all that he knows of Beorn’s activities regarding Bolg. He did not know much, and said that I would have to question Beorn when he returned. I have decided to retire to bed early. Despite being declared healed, my body still feels tired.

#the quest #the wizard #beorn

8:49PM I have just emerged from an impromptu lesson in Khuzdul with Balin, followed by Fíli and Kíli insisting on referring to me as ‘uncle Bilbo’ from now on. I had not expected even half of this amount of excitement and acceptance from the Company, even despite the wagers. I really don’t know what to think of it.
I’m going to bed.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2

9:06PM I think I might actually enjoy taking this slow, if it means letting Thorin hold my hand like that again.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

July 22nd, 2015

Bilbo

3:12AM I must have fallen asleep while Thorin had been singing to me and holding my hand. He’s asleep right now, and he looks so much younger in sleep. All of the lines on his face are smoothed out in rest, and the moon brings out the silver in his hair. Sometimes I forget he’s not young. Neither am I, not by Hobbit reckoning, but there’s something about the quietness of the night that brings out these thoughts. I should just go back to sleep.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:42AM I woke again to the sound of snuffling and scratching and a black shadow at my door. I wonder if it’s Beorn, since I did just dream of dancing bears in a forest glade.
#adventureblogging

Thorin

7:45 am

When I awoke, I was pleased to see that Mr Baggins was still beside me. While I am well aware of how large his personality is, in sleep, I am reminded just how physically small he is. Yet despite the difference, I feel as if he fits against me. My hand may engulf his but there is something that feels so natural about it that I wonder if ours were in fact meant to hold one another.
#the quest #mr baggins

8 am

copics-in-middle-earth asked:

So I know you had friendships already set, but there were some dwarves In your company you had no clue who they were... Well this is a late question but what was your first impressions of them?

Though our company is large, the members of the Ur family were the only ones that I did not know from the start. I had heard of their crafts-work, especially Bombur’s, who is known for his cooking. I knew that Bofur had been a miner and that Bifur had been an excellent toy-maker. I cannot recall what they were exactly, but I believe my first thoughts about Bofur were hoping that he was properly prepared for the quest. For Bifur, I remember being surprised by his appearance, for I would not have guessed that his craft was toy-making; he looked nearly too fierce for it. And for Bombur, I was pleased, for the talk of his food knowledge did not seem to be exaggerated, though I was worried that he may be too gentle for a dangerous quest.

#ask #copics-in-middle-earth #bofur #bifur #bombur
8:30 am
I have not gotten up from my bedroll yet, as Mr Baggins continues to sleep against me. The company has not said anything, but they have been sending various smirks towards me.
#the quest #mr baggins #the company

9 am
Anonymous asked:
I'm so glad you and Bilbo have worked it out and are together now. I wish you two all the happiness of Middle Earth.
I thank you for the well wishes.
#ask #anonymous #mr baggins

9:15 am
Breakfast was set out for us and so I joined the company at the table, leaving Mr Baggins to sleep. However, the cream and honey was disappearing fast and I voiced concern that there would not be any left for him.
Bofur said that he would go to wake Mr Baggins. I thanked him, though moved to leave my seat, wanting to be the one to wake him. Dwalin laughed and told me to sit down, for if I went to wake Mr Baggins, they would not see me again until lunch.
#the quest #mr baggins #bofur #dwalin

9:23 AM Bo woke me up, telling me that if I don’t hurry, all of the breakfast will be eaten. So now I am eating a honey cake as Bo braids my hair and congratulates me on resolving my issues with Thorin. I wonder how much he knows.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole

9:40 AM Bo says that several Company members convinced that Thorin and I had been up to other activities in the garden. I had to quickly dissuade him of that notion.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company #it's that dratted conspiracy again

11:09 AM Beorn came in, smiling and laughing, and quite disrespectfully picked me up and called me a bunny. Thorin thinks it’s hilarious. Maybe I should start referring to him as King Tosspot, then, see how he likes it.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that unbelievable asshole #i am not a bunny

11:15 am
Beorn has returned and he appears to be quite happy. He greeted us all in a booming voice and, quite unexpectedly, picked Mr Baggins up and declared him a ‘little bunny.’ Mr Baggins gaped at Beorn, looking somewhat insulted, while the company attempted to stifle their laughter. I personally quite like that nickname for him.
Little bunny.
#the quest #beorn #the company #little bunny

11:30 AM After what probably counts as second breakfast with Beorn, we learnt what he was up to: he had been tracking the Orcs and Wargs that had pursued us. He had actually come across a stray
Orc and Warg not too far across the river, and after a lengthy interrogation, got the news that these Dwarves did indeed ride against Bolg, son of Azog, was, indeed, a price on the Dwarves’ heads: for the death of the Great Goblin, and the burning of the Warg-chief’s nose as well as the death of their servants at the hands of Gandalf’s pinecones. All of this, of course, on top of Bolg’s own personal mission of revenge against Thorin for the death of his father (even though according to Balin, Thorin had not killed Azog the Defiler on his own). The Wargs and Orcs intended on raiding all of the settlements in the eastward shadow of the mountains as a hunt for the Company, as well as punishment for those who might be sheltering them.

Of course, all of this greatly pleased Beorn, as he was glad to find that our story was indeed true. He has now fully offered us his help and protection, which certainly is a great relief.

#adventureblogging #the company #meddling wizard #that asshole

11:42AM We’ve had a meeting to discuss whether or not we should trust Beorn with the tale of our true destination, as we had told him before that we were visiting family in the East (he seemed to find no issue with me, a Hobbit of the Shire, visiting my nonexistent family in the East). Beorn is clearly not someone we want to alienate, not only because his honey is some of the best honey I have ever tasted (I would gladly eat three jars of the substance for each meal), but also because he has shown us what he has done to the Warg and the Orc he had interrogated, and it is certainly not a pretty sight. In short, we’ve all unanimously agreed to tell him what we’re really doing out here.

#adventureblogging #the company

11:45 am

Beorn has told us where he has been and what he has heard — that we were being hunted with more ferocity than we were before, given that we have slain the Great Goblin. Beorn had heard this through interrogation of a Goblin and Warg, for he had wanted to confirm our story. He showed us the remains of his interrogation, the Goblin’s head outside his gate and the Warg’s pelt nailed to a tree, and declared that he will help us in any way that he could. The relief that swept through the company was audible.

The company came together to discuss if we should inform Beorn of the truth of our quest, for we had simply told him that we were visiting relatives. After much talk, we agreed that it would be best that he knew of our plans so that his help could extend as far as possible. Gandalf seemed quite pleased that we had deemed Beorn an ally.

#the quest #beorn #the wizard

12PM
Letter opener, my feet. I need a name for this sword.
#adventureblogging #the carrock #beorn's halls #travelling

12:30 pm
Balin, Gandalf, and I told Beorn the tale of what has brought us to his halls, starting from my asking of help from my kin all the way to our time in Rivendell. We did not retell him of our time in the Goblin caves, though he said he liked knowing what had lead us there. I explained what I hope to accomplish with this quest and Gandalf told of the deadline that Lord Elrond had informed us of. When we were done, Beorn sat back and declared that our story was quite entertaining and it was not even halfway done! He said again that he would help us with whatever he could and we thanked him sincerely for that. Balin has gone to fetch his maps and he, Gandalf, and Beorn shall look them over to discuss the best path for us to take once we leave these halls.
#the quest #balin #the wizard #beorn

1:31 PM Balin, Gandalf, and Beorn are revising the paths once more with more recent knowledge of Mirkwood. Instead of making for the Old Forest Road, we will be going on the Elf-path through Northern Mirkwood. The Old Forest Road, while well-marked and relatively safe in the past, is now fraught with peril from Goblins and worse creatures in the depths of the forest, not to mention its eastern end being lost in impassable marshes. Heading northward to the Elf-path instead of southward to the Old Forest Road would give us at least a day or two head start against the Orcs and Wargs that would seek to raid all settlements between the Misty Mountains and Mirkwood, Going southward may not get us into the forest in time, as Wargs are certainly faster than the ponies that Beorn is lending us.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #meddling wizard

1:39 PM Aside from ponies (and a horse for Gandalf), Beorn will also give us enough provisions to last us for weeks — nuts, dried fruits, honey. He also has a sort of waybread that has honey baked into it. I still hate waybread, but I like Beorn’s honey cakes, so I think I may be more inclined to eat these.
As for drinks, we also have water-skins, which we should refill right before we enter Mirkwood, as
the water in the forest is dangerous to drink. Also, most things edible in that forest, especially from off the path, are not very wholesome to eat, and may even cause unforeseen consequences.

#adventureblogging #the company #meddling wizard #waybread is still disgusting though

1:50PM
Anonymous asked:
Bofur seems like a good friend, perhaps you can tell him that you and Thorin are in a relationship in confidence. At least then he'll stop badgering you about it, and maybe he'll be able to persuade the others to leave well alone as well since he's your friend and surely wouldn't want you feeling uncomfortable.
I'm sorry, but do you know Bo? He'd stop the pestering and start the teasing. This is still so new; I don’t need anyone else to know about it just yet.

2:30 pm
Beorn has made a change to our plans for going through Mirkwood. Lord Elrond had originally advised for us to take the Old Forest Road, as his maps had shown that it would be no more than a week’s ride at the most, and was the clearest path through the forest. However, Beorn has informed us that the Old Forest Road is now oft used by Goblins, and that the eastern end now has disappeared into untraversable marshes full of unknown dangers. And even if we were to emerge from the marshes alive, it would still be a long and difficult march northward to Erebor, and we may not be able to make it in time for Durin’s Day.
With Beorn’s advice, we are now to make for the Elvish path farther north of his halls. Not only will we throw off any pursuing Orcs that may believe us to be headed for the Old Forest Road, but the Elvish path itself is not frequently used and may be safer than our original route. However, taking this path may bring us closer to the halls of the Elvenking Thranduil, and I have little desire to look upon the realm of the one who denied help to Erebor in its time of greatest need. Hopefully we will be able to traverse the path through Mirkwood without needing to visit the Elves. I still wish we could avoid the forest altogether, but to do that would be foolhardy, as heading south would make the journey needlessly long, and heading north would bring us too close to Gundabad.
   It is altogether a difficult choice, but I believe the Elvish path is the best we have.

#the quest #beorn #ickwood

2:31PM
Anonymous asked:
Guard thy heart, little one. Dwarves care not for any but their own.
You can take your opinion and shove it back up where it came from.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that WONDERFUL asshole

2:56PM Just remembering the danger of the Quest makes me wonder if Thorin and I made the right choice to pursue… whatever this is.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3PM Didn’t we say that the happiness of Thorin’s people in seeing their homeland was worth more than Thorin’s own, that we would not seek a relationship for the danger it might pose to the integrity of the Quest? My words seem thunderous to my ears.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
3:13PM
Anonymous asked:
'You can take your opinion and shove it back up where it came from.' You give that faceless messenger what for, Bilbo! Nicely handled. As for the other matter, I personally believe that you and Thorin made the right choice pursuing this relationship. Danger and goals for his people aside, the two of you deserve some happiness. So why not grasp it now with both hands and try not to worry too much for the moment.
I didn’t tell the messenger to shove it for you to give me your opinion on whether or not this quasi-courtship is a good idea. They were being deliberately insulting to Thorin’s people, which is a completely different matter from offering unsolicited opinions on a private matter. Please keep your nose out of this.
#ask #anonymous #please give me some bloody privacy before i start doubting myself again

3:22PM And yet there is something in the warmth of his voice, in the softness of his eyes, the way his hand seems to engulf my own when he holds it. There is something in the press of his lips against mine and the whisper of his promises in my ear.
I do not know what it means, if it bodes ill or well, but a part of me would like nothing more than to be consumed by him and all that he is.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #he makes it so easy #and yet so hard #to keep my hands in proper places on him #to go slow and not to startle him with anything untoward #and certainly not to paw him up and down like a greenhanded tween

3:27PM
Anonymous asked:
How much poetry have you written about Thorin to this date?
Wouldn’t you like to know.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #with eyes like the sky and a voice like rich mahogany #too bad it's none of your business

3:28PM
Anonymous asked:
My deepest apologies. It was not my intention to offend or pry. I only wished to offer support on your decision. Good luck with the rest of the quest.
I accept your apology. I just would prefer not to get more questions about my relationship with Thorin for the time being.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:36PM
Anonymous asked:
So I understand your exasperation at getting loads of questions about Thorin and your relationship. I'm sure most of us don't mean to make you uncomfortable and that's why I'd like to know where you draw the line. Would you rather not receive anymore asks about Thorin, or maybe just no more suggestions on how to behave around him? This blog shouldn't feel like a chore, I think. Save traveling, Mr Baggins!
I would prefer not to get any more suggestions on how to behave around Thorin, yes, as I am my own person and rather dislike being bossed around like a child. I am open to questions about myself and Thorin, provided that they do not pry into the nature of our relationship. I do hope to have at least a semblance of privacy regarding this matter, thank you.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Anonymous asked:
I absolutely adore your blog. Your adventures are ever so interesting, and I am so pleased to see you and Mister Thorin getting along so well. You two are quite the couple if I may say so. Good luck with the courting, and good luck with the rest of your unexpected adventure Mister Bilbo.
Thank you so much for your sweet compliments! This is all a very recent development, though, I’m afraid. I could hardly stand him when we started out. I suspect the Road has worn me down at last.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #i am a shell of the hobbit i once was

Anonymous asked:
What do you like most about bofur?
He’s very good-natured and easygoing, and he makes very nice braids. Of course, my own hair is getting pretty long, so it’s becoming easier for him, I suspect.

#ask #anonymous #hatdwarf

Anonymous asked:
I know the thought of diverging from your purpose when so much is at stake seems terrifying, but I believe it's worth it. In fact, rather than saying "despite" of the Quest, I would say "because" of it, you should continue to be with Thorin. Is it not better to have some good than none? I can speak from experience when I say that, should this quest not end well (hopefully that won't be the case, heavens help us), it would be better to have some happy memories of each other than regret (1/2)
If there was a second half, I did not receive it.
And you speak of this matter as if not being with Thorin would make the Quest absolutely miserable for me, which is certainly not the case. If the dangers of the Road and the good of Thorin's people
demand it, I would certainly consider this relationship secondary to all else, or terminate it if necessary. You might think it nice to live in a fairy story, but sometimes the errant knight and the butterfly cannot be together, and I accept that.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:15 pm

Bilbo and I went into the garden, for preparations were being seen to and the warmth outside was beckoning to be enjoyed. We rested against the trunk of an oak tree and Bilbo picked the flowers that were around us. He wove them together into circlets and placed one atop my head and one on his. Bilbo confessed that he was worried about Mirkwood and my health. I assured him that I was fully healed but the worry still clung to him. I could see that there was something else pulling at him and after some time, he revealed that he was unsure of our continued relationship. Not that he was displeased, but he was concerned that our focus should be turned on Erebor and the quest, not on each other.

I told him that I had felt a similar fear weighing at my heart. I asked if he truly wanted to stop what was between us for the quest and he turned the question back to me. I said that if he asked and if it was truly needed that we not be together, for the sake of my people and homeland, I would have to sever this time between us. But I believe that we will be able to follow this call of our hearts without bringing ruin upon the quest.

The words calmed him for a time and we lay beneath the oak tree. We exchanged kisses and soft words and I was continuously struck by the way his hair curled around his crown of flowers and the pattern of the freckles across his nose. I have never felt the pull of love besides with my kin and my people and I now wonder if it is love that I feel filling my chest.

#the quest #bilbo #little bunny

4:25PM
Anonymous asked:
If you don't like receiving anons perhaps you should turn the feature off?
Contrary to popular opinion, I do actually enjoy getting questions from faceless messengers that do not pry into the intimate details of my relationship with Thorin.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:30PM
Bo is snickering about the grass stains on my shirt and the twigs in Thorin’s hair. I have half a mind to punch him, even though he is my friend, just to get the smirk off his face.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:35PM
Anonymous asked:
Sounds like you're both having fun, good for you.
Thank you for the encouragement!

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #i'd forgotten how nice kisses felt

6:28PM
We are to set out after midday tomorrow. All of our preparations have been set. I am almost delirious with worry over Thorin’s health on the Road; while he has recuperated most wonderfully at Beorn’s, the Forest of Mirkwood may try to undo all of that progress. Already the prospect of travelling through a forest that is actively trying to get us lost with enchantments and illusions is weighing on him.
7:24 pm
Anonymous asked:

My apologies for infringing upon your privacy, but goodness that was a very sweet update! I do hope things continue to go well for yourself and Mr Baggins. Your relationship seems like a lovely one. Have a pleasant time resting before the quest continues.

I thank you for your well-wishes. We are to leave tomorrow after lunch, and we will certainly make the most out of what time we have left in peace and safety.

#ask #anonymous #bilbo #little bunny

7:37 pm
Anonymous asked:

I am so happy that things are going well between you and Mr. Baggins! I was very moved by your discussion of your time with him in the garden. How would you describe the way that Mr. Baggins looks?

I do not believe my words are sufficient to describe how Mr Baggins looked this afternoon. If you told me even a week ago that this would be the state of affairs between the two of us, I might have laughed at you in scorn. I would still not say that he is comely by Dwarven standards, especially given the lack of a beard, but he certainly has his own charm.

He is also very expressive when we touch. I do not think he will ever cease to surprise me.

#ask #anonymous #bilbo #little bunny

8:12PM

How have I ever lived fifty-one years without knowing the secure feeling of sleeping with a nice warm brick wall pressed firmly against my back? Truly a marvel. And this one insists on nuzzling, too.

That’s it. If he insists on calling me ‘little bunny’, I shall refer to him as nothing but ‘brick wall’. King Tosspot is far too kind a name in response to such an affront to my respectability.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #that warm sunbaked brick wall asshole

8:45 pm

The company decided to retire to bed early to make the most of the soft hay and protected space while it was available.

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I asked Bilbo if he still held doubts about our continued relationship. He did not answer for a long while before confessing that he did. I asked if there was anything that I could do to help banish those doubts, if even for a small time. He did not speak but simply moved his bedroll closer and placed his back to my chest. I understood the meaning behind the gesture and placed my arm over his side, holding him close.

I know that Bilbo enjoys song and finds comfort in it so I quietly sang the Hobbit lullaby he had taught me. After a while, however, he informed me that by singing, I was tickling his ear and preventing him from sleep. I moved the hair from his ear to be sure that I did not brush it again but the action caused him to give a small yelp and squirm away. He turned to glare and said that I was now tickling him on purpose. I assured him that I had not meant to. He accepted that and laid down again, though he kept a hold of my hand to be sure I did not do it again.

I did not feel the pull of sleep but instead that of mischief. Carefully, using my nose, I traced the shell
of his ear. He chirped in surprise again and there was a laugh on the edge of his voice. I continued down the side and back of his neck until he had to hide his face in the hay to conceal his laughter. Bilbo asked if I planned to keep him up all night, nuzzling like I was. I jested that it was I was far too amused to stop. He declared around a smile that I was the most irritating brick wall he had ever come across.

I stopped my pestering so that Bilbo may sleep and it did not take long before he began to breathe deeply. I wonder if he can feel my lips against his hair in his dreams.

#the quest #bilbo #little bunny

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July 23rd, 2015

Bilbo

7:39AM Loudest awakening yet. Beorn himself called us to breakfast. Would’ve been nice to follow, if I hadn’t been kept in place by the brick wall I was holding onto last night. Thorin refuses to let me go when I try to free myself. It is exasperatingly endearing.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:50AM I’ve finally woken Thorin for breakfast. The honeyed milk tea might have been just the thing he needed to actually wake up. I, on the other hand, am going to miss the honey butter rolls, and might eat all of the ones in our provisions before we even reach Mirkwood.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

8 am

We were awoken by Beorn’s loud cry that breakfast was to be served. I felt Mr Baggins begin to move before the call was even complete. The mischief that I had felt last night had not left me and I kept my hold of Mr Baggins, preventing him from rising. He tried several more times and then twisted to peer at me. However, I had shut my eyes and feigned sleep before he had fully turned.

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Bilbo grumbled a few times, calling me a brick wall again, and kept attempting to get up. I kept my hold and tried to keep my expression from betraying that I was awake. I felt Bilbo finally turn to fully face me and he was still for a while. I believed that he had given up trying to leave when I felt a hard poke in my chest.

“Thorin, let me up,” he commanded.

“Go back to sleep,” I replied.

“But breakfast—”

“Can wait.”

“Did you honestly just say that?” Bilbo poked me again, this time under my beard, causing me to reflexively bend my head to cover my neck. “Are you intending to keep me here all day?”

I opened one eye and saw that his nose was scrunched up. I briefly tightened my hold on him. “What if I am?”

Bilbo was quiet for a moment before moving to press fully against my front. His face was buried in my shirt with his palms on my chest. I let my body relax and began to fall back to sleep. It was then that Bilbo pushed off of my chest and rolled out of my hold, so quickly that I did not have time to
I stared at him in surprise and he stuck his tongue out at me before telling me to get up before he ate all of my breakfast.

#the quest #little bunny #bilbo

8:45 am

I already know that I will greatly miss Beorn’s honey once we depart. The company seems to share my love of it as well as the knowledge that it will soon be gone. It could explain the enthusiasm that they devoured their breakfast with.

#the quest #the company

9:25AM The Company is deliberately preventing me from seeing Thorin. They’ve spent months trying to get us together, and now need us apart because apparently we’ll never leave if they just leave us together this morning. I’ve been shuttled from one Company member to the next and engaged in the smallest of tasks for preparing our departure, usually amounting to standing there holding things for the others.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:50 am

After breakfast, preparations for our departure began. I did not realise then but the company held the belief that Mr Baggins and I would be unable to be productive if we were to spend time together. If it were not irritating, it would be amusing that the company spent so long trying to get Mr Baggins and I together only to have to tell us to stop.

#the quest #the company #little bunny

10:42AM While rolling up the bedrolls (gifts from Beorn, apparently, as we have lost ours), I complained to Bo about the forced separation, and he had the audacity to tell me it was for my own good. As if Thorin and I cannot keep our hands off each other long enough to pack!

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:45 am

Anonymous asked:

Why do you think "little bunny" is a good nickname for Mr. Baggins?
Mr Baggins has several habits that remind me of rabbits, such as how he twitches his nose or stomps his feet when sneezing. Also, he is small in stature but can be very fierce when he chooses to be.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

11:15 am

Anonymous asked:

I wish you and your company all the luck for reclaiming your Home Mister Thorin. And congratulations on courting Mister Bilbo, you two seem happy.
I thank you for your well wishes and kind words. Mr Baggins and I are not officially courting but your congratulations is appreciated nonetheless.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny
Anonymous asked:

How many types of flowers does Bag End have in its gardens? Which ones would be in bloom around now? Which ones are your favourites?

Numerous. I couldn’t possibly tell you exactly how many, as Holman would be the Hobbit to ask for that. I think right now the irises, larkspurs, and lilies are in bloom, and I do believe the irises are my favourite right now, as they are one of the few flowers that have a name in Khuzdul.

#ask #anonymous

Anonymous asked:

Mr Oakenshield, did you ever strike up any noteworthy friendships while you were off laboring in the townships of Men? My friend's just returned from working abroad, where the family of a colleague all but adopted her, and it has me wondering about your own experiences.

The Men did not trust Dwarves, though they used our labor enough, and did not seek to make friends. There were exceptions, as there always are, but they were few and far between. I also did not make an effort to begin any friendships, as I was focused on the work and my people.

#ask #anonymous

We have eaten our last lunch with Beorn. He told us more stories about Mirkwood, offered more advice for travelling through it, and wished us luck on our travels. However, I suspect that he might not simply trust us to take care of his ponies and horse. He certainly seems the sort to make sure his animals are safe at all costs.

I don’t blame him, on most days animals are better than people.

#adventureblogging

Anonymous asked:

What’s your favorite thing about Thorin?

I’m afraid that’s hard to say, as there are plenty of admirable things about him: his fierce loyalty to his family and people, his strong sense of duty, the way he looks at me that sends shivers down my spine — but I’d have to go back to what first drew my fancy in the first place, and say that I like his poetry best. He will deny ever being poetic, but he has no idea how nice he sounds when he’s promising me the firefly-stars with his arms around me.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Lunch was a bittersweet affair. The company dove into our last meal of honey and cream with enthusiasm. However, there was a melancholy about it, especially with Beorn telling us more of Mirkwood. There were a few quiet jests of abandoning the quest and living here with the bees and their honey. I would not fault them terribly if they chose to do so, as the honey is splendid.

#the quest #the company #though it is quite hard to get out of clothes #i believe there is still some clinging to me
Anonymous asked:
*grumbles* hey, I had that message where only half of it appeared. I don't remember the exact wording of the second half, but the gist of it was that we would support you no matter what decision you make (regarding yours and Thorin’s relationship). Best of luck in any case! Thank you for your well-wishes.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:03PM We are now leaving Beorn’s halls. I had thought to wander through the gardens one last time, or to stand for a while under the oak tree where Thorin and I had spent our afternoon yesterday, but I suspect preventing that might have been one of the reasons behind the Company keeping me busy all morning.

Don’t know whether or not to commend or condemn them for that.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:31PM Still managed to pick one last flower from the garden and wave goodbye to the bees.

I will admit this was mostly done to spite the Company members who detained me this morning.

#adventureblogging #the company

2:45 pm

We have departed from Beorn’s halls. He has allowed us to use his ponies to travel to Mirkwood.

We have been given packs full of supplies and food and Beorn has said that we are welcome to return whenever we so wish. We thanked him sincerely and bid him farewell.

Before we left, Mr Baggins approached me on his pony, holding a flower. He gestured that I lean towards him and when I did, he slipped the flower behind my ear. I believe that his face was redder than my own.

#the quest #beorn #little bunny

3:01PM

Anonymous asked:

Can I ask a very personal question? granted the success of this quest, how (and where) do you see yourself in ten years from now?

Back in the Shire, I expect, in my favourite armchair with a mug of tea and a book. I suppose if the Quest is successful, the Company members might be escorting their families from the Ered Luin to Erebor, so if they ever stop by the Shire, they’ll be welcome at any time.

Of course, part of me hopes Thorin will be one of those, as he does have a sister and possibly other family members in the Ered Luin, but I know he would not be able to stop by the Shire if he is to be King Under the Mountain. Perhaps Fíli and Kíli will come to tea in his stead.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #the company

3:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

Are you going to tell Bilbo soon that you love him?

This matter and my decision is knowledge just for Mr Baggins and I and will only be shared if we
3:19PM We’ve barely left Beorn’s fields and Thorin is already moping about the loss of Beorn’s honey. Obviously he has no idea that Beorn gave us several pots full of honey, and Nori took a couple extra as well (though I don’t think he intends to use those for anything wholesome, so they don’t count as part of our supply).
No one tell him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #pointydwarf

3:27PM
Anonymous asked:
Animals are indeed better than most people, I like your outlook on life. Nevertheless, if you don’t mind me asking, do you have a best friend? Someone to share your thoughts with, someone who wouldn’t judge you, that kind of person. Or are you more the lone wolf type?
I suppose in some respects Bofur would be considered my best friend, as I certainly tell him a great deal of things (excluding this most recent development with Thorin, though I suspect he knows already) and he allows me to help him with his braids. Back in the Shire, though, I’m afraid I never quite developed many close friendships, especially since all of the relatives my age have gotten married and settled down. Holman Greenhand and Hamfast Gamgee might be friends, I suppose, but they are also my gardeners, and I don’t know if that counts.
I may have to wait until my little nieces and nephews start growing up to find a friend in the Shire, if I ever do have the chance to return.

#ask #anonymous #hatdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:45 pm
That thought of our pursuers has weighed on the company, keeping them silent and focused on the road ahead.
Dwalin and Balin joined me and we talked in low voices of Bolg and his proclaimed revenge for the death of his father, Azog. Dwalin wondered, given Bolg’s declaration of ‘an arm for an arm, a head of a head,’ if that meant that Dáin could also be targeted. I said that it could be possible and we agreed that it would be wise to send a message to Dáin of this, though we had no current way of delivering such a message.
Balin recalled the ravens of Erebor that we would be able to use. Erebor is still a great distance away, but may be the only method we have of communicating with Dáin.

#the quest #dwalin #balin #dain ironfoot

5:41PM We have rode on and on in mostly silence, galloping the ponies when we can. People have only just started to talk and sing. The silence earlier had been disconcerting, so this is a welcome relief.

#adventureblogging #the company

6 pm
The tense silence that hung over the company has lifted and they have begun to talk once again.
Gandalf continues to look grim, focusing on the path ahead. He had informed us days ago that he intended to leave us once we reached Mirkwood, though he has made no more mention of it since then. It is still my hope that he continues with us.

#the quest #the wizard #the company

6:22PM I keep wondering if there’s something following us. There are additional footfalls besides the clopping of the ponies’ hooves.
#adventureblogging

7:25 pm
We have stopped for the night and begun setting up camp. The area we are in is open with few trees, though the trees of Mirkwood stand tall in the distance. We have had to dig a fire pit, as we do not want to alert any that are hunting us to our presence. Even with the concealment, however, the company is casting wary looks around, as if our enemies will appear at any moment.
#the quest #the company

7:32PM We have made camp for the night. Thorin is lamenting about the honey again. I think I shall have to surprise him with some.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:41PM Send help, I am being attacked by a brick wall demanding more honeyed kisses.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:09PM And I guess that’s what Bombur sounds like when he’s disciplining his enormous brood of children. Thorin at least had the decency to look ashamed. Honestly, I can’t fault him for getting carried away. I’ve never seen him look this alive, and the intensity of his gaze is frankly quite mesmerising.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #bigdwarf

8:15 pm
Mr Baggins has given me a surprise of a most delightful sort! Apparently Beorn has given us some small pots of honey as part of our provisions. I had not seen them in the packs earlier, so this revelation has been most welcome.

However, the way in which Bilbo chose to surprise me with this revelation has only made it all the more sweeter. He had put a glob of the honey on his lips and kissed me with it! Almost as soon as he pulled away, I tried to pull him back to take the honey from him, but he was too quick and squirmed away. This quickly turned into us chasing each other around the camp, as I tried to win the honey back from him. We very quickly ended up breathless with laughter, exchanging honey-covered kisses in the grass behind one of the sparsely-placed trees near the campsite.

Unfortunately, reality returned to us fairly quickly when Bombur caught us with the honey. I originally believed him to be too gentle for this quest. He has proven that he is quite strong in both body and voice, especially when he is angered. I do not believe I have ever heard the words ‘wasted honey’ said in quite such an upset manner. Mr Baggins and I have reclaimed our seats around the fire.
pit. I think I shall wait for the mood to calm before I tell him that he still has some honey on his face.

#the quest #bilbo #little bunny #bombur #i maintain that it was worth it

**8:45PM**

*Anonymous asked:*

That’s a nice idea, to surprise Thorin with the honey. It seems like he has a taste for sweet things. I wonder if the sweet tooth is a family trait. Do Fili and Kili seem as fond of the honey? Fili and Kili are both fond of sweets, Kili moreso than their brother, but I don’t think I’ve ever seen either of them become this enthusiastic about honey. But then again, I’m not sure whether it was me or the honey that Thorin enjoyed more.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

**8:53PM**

*Anonymous asked:*

'Send help, I am being attacked by a brick wall demanding more honeyed kisses.' Oh dear. the honey idea went over well then, I gather. Good luck squirming your way free, Mr Baggins! Though it doesn't seem like an overly awful situation to be in. You’re so dreadfully helpful. Alas, Bombur got there ahead of you.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #bigdwarf

**9:30 PM**

A double guard has been assigned and the fire has been put out. Still, the tension from earlier has returned to the company. I can feel their ears straining to pick up some indication of approaching Wargs and it is quiet when there is usually a harmony of snoring. This will be a long night.

#the quest #the company

**9:56PM** I have to say, I didn’t miss sleeping on a hard ground. I miss my feather mattress back in Bag End. But the stars are so bright and numerous, and Thorin’s hand is warm, so I can’t really complain. Good night.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**July 24th, 2015**

*Bilbo*

**2:19AM**

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I dreamt that Thorin was dead. I dreamt that the Wargs and Orcs, led by Bolg, crept up to us in the early hours of the morning and killed Thorin even as he slept next to me, and I’d woken up to hear him choking. There was nothing I could do; blood was everywhere, and I couldn’t bring myself to look at any of it.
And then I woke up again to the feeling of hands stroking at my hair and the sound of Thorin humming my mother’s lullaby, whispering that he was there, that everything was alright. Then I realised I’d been crying in my sleep.

I don’t know what to do. He may be comfortably warm and alive today, but what about tomorrow? Or even a week from now, after we’ve entered that Giver-forsaken forest? What am I to do then, when it stops being nightmares and starts being reality?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

3:15 am

I found that sleep was difficult to find and when it did take me, I dreamt of when Erebor fell. However, it had changed slightly from its how it went. The dragon’s fire burned my chest but what shocked me awake was turning to see Bilbo consumed by flames. I could hear his cries in my ears and when I woke, I saw that he was actually crying. Tears were streaming down his face and he had curled in on himself.

I tried to wake him, but that only caused him to flinch away and cry out louder. With no other way of comforting, I began to quietly sing the Hobbit lullaby he had taught me. At first, it did not seem to have any effect but Bilbo eventually began to quiet. I brushed his hair and after a while, his eyes opened.

He tried to apologize for waking me, but I hushed him. He was shaking and I pulled him close, enclosing him in my arms and furs. I continued with the song until I felt him stop shaking and eventually, his breaths deepened.

Sleep feels to be impossible now. The taste of smoke has not left my tongue and despite him sleeping against me, the sound of Bilbo’s cries are echoing in my ears.

#the quest #bilbo #little bunny

6:32 AM The sun hasn’t fully risen yet, but Gandalf is intent on getting us to the forest at least. He has become very terse when I talk to him, and spends a great deal of time muttering to thin air. He seems more agitated about the forest than the rest of us put together. Does he suspect we’ll come to harm in the forest somehow?

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

9:50 AM We are silently passing mountains and trees, galloping across the grassland as swiftly as we dare, as if we’d like to put more distance between ourselves and where we were last night.

#adventureblogging #the company

10 AM Despite the overall silence, some of the Company members are bickering more than usual. I suspect it has something to do with the lack of sleep some of us had. I hope it doesn’t persist.

#adventureblogging #the company

11:22 AM

Anonymous asked:

Maybe you should ask him what's bothering him? Most Maiar are strange, but if he truly is acting odder than usual then maybe something is wrong…

I don’t know if it’s odder. It’s just not the way I usually see him. This entire adventure has been me realising that Gandalf is more than just a conjurer of smokes and lights. I might ask, but I don’t expect any sort of decent answer.
11:45 AM There are red deer in the field. They are sitting in the shade of the few trees out here, their horns twisted like tree branches. Fíli and Kíli are eying them as if they would make a good lunch. I wonder if Beorn minds.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

12:25 pm

The dream has clung to my mind all morning. I find that I can barely look at Mr Baggins without my sight being filled by the image of him being consumed by fire. It feels too much like a look at the future that my breath is stolen.

#the quest #little bunny

12:39 PM Giver preserve us, even Fíli and Kíli have started to argue. Apparently Kíli missed their shot, causing the deer to escape, and now they and Fíli are arguing over whether or not the shot could have been feasible in the first place, as it had happened on the back of a pony moving in the opposite direction. We might want to get people to rest earlier, because at this rate we’ll all be nothing but a bunch of cranky tossers sniping at each other.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

2:04 PM

Anonymous asked:

You mentioned that irises are also named in Khuzdul? Would you mind telling us what they’re called, if you know the word? Irises are my favourite flowers, especially the purple ones that almost look blue sometimes.

Thorin says they’re called “nanâg”, when I pointed them out in Beorn’s garden. I rather prefer the word “nungel”, which is “iris of all irises”, simply because it reminds me of him: able to survive even through the harshest conditions, able to bloom beautifully despite austerity.

#ask #anonymous #nang is a singular one #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:18 PM When I asked Gandalf what was troubling him, he said that Beorn told him about the alliance between the Orcs of Gundabad and the Necromancer of Dol Guldur. The sickness in Mirkwood, he says, comes from the Necromancer’s presence. The way he kept on fixating on it leaves me no doubt as to what sort of business he has down South.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

4:44 PM There are birds circling overhead again, because what we really needed to add to this tense and stressful day are evil spy birds reporting our location to the Orcs. Kíli has shot a couple down, looking one more argument away from breaking down. I’ll ask Thorin if we can stop for camp soon so I can check on Kíli and see if they need anything.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 2

5:06 PM Thorin is ignoring me.

Brilliant.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

5:35 PM
Anonymous asked:
You mentioned that he was awake when you woke from the nightmare (how are you, by the way, Master Baggins? Such things are terrible), maybe he had trouble sleeping too for some reason?
I’d almost wished he’d tossed me into an argument like the rest of the Company has done because of their sleep deprivation. Not looking me in the eye makes it worse.
But everything’s fine. It’s just a dream. Don’t worry about it.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

5:39PM While resting our ponies and refilling water-skins, I asked Kili if they were all right, but they did not answer. They were repeatedly running their left thumb over a small pebble in their hand, and would not let me see it, so I decided to step away. Maybe that’s what they do to calm down.
#adventureblogging #thing 2

5:45PM Thorin is still ignoring me. He won’t even look at me. If that’s how he wants to behave, then so be it.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

6PM Have I done something to offend him? When I used to avoid him it usually had something to do with my attraction towards him and not wanting to force anything on him, but I suspect this is different.
We are on the Road again, and I cannot expect him to be open about himself as long as we are in danger. The last time I had such expectations, it only ended in misery for the two of us. But seeing him closed up again makes my heart beat painfully in my chest. Why?
#adventureblogging #that asshole

6:13PM I need this day to be over. I don’t want this painful wrenching in my gut every time I try to meet Thorin’s eye and he looks away. It’s like I’ve lost him already and we’ve barely begun.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

6:24PM
Anonymous asked:
May I just say, if it will help matters at all. I don't think Thorin is ignoring you to be intentionally rude or anything. I believe he may have had a bad dream much like yourself, unfortunately he's just not handling it too well. Hopefully he'll open up again soon, or I suppose you could outright ask him about it if you find the time and aren't too tired from travelling later? I hope you all find some better rest tonight.
He’s had night terrors in the past and still looked at me the morning after without the need to get all shuddery as if he’s staring at a ghost. I’m right here.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole

6:27PM
Anonymous asked:
did you get to spend time with beorn alone? what did you like most about his personality?
I spent some time with him by his hives. His bees are intelligent enough to know not to sting me.
While I’m still quite miffed at his nickname for me (as it has quite painfully stuck, no thanks to Thorin), I have to say his love for his animals and his garden really reminds me of the Shire, and how much I miss my own garden, and the Bolgers’ cat, and the warrens of rabbits that nest beneath the oak tree above Bag End every springtime.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole
It is fortunate that Beorn allowed us to borrow his ponies, for I do not believe I would have been able to travel today if made to walk. I feel as if I am shaking, as if the rumble of the stones of Erebor are echoing in me. It is rare that a night terror grips me so harshly. Perhaps this is my mind rebelling at the happiness I have felt recently and it feels the need to haunt me once again. The silence of the company today has not helped, only allowed the dragon’s roar to fill my ears more. I know that I have hurt Mr Baggins with my avoidance of him but I cannot find it within me to approach him at the moment. Perhaps once the taste of smoke has left my tongue.

6:42PM
Anonymous asked:
Adventures in romance tend to be rocky at times Mister Bilbo. I do hope you and Thorin can resolve whatever is the matter. I am most defiantly sending anonymous support your way. Thank you for your defiance.
#ask #anonymous

6:50PM
Anonymous asked:
I did mean to say "definitely" in my last ask. That's terribly embarrassing. **Hides behind hands.**
No fuss, I know what you meant. Thank you.
#ask #anonymous

7:01 pm
Anonymous asked:
Thorin, you're past tragedies are terrible indeed and its horrible that the memories return to tear apart your new romance. But I still believe you should talk to Bilbo, explain to him your fears. I'm sure he'll understand. Until then I keep you and your company in my thoughts, all the luck to you Master Dwarf.
I will explain to Mr Baggins why my fears kept me from him today but first I must be able to look at him without seeing him consumed by flames.
#ask #anonymous #little bunny

7:08PM
Anonymous asked:
'He’s had night terrors in the past and still looked at me the morning after without the need to get all shuddery as if he’s staring at a ghost. I’m right here.' Perhaps there was something different about this one? Maybe it involved the Company or yourself and affected him differently. Might be worth asking at least, to put your mind at rest a bit. Not meaning to be pushy of course, just suggesting so that travelling is easier for you tomorrow.
If his past has found some new way to haunt him, I don’t think there’ll be much that I can do even if I ask. I don’t know how to save him from his ghosts.
7:29PM
Anonymous asked:
i’m sorry to hear about these developments, mr baggins. if it was indeed a night terror that's affecting thorin so, i'd suggest just trying to wait him out (i suffered them quite badly as a child and the serious ones made me withdrawn and anxious for hours afterwards. you could try asking him about it or offering a few words of comfort. in my experience, though, riding it out alone was really the only thing to do)
It seems to be the best course of action. I believe he will overcome it, given time.

7:45PM
Anonymous asked:
In my very limited experience and what little I know of any relationships (romantic or otherwise), communication is key. I’m sure you already know this. Naturally it'll be difficult to talk whilst traversing on the road, but once you’re settled in camp it might be best to have a private chat with him if you can and find out what's wrong? I highly doubt you've offended him. More than likely he's worried about something and lacking sleep much like most of the others. Hope you all feel better soon.
I’ll see if I can talk to him, but I don’t have much of an expectation for a reply. Even Bo’s been a bit short with me today.

8:01PM We’ve finally stopped to make camp, as the sun has set over the mountains in the West and the evening is swiftly gaining. Everyone is tense and silent, looking warily about them and straining to hear the howling of Wargs.

8:12PM There’s something prowling in the distance, a big black shadow of some sort. I don’t think it’s a Warg, but it still unsettles me.

8:52PM Supper was quiet. No one really looked at each other or spoke much. Gandalf continues to be lost in his own little world, muttering things to himself. He’s now smoking like a chimney, smoke rings gathering around his head to wreath it in a little grey cloud. I’ve half a mind to tell him to just leave us and get on with his business down South, but I imagine the Company would be cross with me if I did that.
But I don’t think Gandalf”s attention is with us anymore.

9PM Smoke ring total: 10 perfect rings.
Thorin came up to me as I was puffing at my pipe, having borrowed some pipe-weed from Bofur, and he apologised for ignoring me all day, as he had had a night terror like my own, except for him, it was seeing me die in the fall of Erebor. He could not look at me at all today without being reminded of the fact. I accepted his apology, and we sat together for a while, sharing my pipe, and he rested his head against my shoulder and entwined our fingers.
The more time I spend with him, the less certain I am of everything that I feel for him. I had thought it would be simply physical, that I would be content with kisses and the press of his body against mine. I thought I could keep my own emotions away from it, but he is so genuine with his own that I
cannot help but respond. 
I am breaking again, and I don’t know how I’ll be pieced together afterwards.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:08PM
Anonymous asked:
It seems a bit odd, doesn't it, that everyone should be bickering and short tempered all at once. I'm not sure of course, but from what you described it just seems a little unlikely simple lack of sleep and worry would make everyone so jumpy and bad tempered when they seemed fine just yesterday. But maybe I'm reading too much into all this. Perhaps Gandalf would have some idea of the cause if it is something more than merely frayed tempers. Could it be the closer proximity to the forest?
I'd love to find out just as much as you, but Gandalf is being bloody unhelpful.

#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard

9:40 pm
After we set up camp, Dwalin approached me. He did not say much, besides instructing me to take deep breaths for a while. He sat with me while I did and once I stopped feeling as if the ground was shaking beneath me, he listened while I described what I had seen in my dream. His hand came up and gripped my shoulder tightly until I was focused on that and not the ringing in my ears.
I thanked him once I felt myself shake the effects of the night terror away. It was not completely gone, but enough that I felt like I could breathe again. Dwalin pointed to where Mr Baggins was smoking and told me to go speak with him.

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I went to sit by Bilbo and I could see him tense up as I sat, his eyes looking away. I explained as well as I could what had caused me to avoid him during the day and apologized for whatever hurt my actions had caused him. I kept my distance while I spoke, despite wanting the comfort of his hand in mine. If he wished me to leave him be, I would.
However, Bilbo accepted my apology and placed his hand on my own. I felt the last of the tension in my body leave and all but slumped to rest my head on his shoulder. He smelt of honey and the smoke from his pipe and it chased away the lingering burn of the dragon’s fire from my throat.
After a few moments, I felt Bilbo’s free hand in my hair. It was a hesitant touch and was followed by a gentle press of lips to my forehead. He softly began to hum the Hobbit lullaby as his hand continued through my hair. He shifted and nudged me until I ended with my head his lap and both of his hands in my hair.
I do not know what I have done to deserve him but he is more than I could have wished.

#the quest #dwalin #little bunny #i do not deserve such happiness #but i thank mahal for bringing him to me

10:05 pm

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I awoke from the slight doze I had fallen into to find Bilbo scratching in his notebook. He had one hand still gently combing through my hair and I nearly returned to sleep. However, curiosity pulled at me and I shifted to try to view what he was doing.
But once Bilbo noticed my gaze, he covered his writing in a hurry. I asked what he was working on and even in the low light, I could see his face turn red. He assured me that it was nothing, just nonsense. I tried to continue to inquire about the writing but Bilbo bent down to place a soft kiss to my forehead and told me to go back to sleep. I brought my own hand up and shifted it through his hair, which I have half a mind to add my own braids to, and returned the kiss to his lips. Bilbo went back to writing, though his notebook was tilted to where I could not read it, and began
humming the lullaby once more. Looking up at him now, he is surrounded by the stars and seems to be aglow from them.

#the quest #little bunny

10:14PM
I sit beside the fire and think
of your hand warm in mine,
and the fireflies within your smile
that makes all the world sublime
For if it had been just your lips
or your touch that made me feel
the exquisite burn within myself,
then I could say it was not real
But alas, the fire flickers low
and I still can’t understand
why I feel as if I’d fight a war
for the right to hold your hand.

#adventureblogging #my poetry #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #make it stop

10:26PM
Anonymous asked:
You’re uncertain of what you feel? Are you getting sick of him Master Baggins?!
Would you like to reread what I recently posted and ask yourself if that is me becoming sick of him?
Do; I’ll be waiting.

#ask #anonymous #how dare you

10:31PM
Anonymous asked:
We are all fools in love, Master Baggins
Is that what you call this? I certainly haven’t ever had first-hand experience, I wouldn’t know.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

July 25th, 2015

Bilbo

6:45AM Good news: Thorin is not ignoring me like he was yesterday, so perhaps the bad dream didn’t visit him last night.
Bad news: He’s trying to make us ride late into the night, because he wants us at the eaves of Mirkwood early tomorrow morning. Balin keeps on trying to convince him we’re on schedule, but Thorin seems to be quite adamant about this position.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #brainsdwarf

Thorin
When I awoke this morning, I realized that Bilbo and I had not moved to our bedrolls. Instead, he had slept leaned against a felled tree while my head remained resting in his lap. I must have shifted during the night onto my side and continued to move once I had woken until I lay on my stomach. I encircled Bilbo’s waist with my arms and pressed my face to his stomach, which I have found to be the warmest and softest part of him.

I had only pressed lightly but it was enough to wake Bilbo. He grumbled and asked me to stop squirming as I was. I ignored his request and pressed forward again, mischief in my mind. It was then that I felt why he had asked me to stop.

Bilbo pushed me out of the way as he stood and went to pack his things. His movements were difficult, given his predicament, but his anger seemed enough to fuel him. I know I must apologize for my actions, but I feel that words would not be enough. Though there are few options on how, I must find some other way of asking for forgiveness.

#the quest #little bunny #I should not tease him so

7:09AM The Company is grumbling moreso than usual about the projected late night ride. I’m not exactly pleased with it, either, though I understand Thorin’s wish for us to be by the forest in case our pursuers try to cut us off, as we would certainly lose them in the trees.
I suppose between Orcs and trees, trees are the lesser evil.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company

7:32AM Nori is already making snide comments about Thorin finally overcoming his hatred of trees. I have half a mind to throw the rest of my waybread at him. Even if Beorn’s waybread is rather delicious.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #pointydwarf #i imagine he won't be making those jokes once we're in mirkwood

8 am

The company has made their displeasure of the plan for today quite clear. But it is important that we outrun our enemies. This long day also gives opportunity on how to apologize to Mr Baggins for putting him in such an awkward position this morning. I believe I have figured out a pleasing apology, though I must first speak with Bombur.
Mr Baggins is avoiding looking at me for the time being. I know the reason behind it, and yet it hurts still.
#the quest #little bunny #the company

8:03 am

Anonymous asked:
I'm so glad you and Bilbo are able to be happy together. No matter what hardships you guys go through and people you lose, you still have him. Just as long as you still love him, he will always be with you.
While I thank you for the kind words, I must admit that I cannot believe what you say to be true. The ways of the world are not always kind and there come times when we lose those who are dear to us, no matter how hard we try to keep them safe. I do not know how much time Mr Baggins and I will have together, though I fully intend to enjoy each day with him.
#ask #anonymous #little bunny
8:20AM Thorin has announced that meals today are on a Hobbit schedule because of the extra riding. Judging by the cheers, Dori is quite excited at the prospect of indulging in Hobbit culture by eating six times today.
#adventureblogging #winedwarf #that asshole

9:18AM Bombur has distributed second breakfast. I suspect the afternoon tea slot won’t actually be for tea, considering the lack of supplies or time.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

11:09AM Bombur has distributed elevenses. I can’t believe Thorin remembers that elevenses exists. It’s mostly dried fruits and more waybread, but I can’t argue with more food. And the honey that goes with the waybread is getting all over my hands.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole

11:15AM Thorin caught me licking the honey off one of my fingers. I’m still not sure what possessed me to look him in the eyes and lick one of my other fingers, but it got him to look away, so there’s that. My cheeks are still burning, as they have been doing every time I look at him.
#adventureblogging #that asshole

11:30 am
Mr Baggins, along with the rest of the company, seems pleased to be having meals along a Hobbit schedule. It is certainly appealing, as there is a generous amount of honey being distributed at each meal.

I must admit that while I am pleased with the honey being present for the fact that it is delicious, I feel fascinated by Bilbo’s enjoyment of it. After what I believe is called elevenses, Bilbo’s hands were slathered in honey and he began licking them clean. It was… mesmerizing. Though, when he caught my gaze and held it, still licking his fingers clean, I had to be the one to look away. I can still feel the beat of my heart throughout my body, sending a strange warmth through me that is nearly uncomfortable. It is like I am very aware of each of my limbs and the breath within my chest. I am not sure what this is but I believe it is Bilbo’s doing.
#the quest #little bunny #i do not understand what he is doing to me

12 pm
Dwalin has been laughing each time I have had to readjust my seat. I asked him just what was so amusing and he simply cast a look between Mr Baggins and I. He then wiggled his eyebrows and winked. I assigned him second watch.
#the quest #dwalin #little bunny

1:20 pm
I have joined Mr Baggins where he is sitting as we wait for lunch to be ready. I feel my usual desire to be near him but there is something added to it, like an underlying heat. It has put a small distance between us, as neither of us are touching each other, though we are sitting close enough to.

Though there is no physical contact, I feel that there is a pull between us that has not been present
before. Even when he has kissed me hard enough to make me forget my own name, Bilbo has kept his hands firmly above my waist. He is aware of the boundaries I have set and respects them. But despite having stolen honey from his lips before, I do not believe that any of our time together has resulted in such heat between us. I am not entirely sure where this development will lead us, though I feel ready to find out with him.

#the quest #little bunny

1:27PM Bombur was allowed to stop and cook for lunch, and Thorin came and sat by me and my pony as we waited for lunch. I must admit it’s rather hard to look at him without blushing, but he seems just as uncomfortable about what happened this morning as I am. I know we’re going to need a conversation about the whole ‘going off into the trees’ thing that I still do rather feel about him, but I can’t be arsed to do it now.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole

3 pm

My nanaddan have been riding at my side, just smiling at me for a time now and it is starting to concern me. When I asked them why they were grinning as they were, both snickered to themselves. At least they are no longer fighting, as they were yesterday. Though I am not overly pleased that their mischief has turned towards me.

#the quest #my sister children

3:12PM Fíli and Kíli have pulled their ponies alongside mine and told me to ‘take responsibility for what I’m doing’ to their uncle. They insist that if I take their uncle into the woods, maybe we won’t have to ride all night. I felt it pertinent to remind them that we are still riding across grassland with only sparse trees for coverage, which is a poor definition for ‘woods’, and that I was not going to do anything of the sort without their uncle’s consent.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:30 pm

I approached Dori and asked if he happened to have a tea set among his baggage, so that we may actually have tea at the next stop. He apologized and said that he did not have one and if he had had one at the start the quest, it would have surely been broken or stolen by Goblins by now. I explained that I wished for Mr Baggins to have a proper tea time, as it was part of the Hobbit meal schedule. Dori seemed sorry that he could not help further, though he suggested talking with Bombur. I went to speak with Bombur and Dori joined me. I revealed the idea to Bombur and he was pleased to tell me that he did indeed have some tea. I asked if it would be fine, serving it without a tea set, and Dori assured that he would find something. Bombur lamented not having the time to make proper tea-cakes and I wondered aloud if the waybread would not suffice, perhaps cut smaller. Bombur thought it over and said he would see what he could do.

#the quest #dori #bombur

4PM We are stopping again for tea. Apparently there actually will be tea, because Bombur has a tin
of tea leaves from Rivendell that he’d somehow managed to save from the Goblins. And it will be washed down with more waybread. This is going to be the first time I’ve had a proper teatime since Rivendell.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

4:33PM Teatime was interesting, with the tea being served in various and sundry bowls and cups and the waybread being cut into small bite-sized pieces. I wonder if this was all Bombur’s idea, or if Thorin contributed something to it. Please let him have been the one to submit the idea for the waybread tea-cakes.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #bigdwarf

4:40 pm

I believe tea time was successful.

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When I approached Bilbo to ask if he had been happy with the tea and tea-cakes, despite having none of the proper things for it, he said that he was and inquired if I had suggested using waybread. I admitted that I did in an effort to make it as close to a Hobbit tea time as we could get. Bilbo smiled at that, which I believe made the entire effort worthwhile, and he picked up one of the remaining waybread pieces and covered it in honey. Then he held it up and instructed that I open my mouth. I did as he said and he pushed the waybread between my lips. He came closer then and stood on his toes to place a kiss to my cheek. Bilbo thanked me for observing the Hobbit meal schedule and jested that he would work to convert us all to having proper meals soon enough. I said that we could probably compromise and have tea time, as the very least.

“Maybe after Mirkwood, dear,” Bilbo said.

We both paused at that and he blinked several times, as if surprised. Then he gave a quick smile and walked away. I… am not entirely sure what happened.

#the quest #little bunny

4:49PM It was nice of him to insist on properly observing teatime. He’s trying hard to be kind while the Road insists he remain hard and closed off, and I appreciate it more than he’ll ever know.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5 pm

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Did he mean to call me, ‘dear,’ or was it a simple slip of the tongue? Either way, does it mean anything? Bilbo is avoiding my gaze again, so I am not sure if it is the time to ask him.

#the quest #little bunny

5:10 pm

Anonymous asked:

He's probably wondering the same thing. In either case 'dear' is a term of endearment meant to show affection, so I would consider it a good thing either way.

I am aware of its meaning. I am simply questioning its meaning within the context of Mr Baggins saying it to me. He has not made many verbal affirmations of our relationship, so it comes as a surprise for me.
5:20PM We are once more on the road. I’ve noticed a dark shadow prowling in the distance. Gandalf says to pay it no mind, but he’s also been lost in his own head all day.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

6:30PM My heart beats a little faster every time I look at him riding next to me, the afternoon light shifting through his hair and making it shine like rich mahogany. I still remember how it feels running through my fingers, so soft and carefully combed. I sometimes feel a little unkempt next to him, especially since the buttons on my waistcoat are gone. Dori has sewn on some spare buttons from his kit, but they are all different sizes and colours, and if I were in the Shire I’m afraid I wouldn’t be caught dead with so many mismatched buttons on my waistcoat. Sometimes I’m still surprised Thorin gives me the time of day at all, let alone hold my hand and kiss me. No matter how much he tries to reassure me, I still wonder if he’s got the wrong hobbit.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:10PM If this were an ordinary travelling day, we would be scouting for a campsite now.

#adventureblogging

7:59PM The sun is setting, and it feels strange to be riding onwards as the light slips behind the mountains and cloaks all the world in shadow. We will be stopping for supper soon, but not for camp. There’s less grumbling from the Company because of the extra meals, but Bofur has been grinning knowingly at me since teatime, and I don’t know whether or not I should be concerned.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company

8:30 pm

The company has been grumbling and complaining about the long ride throughout the entire day but after supper was the worse of it. I heard several calls for camp to be made but we must push on. I reminded them that there are enemies after us who do not care if we are tired or not. No matter how much I do not want to enter Mirkwood’s trees, I know that it will provide us with a sort of safety. It is difficult to deny the company their rest, despite our need to carry on. I could see that, especially combined with the shortness of their mood yesterday, they were weary and ready to stop for the night. Mr Baggins looked nearly half asleep when he had climbed onto his pony after supper and it took quite a bit of effort to force us on after seeing that. But it is for their own good.

#the quest #the company #little bunny

9:18PM The sun has gone down as we ate supper, yet it feels odd to be travelling once more after supper. I think my body has become used to associating supper with the Company setting up camp and resting, so it’s reacting a bit badly to having to return to the saddle once more. If I nod off in the saddle and fall as a result, Thorin has only his own pig-headedness to blame.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #the company
Anonymous asked: Dwalin sounds like a wonderful friend, I'm glad you have someone like that in your life, Mister Thorin. To help a bit with the nightmares and unease: How long have you known each other and what is one of your funniest memories together?

I have known Dwalin since he was born, as he and Balin are family and dear friends. I was only 26 when he was born, still a child myself, and we have grown as brothers. I have many amusing memories of our time together, and I am sure Balin can tell you even more, but if I had to choose one, it would be the first time that he defeated me in a training battle. Because I was older, I had more strength and skill but Dwalin worked tirelessly in the hopes of beating me. It was a proud day for both of us when he did.

The reason it is funny to me is that, though it was still a win on his part and he continued to defeat me later, he won that day by accident. He had wound up tripping and dodged a winning blow from me. In the process of falling, his sword left his hand and the side of the blade hit me hard in the face, causing me to stumble. Dwalin found his feet quicker than I did and used that advantage to win. I still tease him for it at times.

#ask #anonymous #dwalin

10:23PM The moon is quite bright tonight, which is helping to light our way. I think I can see the jagged dark wall of the Forest of Mirkwood coming to meet us. Surely we’re close enough to stop for the night.

#adventureblogging

10:45 pm

The moon’s light is illuminating our path, though the company remains wary. I can feel the tension sitting among us as we watch the grasses around us. The light is casting a strange glow on everything, especially Mr Baggins. He looks to be coated in silver, like a star bound to the earth.

#the quest #the company #little bunny

11:08PM We’ve finally stopped for the night, as multiple members of the Company have been yawning. As we’ve already had supper, all we did was dig another fire-pit for a fire and lay out our bedrolls around it for warmth. I am too exhausted for any sort of meaningful conversation, so I think I shall content myself with the sight of Thorin’s face aglow from the fire and the roughness of his callused hands beneath my fingers.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:25 pm

Camp has been quickly set up and those not on watch were swift to their bedrolls.

~~~

Bilbo joined me where I lay, though he seemed barely awake. Without speaking, he lay down and began shifting me around, pushing me over slightly and pulling my arms into a position he was comfortable with. It was quite amusing, as he stayed silent and focused and when he was satisfied, he rested his head on my arm and took my hand in his. The comfortable contact he has with me and the way that he is pressed to me has my heart beating in
that almost uncomfortable manner once more. There is a slow spreading heat through my limbs, as if my body needs to stretch. I have an idea as what this feeling is and it is an uncomfortable one.

#the quest #little bunny

11:45 pm

~~~

The uncomfortable feeling was still clinging to me and I attempted to shift to try to find sleep. I must have woken Bilbo with my moving, as he suddenly reached up to place a hand on my chest. His eyes were still closed but he told me to calm down and go to sleep. I confessed that I needed to speak with him about a matter of importance but he insisted that it could wait until morning. Bilbo grabbed my hand and brought it his lips, placing a gentle kiss to my knuckles. He once more commanded that I sleep and help our entwined hands to his chest. I felt him return to sleep within a few minutes, his chest pulling in deep breaths. He never ceases to surprise me.

#the quest #little bunny

July 26th, 2015

Thorin

5:25 am

Mr Baggins is quite strong in his sleep, as I have unfortunately found out. I attempted to wake him so that we could depart but he gave a small hiss. When I tried again, his foot shot out and kicked me quite forcibly. My shin is still throbbing.

#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo

5:29AM Just because I am kissing His Insufferable Majesty doesn’t mean I can’t call him Middle-earth’s greatest prat for making us get up at this hour.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

5:42AM But at least he has the decency to fetch me my breakfast and something to drink.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:45 am

I approached Mr Baggins again and this time brought food and drink to wake him. It worked well enough in that I was not kicked again. Mr Baggins sat up to eat, though his eyes are barely open and his nose scrunches up each time he looks in the direction of the still rising sun.

#the quest #little bunny #my leg is still sore
6AM We’re on the road again. The trees are getting closer and closer. I don’t want to go into the forest today; I’ll be too tired and I’ll get lost by not paying attention.

#adventureblogging

7 am

With each moment, the forest draws closer and I can feel its weight bearing down. The trees already loom ahead and I believe even the company can sense that they are more than simple trees. It is as if there is a presence in the forest, like that of a large, silent beast that sits and waits; I feel as if its eyes are already tracking us.

#the quest

7:45AM It’s so quiet here. The forest stretches before us in odd imposing silence. I don’t see any signs of life around other than us. There aren’t any of the deer that we’ve seen over the past couple of days, or rabbits, or even the damn spy birds. I’m rather unsettled, actually.

#adventureblogging

8:15 am

My nanaddan approached and said in low voices that even the birds have stopped singing. I told them that it was because there were no birds here to sing; that they knew better than to go near Mirkwood. They both looked nervous and drew their ponies closer to mine and each other’s.

#the quest #my sister children

10:12AM Even the Company has grown silent as we make our way up the hills leading to the forest-gate. Thorin is resolutely staring ahead of him, and Kili is rubbing at their stone again.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #thing 2 #the company

11 am

I have very suddenly recalled Mr Baggins’ disturbing tale of Old Man Willow — the tree that would put those who angered it to sleep before devouring them. The forest before us looks sinister enough to do that and more.

#the quest #little bunny #i hate that tale

12:35PM So close. Once we get to the edge of the forest I will demand we make camp and rest for a while before venturing in. I cannot possibly go into the forest this tired.

#adventureblogging

2:12PM It looks like everyone else is of my mindset, as we have set up camp almost as soon as we reached the outer trees of Mirkwood. I’m too exhausted to unload any more ponies than my own. For some reason, my mind strayed back to Myrtle, my pony from the first part of this adventure. I wonder how she’s faring, if some trolls or Orcs haven’t gotten to her already. I hope she’s fine and grazing on all the grass out there in the Wild.
2:20 pm

We reached a place to camp and briefly considered keeping the ponies. However, Gandalf quickly discouraged that idea, pointing out the dark shape at the edge of our vision — Beorn, come to watch over his ponies. We did not want his wrath and so released them after retrieving our packs.

#adventureblogging #the company

2:34PM Of course Gandalf is leaving us at the very edge of Mirkwood. After releasing our ponies back to the black bear-like shadow that has been lurking behind us since we left Beorn’s, he announced that he would be riding his own horse onward, to the South where he has some pressing business of his own.

The Company has been trying to convince him to change his mind again, but I know Gandalf. If he has decided that something is going to happen, something is going to happen. I mean, I didn’t even want to go on this bloody adventure in the first place, yet here I am.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #the company

2:45 pm

Gandalf announced once again that he was leaving us. We argued and asked him to stay, as Mirkwood was dangerous and having a wizard to guide us would greatly increase our chances of making it out. But he would not listen and told us that so long as we stuck to the path, he believed we would be successful.

#the quest #the wizard

3PM Gandalf has come to try and cheer me up about his departure. He said that I was doing an excellent job so far, and that I would be quite good for the Dwarves once we are in the forest.

“There’s more to you, Bilbo Baggins, than what meets the eye. You’ve changed a great deal already. I’d say you’re no longer the same Hobbit as the one who ran out his door in the Shire, wouldn’t you agree?”

I found a strange lump in my throat that was proving hard to swallow, and looked to the trees. They looked sickly and grey, as if some wicked spell lay on their boughs.

“Do we have to go through that?” I asked.

The wizard furrowed his brows. “If you want to get to the other side, you shall, or you’ll have to give up the Quest. And I won’t let you do that so easily, Bilbo. Shame on you for even thinking about it. I thought you were doing a splendid job looking after all of these Dwarves for me.”

I felt my cheeks flare up at the implication twinkling in his eyes, drat him. “I didn’t mean that, I meant is there a way we could go around? I don’t like the looks of that forest.”

“Now, now, Bilbo, after you went to all of that trouble teasing Thorin for getting lost in Bindbale? No, I’m afraid we’ve already been through this. There’s no feasible way around this wood, as it is the greatest in the Northern parts of Middle-earth. You’d have to go two hundred miles out of your way North, or twice that way South, and the North brings you against the Grey Mountains, full of Goblins and Orcs and other nasties, while the South brings you close to the Necromancer, and I’m sure even you from your little sheltered life in the Shire would think twice before stepping anywhere onto those lands. No, out here over the Edge of the Wild there is no truly safe path anywhere, and
the one you are about to embark on will be your best shot at getting to the Mountain before Durin’s Day.”
He patted me on the shoulder. “Don’t think too much on the dragon and the forest until tomorrow. Get some rest instead. I am sure you and Thorin will have much to talk about before the two of you venture into the woods.”
“I was going to tell you —” I began, though I wasn’t sure what I was going to tell him. There have been so many things I’ve been hiding, from him, from Thorin, even from this account. “I was going to tell you that I found something. In the Goblin-tunnels.”
His expression became very dark then, very shrewd. “What did you find?” he asked.
I couldn’t tell him anything.
Not even now. Not even on the threshold of possible death.
I told him it was my courage, but I don’t think he believed me.

4:30 pm
Most of the company has decided to take this chance to rest, as camp was made and we would not enter the forest until tomorrow. The trees loom close by, an ominous wall of twisted branches and brittle leaves. It is quite clear that this forest is far from wholesome.

6:05 pm
With the company having gotten some rest, Bombur has begun to prepare supper. The rest of us are dividing the packs between the fourteen of us, as we will have to carry everything ourselves into the forest, now that the ponies have been returned to Beorn.

6:17PM
Anonymous asked:
What did you find in the Goblin Tunnels, Mr. Baggins?
Some business, none of which is yours.

6:19PM I have been more or less drifting in and out of sleep. The Company is redistributing provisions, and my pack is already surrounded by a great deal of other gear for me to carry. Bombur has started a fire and is cooking, though I’m not quite sure what he’s cooking considering the lack of animals in the area.

6:45 pm
I must still talk with Bilbo about the heat that has been warming my limbs. This could change the boundaries between us and expand them, if Bilbo would agree. Despite his earlier declaration of physical desires, his feelings could have changed since then. Whether he wishes to engage in physical relations or not, I will not mind either way — I have gone this long without them and this change is more uncomfortable than welcomed. But I would rather he know that the desire is there, that new boundaries can be explored.
7:43PM Thorin and I have finally talked about what happened yesterday.

He first began by apologising for the long day, as well as what he did to me in the morning. I joked that I had already taken my revenge on him for what he did in the morning, which made him turn bright red and shuffle from one foot to another, saying that he wanted to discuss that. I nodded, and he admitted that he was starting to experience a physical attraction to me. Yes me. Crotchety old me with my tattered clothes and long unkempt hair.

He really could do better, and I told him that, and he shook his head, saying that no one else could ever make him feel so safe and yet so thrilled at the same time.

“I trust you,” he said. “I trust you and the pace that you have set for us. I just wanted you to know that my boundaries are starting to expand, and I want you to help me explore them.”

I’m afraid I was rather at a loss for words there. He kept on looking at me hopefully, and after a moment I sighed.

“You really need to work on your timing,” I told him, because it was true. Of all the times for him to begin considering taking me into the woods, it would have to be on the threshold of bloody Mirkwood ‘stick to the path or you’ll die’ Forest. What wouldn’t I give to take us back even four days to the safety of Beorn’s halls, and the soft hay in the lofts, and as much honey as he can stand me stealing from his lips!

His face fell at my words, and they turned sour in my mind. “I am sorry, Bilbo, if you no longer —” he began, but I wouldn’t have any of it, so I kissed him to shut him up. His expression was rather shocked at that.

“It can wait until after Mirkwood, dear,” I said, and I stressed the ‘dear’ part of it to watch that lovely smile slip onto his face. “If you’re still interested in it then, maybe we’ll figure something out.” The look on his face reminds me of my cousins waiting for their presents on my birthday. Really, he’s going to need to lower his expectations, lest I disappoint him after Mirkwood.

8 pm

I approached Bilbo to talk with him and began by apologizing for my teasing yesterday morning — he had told me to stop and, in mischief, I had continued with my actions and that had caused him discomfort all day. He jested that he had paid me back this morning and my shin throbbed in remembrance.

I confessed the beginnings of my desire for physical relations with him and the shock on his face was near comical. He declared that I could do better and that gave me pause. How could he think that?

Does he not see? I may not have given word and voice to my feelings yet but it is there in my actions, I believe. The change he has brought out, the desire for more, and not just in a physical sense, but in all of my desires. I never before wanted someone in my life as I want him. I tried to say that as simply as possible, though I do not think I relayed the full truth of my feelings. That is for another time.

I told Bilbo of my want of his help to explore the new boundaries that are emerging and he sighed, commenting on my timing. I took that to mean that his own desires had passed but he quickly corrected that thought with a kiss and the reemergence of the word ‘dear,’ which I am finding quite pleasing. He promised that we would try once we were safely through Mirkwood and I could not stop the rush of excitement that went through me. It is the not the exploration of my boundaries that I am looking forward to but my exploration of him.
Is the skin of his belly as soft as that under his chin? What are the places that will cause him to shriek in laughter when touched? When he blushes in embarrassment, does it spread to his chest? I imagine that finding the answers will prove satisfying.

#the quest #little bunny

8:45PM Thorin is asleep. I know I should sleep, too. We have a long trek through Mirkwood ahead of us, and Gandalf won’t be around to get us out if we get lost. For some reason it feels as if every time our intentions shift towards one another, Thorin and I are always missing each other. Of course this doesn’t mean what we have felt previously don’t count anymore, but it still makes me think. Why am I more interested in holding his hand now, when he wants other things? Are we forever destined to misunderstand one another? Why are the good things in life never as simple as I want them?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Chapter Notes

**Warnings for this chapter:** Descriptions of wounds and how they were obtained, side effects of TBI including hallucinations and paranoia, overall 'dark' tones. Mirkwood is a dark place with little room for cheer (though there is some).

The tags for this story have changed to include the warnings mentioned above. From this part of the story until the end of November, while there are times of cheer and spots of fluff, much of what is to come can be described as depressing. Please be aware for your own mental safety.

July 27th, 2015

Bilbo

7:26AM I almost wish I wasn’t awake. But if I was not awake, then I would not be watching Thorin stretching, his body broad and muscular even without layers of armour and furs. So perhaps it is worth it in the end.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:43AM Unfortunately, Gandalf is still leaving, though of course the old codger had to get one last meal from Bombur before he rides off. I wonder how he fends for himself in terms of food when he’s travelling on his own. Do Wizards eat? Are they able to create food from thin air? And if they can, why didn’t Gandalf do that during all of those times when we were running low on food?

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #bigdwarf

9:50AM Gandalf has warned us once again to stay on the path, as Mirkwood is full of enchantments that would seek to lead us astray, and once we leave the path, we will never find it again, and then we will most likely never see the other end of the forest again. He then wished us luck, as it would take an enormous amount of it for us to finally make it out to the road overlooking the Long Marshes, with Erebor in the distance, and Smaug — though hopefully he would not be expecting us. It’s not very encouraging, but I’ve found through experience that Gandalf’s encouragement tends not to be overly optimistic.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

Thorin

9:55 am

We have been getting the last of the preparations done before we enter the forest. Gandalf finally announced his actual departure and we tried one last time to ask him to stay. He heard nothing of our arguments and only gave us warnings to stay on the path, as he did before.

#the quest #the wizard
**10AM** Gandalf has finally left us. I’m still not quite sure whether that has actually happened, or I’m dreaming and Gandalf will be going through Mirkwood with us after all. This isn’t a very good start for the long trek through a mind-altering forest.
And of course the old meddler would get in the last word, too. Even as he rode away he shouted a reminder for us to stay on the path. I’m now practically counting down the days until we go astray, especially given Thorin’s track record with forests.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #that asshole

**10:05 am**

Gandalf gave us final wishes of luck before he departed, though they seemed as discouraging as they could be. I told him to be off, for his talk was as dreary as the forest. He called out a farewell and climbed atop his horse and was off.

However, before he was out of hearing distance, he let out one last shouted call: “Good bye! Be good, take care of yourselves — and don’t leave the path!” The company grumbled at his words, upset that he was really gone, eyeing the forest and its awaiting trees.

#the quest #the wizard #the company

**11:47AM** We have shouldered our packs and the rest of our gear and are heading for the trees at long last. I must have made my displeasure at the weight of my burdens show, as Thorin reminded me that eventually the packs will lighten as we run out of supplies, and then I shall miss this weight. Remind me why I decided to court this Dwarf.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**12 pm**

We have entered the forest. We are in single file with Balin leading, as he is the most trusted to not lost his way on the path. Mr Baggins is behind me and though we have only been among the trees for a short while, his hand has already found mine and gripped it tightly. I have returned the hold, as this forest feels much more alive than any other forest I have been in. I still feel as if I can sense that large invisible beast that I imagined before, its large eyes tracking us as we walk deeper.

It is dark on this path and even with the company before and behind me, I still find that my fear of being lost amongst the trees has a hold on me. I warn that I may not write too much of our journey through the forest, as it is important that I stay as focused as I can be on this path, lest these trees lead me astray. Mr Baggins’ hand is a comfort that keeps my breathing even and my feet steady. With Gandalf’s warning lying heavy on my mind, I can only pray that we reach the other side safely.

#the quest #balin #little bunny #the wizard #mahal keep us safe #i hate trees

**1:34PM** We’ve had a brief lunch just a little ways into the trees. I still can’t believe how dark this forest is. We are barely in, and it feels and looks like twilight.

#adventureblogging

**2:21PM** It is as dark as night in here. The air is thick and stifling, laden with a sort of watching and waiting feeling. I feel like something is always lurking beyond the corner of my eye with each step I take.

#adventureblogging
4:34PM I think my eyes have finally adjusted to the darkness of this forest. Some of the Dwarves, like Bo, who used to work in the mines of the Ered Luin, are also able to see more than a foot ahead of them in the endless pitch-black expanse that is Mirkwood.

The forest is full of more life than I had originally thought. There are black squirrels scurrying out of sight every time my head turns, and I can hear the hooting of owls and the call of insects. But the worst sounds must be the mysterious grunts and scurries in the darkness, because I can’t see what's making them.

Kili has tried to shoot down some of the passing squirrels. So far they have had no luck, and wasted three arrows in the attempt, as it would be unwise to leave the path to recover those arrows. Beorn has only given us so many, and we must be careful.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #thing 2 #the company

5:25PM What really frightens me, though, are the glimpses of cobwebs in the trees and undergrowth. There’s none in the way of the path, but it’s still unsettling to see. I wonder if there’s some sort of magic keeping the cobwebs from covering the path.

#adventureblogging

7:56PM The darkness seems to be deepening, which suggests that night has fallen. We have lit a small fire and Bombur is cooking something for supper. We are all extremely hungry, though, so I highly doubt that whatever Bombur is making will be enough for all of us.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

8PM Thorin has asked me to take first watch with him. This is the first time he has asked me to take a watch. My heart now feels like a small bird.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:25PM We have all spread our bedrolls very close to one another, and double watches have been assigned for the rest of the week. Thorin and I, however, are both on first watch. Thorin says it’s training, but how hard can this be?

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:30 pm

The trek through the forest has proved to be more unnerving than anticipated. I expected the feeling of being watched, as the forest gives off that sensation even from the outside, but I did not expect the hunger that lay in the feeling. I kept focused on staying on the path, but there was the constant sensation that something was close to pulling us away, off into the shadows.

We have stopped on the path to camp for the night, as we cannot leave it to find anywhere better. Our bedrolls are close and it was briefly suggested that we tie them together, so that no one rolls away. That idea was shot down as we do not have enough rope for that, and Balin said that if we were tied together and one rolled away, we would all go with them.

I have assigned Mr Baggins and myself for first watch, as I believe it is well past the time that he is taught and trusted to protect the company. He seemed nervous about it but I told him to think on it as training and that I would be with him. He still looks wary, but that seems to be everyone’s general state in this forest.

#the quest #balin #the company #little bunny

9:48 pm

Dwalin approached me and I told him that if he was coming over to make any sort of jest about Mr Baggins and I having a watch together, I would put him on second watch again. He huffed and said
that I ruined his fun before returning to his bedroll.

#the quest #dwalin

10:12PM I was mistaken. It is very hard and very terrifying, watching out for all the nameless, faceless creatures in the undergrowth. I hate the disembodied eyes that are drawn to our camp; they are pale and bulbous and remind me of insects, not to mention Gollum themselves, that stinker.

#adventureblogging

10:20 pm

Though nervous, Mr Baggins looks to be quite determined to do well on his first watch. He is sitting with his back very tense and straight, and his small sword is resting on his lap, still sheathed, but ready if needed. Perhaps I should suggest to him that we sit together, so that he feels more safe.

#the quest #little bunny

10:23 pm

Mr Baggins said no. He said that he wishes to be professional about his assigned job and that if we were to sit near each other, it would end up becoming unprofessional quite quickly. He asked that I return to where I was seated before and I have.

I swear that I can hear the sounds of snickering coming from Dwalin’s bedroll.

#the quest #little bunny #dwalin

10:34PM Taking watch with Thorin is proving to be a challenge both because of the visibility issue and because of Thorin's own insistence of remaining close. Very close. I do not know if he actually intends to watch for danger, but I would prefer to do my job.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:14 pm

The trees are so dense that I am unable to see the moon and thus I cannot tell what time it is. I informed Mr Baggins that I believe our watch shift to have ended, though I am not sure. He tried to reply but a yawn caught him before he could. When he could, Mr Baggins agreed that it felt right and we woke the second watch.

When we retired to our bedrolls, Bilbo pulled his very close to mine. He pressed against my side and I held him as tightly as I could. He looked up and smiled at me, then took my hand in his, and the gloom of the forest seemed to be chased away. His courage never ceases to amaze me — on this quest to reclaim a home that is not his, facing creatures he has only read about. He is so far from home with no guarantee of his return, and yet he is still able to smile so sweetly.

I cannot help but wonder if, by the end of this, he will still be able to.

#the quest #little bunny
July 28th, 2015

Bilbo

5:17AM I think it might be morning? The darkness, which last night was so thick I could barely see my hand in front of my face, has lightened somewhat. Little pinpricks of light are filtering through tiny gaps in the leaves, shining in the darkness like stars. I fear that the deeper we venture into these woods, the less we will see of these brief spots of light.

#adventureblogging

Thorin

5:40 am

Third watch has woken us to report that it is morning. It is hard to tell if it is indeed morning, though the dense branches keeps most of the outside light out.

As before, it is important that I focus on the path, lest I find myself getting lost among these trees.

This will stop my posts for a time, though I will resume once again whenever we stop.

#the quest #ickwood

5:50 am

Anonymous asked:

Is amber at all sought after among Dwarves, considering it's a resin rather than a gem (I've always thought it suits Mr Baggins' colouring and I'm curious)?

Amber is actually prized among Elves, as it is produced by trees, quite old, and often has creatures or plants trapped within. This does not mean that amber is in any way restricted to Elf use only, however, it is quite uncommon for it to be used by Dwarves.

#ask #anonymous

6 am

Anonymous asked:

have you ever been called a toasty marshmallow?? because you are one

I am unsure if this is a compliment or not as I do not know what a ‘marshmallow’ is. I have asked the company if they know — is it perhaps the treat that we had in Rivendell? The halva? If it is the same thing... then I am still confused by this message because I do not understand how I am like the treat or how I am ‘toasty.’

#ask #toasty

6:10 am

Anonymous asked:

I think you're beginning to understand why so many people make fools of themselves over love. It feels wonderful, doesn't it?

Wonderful is indeed a word to describe the feeling growing in my chest.

#ask #toasty

7:22AM Kili has tried to shoot down another squirrel. I don’t know if it will be worth the trouble, the thing barely makes a mouthful, and doesn’t even look that good to eat with its pale, bulbous eyes and scraggly fur.

#adventureblogging #thing 2
9:14AM The rustling in the undergrowth sends nasty shudders down my spine every time I hear it. The forest seems to be playing a game with me, making all sorts of noises while my back is turned yet having nothing there when I turn to determine what is making the noises. I think I’ve realised how so many other well-meaning travellers through Mirkwood have become abysmally lost and are never heard from or seen of again — these damned noises make me want to know what is causing them, but I know I should not stray from the path.

#adventureblogging

11:26AM The only way we can tell it’s lunchtime at all is the insufferable heat. At least in the eternal night that is this Giver-forsaken forest, I can remove clothing without fear of sun injury. Except I wouldn’t. I don’t trust the looks of these trees.

#adventureblogging

12:05 pm

While we were stopped for lunch, due to the heat, the company began to remove outer clothing layers. Nori stripped to just his undergarments, grinning at Dori’s exasperated look. My nanaddan followed his example.

Dori tried to convince them to put some of their clothes back on, as we could be attacked at any point. My nanaddan argued that the fewer layers allowed them to move more freely and yelled out a challenge at the forest. They may be of age, but my nanaddan still act as if they are children.

#the quest #dori #nori #my sister children

12:27 pm

Anonymous asked: toasty marshmallow is not an insult!!!

That is pleasing to know. However, I still do not understand how it is a compliment, but I thank you for it nonetheless.

#ask #anonymous

1:06 pm

Anonymous asked: Keeping time in this forest seems quite problematic, but that aside, how do you usually tell time? Outside and inside a mountain?

Outside, when traveling, the easiest way to tell the time is by the position of the sun and moon. In Erebor, candles with marks for each hour were available for mine work while hourglasses were available for personal use. However, most of the time, the people of Erebor used clocks driven by gears and water. There was a large one in the main part of the city that would chime on each hour. The chimes would echo loudly and all in the mountain could hear it. The bells of Dale could also be heard chiming on a peaceful day, when the wind was right.

#ask #anonymous

3PM Fíli, Kíli, and Nori keep on encouraging me to take off my shirt. Don’t they have better things to do?

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #pointydwarf

3:20PM Fíli, Kíli, and Nori all look to be sporting bites from all of Mirkwood's various unseen bugs. I would laugh at them if I wasn't getting attacked by them as well. Some of them seem to be biting me through my clothes.
4:12PM Dratted bugs and their dratted appetite for my blood. Óin joked that it looks like Thorin isn’t the only one who thinks I am delectable, and in retaliation Thorin has ‘confiscated’ the rest of the plant goop that Óin has been using on Fíli, Kíli, and Nori for their own bites.

4:49PM We are stopping for supper, as the heat from midday has mostly died out and the light, when we can get any, is much dimmer than before. There may be hours between this meal and the actual sunset, though it really does not matter at this point.

5 pm

We have stopped to have supper, though we are not sure what time it is. It is difficult to get an estimation because the trees block the sky. The heat, at least, has passed, which has led us to believe that the afternoon sun has already gone down. There is some light coming through, though already, the shadows have begun to return.

My nanaddan and Nori are itching at the bites along their bodies. Dori is clucking over his brother, reminding him that he had told him not to remove his clothing. Dwalin has not said anything but he looks just as concerned for Nori as Dori does.

I can see that Mr Baggins is trying not to itch at his own bites. He had removed his jacket and waistcoat earlier, though was still quite clothed in comparison to Nori, Fíli, and Kíli. Despite the inappropriateness of Óin’s earlier words, I cannot help but think on the truth in them. Besides the three who stripped and challenged the trees, which is most likely what led to their current predicament as the trees should not be trifled with, Mr Baggins is the only one who was bitten. It would seem that the bugs are quite fond of Hobbits.

5:58 pm

Anonymous asked:

I believe toasty marshmallow is a term of endearment in relation to the fact that you are a very lovable sort of person

I am not sure from where or from whom you have gotten that idea of me, for I have never been described in that way before.

#ask #anonymous

6:36PM I have been using the confiscated plant goop on my bug bites. However, there are some on my back that I cannot reach, and those I have had to get Thorin to help me medicate. His fingers barely seem to touch me, though; he seems concerned about breaking me if he presses down too hard. I have had to remind him numerous times that he is not going to hurt me if he presses down firmer, but I don’t think he trusts himself enough to obey.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:30 pm

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Bilbo approached me and asked if I could help him with his bug bites. He wanted me to rub the
healing salve onto his back, as he could not reach it himself. I agreed and he sat atop his bedroll and removed his shirt. He presented his bared back to me and I must admit that I froze.

Despite our numerous kisses, Bilbo and I have not done anything that involved the removal of clothing since we have begun our relationship. It is something that I had been looking forward to, given my curiosity about him. I finally regained my senses and sat down behind him. Bilbo’s back had a plethora of angry, red marks from the bug bites. Just touching one caused him to shift, as they were apparently incredibly itchy. I applied the healing salve to his back and then paused before having to rub it in — I did not want to hurt him further but to help him, I was required to. He voiced that the salve had already begun to relieve the burn and chase the itchiness of the bites away, and looked over his shoulder as if to inquire why I had not continued.

I began softly, brushing just my fingertips over Bilbo’s skin. Despite the bites and salve in the way, I could feel that it was soft, and I could see short, very blond hairs that disappeared from sight when not in the light of the fire. Bilbo told me that I was allowed to press more firmly but I was fascinated with his seemingly unconscious movements. A touch at his lower back caused him to sit straighter, head beginning to tip back. Fingertips at the top of his spine made it curl, dropping his shoulders.

The healing salve was long since rubbed into the wounds, but still I continued. Besides my preoccupation with the movements and feeling of his back, I was touched that he had asked me for help. We may be in a relationship but to display one’s back to another, so easily without hesitation, is a sign of trust.

After a time, I moved forward with my hands still on his back, and traced my nose along the skin of his neck. He laughed quietly, bringing his hand up and placing it against my cheek. I did not speak, but I believe he understood what his request meant to me.

A marshmallow is like...well, it's sugar that's all whipped up so it feels a lot like a soft little pillow or a little sponge. A lot of people like to toast their marshmallows over a fire, which makes them ever so pleasantly warm (and gives them a beautiful brown color on the outside). Essentially, by calling you a toasty marshmallow they mean to say that your personality is soft and sweet and warm, which I wholeheartedly agree with. :)

I still do not know where you are getting your description of my personality. My writings are only one facet of myself where I describe the things that have caught my attention in some way. Lately, that has mostly been Mr Baggins (who finds this description of me to be odd, as he declared that I am a brick wall), so I believe you are only drawing on the posts of our times together to form your idea of who I am as a whole.

While I am in no way upset with this title of ‘toasty marshmallow,’ please do remember that there is more to me than that.

8:25PM We lit a watch-fire again the moment it finished darkening, and the eyes are back, peering out at us from the sides of the road. I want to chase them and figure out what they are, but once again, I know I should not depart.

8:30 pm
Anonymous asked:

I have not experienced toasted halves before your majesty but I believe the former annon meant a likeness in personality traits and the actual description of a toasted marshmallow, "crust" or tough personality on the outside but "melted and sweet" or kind and sweet on the outside. I believe that’s the meaning :) zai adshânzi zabadâl belkul!

I assume you meant that the ‘melted and sweet’ part to be on the inside? Even so, I understand how they are comparing me to toasted halva, what I am questioning is why. I do not believe the description to match my personality, though I will not fault you for your opinion. I would just like to inform you and the others that hold this belief of me that I am more than what is displayed on this blog. These writings may be my edited thoughts but it is not only thoughts that make someone who they are — their actions are just as important. Again, there is no fault in your thinking, for it is your own, but as you have not seen my actions with your own eyes, please consider that this title you have bestowed may not be shared with those who have been traveling alongside me.

For example, Mr Baggins is now insisting that I am a pie.

E akhmunastu du adshânzu.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny #i thank you for your service

8:55 pm

As we prepared to sleep, Mr Baggins voiced his discomfort with the forest and his constant feeling of being watched. He said that it felt like he was being pulled into the trees and I shared that I felt something similar. Nori, from where he was scratching at his bite marks, overheard us and proclaimed that it was Old Man Willow, trying to call us in to devour us. Mr Baggins and I ignored him, though Dori smacked Nori’s arm for the teasing.

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Bilbo lay with his back to me, as his front was covered in bites that had turned painful, given that he had scratched at them so much. He has put his shirt on once again. That, along with the bedrolls between us makes it to where my front being pressed to his back does not disturb the salve or his healing bites. I threaded my hands with his, both as comfort and to stop him from itching, which I believe he had continued to do without realizing.

The palms of his hands, I find, are soft, though not as much as his back. The softest part that I have found is the shell of his ear, but I have not been able to explore him in his entirety. Once we have left the forest, I intend to ease my curiosity.

#the quest #dori #nori #little bunny

9:56PM The bedrolls are once more laid very close to one another. I am not on watch, but I still cannot sleep.

Thorin has recently woken up, not from a night terror but from a headache. I have tried to soothe him, especially since Óin is not on hand with the willow-bark tea, and the stock of tea itself is very rapidly dwindling in size. I do not know how effective my other methods are, but I only hope that this will pass and not affect him too terribly.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #that wonderful and worrying asshole #trumpetdwarf

10:10PM I still cannot sleep. I think I have soothed Thorin into sleep by now but it still refuses to claim me, leaving me wide-eyed and anxious by the dead watch-fire. I feel sick myself, and hope I will find sleep by the time we are set to leave again tomorrow.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
July 29th, 2015

Thorin

6:25 am

I awoke last night believing that I was being attacked. I had rolled away from Mr Baggins and attempted to sit up, but a dizziness swept over me, making it difficult. It took a few moments to realize that I was not in fact being attacked, but that a headache was affecting me. I could barely open my eyes, given the pounding pain that was radiating from the headache. The source of it was in the spot where I had acquired my injury against Bolg. I could feel it throb with each heartbeat and I pressed down on the spot to try to rid myself of the pain.

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A hand covered my own and took the pressure off of my head. I realized that I had woken Bilbo and that he was speaking to me. I do not know what he was saying, as I was more focused on keeping myself sitting up because my head was still spinning. The dizziness was also affecting my stomach and I tried to warn Bilbo that I felt ill and that he may not want to be near me. I am not sure how intelligible my words were, however.

Bilbo carefully helped me to lay down again, though my head rested in his lap. He combed his fingers through my hair and very gently massaged my scalp, working the pain away. It sometimes hurt more than helped but I remember the pain lessening enough so that I was able to fall asleep again.

Bilbo is currently asleep, and I do not wish to wake him again, though I mean to thank him. The headache is still present though much less severe than it was before. It is mild enough, along with the dizziness and ill feeling in my gut having disappeared, that I believe I will be fine to travel for the day.

#the quest #little bunny

6:45 am

Anonymous asked:

There's no denying that your character is much more than just your toasty-marshmallow qualities or your tart-apple-pie qualities, Master Oakenshield. You're a strong leader and you have courage, and sometimes you're angry, sometimes you're stubborn, and sometimes you're sad. All of those are important. But what they mean to say with these particular comparisons is that you are undeniably kind, too, and that's a wonderful thing to be.

I thank you for your kind words. I do not find the description in any way displeasing, I am just slightly confused and a little amused by it.

#ask #anonymous

7 am

Anonymous asked:

What's ur fav rock, uzbadê?

I must admit that my favorite stone is the Heart of the Mountain, the Arkenstone. It was blessed by Mahal and is the symbol of the line of Durin’s divine right to rule. With it, the seven Dwarven clans could be brought together to help reclaim Erebor.

#ask #anonymous #I am also fond of topaz
7:15 am

The company has finished breakfast and packed up our camp, yet Mr Baggins still sleeps. I attempted to wake him, though hesitantly as I remember what happened the last time I tried, but he simply grumbled and covered his head with his bedroll.

It is time we depart and if he will not wake, it would seem he needs to be carried. I asked if any would volunteer to carry Mr Baggins’ pack for the day and Bofur, along with my nanaddan, quickly agreed to. I gave it to Bofur, though my nanaddan pouted the entire time. I do not trust them not to dig through Mr Baggins’ pack.

Ori has said he will help roll up Mr Baggins’ bedroll once I am holding him. As my hands will be full, I will not be able to post for some time.

#the quest #the company #little bunny #ori #bofur #my sister children

2 pm

We have stopped for lunch and it is just as hot as it was yesterday. My nanaddan and Nori have kept their clothes on today, and are still trying not to itch at their bites. Ori has helped to set up Mr Baggins’ bedroll once more and I have placed him on it, as he continues to sleep. I cannot help but wonder if my being awake due to the headache has anything to do with Mr Baggins’ tired state. I asked Glóin, who had been on the watch at the time, and he said that Mr Baggins had been awake throughout his entire watch and into the second. When I asked Dori the same question, he said that he had noticed something similar.

As he has already missed breakfast and now lunch, I have put some of what would have been Mr Baggins’ rationed food to the side for him. It would not do for him to be too hungry when he wakes.

#the quest #nori #dori #ori #gloin #my sister children #little bunny

Bilbo

2:49PM What is the point of waking up if all you see is darkness with no sense of what time it’s supposed to be? All I know is that it’s hot. And I am being carried by Thorin.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3 pm

Anonymous asked:

THE TOASTIEST AND MOST MARSHMALLOWS MARSHMALLOWS that is what you are :)

I disagree. Thorin Oakenshield, by virtue of being the biggest prat ever to grace Middle-earth, is a tart apple pie that is best served with honey and cream. You only think he’s a ‘marshmallow’ because you don’t have to travel with him. -*@quiterespectablyyours

#ask #anonymous #why does this prat have more followers than me #more than half of you are biased

3:18PM I am sweating like a pig at market. I can’t believe Thorin is still willing to lug me along with his furs and armour through this dark and horrid forest.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:25PM I have finally been set down. How can this forest be so dark all the time? Are the leaves really that thickly gathered all year round? And how is this amount of shade still so stuffy and hot?

#adventureblogging
Anonymous asked:

Not sure whether to message you here or on your blog given the last post, Mr Baggins. However, may I just say I like the response to the other anonymous messenger referring to Thorin as a marshmallow. Apple pie does sound quite apt from the little we know as readers here. I'm sure you're very popular yourself, perhaps more people are aware of Thorin's blog, that's all. You're both lovely individuals.

I think it’s preposterous. Even when toasted over the fire it doesn’t take nearly as much effort to eat a ‘marshmallow’ as it does to serve an apple pie. And it’s the effort it takes in order to reach the sweet centre that makes all the difference.

Well I can’t fault them for not wanting to listen to the thoughts of a simple Hobbit when they can pay more attention to a King. -quiterespectablyyours

#ask #anonymous #he is a very well-baked apple pie

Mr Baggins awoke in my arms soon after we departed from where we had stopped for lunch. He complained of the heat, but his eyes were still heavy. I told him to return to sleep, which he attempted at first.

Eventually, he shifted so that his hands were clasped behind my neck, more sitting up in my arms, though still pressed against me. This allowed us to be able to talk in lowered voices, jesting with one another and he would try to conceal his laughter in my neck. If it were not for his desire to walk and stretch his legs, I believe I would have been content to carry him for the rest of the day.

#the quest #little bunny

Anonymous asked:

Are you aware of the meaning of that word? For you are implying that I am a beater, or an abuser.

#ask #anonymous

Hello there, I was wondering if you had a favourite gem stone, it's something that has interested me for a while... If this is by any means impolite to ask a dwarf then I apologize and don't need an answer, I have already answered that question [here]. It is not impolite to ask so there is no need to apologize.

#ask #anonymous

We have stopped to set up camp and prepare supper. My head continues to hurt, though it has not increased since where it was this morning. The faint pounding, however, has driven away my appetite. I know I must eat anyway, as I have to keep my strength up, especially against this forest.

#the quest

5:13PM I think we are eating supper. I’m not quite sure, and I don’t think the rest of the Company cares, either. It’s not as if the fare changes, and it’s always a meagre ration, as we are trying to make our supplies last.
5:25PM
Anonymous asked:
'Well I can’t fault them for not wanting to listen to the thoughts of a simple Hobbit when they can pay more attention to a King' If it's any consolation, I am very fond of listening to your thoughts. After all the views of a Hobbit can differ greatly from a dwarven king, and each hold their own significance. It's important to listen to all view points so as to get a broader picture, and I have to say your thoughts are usually pretty witty and interesting.
Thanks for your nice comment. I mean, if I could talk about whatever Thorin talks about on his blog — Erebor, I guess, and all the big important things in Middle-earth that big important people worry about — I would, but in the meantime my thoughts remain on food and how much my feet hurt.

5:44PM
Anonymous asked:
Do Hobbits have any holidays similar to our Halloween - that is, where we tell spooky tales, dress up as all sorts of ghost and ghoul, and generally celebrate all things supernatural?
Depends on where and when you are, I think. Some of the poorer country-folk hold onto their superstitions, and the inhabitants of Buckland incorporate a special bonfire-dance into their harvest festivals to appease the spirits in the Old Forest. In Tuckborough, my mother’s family, the Tooks, would have a bonfire feast at the end of the harvest where the younger Hobbits will go guising from door to door, offering verses and pranks to all and sundry.
However, in Hobbiton, we are a sensible lot and do not indulge in tomfoolery after the harvest beyond that of the bonfire celebration in front of the Old Mill each year.

5:50 pm
Anonymous asked:
Sorry if this has been asked, but do Dwarves keep pets or domesticated animals at all? I've heard conflicting things about this, so I thought I'd put it to you.
It has indeed been asked before and I answered [here].

6:46PM What wouldn’t I do for a nice roast with some potatoes and gravy, and a delicious strawberry and cream pie! But above all, what wouldn’t I do to be eating all of this in my garden at home!

7PM I have decided that Thorin is allowed to share in my imaginary meal back in the Shire. He has just snuck me some extra food under the logic that I had missed some meals, and it would not do for the burglar to get hungry, after all.
So I amend my previous wish: what wouldn’t I give to be eating a roast with potatoes and gravy, and a strawberry and cream pie, in the garden at Bag End with Thorin pouring me a cup of tea!
I gave Bilbo some of the food he was owed from having missed breakfast and lunch. In response, he kissed me hard enough to nearly knock me over and it left me breathless for a few minutes afterward. Perhaps I should gift him with more food more often, if that is to be his reaction.

#the quest #little bunny

7:15PM Can he even pour tea?
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:20PM I could teach him how to, if he can’t do it himself.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:42PM I asked Thorin if his head has been feeling better since last night. He grimaced and said that it still hurt, but on the whole he was doing fine. He had almost dropped me at one point because he had suddenly lost his own balance, but luckily Dwalin had been on hand in case he did. I’m not sure what I did to get someone like him, but to be honest, I still don’t think I deserve him.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brawnsdwarf

9:35PM Thorin says I should get more sleep, lest he has Dwalin carry me tomorrow, and Dwalin is probably going to sling me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. I told him I would only sleep if he helped medicate my bug bites, which seem to have only increased in number through the day. I feel as breathless as last night, when his hands touched my bare back for the first time. He is firmer now, more sure of himself, but he still insists on exploring after the plant salve has been applied, and I am completely at his mercy.
I do rather like being at his mercy once in a while.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #I melt under his touch sometimes #brawnsdwarf

10 pm
Due to my nanaddan and Nori not undressing today, they were not attacked by bugs as they were yesterday. However, Mr Baggins was once again bitten, despite being clothed. He asked me to help him with rubbing salve onto his back, as he could not reach.

As with yesterday, I was happy to help Bilbo and he removed his shirt to allow me to access to the bitten skin. I jested that the bugs were attempting to recreate the night sky on his back, but Bilbo only glared at that, saying that the bugs could go elsewhere for all he cared. When I massaged the healing salve over the bites, I pressed more firmly than I did yesterday. While the softer touches before simply made Bilbo shift around, the firmer ones made him vocal and arched his back. He leaned so far back into the touch that after a while, he simply rested his head on my shoulder.

When I had finished with his back, I moved upwards to his shoulders, tracing the curves of his shoulder blades, and bringing my hands down his arms. I kept the touches just as firm as I had with his back, pushing my way down to his forearms until I eventually laced my fingers with his. Bilbo was, at this point, laying against me with his eyes closed.
I waited long minutes before suggesting that he retire to sleep. Bilbo sighed, saying that he had of course just gotten comfortable, though he turned his face upwards and planted a kiss to the underside of my chin. He got up and retrieved his shirt and put it on once again. We both retired to our bedrolls, though I had barely laid down before he was pressing close to me. He positioned himself to
be as he was before, with his back to my chest and our hands intertwined. He was asleep in moments.
The skin of his inner forearms is quite soft, perhaps even more so than the shell of his ear. How can one so soft and warm have his head turned by me? I am like stone, and not just when it comes to relations, though Bilbo is the only exception that I have found. It is like a flower wishing to be with a boulder. Or, as our nicknames have suggested, a bunny wanting a brick wall. I do not understand what it is that called him to me, but I am constantly grateful that he answered.

#the quest #little bunny

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July 30th, 2015

Thorin

10:15 am

The light is just as dark now as when we retired to sleep, making it feel as if no time has passed. The trees make a solid barrier against the sunlight and we are encased in shadow. I once more have the sensation of being watched by a large, invisible being. With its silent footsteps, it is simply waiting for the right time to drag us away.

At least my headache has left me in peace, for the time being. There is a slight dizziness that remains but it is not terrible enough that I cannot walk through it.

#the quest

Bilbo

10:45 AM We’ve gotten far enough into the forest that it’s useless to try to find the way forward through the pinpricks of sunlight falling through the leaves, mostly because there aren’t any. The tree’s twisted branches seem to reach out like claws towards us, though none of them ever actually directly impede our progress. Glóin tried to light the way with a torch, but the light kept on drawing these hideous grey moths as big as my hand, as well as the horrid pale eyes from the undergrowth. I want this dratted forest to be gone already.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf

11:11 AM I have not seen the sun in days. I will never complain about being burned by the sun if I can see the sun again, just this once, and to feel the breeze against my face, and to breathe fresh air. The musty still darkness of this forest will surely drive me mad.
I wish I were back in Bag End, with the kettle singing over the fire, a freshly-baked loaf of bread sitting on the table, and dear Thorin squished into my armchair reading a book, his odd hairless feet propped on a footstool.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:23 PM I would like nothing more than for Thorin to carry me again, but that would be far too much trouble for him, and I’d hate to impose. Holding his hand will do for now, I suppose.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:43 PM
Anonymous asked:
Were it a possibility, could you see Thorin being quite settled in the Shire? Do you think he would get along well with your relations and adapt to a Shire way of life? What of the others in the Company too, do you think they’d like to stay in the Shire?

Unless Thorin reclaimed his birthright first, I don’t think the Bagginses as a whole would be very accepting of the fact that I am being courted by a Dwarf. The Tooks might be more open to the idea; there’s certainly the well-known Shire legend of Thain Paladin I’s sister who ran off with an Elf, though Mum has always insisted that that was just a story. As for the Shire way of life, at this point I don’t know if I can see him adjusting to Hobbiton’s particular brand of rumourmongering and intrigue, but it would be entertaining to see him try. He didn’t seem too put off by the Shire when we were riding through it in the early days of the Quest.

As for other members of the Company, I think I have answered that before. Bombur and Dori are my best bets for those Company members who might fare best in the Shire.

I noticed that Bilbo had grown quiet. He took my hand in his own earlier and has kept his head down since then, occasionally pressing his face against my arm and breathing deeply. We have only been in the forest a few days but I believe it is affecting us all, Bilbo especially. He is very much a being made for sunlight and fresh air. While it is stifling in this forest, the lack of light is not something we Dwarves are unused to.

I let go of Bilbo’s hand and he looked momentarily hurt until I put arm around his shoulders, pulling him close. He took hold of my other hand and brought my knuckles to his lips. I slowed us to a stop and allowed the other company members to pass us. Once we were at the rear of the group, I quietly asked if he was feeling well.

Bilbo confirmed my thoughts, saying that the forest felt encroaching and never-ending. I placed a kiss to his forehead and hugged him close. I promised that I and the company would make sure that he made it through the forest safely. He argued that I could not promise that but his grip around me tightened nonetheless.

After several minutes, Bilbo stepped back and took a deep breath, nodding once. He reclaimed my hand and I placed my arm around his shoulders once more. We caught up to where the company had paused to wait for us and continued down the forest path.

I:15PM Why is it so hard to thinking about things that aren’t directly related to Thorin? Why am I constantly wishing that the rest of the Company could just disappear so that it’s just the two of us? Is this what usually happens in these kinds of relationships?

I think I remember feeling similar things in my tweens, so maybe it’s a standard feeling. But it’s so juvenile.

1:35PM Anonymous asked:
If you are truly bent on instructing Master Oakenshield further in the ways of the hobbits and hobbit meals, I would simply add that the use of positive reinforcement works wonders. Best of luck!
I am all too well aware of the benefits of positive reinforcement. For example, when Thorin gives me food, I give him kisses. Now he knows my kisses can be bought with food. And I am perfectly fine with that.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**2:19PM** Why is it so hard to tell him anything about my feelings? Anything I say invariably comes out sounding insincere or just awkward. I can only really show him how I feel. But I worry that there’s only so many times you can squeeze someone’s hand or kiss someone’s lips before they start to think you’re being perfunctory, or loose, or insincere, or all of the above. Why is this so hard? Why can’t he just know exactly what I am thinking when I want him to, when just the brush of my skin against his will tell him all that I feel for him?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**3:21PM** We’ve stopped for lunch. It almost feels like forever since we woke up. There are more squirrels, but they continue to evade Kili. No more arrows were wasted, though. I don’t think eating animals from Mirkwood is going to help us any, but that’s just me.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

**3:45 pm**

Lunch was a quiet affair, with the company scanning the trees while they ate. I took my ration though I did not eat most of it. The ill feeling had returned to my stomach and I passed my extra portion to Mr Baggins after we had continued along the path. He repaid me with a kiss, though it was much gentler than yesterday’s. He looks to be a daze of sorts, as if the forest is draining his focus.

I asked Balin how much longer this path would take for us to cross. He admitted that even with his maps, he could not be sure. It could be days, it could be weeks. I certainly hope it is not that long, as our supplies and our spirits will not last weeks. I feel as if this forest is cursed.

#the quest #balin #the company #little bunny

**5:28PM** I asked when supper was supposed to be, and Bombur shrugged, saying that it would happen as soon as we made camp. I can’t tell when that will be, so I will trust the company not to want to move in the heat more than necessary.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

**6:30 pm**

*Anonymous asked:*

someone told me that ukrâd meant something else, I'm sorry there was a miscommunication and I didn't mean any offence.

It is quite alright and I thank you for admitting to the mistake. Were you perhaps intending to say ‘ukrâd, which means ‘greatest physical heart?’

#ask #anonymous

**7:20PM**

*Anonymous asked:
Perhaps if you are finding it difficult to express your feelings verbally, you could tell him so. That you’d love to tell him just how much he means to you, or whatever it is you want to say, but that you lack the words and so rely on physical expression instead. I’m sure he’d understand and appreciate your gestures for what they are.

I do not lack the words; I know they are there. And I would prefer not to let Thorin know of these shortcomings; it’s embarrassing to see a writer struggling for the right words.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:30PM
Anonymous asked:
It may be juvenile yes, but it does seem to be an integral part of the early stages of a relationship. I suppose it’s best just to enjoy it as best you can. I’d imagine Thorin is feeling much the same.

I hope so. It is strange for me and it would help to know I am not alone in feeling them.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:30 pm
Anonymous asked:
You do realize mr Oakenshield that there are some stubborn flowers that grow between the cracks of stone. Perhaps that makes the both of them all the more wondrous.

It certainly makes the flowers all the more wondrous, yes.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

7:42PM We have stopped to make a camp. Once again we are going to light a watch-fire, so that the people on watch can see into the dark, and so that Bombur can cook.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

9 pm

When we made camp, a watch-fire was lit, both for those on watch and for Bombur to cook on. However, almost as soon as the fire began to blaze, we were attacked. A hoard of bats flew out from the trees, angered by the light. The bats were large, their wings spanning nearly four feet and their claws dangerously sharp.

The company was quick to fight back, swinging their blades and slicing through the wings and bodies of the bats. There were so many, however, that soon it became nearly impossible to move, much less fight.

I stayed near Mr Baggins, who had pulled out his short sword in an attempt to battle the bats. They seemed drawn to him, perhaps due to the still open wounds on his back and front. I kept as many of them away as I could, but over the noise, I heard the sound of my nanaddan crying out. I called Dwalin to me to protect Mr Baggins and ran to where Fíli and Kíli were.

I helped my nanaddan fight off the bats surrounding them, for they too had some still open wounds. Bifur and Balin joined me to rid Fíli and Kíli of the creatures. Glóin used the watch-fire to light a torch and chased the bats away from my nanaddan.

Before I could check them for wounds, however, I heard Mr Baggins let out a scream. I looked to him only to see three bats having dug their claws into his shoulders and were in the process of picking him up from the ground. I tore back to him and Dwalin and I were able to pull him back
down. Dwalin disposed of the bats while I held Mr Baggins. There were smaller bats clinging to his back and I ripped them away. Glóin came with his fire and chased the last of the bats away. Once they were gone, he put the watch-fire and the torch out, not wanting to draw them back.

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Bilbo was clinging to my front, shaking from both fear and pain. There were tears in his eyes but he seemed determined to not let them fall. His back was slashed from where the bats had attacked him, blood dripping down his skin. I remembered my earlier promise to him and the ill feeling in my stomach increased until I was nearly dizzy from it.

I called to Óin while I poured the remaining water from my water-skin over Bilbo’s back, washing the blood and dirt away. Óin came over with his supplies and quickly prepared a paste for Bilbo. He asked Bilbo if he was able to remove his shirt, so that he could work unimpeded. I could see Bilbo attempt to but his hands were shaking too harshly.

I gently moved his hands out of the way and opened his shirt myself, easing it off of his arms and back. Óin set to work as soon as the fabric was moved and Bilbo hissed quietly at the sting of the paste. He leaned forward, pressing his face to my chest and I placed one hand to the back of his head and gripped his hand with the other. His grip was barely there and he remained slumped forward while Óin worked on his torn back.

“I am so sorry,” I said, feeling my breathing come out shaky. “I did not protect you as I said I would.” I pressed my forehead to the top of his head and we both attempted to breathe deeply. He did not respond, just shook in my arms.

Óin finished wrapping Bilbo’s back and offered Bilbo his torn shirt back. However, it was more of a rag, with the numerous tears in it, and I placed it to the side. Ori came over to help set up Bilbo’s bedroll and I helped him into it before setting my own down.

I laid down and Bilbo drew himself close, curling to my front. His hands gripped my shirt and I enclosed in my arms, being very careful to not touch the bandaged portions of his back. I am unsure if he has passed out from pain or exhaustion.

My throat is bitter from the guilt shifting through me.

#the quest #little bunny #oin #my sister children #dwalin #gloin #bombur

10:15 pm

Sleep will not be easy to find tonight.
I can still hear the sound of his scream.

#the quest #little bunny #he could have died

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July 31st, 2015

Thorin

5:50 am

As predicted, sleep did not come easy last night. And when it did claim me, it only brought about reimaginings of other ways the attack could have gone. When I awoke, I could still hear his scream, and my nanaddan crying out, and the last sounds that I remember of my father and brother. It continues to echo in my ears, determined to haunt me.

I despise this forest.

#the quest #little bunny #my sister children

6:25 am
Mr Baggins’ behavior this morning is concerning. Óin checked his back and rebandaged it, for the previous bandages had been bleed through in the night. Mr Baggins gave no hints that he was in pain, nor did he seem at all affected by what had happened. It is as if he is simply ignoring it or has forgotten about the entire event.

He has insisted that he is fine, though the smile he offers, seemingly meant to be reassuring, is strained. I wish that I were able to take the wounds from his back and lay them on my own skin.

#the quest #little bunny #oin

8 am

I heard the distant sound of bats and immediately insisted that Mr Baggins get down. He looked at me oddly, his face careful and guarded. I pointed out the noise of the bats to him, though there was no way to miss it.

However, Mr Baggins claimed to not hear any bat sounds and he pushed past me, his shoulders tense. The flap of the bats’ wings and their screeches was faint, but distinctive and not easily missed. Could Mr Baggins be blocking out the event in his mind so much so that he is ignoring the sounds around him?

I can feel the guilt in my stomach churning and spreading through me.

#the quest #little bunny

9:30 am

The headache which bothered me in days previous has returned. The pain from its presence is more fierce than when it was upon me before.

#the quest #little bunny

10:40 am

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I apologized to Bilbo for not being able to defend him against the bats’ attack, which resulted in his current pain. I told him how I wished to take his injuries from him, how I would lay them on myself if I could.

He did not respond, only pushed past me, keeping his head lowered.

#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo

10:49AM It is hot enough for lunch. Bombur absolutely detests rationing. Especially since he can’t cook as much anymore because of the tiny fires we’re lighting, as big ones only draw unwelcome guests.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

11 am

We stopped for lunch but my headache and the guilt thick on my tongue has banished my appetite. I attempted to talk with Mr Baggins once more but he insisted that he was fine before moving away from me. I feel heavy, as if the weight of the blame on my shoulders is enough to bury me under this forest floor.

#the quest #little bunny #i feel so tired

11:30 am

anxiety-junkie asked:

BILBO'S INJURIES ARE NOT YOUR FAULT. You rescued him when it mattered, but
don’t beat yourself up for him getting hurt in the first place. I'll bet good money he doesn’t blame you.
While he may not blame me, though I would not fault him if he does, I still vowed to protect him and then did not when he needed it most.

#ask #anxiety-junkie #little bunny

12 pm
Anonymous asked:
I'm worried about that head of yours, Uzbadê. Head injuries are not something to be trifled with, and I would feel more comfortable if you would have Óin check you out. Please consider if it continues much longer. You’re the leader of your people after all. <3
I thank you for your concern. Óin reported that I was healed at Beorn’s halls, and I trust his judgement. However, if it does continue, I shall tell him, though I believe that it is simply this foul forest that is causing my head to ache.

#ask #anonymous #oin #i am not the one to be concerned with right now

12:30 pm
Anonymous asked:
Master Oakenshield, I am deeply concerned regarding your ongoing headaches. Have you spoken to Óin? A headache of this kind after the injuries you bore can be a sign of a serious issue, possibly bleeding within the skull. Troubling though the forest is, and as concerned as you are with the welfare of your Company, please have it checked on before it becomes unmendable.
I appreciate the concern for my health, but Gandalf himself cast a magic on me that healed all of my physical injuries. I will speak with Óin if it becomes too much of a problem, but for now, I am more focused on getting us through this forest.

#ask #anonymous #oin #the wizard

1:25PM Thorin keeps on trying to apologise for what happened last night. It’s not his fault that the attack happened, and I’m fine now. Really, I am.
Thorin’s just too insistent on carrying these burdens, and I’m fine with thinking that no one was to blame for this attack.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

1:45 pm
Anonymous asked:
Perhaps Bilbo is feeling shocked by the narrow escape with the bats, hence his quiet and distracted demeanour. You shouldn't feel guilty for this, Thorin. You had to help Fili and Kili, I'm sure Bilbo understands that. He's probably just trying to keep quiet over what happened in an attempt to forget about it and not make a fuss over his injuries. After all he's said before how he dislikes being the weakest member combat wise.
I am the leader of this company and as such, the fault of each injury that those in my company receive falls on me. I have led them into every peril that they have gone through on this quest. Whether or not Mr Baggins blames me for his injuries, which he has full rights to do, I blame myself.
I promised to protect him and then failed to do so.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny
Anonymous asked:
How are you feeling today, Mr Baggins? I hope the injuries from the bats aren’t hurting you too much. Thorin seems very concerned about you. Mirkwood seems like a very unpleasant place to be.
I’m fine. Mirkwood is unpleasant indeed but things could be worse.

Anonymous asked:
Poor Thorin, from what you say it almost seems like he takes responsibility for almost anything, even things which he should not feel badly about. I hope you’re feeling better Mr Baggins and that your wounds heal quickly.
Thank you for your well-wishes. Thorin does seem to be taking the events of last night a lot worse than everyone else in the Company. I think he thinks he’s responsible for it, even though he couldn’t have anticipated them swarming the watch-fire we lit any more than the rest of us.

My headache became worse and though it was only for a brief time, it was enough that I began to feel dizzy. Dwalin had joined me at my side some time ago and I must have stumbled while walking, for he placed a steady hand on my shoulder. My vision temporarily swam and it was during this that I saw the bats return.
I called out a warning and attempted to draw my sword. Something powerful clutched my shoulders and I believed it to be the bats attacking me until I heard Dwalin’s voice. I realized that he was gripping my shoulders tightly, keeping me from being able to wield my sword. The bats still filled my vision but Dwalin began speaking to me.
He assured me that the bats were not there, though I tried to argue that I could see them quite clearly.
I am not sure how much he was able to understand, as my tongue felt heavy. Dwalin swore to me, on his life, that there were no bats attacking us. He commanded that I breathe deeply for a while and I trusted him and did so.
After a time, the bats disappeared from my vision, as if banished. My head continued to ache and my body felt heavy. Dwalin said that he had noticed my lack of sleep and lack of eating and that it was most likely catching up to me. He even called me ‘old’ with a smile pulling at his face.
I thanked him for calming me and asked if there had been any sight or sound of the bats since the attack last night. He told me that none in the company had reported seeing or hearing anything of the bats. I recall hearing them so clearly earlier, however. But could those have been like my vision of the bats?
I truly despise this forest.

My back is throbbing. Óin has changed my bandages. Where is my shirt?

3:10 pm

Anonymous asked:

You /did/ protect him, you saved him. I don't think he blames you, probably he's just still in shock. You beat yourself too much, master Oakenshield!

You say that I protected him but the wounds on his back suggest otherwise.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

3:31 PM

The Company has been discussing the events of last night. Everyone agrees that Thorin is not to blame, though he insists otherwise. We’ve agreed not to light any more watch-fires, for fear of drawing the bats back.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:09 PM

Dwalin has come to talk to me about Thorin. He said that Thorin is starting to see bats where there should not be any, and that I need to coax him out of it.

My stomach has felt sick every time someone brings up what happened last night, and this was no exception. I told Dwalin there was nothing I could do, as I do not remember last night as something that could have possibly happened to me.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #i wish i knew what he was suffering from

4:27 PM

Anonymous asked:

Mr. Baggins, don't you think you should at least talk with Thorin? He seems fairly offset by your lack of communication. I understand it may be difficult, but it takes effort from both sides to keep a relationship healthy. He cares about you, and he is quite worried. I think you should be worried for him too.

Do you think I’m not worried about him? Every time I think about him my chest tightens and it’s hard to breathe and my heart quickens and I think it has something to do with what happened last night, but I don’t know what it is exactly because I can’t even remember what happened to me. I think I was hurt, but that’s what everyone says had happened, and I can’t remember it myself.

I wish I could help him, but I can’t even think about him without it being painful.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5 pm

Kili has shot down one of the black squirrels. It is larger than any other squirrel I have seen and what I thought to be fur looks to be more like leather. It has skin that stretches from its arms to feet, like wings, and I am reminded of the foul bats.

A look at its claws and teeth, both of which are sharp, tells that this squirrel does not eat acorns. This forest a horrid place.

#the quest #my sister children

5:45 pm

The black squirrel was cooked, and the few that were willing to try it have reported that it is slimy and disgusting. Mr Baggins had to go to the edge of the path to be sick. I attempted to help him but he insisted that he was fine, though he said the taste was clinging to his mouth.

#the quest #little bunny
5:55PM Kíli has finally managed to shoot down a squirrel! Though admittedly it doesn’t look like one, it has long fangs and bulbous pale eyes and pitch-black fur, and it made a horrible hissing noise as it died.

We tried cooking it, though the fire we lit was small, and Glóin was ready to fight anything that moves suddenly into the light of the fire. So it took us a while, but we did finally manage to get the squirrel cooked.

It tastes disgusting. I had suspected it would, but it’s almost surprising how right my suspicions were.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #firedwarf

6:16PM

Anonymous asked:

I'm sorry Mr. Baggins, I didn't mean to say you were not worried, but he does not see it that way. I fear something is happening to him. Maybe you should talk to him, but about something else, not the events of last night.

I shall, once I stop feeling as if I’ll collapse when I look at him.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #don't make me feel any more powerless than i already do it's not a good feeling

6:20 pm

We stopped to make camp for the night. I began to assign the watches when Mr Baggins spoke up, asking to be part of the first watch. I tried to argue but he declared quite loudly that he was perfectly fine and more than capable of getting through a watch.

#the quest #little bunny #i am far too tired to argue with him

6:30PM We have stopped to make camp. Thorin has tried to comfort me about my bad reaction to the squirrel, but he treats me like I’m more delicate than spun glass. A lot of the Company members have been talking in low voices around me, too, as if they’re trying not to upset me.

Why would they care? I’m fine.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

7PM I am on first watch with Dori. Thorin wanted me not to take watch, but I insisted, saying that my back doesn’t really hurt that much, and that I’m perfectly capable of pulling my weight with the Company and doing my duty.

As agreed upon, there is no watch-fire tonight.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:30 pm

Mr Baggins is on watch with Dori right now. He seems to be as fine as he cimals, though I cannot see his face from where I am laying. I am trying to stay awake in case anything happens but sleep seems determined to claim me tonight.

#the quest #little bunny

9:19PM I am not fine.

#adventureblogging
I’ve tried to stop my ears, but it doesn’t work. I still remember the flapping of the bats’ wings echoing in my ears and the pain of their claws in my shoulders. I want this watch to be over.

#adventureblogging

I was awoken when Bilbo retired to his bedroll after the first watch. Even in the little light, I could tell that he was shaking. I said his name and asked after him but he did not respond. I reached my hand forward to him but the moment I touched him, he flinched away as if burned. He covered himself in his bedroll and continued shaking. I dared not to touch him again but moved as close as I could.

I am helpless in the face of his pain and there is only myself to blame.

#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo stayed within his bedroll and I could sense that he was still awake. Any attempt that I made at speaking with him was only met with silence. However, Bilbo suddenly sat up during the second watch and stood. He went only a few steps before becoming sick, as he had earlier after eating the black squirrel. I followed him and offered any help that I could. Bilbo's voice exploded from him and he commanded that I leave him alone. I apologized and have left him be.

#the quest #little bunny #i am so sorry

Anonymous asked:

Very well Mr. Baggins, I trust your judgement. I hope you get better soon.
I hope so, too.

#ask #anonymous

August 1st, 2015

Bilbo

Anonymous asked:

I hope your okay
I wish I could say I was.

#ask #anonymous

Anonymous asked:
we're here for you. It isn't much but it's true all the same
Thank you for your support.
#ask #anonymous

4:23AM I don’t think I’ve slept at all last night. Every time I close my eyes I see the bats again and I
feel them clawing at my back, and I wake up again.
#adventureblogging

5:10AM Everywhere I turn I hear the sound of bats. Yet every time I ask Bofur if he hears them, he
tells me he doesn’t, and if I’m alright because now I’m hearing things that shouldn’t be there.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

Thorin

7:40 am

It is all I can do to focus on the path ahead. Sleep seeks to claim me, even as I walk, but there is a
bitter taste on my tongue that keeps me awake. Dwalin is at my side and each time my foot catches
on something, he is quick to help me regain my balance. He has yet to suggest that I stop to rest, but I
can feel the suggestion building itself up.

As per his request, I have left Mr Baggins alone. He has kept his head down while we have walked,
his shoulders tense, and he seems to be playing with something in his pocket, though I cannot see
what it is. Even from here, I can see that his hands shake. I can feel my own long for the warmth of
his.

#the quest #dwalin #little bunny #and this foul headache is still on me

7:52AM I feel stifled, like someone’s wrapped a blanket around my head and sat on my chest. The
air is thick and heavy and warm. It makes me want to fall asleep and never wake up.
#adventureblogging

9:11AM Thorin has been avoiding me all morning. I think it was because I told him to leave me
alone. He really doesn’t look well, and it pains me to know I can’t care for him. I wish I could, but
how am I to help anyone when I don’t know how to help myself?
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #he doesn’t deserve to be treated by me

10:15AM We are stopping for lunch. The food supplies are getting low now. Thorin’s right, I wish I
had heavy packs full of provisions rather than these dangerously light ones. Bombur has had to
tighten the rations, though it’s obviously paining him to do so.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:55 am

I did not feel the need to eat at lunch but Dwalin insisted. I told him that I was not hungry and that
the rations would do better to go back into the supplies. Dwalin said that I have not eaten much in the
past few days to which I argued that none of us had, given the rationing. Still, he presented my
rations to me and did not end with his insistence until I had finished them.

The food did nothing but add to the ill feeling in my stomach. Óin was called over and asked to
examine me. However, he said he could not tell what was caused by the lack of sleep and food or
was the result of something else.
I checked on my nanaddan and they appeared well. The few wounds that they received from the bats and the bugs have begun to heal. They asked when we will see the end of this forest but I could not give them an answer.

#the quest #dwalin #oin #my sister children

12:20PM How does anyone march on little bites of waybread? I can’t even get enough energy from four of them, let alone just a small fourth as my ration.

#adventureblogging

1:10PM
Anonymous asked:
You will see the sun again. You must trust to that.
A nice sentiment, but I fear I might go mad before that, stuck in this stifling darkness.

#ask #anonymous

2:01 pm
Anonymous asked:
Please don't feel so bad, I don't think Bilbo is directing shy anger or displeasure towards you. He's just feeling unwell after the attack. Many people don't like others witnessing when they are sick or injured, he may be one of those people
He is feeling unwell from an attack that I should have protected him from.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny #his pain is my fault

2:20PM
Anonymous asked:
Good morning Mr Baggins. It sounds like you had a horrid night and I'm sorry to hear that. I hope your day goes a little better. I don't wish to pry, but once you feel able, it might be a good idea to speak with Thorin. It seems as if you are both suffering quite a bit emotionally from the attack and it may help to speak about it with him. Feel better soon.
Thanks for the sentiment, but I don’t want to talk about it with him.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3PM
Anonymous asked:
Mr Baggins, please, I think you ought to consult with someone - Oin, or Balin, even - because your behavior seems to have changed dramatically recently, and you don't seem fully aware of it? I don't mean to cosset, but I'm very worried for you.
Thank you for your concern, but I will consult with Óin when I feel more inclined to do so.

#ask #anonymous #trumpetdwarf #brainsdwarf

3:20 pm
We have stopped to make camp for the night. The company is quiet while the trees shift with the sounds of the creatures hiding within.
3:51PM Supper was equally cheerless. My stomach is rumbling from the lack of food. It’s a shame the creatures in this forest are too foul to eat.

#adventureblogging

4:39PM The lack of a watch-fire for the camp is an odd thing, yet I suspect that given time, I will get used to sleeping in the uncanny darkness.

#adventureblogging

5:11PM

Anonymous asked:

You could maybe ask someone else to look after thorin for a while?

Dwalin seems to be doing a swell job of it already.

#anonymous #ask #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brawnsdwarf

7:29PM I still can’t close my eyes without hearing bat wings. I didn’t even feel this helpless in the Goblin-tunnels. Sleep is evading me, and I hate that it is.

Thorin has first watch with Balin. He looks so small and alone, and it tugs at me terribly.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brainsdwarf

8:45 pm

I have taken first watch with Balin. He tried to have someone else take my position but I argued that we were all tired and hungry and that I was well enough.

The company has put their bedrolls very close and the dark of the forest has surrounded us. Even with our experiences of times without sunlight in the mountains, I feel that this forest is draining our spirits.

#the quest #balin #the company

9:14PM

Anonymous asked:

'and it pains me to know I can’t care for him. I wish I could, but how am I to help anyone when I don’t know how to help myself?’ Please excuse me, I don't mean to pry or presume to know either of your minds, Mr Baggins. However, even if you cannot care for him right now, I think even just your presence might be enough to help calm his mind a little if nothing else.

Of course if it feels like too much to deal with at the moment then please ignore my suggestion, your comfort is of importance too

I’ll let you know when my stomach doesn’t twist when he looks at me.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:30 pm

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Despite our relationship still being new, I have grown used to Bilbo's company. These past days without his presence near me has only made me more aware of how much I have come to expect him
near me.
It is as if I was waiting for him all these years.

#the quest #little bunny

10:43PM I feel like I am slowly losing my mind. And the worst thing is, I was already doing it without the bats speeding up the process.

~~
I still am having trouble grasping the reality that the bats did attack me the day before yesterday. That this is something that happened to me, someone who shouldn’t have ever stepped out his door on this damned adventure. The entire Company has told me it wasn’t my fault, and yet it somehow feels like it is.
And while I know Thorin is trying his best to care for me and express his concerns and all of it, every time he asks me how I am faring I can almost hear the unspoken question: why haven’t you completely shattered from what happened to you? How are you so strong? And it stings me that I don’t know, myself. I’m not strong. I’m barely holding myself together right now.
I feel like I’ve been turned into a statue and Thorin is treating this statue like both a fragile doll and a strong hero. The problem is, I’m neither of those things.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:29PM
~~
Why was it so easy to fall before? I said it myself: I have nowhere to run except into his arms. Why is it so hard to believe that now?
I know he cares for me with more of his heart than I deserve, but still I hesitate, still I pause. So much of my life was spent alone, and after Mum died I had seven years of relying only on myself. I must have gotten too used to the notion that I could confide in no one, as all of the acquaintances and relatives my age had married, and started to exclude me because I showed no inclination to do the same.
Maybe I’m pushing him away now because part of me wants to break in front of him and trust that he’ll pick up the pieces and put me back together, and the other part of me detests the very notion of showing him my vulnerabilities, and — as with most things coming out of this adventure — I have absolutely no idea what I want to do as a result. He still only has the vaguest idea of who I am. If I break, I’m his fragile doll. If I smile, I’m his strong hero. Showing Thorin either of these things is not going to be anywhere near what I need from him.
I’m starting to wonder if I can ever be honest with him.

#adventureblogging #that wonderful asshole #adventureblogging

August 2nd, 2015

Bilbo

1:56AM
Anonymous asked:
You both worry for one another so deeply. It's upsetting that you're both suffering in the
forest of course, but a good sign of how much you must love each other. Hopefully the worry will lessen as you reach the goal of leaving Mirkwood, and all of the Company will feel much better soon.

I wish I didn’t have to worry. I wish I had never left Bag End, that none of this had happened, that I didn’t have to feel so awful for shying away every time he tries to approach me because it’s not his fault that I was attacked! It’s not, and yet I know he thinks it is, and I can’t even look at him without seeing his guilt and feeling so awful about it that I could collapse.

I wish I didn’t have to wake at odd hours feeling like I want to scream because my dreams are plagued with bats and my waking hours are filled with the noises of their wings and the memory of their claws.

I wish I didn’t bloody care so much.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:08AM I tried lighting my pipe, hoping some pipe-weed from Bo’s stash would clear my head, but the instant I lit the pipe those horrid pale too-big insect eyes from the first couple of nights started peering out at me from the branches overhead, and I had to put out the pipe because I thought I heard the bats again.

Whenever Óin changes my bandages, he says my wounds are healing well, as well as my bug bites. But I don’t know if I’ll ever actually heal from those bats, as long as we are trapped in this everlasting night.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #trumpetdwarf

3:21AM We are on the move again. This is the second night I couldn’t sleep through because of the bats. I want to talk to Óin about it, maybe get some valerian for my sleep, but it’s so hard to do more things these days than to put one foot in front of the other. I almost feel as if I am only going through the motions of being Bilbo Baggins, as if the real Bilbo is somewhere else, probably not in this dreadful forest.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf

3:45 am

Anonymous asked:

Shamukh, uzbadê! I would have gone with your Company if I could have. Amad says I’m still young, so I’ve been reading this instead! It’s only convincing me further that you deserve the title of king. I’ll be the first on the caravans to Erebor once you reclaim it for our people, and will always be proud to call you my king, Masle! I thank you for your proud, supportive words. They are truly needed in times such as these. I am sure you would have made an honorable member of the company, though perhaps this is Mahal guiding you to a different path.

#ask #anonymous

4:10 am

The invisible beast is following us once again. I can feel its presence, its eyes watching us in this darkness. I wondered as to why it waits to claim us but perhaps it is curious and wishes to see how far we will make it in this forest. Perhaps there is magic on the path and it cannot fully claim us unless we step out of the magic. I wonder at what sort of beast it would look like, how large it would be to have such a dense presence.

I voiced all of this to Dwalin, who is at my side again. He insists that I need sleep.

#the quest #dwalin
5:15 am
Anonymous asked:
Your Majesty, you are reveling in self-hate for something you had not any control over. Master Baggins will talk to you when he feels ready. You should think about your own injuries and pain instead, and rest your mind, else you worsen your condition. I'm sure Master Baggins doesn't approve of you disregarding your own mental and physical health like this.
Perhaps there is truth in your words. I believe that I have much to think about.
#ask #anonymous #little bunny

7 am
Anonymous asked:
It seems that just as you feel you cannot approach Mr Baggins, he feels the same way towards you and for similar reasons. He's worried about you, Thorin. You're a noble dwarf but seem to be blaming yourself far too much. Although probably near impossible in this forest, please try to rest when you can and eat. It will ease Mr Baggins worries and make you feel better in the long run.
A ‘noble Dwarf,’ am I? I do not feel so… Though perhaps…
I thank you, for your message has brought about memories of the past that I believe can be helpful now.
#ask #anonymous #little bunny

9:14 AM We are stopping for lunch. I sometimes wish we didn’t have to have meals, as feeding my stomach only reminds me of how empty it usually is. It’s easier to ignore the growling instead of the gnawing inadequacy of our rations.
#adventureblogging

11:45 am
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It is a frustrating thing, being viewed not as an individual, but as a series of actions and titles. It feels as if no matter what you do or how you truly are, you are forever judged by a past experience. You become aware that others only see you through a lens of who your parents were or the battles you have fought or how much gold is in your possession.
In the time that we have known each other, Bilbo has viewed me for myself, not for the tales of the battles of I have fought nor the title I can claim. He has judged me by who I am and the actions that I have shown him. My past may have given light to the reasons behind my actions but I do not think he has ever let it change how he views me.
And yet I have not extended the same to him. I have judged him as a Hobbit, as a burglar, as a survivor of the bat attack. I have not seen him as Bilbo and perhaps this is what is driving him away.
#the quest #little bunny

11:57 AM Óin says that Thorin is extremely concerned about my well-being now, as he is aware that I have not slept well these past couple of nights. I retaliated that I had been noticing Thorin begrudgingly eating his food — which he has, as Dwalin has been making him eat — and that (as my father was wont to say) the pot shouldn’t be calling the kettle black.
Óin sighed and said that if we had enough water, he’d make me some valerian tea to help me sleep. As it is, we have yet to see any streams or rivers, and even if we had, who knows what sort of water we would get from it. Bo has yet to use his spile, but I fear water from the trees of Mirkwood would taste as foul as that squirrel.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #hatdwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:15 pm
Anonymous asked:

Maybe the reason you don’t see him as Bilbo is because you don’t know that many stories about him. You could ask the company stories he told them about his home and life and maybe even ask him. It’s just a thought…

While I am curious as to Mr Baggins’ past and things he has experienced in the Shire, I mean to view him as he is now and by the actions that I have viewed.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

12:27PM
Anonymous asked:

What you were explaining before, about not knowing how to act around him and how it feels difficult to tell him the truth. Would it be so hard as telling this to all these strangers here? To repeat what you just told us to him? The way you worded it was reasonable and understandable, Thorin would know what you meant by it. Or would it be easier just to ask him to read what you put here when he gets a moment? I’m sure Thorin knows you are neither of those extremes; too fragile or utterly strong.

I will decide how and when to tell him. His questioning my own awareness of my behaviour and judgements, like you seem to be doing, is part of the reason why I wonder if he knows if I am actually neither of those extremes.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:40 pm

Despite the continued presence of my headache and my stomach still refusing food, I feel as if things are clearer. Not in the forest, for it is still as dark as usual, but in my mind. It is as if something within me as settled. As if something within me has been accepted.

#the quest

2:44PM I’m starting to wonder if we’re going in circles. The path is still laid out in front of us, but the trees seem to be staying the same. Maybe we’ve just never moved at all. Maybe we’ll be stuck down here forever. I don’t know what day it is anymore. I don’t know if it’s even day. If we ever leave Mirkwood, I suspect no one in this Company will ever mock Thorin’s distrust of trees ever again.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:45 pm
Anonymous asked:

Even though you may not see it Mister Oakenshield. You ARE a noble dwarf. You are on a perilous journey to get your kingdom back, you'd do anything for your company, and you feel guilt for not protecting a hobbit you have only loved a while....

What you label as noble, some may call foolish. I am simply doing what I believe to be right.

#ask #anonymous

4:30 pm

We have stopped to make camp for the night. I asked Mr Baggins if he would have the first watch with me and he hesitated before answering. I assured him that he was, of course, allowed to decline. It was a few more moments before Mr Baggins nodded his head and agreed to taking the watch with me. There is a haunted look in his eyes and a shake in his hands but also a steel in his shoulders.

It is all I can do to resist taking his hand in my own.

#the quest #little bunny

4:46PM I have first watch with Thorin again. We are laying our bedrolls out, though most of the Company will be awake a while longer before they head to bed and our watch begins.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:22PM Our watch has begun, though keeping one is really a moot point considering how dark it is here. I can barely see my own hand in front of my face, let alone Thorin on the other side of camp, or anything that might be coming out of the trees to kill us.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:45 pm

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I am trying to gather my words so that he will understand. I find that I do not usually have difficulty expressing my intentions, yet I know that my words to him are important and must be chosen with care.

I can faintly see him the other side of the camp, with the company laid out between us in their bedrolls. He feels close and yet so distant.

#the quest #little bunny

8 pm

Anonymous asked:

You can do it, Thorin. The words will surely come to you.

Thank you for the encouragement. I hope that they do.

#ask #anonymous

8:25 pm

Anonymous asked:

In case it makes you feel better, I’m in a similar situation to yours and also find myself lacking words. You're not alone. Everything will be fine, you'll see ^_^

Your words are most welcome and I thank you for them. I return the sentiment to you and I hope that you find the words that you are seeking.

#ask #anonymous
I think if you speak from your heart instead of your brain, it may be better. Most people will find it easier speaking from the heart and it is more caring that way. You don't have to take this advice if you don't want to.... You can do it though.

I thank you for your advice. However, I intend to speak from the heart and have no trouble doing so.

The difficulty I am facing is making my words coherent enough to make Mr Baggins understand what I am attempting to say. Even the kindest and most heartfelt words can make a situation worse if they are not thought out first.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

9:45PM So much has just happened that I am still having trouble realising that it happened at all, much less to me.

I don’t think we had been keeping watch for very long when Thorin pointed out that I really shouldn’t be taking any watches on account of my recent sleeplessness. I told him that since I couldn’t sleep without remembering the bats, I might as well put my sleeplessness to some use. I then heard him take a deep breath, as if steeling himself for something, and then he told me everything.

I had known that he had experienced several night terrors of the fall of Erebor, despite not having been there firsthand when the dragon had come, but I had not known that he was haunted by more than that — he sometimes dreamt of his grandfather’s defiled head, of Azanulbizar and the death of Azog by his hand, of the years of wandering and poverty, eking out a living not only for his family but for his people. For a long time, he could not become close to anyone who was not immediate kin, not only because of his being like stone, but also because of his painful awareness that they would only see him for his lineage and brave deeds, and thus would desert him at the first sign of his vulnerabilities, his ghosts.

And he did not want to treat me the same way. Though he still felt guilty over not having been able to protect me, he had come to realisation that he would never be able to talk to me again if he could not treat me as I was, discarding the notion that I could only exist as either the strong fearless professional burglar-hero, or the soft and inexperienced grocer (I had to laugh at that) that he was supposed to protect. The real Bilbo, he said, lay between the two, and he was reaching out to that Bilbo now, as one who understands what it’s like to be caught between two versions of oneself.

I felt as if my chest was expanding with this strange warm bubble, and that if I wasn’t careful I would float right on through these trees and head into the stars. I could only grope for him in the darkness, but I eventually found him, and his arms were as warm and comforting as I remembered.

I know I might not ever go back to being who I was before the attack, but right now in this moment, I don’t think I would have wanted to. To know that Thorin has seen my scars and accepts them makes my heart race and my stomach flutter, and for the first time in days, I rather like it.

It might sound strange, but I think this new feeling might be what blooming feels like.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10 pm

I joined Bilbo where he sat and asked if I could speak with him. He seemed to have been expecting such a request, though he did hesitate before saying yes. I voiced my concern about his lack of sleep, to which he said that the memory of the bat attack had been keeping him awake.

I had gathered what I wished to say beforehand and so shared it with him then, telling him more of
the ghosts that still haunt me. I spoke of the frustrations of being caught in between versions of myself that others had built around me, and explained that I had finally realized that I had been doing the same to him. I said that he could not be simplified to the title of a professional burglar or a soft grocer needing protection. The second title made him laugh and I had to pause to take it in, for I had not heard the sound for some time. I then apologized to Bilbo for not viewing him as himself and said that I was speaking to him now, the true version of him that I had so far ignored and covered with my own ideas.

I had kept my distance while speaking, as Bilbo had not given me permission to touch him, and so I was surprised to suddenly find him in my arms, though I had no complaints on the matter. My chest felt at once heavy and full of light, having him close once again. In the dark, my forehead found his and he placed his hands on the sides of my face. We stayed that way for a time, both of us remembering how to breathe, as if in finding one another again, our breath had been stolen away.

Bilbo began to try to speak, though his voice caught in his throat and when I placed a hand to his face, I could feel tears falling. I held him tightly, knowing that having a weight to ground oneself is helpful, and he curled himself closer. I instructed him to follow my breathing and I could feel him do so after a few minutes.

Eventually, when he had calmed, Bilbo pulled away enough to wipe the tears from his face. He apologized for crying but I assured him that it was fine to cry. I told him of the numerous times that I had woken from a night terror in a similar state. He laid his head once again against my shoulder and we returned to breathing in tandem.

I must confess that we made a poor job of the watch. But I believe it to be worth it, for I was able to feel Bilbo’s smile against my lips once again. We woke Bifur and Ori for the second watch and retired to our bedrolls.

Our words have not healed everything, but I have found that it is easier to sleep when one has a hand to hold.

#the quest #little bunny #his warmth is a comfort that i find myself craving

10:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

'It is as if I was waiting for him all these years' That must be a wonderful feeling; to finally have someone close to you like that. It's a fortunate thing you found one another. It is a fortunate occurrence indeed.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny
**August 3 - August 9**

Chapter Notes

**Reminder warnings:** Side effects of TBI including hallucinations and paranoia, lack of sleep, food, and water, overall 'dark' tones. Mirkwood is a dark place with little room for cheer (though there is some).

The tags for this story changed with the last chapter to include new warnings. From this part of the story until the end of November, while there are times of cheer and spots of fluff, much of what is to come can be described as depressing. Please be aware for your own mental safety.

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**August 3rd, 2015**

*Thorin*

2 am

I have awoken to complete darkness. If I had not already expected to do so, I would have worried about having gone blind in my sleep, for the dark was so thick. However, it is just the forest at night, for the weak light of the moon cannot pierce through the treetops. The sun can barely do so during the day.

I cannot see Mr Baggins’ face, though I know it is near my own. If I cannot even see where he is, then I know it is far too early to be awake.

#the quest #little bunny

*Bilbo*

4:12AM I can’t believe I slept through the entire night. It’s been the first time since the attack that I hadn’t had any bad dreams. Maybe Thorin’s presence is more helpful than I had previously thought.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6 am

The quiet sounds of the company packing up camp was what originally woke me. However, it was the gentle fingertip dancing across my palm that finished pulling me from sleep.

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I opened my eyes to see Bilbo in the low light, faintly outlined by the small amount of sunlight coming through the treetops. He had one of my hands held and was tracing the lines of my palm very softly. I moved my fingers slightly to alert him to the fact that I was awake. Bilbo brought my palm to his lips and placed a gentle kiss to the center of my hand. Then he laid it atop his chest, over his heart. I could feel his heartbeat, especially when he covered my hand with both of his. I voiced that the beat seemed a bit quick, jesting and asking if perhaps he was excited at my presence.

Bilbo smiled but answered in seriousness. “It’s blooming,” he explained, briefly squeezing my hand
before pressing it down again. His heartbeat was strong and deep and a comfort that I did not know I needed.

#the quest #little bunny

7 am

*Anonymous asked:*

Your Majesty, would you ever- when Erebor is returned to its glory- allow any Men to visit your beautiful city from afar? I have heard the stories and would be happy if I could see its beauty, even if I am only a woman.

All would be welcome in Erebor, so long as their intentions are honest and good.

#ask #anonymous

8 am

*Anonymous asked:*

to take your mind away of that horrible forest: could you tell us more about your company? we know who is related to whom but who are the best friends? who teases whom the most? who are most likely to get into an argument with each other? and so on

Thorin didn’t want to answer this, but I will! All of the siblings are most likely to get into arguments with each other, especially Óín and Glóin. Fíli and Kíli constantly tease each other, and Nori teases both Ori and Dori (but Dori moreso than Ori). And as for best friends, well, I think Dwalin and Ori have gotten closer, when Dwalin’s not being concerned about Thorin. And I think Bifur and Óín are friends as well, though I have no idea what they talk (or rather, sign) about. Arguably we’re all friends to one another; no one in this Company overtly dislikes another member. That would be counterproductive. -@quiterespectablyyours

#ask #anonymous #the company

8:01AM

*Anonymous asked:*

Perhaps you could write out your feelings? I know it’s easier for me to put stuff like that down on paper. Maybe it would work for you to?

Perhaps, if I find time and light enough. Though I make no guarantees that Thorin will ever see them.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:27AM

Bo is grinning at me. Or at least I’m sure he is, since I can’t actually see him. He says that it’s good that Thorin and I have worked out whatever was going on between us, so now we can return to making the rest of the Company wish we’d stay far behind them.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

9 am

*Anonymous asked:*

I'm very glad you and Bilbo have found each other. But you have to be sure to hold on to him, because if you let him go, you may never get him back. I'm just saying this from past experience. So Mahal be with you.

Your words are ominous, though I can see that there are well intentions behind them. I have no plans to let Mr Baggins go, in the way that you seem to be implying it, unless he were to ask me to. My plans are to treat him as wonderfully as I know he deserves to be and may Mahal
strike me down where I stand if I am to ever hurt him.
#ask #anonymous #little bunny

10:20 am
Hearing Mr Baggins laugh last night has reminded me how little I have heard that sound in these past several days. Beorn’s halls and their warmth feel as if they were a distant memory. The darkness of this forest does not easily produce mirth, though I have an idea on how to. It may not work, however, but it is worth a try to hear him laugh once more.
#the quest #little bunny

10:30 AM Thorin has been laughing to himself for the past several minutes. I am starting to get worried.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:32 am
@quiterespectablyyours, gneiss to meet you.
#the quest #little bunny

10:34 AM
[Original Post]
How dare you make me look at this with my own two eyes.
#adventureblogging #i’m blind now and it’s your fault #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:35 am
It worked!
#the quest #little bunny #he laughed!

10:36 AM Two can play at this game, Mr Oakenshield.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:40 AM
@exiledurin: We should put our tulips together.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #hint hint #wink wink #nudge nudge #say no more

10:42 am
[Original Post]
As you wish, Mr Baggins.

#the quest #little bunny #though it is quite dark in this forest and i can barely see you

11AM That went well.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #my knees are barely keeping me up #but now i know to
tell him more puns

11:13AM
Anonymous asked:
What is blooming Master Baggins?
My heart. Mum used to say that when special people come into your life they make your heart
bloom.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:15 pm

Despite having finally been able to find sleep, my head continues to hurt. It is not with the same
intensity as before, but the pain still pounds through me with every heartbeat. It does not impede me
in any way, as I am still able to walk and speak with others and my balance is not too terrible that I
would not be able to fight if I was needed to. It is just difficult to focus too much on anything and the
constant ache makes it feel as if I have not slept at all.

Mr Baggins noticed my discomfort and I assured him that there was nothing to be done for it, as I
already talked with Óin. Still, he worries, though I do not wish to cause him more stress. This
headache simply needs to leave me in peace, as I am quite finished with its presence.

#the quest #little bunny

1:57PM

Anonymous asked:

'We should put our tulips together' Pretty smooth, Mr Baggins. Funny too. If you don't mind my saying so; you're both adorable.
I think the very last thing we need to be while going through this Giver-forsaken forest is ‘adorable’, but thank you anyway.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:24 pm

Anonymous asked:

Gneiss pun! it was quite clever, igneous even :) 
My sediments exactly. I hope to come up with boulder ones for Mr Baggins, lest he take all of this for granite.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

2:26PM Our food supply is slowly but steadily dwindling. Bombur estimates that we only have enough, at our current rationing size, to last us two more weeks. Hopefully we’ll be out of this dratted forest by then. I’m not usually one to detest growing things, but this forest could do with a bit of a trim, if you ask me. It’s even more dreary than the Old Forest, and the Old Forest is terrifying to wander into, especially when you’re a fauntling who’s been dared to do such a thing.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

2:45 pm

When we stopped for lunch, Bombur announced the state of our food supplies and his estimation on when we would run out. Balin was asked if he knew how much farther we had to go in the forest but he gave the same reply as when I asked him — that he could hardly tell how far into the forest we were, much less how much of it was left.

I tried to pass my food back to Bombur to return to the supplies but Dwalin stopped me. He insisted that I eat, despite my telling him that I felt too ill to do so. Mr Baggins eventually joined the argument, however, and between the two of them, I was watched like a child until I had eaten as much as I was able. While I appreciate their concern, I would rather the food not go to waste, as there is little of it.

#the quest #little bunny #bombur #dwalin

3:10PM The forest isn’t so gloomy when Thorin is holding my hand. I know I sound ridiculous saying it, but it’s also a rather comforting thought, too.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Oh you two are far too cute. I am very happy for you both! 🥰 I was beginning to wonder how long it would take you both!

I cannot recall ever being called ‘cute’ before but I thank you nonetheless. I do not believe it applies to me, though Mr Baggins certainly fits that title. I am not sure what you mean on how long it would take us. How long to do what?

Mr Baggins pun was pretty good, it's lovely that despite the hardships you can continue to joke together. I do hope your head feels better soon though, that's a little troubling. Hopefully it's just an effect of the forest seeing as both Gandalf and Oin think you are healed from your previous injuries.

Mr Baggins does have quite a clever sense of humor, as he frequently shows me. I thank you for the well wishes and I share that hope. This headache has become quite annoying and I would very much like for it to leave me in peace.

I wish I knew where we were, if we could find some sort of landmark that would tell us how close the exit is. I think that once we get out of the forest, I might flop onto the first patch of sunny grass I find and refuse to move from it until the day is done, even if I turn redder than my prize tomatoes in the process.

We are making camp and having supper now. Bombur says the honey is running out, and we would’ve had it last a little longer if it hadn’t been for me and Thorin wasting a pot of it prior to entering Mirkwood. I didn’t know he could hold such grudges.

Bombur is still upset about the pot of honey that Mr Baggins and I used before entering Mirkwood. I have no regrets on the matter.
**7:45PM** Thorin has suggested we share bedrolls, which of course means more blankets to lie on and more blankets to cover us, as well as Thorin’s furs. I am honestly quite nicely covered, even though it is still rather warm out even at night, and having Thorin’s own warmth surrounding me is probably going to result in me kicking away all of the blankets at some point during the night. But at least while this lasts, I am glad that he is here with me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**7:55 pm**

As the company was retiring to their bedrolls, an idea struck me. Bilbo and I place our bedrolls next to one another but tend to lay in the middle, so as to be close. I believe it would make more sense, and provide more comfort, if we combined our bedroll blankets. I voiced the idea to Bilbo and he agreed that it would work better, and we rearranged the blankets. I distinctly heard Dwalin give a whistle, along with a few other members make some noise at us, but I ignored them. I personally enjoy this much better than before, as now, without the blankets between us, Bilbo can lay much closer. He is quite warm, though not overly so. He is more like how sunlight warms the skin. His back still aches from his wounds, so he cannot press it to my front as we have before. Instead, he has laid atop me and I find that he is a pleasant, grounding weight. I jested that he had laid down in a manner similar to rabbits when they are content and he poked me in the side in response. Unfortunately, this revealed to him that I am, apparently, ticklish and he employed his swift hands without mercy.

#the quest #little bunny #my face aches from laughing

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**8:10PM** Thorin’s laughing to himself again. I keep trying to see what he’s laughing at, but he won’t let me get a good look.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #what is he up to now

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**8:20 pm**

@quiter espectablyyours, you are marvellous
8:21PM
[Original Post]
Go to sleep, you big prat.
#adventureblogging #what a ridiculous apple pie #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:24 pm
[Original Post] [Reply Post]
May I first request a kiss good night?
#the quest #little bunny

8:26PM
[Original Post] [Reply Post]
You’re terrible and do not deserve any kisses until the morning. Go to bed. Now.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:27 pm
[Original Post] [Reply Post] [Reply Post]
Just one kiss, please.
#the quest #little bunny

8:29PM
[Original Post] [Reply Post] [Reply Post]
I will grant your request, under the condition that you go to sleep immediately afterwards. If I catch you posting again, there will be consequences.
#adventureblogging #and by that I mean tickles again #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

August 4th, 2015

Bilbo

3:31AM Well, I was right. I did manage to kick aside some blankets during the night. But I didn’t kick Thorin away, and he is a more than adequate substitute for a blanket. He is very keen to grab onto me in his sleep. I remember him doing this at Beorn’s, so it’s good to see that he does regularly like to latch onto me like a beanstalk around a pole.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
When I awoke, the first thing I noticed was a throbbing ache in my leg, near where Bilbo’s foot was during the night. I also saw that the blankets had been moved so that they did not cover us at all. That did not seem to be a problem for Bilbo, however, seeing as how I had almost completely covered him with myself. I apologized, as he was lying on his back and I imagined his wounds to be hurting, but he assured that he was fine, quite comfortable even.

I did not have much time to appreciate how soft Bilbo was to lay on, as we had to rise and pack up the camp. Perhaps that can be explored tonight.

Yesterday I told Thorin, when he woke up, that my heart was starting to bloom for him. I don’t think he understands what it means exactly, but I hope he will, sooner rather than later.

I do not know what is more treacherous — this forest or my continued headache. I thought that I had heard the distant sound of Wargs but I do not believe the noises were real, similar to days previous when I believed I heard the sound of bats. Perhaps this is the next trick of the invisible beast of this forest. It will drive us mad with nonexistent noises and we shall wind up walking directly into its claws.

The forest is doing funny things to us, I think. I’m starting to hear things. My own voice, mixed in with grunts and squeaks from the creatures in the underbrush, and the crickets and cicadas, and the rest of the Company’s dazed voices. And of course, when it gets just the right amount of overwhelming, the bats begin to flap their wings.

I noticed that Mr Baggins had jumped several times this morning, though he tried to hide it. His hand is in mine, however, and I can feel the sudden squeezes whenever he jumps at something unseen. I finally inquired about it and he admitted to hearing the sound of bats. I told him that I had not heard the bats today, though I had in days previous only to be told that it was my mind playing tricks on
He did not look comforted by that. I asked if he would be willing to share with me whenever he hears something and that I would do the same. He agreed and offered me a smile, though it was a bit strained at the edges.

9:14AM I think I just saw myself in front of me. Not sure what to think of it, other than possibly finally losing my mind.

10 am
Anonymous asked:

Speaking of fights Mr- (what would you prefer to be called? Would mister Oakensheild be considered rude?) have you ever gotten in petty quarrels with dwarves or people you don't know well? Just small things that end in a good natured laugh and aren't entirely harmful in nature.

You are more than welcome to simply address me as Thorin.

While I have gotten into quite a number of small, well-intended quarrels with friends and kin, like Dwalin for example, I rarely do so with those that I do not know. While my patience does not stretch as far as, say, Balin’s, it is not short and I would rather discuss things in a peaceful manner than go to arms, even for petty quarrels.

11:26AM We are running out of water, too, but this is far more immediate than the food situation. It seems that most of us have almost-empty water-skins. I don’t think I want to be there when all of the water-skins are empty.

11:45 am

We stopped for lunch and the state of our water was discussed. My own water-skin has been empty since the bat attack, as I used it to clean Mr Baggins’ back, and the company’s water-skins are not much better.

I am now all too aware of the dryness in my mouth and the darkness of this forest.

12:06PM
Anonymous asked:
I'm very glad you're feeling safer, Mr. Baggins! When you feel up to it, could you tell us a story about the Shire?

Thank you for your well-wishes.
As for a story, well, I have many stories about the Shire. There’s a great one from the Free Fair years before I was born, where the old town rascal Falstaff Proudfoot was attacked by several young Hobbits dressed as Elflings, presumably as punishment for trying to court two married Hobbit-ladies.
at once. I can’t really do the tale justice, but it’s been recreated as a pageant for Free Fairs since then, when they’re not staging the legend of Viola Took, sister of Thain Paladin I, who dressed up as a boy and won the heart of an Elf-lord.

#ask #anonymous #(the merry wives of windsor and twelfth night)

1 pm
Anonymous asked:
How exactly are you blogging? Some handheld device? How do you charge or keep it going in the wild? And especially this forest? Are there some special minerals? Does Mr Baggins’s one recharge by being put in the ground or by sunlight? Mine runs out of power within two days, I obviously need a change of brand if yours can last so long.
My apologies, but the one who gave us the means to communicate with you has sworn us to secrecy.

2:41PM Some Company members have reported hearing running water. Nori wanted to go search for it. Of course, Dwalin quickly dissuaded him from that, though I imagine Nori remains intent on finding clues about the water’s location.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf

3:30 pm
After several members of the company reported the sounds of running water, while others said that they heard no such noises, I began to ask each of them about other noises they may have heard. Some report, like me, hearing the growls and barks of Wargs in the distance. Others swear they can hear the shouts of goblins. There are some claims at voices of kin, some long dead, calling from the shadows.
There is truly an evil in these trees.
#the quest #the company

4 pm
hells-finest-gentleman asked:
Thorin, you may be even cuter than Mr. Baggins. Which is ridiculous, because Bilbo is quite surely the cutest cutie in the universe. Which can only mean you must jointly become the cutest thing, lest a there be a cuteness paradox. Sorry, sir, I don't make the rules.
Mr Baggins is quite upset that I have seemingly stolen his title, though I believe he rightfully deserves it, rules or otherwise.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman #little bunny #he declared that he was in fact cuter than me #i agreed #i quite enjoyed the blush that spread on his face from that

4:10PM
hells-finest-gentleman asked:
Mr. Baggins, I thought it might help if you hum a tune, maybe sing a song? Maybe talk with someone? It doesn't have to be about what's going on, just some noise to get you out of your head. I know how it can be to battle with the murk and enchantment of the darkness. Silence
only makes it worse. It makes you more scared and it just makes the scary things worse, whether they're real or in your head. Noise inspires confidence, which deters predators and strengthens the mind. Warmest wishes, Bilbo.

I shall endeavour to keep your suggestion in mind for the next time my mind does strange things to me in this terrible forest.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman

4:30 pm

hell-finest-gentleman asked:

Also, WAS CALLING BILBO A GROCER A PUN ON "BAGGINS", YOU CLEVER LITTLE THING YOU?

I must admit that it was punintentional.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman #little bunny

5:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

have you and master baggins talked about being intimate yet or is it still too soon in the relationship?

Mr Baggins and I have shared our fears with one another, chased honey from each other’s lips, and sleep curled next to one another. I do believe that we have already been intimate with each other.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

5:57PM We are making camp for the night. Thorin wants us to share bedrolls again. I accepted his request, as I find that sleeping by his side makes me feel better.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6 pm

As we were setting up the camp, I asked Mr Baggins if he would fine with sharing bedrolls once again. He said yes and I find it incredible how one word, in this dark forest, can makes things seem bright.

#the quest #little bunny

6:19PM Óin says my wounds are healing well. As my shirt has been torn in several places (which Dori promises to mend once he gets enough light to work by), I am currently borrowing one of Ori’s spare shirts. It’s a little big on me, but not horribly, and I can tuck in the ends and roll up the sleeves to make them fit better on me.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #winedwarf #scribedwarf

6:24PM

Anonymous asked:

Master Baggins, I feel as though I should inform you that Master Oakenshield is running rampant with his puns. In case you were under the impression he had rather tragically stopped.
Oh no, to the contrary. I am well aware of this punishment. He thinks he's trying to cheer me up. It's rather endearing.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:30 pm

While Óin was checking on Mr Baggins’ wounds, I noticed for the first time that his shirt was different. I voiced the observation and Mr Baggins explained that he had borrowed a shirt from Ori for the time being, while his previous shirt is being fixed.

It is only some borrowed clothing but it has caused thoughts of Mr Baggins in proper Dwarvish attire. Very interesting thoughts.

#the quest #little bunny #oin #ori

6:42PM Thorin has been staring at me since Óin left, and even though the light is terrible I have the sneaking suspicion that he is blushing. Especially since I asked him what he was thinking about and he got extremely flustered.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:58PM

Anonymous asked:

PUNishment? Oh dear. I rather had a feeling it was contagious.

Hobbits have a particular fondness for wordplay, as the bigger the wit, the more appealing the person. Despite what my reactions might have you think, I rather do think Thorin has a great wit.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

If you do find a water source will you let your company drink from it? The forest is dangerous, perhaps the water will be too.

Thank you for the warning. We received a similar one from Beorn when we left his halls and will be wary around any water that we come across.

#ask #anonymous #beorn

7:20 pm

Anonymous asked:

thorin if you keep this up you're going to end up being king under pun mountain

I find no fault with that title.

#ask #anonymous

7:29PM So, that happened.

~~

Thorin decided to change our positions tonight so that I was holding him and he was snuggling up to my stomach. The only problem with this sleeping arrangement, as we quickly found out, was his proximity to other parts of my anatomy, which made their presence all too clear just as Thorin was getting comfortable. I did try to shift myself, as it just seemed in bad taste to have Thorin in close
contact with that part of my body, but he then asked me why I was squirming. I could have sworn we were in this predicament before, prior to Mirkwood, but that was before I knew of his shifted boundaries and his new attraction to me. This feels only slightly less uncomfortable than before, because once he realised the situation, I was surprised by how pleased he seemed to be at knowing how I react to him. Nevertheless, his face has now moved up higher against my body, and I have been reminded (as he had told me about it before, but I had forgotten in the time since) about Dwarven courting customs, which frequently (and traditionally) involves the act of physical bodily union. Or, perhaps the more apt term is ‘lovemaking’, considering that Dwarves prefer to marry for love, or not at all. I find that a much more satisfactory requirement for marriage than what the custom is in the Shire, but now is hardly the time to be entertaining such frivolous thoughts.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:45 pm
The night continues to prove interesting.

When Bilbo and I retired to our shared bedroll, I asked him if I may lay on him as I had this morning and he agreed. His stomach is just as warm as it was earlier and still quite soft. Sleep was quickly claiming me, though Bilbo's more and more frequent shifting was keeping me from it. I finally inquired as to why he was moving so much, thinking that perhaps his back ached from his wounds. He did not answer except to his clear his throat and blush, though I am not entirely sure he did, as the light is nearly gone.

I was slow to realize Bilbo's predicament with my placement and once I did, I must admit, I was rather pleased. I had done nothing more than lay my head on his stomach and yet it had caused such a reaction. I continue to have trouble comprehending that he cares for and desires me as I do him, not because he does not show it, but because I believe that he can obtain better.

I inquired if he wished me to move and if so, which way. He hit my arm, most certainly blushing then, saying that it was not the time nor place for such talk. I agreed, though I did let him know that the desire was shared and I voiced my wish to one day properly court him.

Bilbo asked what I meant by that, as he believed us already to be in a courtship. I explained that in Dwarvish culture, a courting traditionally involved physical relations. We briefly discussed if adding those relations was what we wished to do, but decided that the conversation was better left for a different time and place.

Before moving to place my head on his chest, however, I could not resist planting a kiss to his stomach. His hands have found their way into my hair and I can feel the content pull of sleep.

#the quest #little bunny

8:11PM It appears that Thorin falls asleep more quickly if I am the one holding him close. I am not sure what to make of this knowledge, but I suspect it will serve me well in the future.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

August 5th, 2015
**Bilbo**

3:12AM I still can’t believe that that conversation happened last night. My ears still burn a bit from it. Thorin is now lying atop me with his face buried in my stomach once more, and just the press of his warmth against me makes me shiver.

I can’t move him, as I haven’t the strength with all of our meagre meals, so I shall lie here until he awakes.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:08AM Thorin has woken, looking faintly embarrassed to have been caught nuzzling my stomach again. He apologised, but I told him I could get used to him being there. And I think I could.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:20AM

*Anonymous asked:*

My apologies, Master Baggins, I meant no offense to either you or Thorin.

None taken, as I cannot remember what it is that you think has offended me.

#ask #anonymous

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**Thorin**

5:45 am

The lack of water has done nothing but make my headache more pronounced. I can feel each heartbeat radiate throughout my body, down even to my fingertips. It feels loud, and I am somewhat surprised that the others cannot hear it.

#the quest

6 am

*Anonymous asked:*

So, Master Oakenshield, what sort of thoughts did you have of Master Baggins and Dwarvish attire?

Interesting sorts.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

6:25 am

Nori and several others have heard the sounds of running water. Nori has taken the lead of the company, keeping his ears trained on the noise of the water and working his way towards it.

#the quest #nori

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6:17AM Nori has heard the sound of running water again. Thing is, this time I can hear it too. Either we’ve all gone mad, or the water does exist.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf

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7 am

*hells-fine-st-gentleman asked:*

Thorin, I told Bilbo as much, but perhaps it would do good for the entire company. If everyone in having trouble coaping with the silence of the darkness, a bit of singing or
humming or light conversation may strength everyone's nerves, whether the problem is indeed the forest, or if it's simply the state the quiet and the dark leave the mind in. Singing always steels me when treading into the unsettling, no pun intended, Mr. Blacksmith.

I thank you for the suggestion but I feel that if we were to sing or speak too loudly, we may draw the unwanted attention of the creatures of the forest. I do not wish to risk another attack.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman

7:15 am

Anonymous asked:

Who knew you were such a punny dwarf.

I did not think the news would be this groundbreaking.

#ask #anonymous

7:55AM There is a river blocking our path. Its waters are fast but murky, bubbling with foulness that I can smell even from the banks. There used to be a wooden bridge going across it, but it’s broken, with only the posts rotting on each bank.

Thorin has reminded us that Beorn warned against drinking the water from this stream, as it is enchanted. Bo joked that it wasn’t very enchanting, which made me laugh (though Thorin didn’t find the comment that funny, which is rather odd). The warning came in time, though, since Glóin had just knelt down in an attempt to fill his water-skin, and the reminder caused him to back away. Now we need to find some way to cross.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #hatdwarf

8 am

We have reached the stream that Beorn spoke of. Its foul magic is strong enough to smell and I reminded the company to keep away from it. How befitting of this awful forest to put such treacherous water in our path when we crave it the most.

There looked to be a bridge across the stream some time ago but time has worn it down to rotting boards. Mr Baggins, however, noticed a boat tied to the banks of the other side of the stream. My nanaddan, Óin, and Glóin are currently attempting to pull it across with a rope that has a hook attached to the end.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #hatdwarf

8:04AM Fíli, Kíli, Óin, and Glóin have managed to hook a small boat from the opposite shore. It was tied down, so it took a great deal of heaving and pulling to free it, and we almost lost the rope when it did get loose. But Balin and I managed to grab the rope before we lost the boat to the current.

Thorin and I are crossing first with Fíli and Balin. It’s not a terrible distance, this river; it’s only about twelve yards across. But we all fear the consequences of touching the enchanted water. I am feeling a strange sort of heaviness to my limbs, as if my blood has turned to syrup. Just inhaling the air above the water is making me drowsy.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #trumpetdwarf #brainsdwarf #firedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:34AM We had all just crossed the river when a black hart came darting from the path and knocked a great deal of us over! Poor Bombur got the brunt of the hart’s charge, though. He had just come in on the last boatload with Dwalin and what’s left of our provisions, when the hart bore down on him,
sprang over him, and caused him to stumble back into the water, knocking the boat away down the river.

Thorin has managed to shoot the hart just as it reached the other side, but now there’s no way to get back across the river to collect the venison. We’ve managed to haul Bombur and his sodden wares back to shore, but the water has worked its enchantment on him, and he is fast asleep.

I almost wish I could do the same, just lie there unaware of the world and my own growling stomach and parched throat.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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8:50 am

The invisible beast of this forest is toying with us again. First it watches us, bearing down on us with its hungry and dark gaze. Then it makes fools of us with hallucinations and distorted thinking. If only that had been the worst of it.

Due to a black hart that came through the company as the last of us had just finished crossing the river, Bombur was knocked into the foul water. He has fallen into a deep sleep and no matter what we do, he does not awaken.

I managed to shoot the hart after it had pushed aside the company but not until it had made it to the banks of the opposite side of the water. The boat that we used to cross had been knocked away downstream in the confusion and we can do nothing but stare at the felled creature, our stomachs rumbling all the while.

It is an old familiar feeling, this sensation that the world is simply playing with you, building you up with hope and moments of happiness, only to push you down just as your feet begin to feel steady. It is how things have always been, it seems. I do not know why I believed this forest would provide anything different.

#the quest #the company #bombur

10 am

This forest continues with its taunting.

A white hind and its fawns have just crossed our path, as we have stopped to make a stretcher to carry Bombur. In the company’s excitement, the rest of our arrows were wasted trying to shoot them down and we watched as they bounded away. I cringe to think what else this forest wishes to present us with, though I have an ill feeling I know of other beings we may encounter. The sounds of a hunting party, hooves, horns, and baying dogs, are distant but distinctive. The rest of the company confirmed that they could hear it as well, all of them looking around in worry, as if the hunters will spring from the trees at any second.

The stretcher is complete and Bombur is being loaded onto it. We have tried several more times to wake him but still he slumbers on. The packs of been redistributed to carry his supplies, though each pack is still much too light. The path awaits and we must continue on.

#the quest #the company #bombur

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10:10AM We are on the path once more, after fashioning a stretcher from some fallen branches to carry Bombur, and redistributing the packs. While we were doing so, we could hear the sound of hooves and horns, and the baying of dogs, as if a giant hunting party was happening in the nearby trees. Then a white hind and her fawns appeared on the path, and we wasted the rest of Beorn’s arrows trying to shoot them down, as they got away.

I thought this was a bad omen of some sort, but Thorin refused to believe in such things, saying that we “make our own luck”. But I suspect the loss of Bombur (in a sense) and the hart have made him slip back into his usual hardened ways.
12:45 pm

Anonymous asked:
how tall are you exactly?? how tall is Mr Baggins?
I stand at five feet and two inches. I am not sure what Mr Baggins height is exactly but the top of his head rests just under my shoulder level.
#ask #anonymous #little bunny

2:15 pm

I am sure it is simply a result of the little amount of food that I have eaten and from pulling Bombur through the forest, but I found myself becoming quite dizzy. I commanded the company stop for a rest, as they were tired as well. The dizziness passed after resting for a while, so I do not feel the need to let anyone know of its presence, as there is more than enough to worry about at the moment. If it gets worse, then perhaps it would be wise to share but for now, I believe I am simply tired.
#the quest #bombur #the company

2:34PM I have never felt more disheartened. We’re all taking turns carrying Bombur, four at a time, though the first time I tried I could hardly bear it and my head felt light and dizzy, and Dori had to take over for me. I don’t remember the last time I had a bite to eat or something to drink, and I am tired and sore from today’s excitement and wishing I was at home in Bag End once more!
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #winedwarf

4 pm

Anonymous asked:
Have you been drinking water Mr Oakensheild? Maybe your headache developed from dehydration seeing as your waterskin has been emptied the longest..
Thank you for the concern but there is no water to be had.
#ask #anonymous

4:15PM We have stopped for camp and supper, as we seem to be sleeping more often to preserve our strength. So far I’ve spotted nothing edible other than herbs or mushrooms. And while Hobbits do enjoy mushrooms, these seem to range anywhere from the unappetising to the poisonous, based on their appearance. No doubt we’ll inevitably be forced to eat them, so we’ve collected a couple of the least poisonous-looking ones, to be eaten only once everything else has run out.
#adventureblogging

4:40 pm

We have made camp and passed out rations. Bofur and Bifur have employed Óin’s help to try to wake Bombur but he sleeps on despite all of their attempts. We need to be rid of this forest. It is going to continue pushing and taunting us until we go mad if we do not leave soon. I feel as if the darkness has grown thicker just from my thought to leave, as if the
trees sense my intentions.

#the quest #bofur #bifur #bombur #oin

6 pm

Anonymous asked:

Please take care, Thorin. These headaches and now the dizzy spells are a concern. However, you could be correct in thinking it's due to your circumstances and lack of proper food, water, and rest. Do make sure to let the others know if it gets worse, and stay close to the group. Not that I'm trying to boss you around or anything, since you surely know all this already. Just a reader concerned for your wellbeing (though I'm sure with Bilbo and the rest of the Company you are in good hands).

Your concern is appreciated. I do not plan to let it get the best of me and if it proves to be too detrimental, I will let the others know.

#ask #anonymous

6:36PM Thorin and I have settled into our shared bedrolls. Even now I think I can hear the sound of bats, as well as the faint horns of the unseen hunt. Though Thorin is here to ground me (quite literally, as he is once more sprawled on top with his head against my chest) I can't help but fear that my dreams tonight will be uneasy.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7 pm

Anonymous asked:

I've been reading your logs of your quest so far, and I wanted to say how heartwarming it is how protective and respectful you are off Kíli's gender and pronouns. I'm like Kíli, but my family doesn't always respect that, so it's very encouraging to see a great leader like you have such respect for people like Kíli and myself.

I am happy that you and others have found comfort in identifying with Kíli. I do hope that your family comes to respect you for who you are, though do not despair during the time it will take. And know that you can find companionship here.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

7:27PM

Anonymous asked:

If you are feeling disheartened over not being able to help carry Bombur please don't feel bad. It's a difficult situation for all of you and as a hobbit I can only assume you require more frequent meals for strength than dwarves do? Forgive me if I'm wrong, but I have heard you eat more meals than most races? As to your wishing to be home, that would only be natural in these circumstances. I'm sure the dwarves are wishing similar things. Good luck, you'll pull through, I'm positive of it.

Thank you for your reassurance.

#ask #anonymous #apologies #sleep cannot come sooner #thorin is still awake too #I wonder what he is thinking of
Despite the comfort I have found laying my head on Mr Baggins’ chest, my mind refuses sleep. My ears seem determined to catch hold of any noise and focus on it while my eyes strain to see through the darkness. I cannot help but feel as if the invisible beast of this forest is crouched just a few feet away, its claws against the line between the path and the trees, waiting to drag us away. The wind is sour and I can only imagine the beast breathing down on us with hungry jaws. I can do nothing but wonder at how much longer we are to last within this place.

#the quest #little bunny

11:49PM I dreamt the bats had taken Thorin, but when I woke I heard nothing more than the snoring of the Company and the usual night-sounds of the forest: the hooting of owls and the scurrying of those terrible black squirrels in the dark.
But Thorin is here with me, and that matters more.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

August 6th, 2015

Thorin

12:15 am
I was awake when Mr Baggins began to shake.

Bilbo shifted in his sleep, almost as if flinching from something, and made small sounds of distress. It lasted only moments, however, before his breathing audibly changed and I knew he was awake. His hands shot out to find me and I heard him give a sigh of relief.

I did not need to ask if he had had a nightmare, only held him close. I instructed Bilbo to align his breathing with my own and he attempted it, pressing his forehead to my shoulder. I could hear how his breath shook out of him and how it slowly grew steady until his grip on my tunic relaxed. When the tension had left his shoulders, Bilbo rolled to lay on his back once more and he pulled me down. I replaced my head to his chest and his hands threaded through my hair. With my ear to his chest, I could hear the breath move in and out as it slowed and evened out until he was asleep once again.

#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo

1:19AM I woke again to my own scream, and Thorin trying to soothe me. My throat hurts, and though Bo offered to use his spile to collect some water for me, I refused, as I feared what sort of enchantment lay in water gathered from the trees of Mirkwood.
I think, before I woke, that I had dreamt a new dream of clicking noises and glinting black eyes. I fear that the worst that this forest has to offer us has yet to be revealed.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Sleep had kept away from me when Mr Baggins woke again.

He had been shaking again in his sleep, and the sounds of distress were more pronounced. I was already holding him when he woke screaming, panting and breathless as if he had been running. The scream woke the company, some of them giving their own shouts from surprise. Questions were called around on the source of the noise and I asked them to hush and explained that it had been Bilbo. He quickly spoke up, saying that he was fine, just a bad dream having shocked him awake. Even in the dark, I could feel the skeptical looks of the company. Bofur’s voice came forward, asking if Bilbo needed water and he offered to use his spile to get some water from a tree. Bilbo refused, insisting that he really was fine. Bofur accepted this, though he sounded unsure, as if expecting Bilbo to suddenly admit that he had changed his mind. The company settled back down and it was a time before the sounds of their snores filled the air again.

Bilbo stayed in my arms during that time, matching his breath with mine. When the others were asleep, he tried to apologize for waking me. I told him that I had already been awake, and that even if I had been asleep, I would never fault him for waking me due to a night terror. He lay down again and I placed my head to his chest. His heartbeat is loud against my ear, a pleasant, constant sound. It blocks out the noises of the forest and I find to be as soothing as any song.

I attempted sleep but I find that my nerves are too alert to let me. Perhaps my ear has grown used to Mr Baggins’ heartbeat or the noises of the forest have become louder as a response to my ignoring them. Whatever the reason, I continue to be drawn back to the rustling of the leaves and groans of the trees and the creature calls in between.

Mr Baggins did not speak of what his night terror had been about but I assume it was of the bats once again. I am not sure how he slept before this quest, though I imagine it did not result in his waking with a scream in his throat. He lay down again and I placed my head to his chest. His heartbeat is loud against my ear, a pleasant, constant sound. It blocks out the noises of the forest and I find to be as soothing as any song.

I can practically feel the satisfaction of the invisible beast at that thought. I am sure that it delights in my inability to sleep and Mr Baggins’ terror. It must find such pleasure at seeing the company stumble along the path, growing weaker and more tired with each passing day. Perhaps it will not even feed off of our flesh — perhaps it devours the spirits of those who enter its domain, draining it out day by day, growing fat from our despair. I wonder if it likes to wait as long as it can to pull the final drop of hope from its victims, to see how long we can go before we are drained dry.

I refuse to tremble before this beast.

Thorin doesn’t look like he’s slept a wink. I feel a bit guilty for having woken him up earlier.

We are pressing onwards into the darkness of the forest. I do not wish to be under its boughs for a moment longer, not while the beast continues to follow our progress from the shadows. As our current greatest hindrance to a speedy progress is Bombur’s slumbering form, I have put myself,
Dwalin, Dori, and Bofur on the first team to carry Bombur. Bofur especially grumbled that he’d rather return to sleep, but I insisted.

Mr Baggins has tried to protest my decision, claiming that I did not look rested enough for the job, but I insisted. The quicker he is carried, the quicker we are to be rid of the forest. I swear that I can hear the beast laughing at us, and the trees feel never-ending. Nevertheless, it is imperative that we escape the beast’s domain, lest we never leave the forest in time to reach Erebor by Durin’s Day.

Dwalin, Dori, and Bofur have been replaced by Bifur, Nori, and Fíli. I have remained at my spot by Bombur’s stretcher, as I do not wish to relinquish it. I have found that while carrying Bombur, I do not feel the press of the beast’s eyes into the back of my head as keenly.

Mr Baggins still remains concerned, despite my insistence that I am fine. Does he not trust my judgement of my own physical ability?

Without Bombur enforcing the rations and with some of our provisions sodden from his fall into the river, I think we might be even worse off about the food situation than we had been just two days ago. Of course, I guess I’m just fixating too heavily on the situation. I’ve just never been this aware of my stomach growling or my throat feeling this parched.

We have stopped for a meager lunch and to rest. I have refused my rations, despite Mr Baggins argument that I should eat, and am using the little light that is available to watch our surroundings. Every movement in the leaves feels like an oncoming attack.

We need to continue forward. Staying still only gives the forest more opportunity to play tricks on us.

There is talk among the company now on if Bofur’s spile should be used to extract water from the trees. Mr Baggins has suggested that perhaps the water from the trees may be as enchanted as the river. Bofur has offered to try the water first to see if it has any ill effects.

Bo has decided to try some of the water from Mirkwood’s trees with his spile. At least the water from the trees looks drinkable, though it’s hard to tell exactly how drinkable, as it is still ridiculsouly dark and stuffy down here.
12:40 pm

Bofur drank the water from the tree and does not seem to be having any sort of reaction to it. Some in the company remain skeptical, but others are joyed to have water once again. I said quite clearly that I would not drink any of it, as I do not trust this forest.

#the quest #bofur

12:45 PM Bo reports that the water tastes fine and nothing bad has happened to him yet. Thorin remains sceptical, as he said a very crude response to Bo that I will not repeat here. In short, he’s not taking the situation very well, and I can already see the beginnings of his personal stormcloud returning to dampen our morale.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole

1:45 pm

Balin approached me and told me that he believes that we are reaching the Eastern side of the forest. He thinks that the horns that we overheard at the river was from an Elven hunting party and since the Wood-Elves reside in the Eastern portion of the forest, that must be where we are. While that logic is sound, I told Balin that it is most likely not true. When he questioned why, I explained that the horns we heard was simply the forest playing more tricks on us. It seeks to give us hope that we are near the end of the forest, and if we play into it, it will only dash those hopes all the harder.

#the quest #balin

2:10PM Balin has told me that Thorin refuses to believe him when he says that we are nearing the Eastern side of the forest. I asked him how he came to that conclusion, and he replied that the horns we heard were not Orc or Goblin-horns, but rather those of the Wood-elves. If we are hearing Wood-elves, then we must be nearing their part of the forest, which happens to be to the eastern borders.

The worst seems to be behind us, but if you looked at His Royal Sourpuss, you’d never believe that for an instant. I, on the other hand, want to believe that we will survive this forest, as we now have water again, as well as Balin’s good news.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #if he won't lead the damn company because he's so caught up in himself #then i will #i don't want to #but i also don't want him raining on the morale more than he needs to

3 pm

Anonymous asked:

I'm sure he trusts you, Thorin. But it's only natural for him to be concerned when he cares a lot about you. He probably wants to help ease the burden if he can. That may be true. Or it is the forest’s water reacting within him and causing him to want us to go slower.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

4 pm

As the light disappears with the day, the trees seem to move more. Perhaps the light keeps their evil intentions at bay.
5:29 PM We have stopped for camp tonight, though Thorin has tried to insist we press on. But he was overruled by a great majority, as not even Fíli and Kíli want to continue lugging Bombur down the path on such empty stomachs.

If Thorin doesn’t snap out of this irritable mood, I think I may need to have a chat with him.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #bigdwarf #that asshole #he is so insufferable when he is irritable

5:45 pm

The company has decided that we have traveled far enough for today and has stopped to make camp.

I tried to urge them on, however. There is still some light and the father we travel, the closer we shall be to the end.

They argued that they were tired and hungry. How do they not understand that we have to keep moving? The darkness only makes the beast stronger and allows it to play tricks with our minds with sounds in the dark. But the company has refused to move.

Could it be the water making them slow and tired? I do not trust the trees or the water within them.

#the quest #the company

7:25 pm

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I asked Bilbo if he was fine with sharing bedrolls once again. He did not answer right away but when he did, he asked if I was going to continue with the way I was acting. He explained that I had been quite rude today. I apologized, telling that I wished to be rid of this forest and its tricks. I wanted the company and him to be safe, not starving amongst the trees and darkness. He agreed that he did as well and also agreed to sharing bedrolls.

The light is nearly gone now and I am pleased that the last thing I see before the darkness surrounds us again is him.

#the quest #little bunny

7:29PM

Anonymous asked:

I think you’d make a fine leader for them, Mr Baggins. Whilst Thorin seems to be in despair, it may be a very good idea for you to take a more active role in leadership and boosting morale where you can. Though, I really don’t think Thorin means to dampen anyone’s spirits. I think he’s probably just afraid to hope for anything good whilst in the forest, lest it be snatched away. Perhaps you can talk some sense into him if nothing else.

I have tried to talk some sense into him. He apologised for his behaviour today, but I do not know how long this apology will last. He is used to disappointment and despair and has hardened from it over the course of his life. His slipping back into that mindset, even despite what we share, would not be surprising to me.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:41PM I have let Thorin share the bedrolls again, but I wonder if it’ll do him any good. My restlessness and bad dreams might keep him up at night and make everything worse. If he’s not better by tomorrow night, perhaps it might be in our best interests to sleep in separate bedrolls once more.
8 pm
Anonymous asked:

Thorin, I understand you wish to leave the forest as soon as possible. However, pushing the Company on when they’ve reached their limit for a day through lack of food and water could possibly end in disaster. True, in carrying on you may reach the edge of the forest quicker but it might be just as likely that someone will end up sick or injured from the added stress and then you’d be delayed in the forest all the longer. Please try to rest and you may feel better tomorrow.

Staying in this forest for too long may result in the company going fully mad or the creatures of this place finally dragging us into the trees. The sooner we leave, the better. While it could result in injury, as anything could, it would be preferred to being the meal of the beast of this forest.

#ask #anonymous #the company

10:30 pm

I have been unable to take a hold of sleep as I find myself worrying for the company. While they believe it has not affected them, I think that the water that they drank from the trees is most likely bringing about ill effects. I understand that they require water but drinking it will only make it easier for the beast to make off with them. I have to protect them from the beast and we need to be rid of this forest.

#the quest #the company

August 7th, 2015

Bilbo

12:15AM Another bad dream, except the bats were replaced once more by that strange clicking noise from my last night terror. I think I also dreamt of Gollum’s bulbous eyes, and the Mewlips crawling out of the darkness to devour us.
Thorin is still awake beside me. I’m afraid we had a small row about his recent sleeplessness and irritability, but I managed to get him to agree to put his head in my lap and at least attempt to sleep, so I consider that a victory on my part.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

1 am

Mr Baggins awoke from a night terror once again.

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It took longer than usual for Bilbo’s breath to calm, despite his attempting to align it with my own, and I urged him to return to sleep. He said that I was certainly one to talk, given that I have been unable to find sleep for the past three nights. I explained that I was simply worried about the forest
and its intentions for us. He continued to plead to me to sleep, however, and I found that I could not argue.

Leaning against a nearby rock, Bilbo ushered me to lay my head on his lap. I worried that he would not be able to sleep in that way but he assured that he would. When I had laid down and we had both gotten comfortable, Bilbo asked me to at least close my eyes. I do not know how he had known they had not been closed, given the darkness surrounding us, but I promised to.

After a few moments, I began to hum his Hobbit lullaby and he started to slowly run his fingers through my hair. I could feel his hands go slower and slower as time went on until they stopped and his breathing sounded even. Because I promised to, I closed my eyes, though it made no difference in the pitch blackness. Perhaps sleep may now find me.

I can hear the beast pacing in the trees, sweeping the leaves with its movements, scraping the ground with its claws. Its breath taints the air with each exhale and the force of its gaze is enough to keep me awake. I do not know what sort of magic keeps it off of the path but I am grateful for it, though I fear for when the beast grows strong enough to break through it.

Despite having his head in my lap for the rest of the night, I don’t think Thorin actually managed to get any rest. This is exceedingly frustrating. I wonder if I shall have to blindfold and carry him in order for him to take a rest. Or perhaps I should’ve slipped him some of the enchanted water.

When the company finally awoke, I commanded that we pack quickly and press on. Mr Baggins wanted to talk again about my sleeplessness but I asked him to help the company continue forward. What is important now is reaching the end of this loathsome forest.

Seriously regretting not slipping him the enchanted water. He almost drove Ori to tears being short with him about not keeping up with the rest of us. Dori’s own nasty glare got him to back down, though. I don’t think it’s healthy for me or Dori to be so often caught between concern and anger.

A wave of dizziness hit me a few minutes ago and has refused to leave me. I feel as if my mind is swirling in a fog. There is a slight ringing in my hearing and my head feels heavy. We have to move forward despite this, however. It is not so bad as to affect my balance and I am still able to walk.
I called for a break and the company gladly stopped to recover their energy. I had to sit as the dizziness has continued and gotten stronger to the point that I could feel myself losing balance. If I sit and rest for a few minutes, I am sure that I will be fine enough to continue.

#the quest #the company

9:52AM We have had to take a rest, as Bombur continues to be heavy to carry. Thorin stumbled a little when he tried to rise from his seat on a rock, but when I asked him if he was feeling well, he shrugged it off and said he was fine. I asked him if he has had any water recently, but he continuously refuses to drink the water from the trees, and continues to push onward, bearing Bombur’s body almost all by himself. I don’t know where he gets any of this strength or determination.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole

10 am

Most of the dizzy feeling has receded and I announced that we were to press on. However, when I stood up, my vision turned dark so suddenly, I had feared that the beast had finally laid claim to me. After a few moments, though, my vision returned and I was able to straighten my stance. The most important thing now is to move forward.

#the quest

11:34AM Thorin continues to infect the Company with the return of his personal stormcloud. He’s now muttering angrily to himself, ignoring his food and any offers of water from Bo. I am starting to suspect that something is very, very wrong with him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #hatdwarf #the company

12 pm

The beast has begun to play a cruel trick. It has borrowed the voices of the company and echoed them back at me, filling my ears with a mixture of their words and cries. I have tried to block it out, as I know it is simply a way for the beast to upset me.

#the quest #the company

12:19PM

Anonymous asked:

Thorin’s been sounding rather paranoid over on his blog of late, Bilbo. When was the last time he ate or drank anything? Or slept for that matter? I'm really starting to worry for his health! I am worried, too. He is missing sleep and refusing to drink the water, and very begrudgingly eats the food.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
1:35 pm
Anonymous asked:
Thorin, you are exhausted! If you do not take care and try to get some rest you will only endanger yourself and most likely end up having to be carried much like Bombur.
I am fine. I have the strength to continue on, as we must be rid of this forest as quick as we can.
#ask #anonymous

2:30 pm
There is an ill feeling in my stomach. I have called for a break and I hope that the feeling goes away soon. We cannot afford to be slowed down now.
#the quest

3:30 pm
Anonymous asked:
Thorin, you are dehydrated. This happened to me once before when I refused to drink water and I felt quite sick. The water has no negative side effects on anyone in your company, and the lack of sleep, water and food is making you ill. Please trust Bilbo and drink something; you'll feel much better.
I do not trust this forest, from its trees and their water to the creatures lurking in the shadows. I will find water once we have gotten out of this forest.
#ask #anonymous

3:38 PM
We had to take another break, as I felt a little light-headed and had to sit down. Thorin continues to act oddly, and is now the only one in the Company who has not refilled his water-skin with water from the trees. I keep trying to get him to, but he refuses to give me his water-skin, and positively snarls when someone else (Dwalin, usually) tries to take it from him. I can’t help but think back to Óin and Gandalf’s warning back before Beorn’s, that Thorin’s head injury, while physically healed, may still affect his health and sanity in other, unpredictable ways. Perhaps the effects are finally showing at last.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #brawnsdwarf #the company #meddling wizard #trumpetdwarf

3:49 PM
Anonymous asked:
He sounds like a most determined and admirable dwarf. However, I can imagine it must be quite infuriating (not to mention worrying) when he continues to persist when obviously suffering from the lack of water and sleep.
He will not listen to sense. I do not know why he is being this difficult.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:23 PM
Kíli has accidentally cut their hand on a thorn bush. Óin, who had run out of bandages tending to my injuries, had to improvise by taking some of the cobwebs that lie on either side of the path and using that as a bandage. Thorin doesn’t seem pleased by this solution, but he has not voiced his displeasure.
#adventureblogging #thing 2 #trumpetdwarf #that asshole

4:30 pm
We have had to stop, as Kíli stumbled and wounded their hand on a thorn bush. Óin has had to take
some of the cobwebs that line the trees to wrap the wound, for he has run out of bandages.

I am uneased at the sight of my nanaddan’s blood in this forest. I can only imagine what the smell does to the beast and I cannot help but wonder if Kíli’s stumble was the beast’s doing, channeling its evil through the water in the trees. Has Kíli been marked as its first victim? Is this a warning for worse things to come?

#the quest #my sister children #oin

6:15 pm

As we made camp, I instructed Fíli and Kíli to place their bedrolls near Mr Baggins’ and my own. I want them close so as to protect them if the beast decides to come for them tonight. I am worried about Kíli especially, for their wound may be the beast’s marking.

#the quest #my sister children #little bunny

6:25 PM Despite my misgivings, Thorin has succeeded in convincing me to share a bedroll with him for another night, though I still remain hesitant about the arrangement under these new circumstances. I do not wish to wake him with my night terrors, as lack of sleep on his part clearly results in disasters such as today.

I’m suddenly reminded of Lord Elrond’s warnings about Erebor and the curses laid upon its treasure within. If what Thorin is experiencing now is but a rehearsal for that, then I am exceedingly worried about our prospects in Erebor.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:45 pm

The sounds of the company’s snores are surrounding me in a way that blocks out the noises in the trees. It is frustrating, as I am trying to listen for the beast’s approach. My nanaddan are asleep and I can feel their presence beside me. If I throw out my hand, I would be able to confirm that they are still there.

I will not let the beast take them.

#the quest #the company #my sister children

10:42 PM Thorin is still awake. I have tried to get him to sleep, to use my body as a pillow like he was so fond of doing even a couple days ago, but he has turned away from me in our bedroll and said nothing.

I am finding it hard to breathe, and my heart is painful in my chest.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11 pm

I have stayed awake, as I need to keep watch over my nanaddan, especially Kíli. I only have heard them shift in their sleep but I know that as soon as I let my guard down, they will be taken.

Mr Baggins woke and noticed that I had not slept. He asked me to join him in sleep but I cannot. This is too much at stake. I can feel the beast sitting and waiting on the edge of camp, waiting on my weakness.

#the quest #my sister children #little bunny
August 8th, 2015

Thorin

1:45 am

Anonymous asked:

Mr Oakensheild... What is important to you?

My kin and my people, that which I long to protect and fight for, they are what is important to me.

#ask #anonymous #Mr Baggins as well is important #but in a different sense #he is #he is like home #like Erebor

Bilbo

2:10 AM I cannot sleep. Thorin’s back against mine makes my stomach twist with worry. I know I should not be so affected by this, as we had agreed prior to starting this relationship that the Quest and the future of Thorin’s people must come before our own personal feelings, and yet it hurts more than I could have ever predicted.

I think I am slowly but surely losing him to this forest, and I do not know how to stop it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:30 am

I am on third watch. I cannot see in this pitch blackness but my ears are quick to pick up any noise around us. I picked a spot close to my nanaddan, who still sleep. I fear for the both of them, though Kíli’s wound worries me. It is the beast warning that it has set its sights on them.

#the quest #my sister children

4:15 am

I heard the sound of footsteps coming closer. They sounded as if they bore a great weight, and I had felt the ground shake my body with each step. It was the beast, I knew it to be. They had come closer and closer to the camp until I knew the beast stood before me, invisible and powerful. I could feel its breath on my face and though I could not see them, I knew that its eyes were staring at me.

Just when I felt I could not breath from the pressure of its immense presence, it disappeared. I have not felt it reappear, though I have circled the camp. Is this a new game it is playing? I feel more on edge now that I cannot sense it, and I cannot help but think that it is planning to attack us suddenly, when our guard has dropped.

#the quest

5:11 AM I can hear the flapping of bats, but I do not see them anywhere. My head is spinning, and at one point I stumbled and Thorin had to prop me back up and help me along the path.

My heart feels oddly heavy, and the burden only grows with each step.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
5:20 am

Mr Baggins stumbled while walking, though I caught him before he fully tipped over. He waved off my concern but I kept a hand on his arm and helped him to walk for a time. Once his balance had returned and he was able to walk without help, I let his arm go. Is this an effect of the tree’s water? I must stay close to Mr Baggins, lest he injury himself like Kíli had before. The beast will lay no more claim on any in this company. I will not allow it.

# the quest # little bunny # my sister children

7 am

I have noticed that the trees of late seem to have their branches and trunks wrapped and covered in thick cobwebs. They had increased in frequency these past few days and have only gotten denser, the farther we go. There is no sign of the creatures who made such webs but the company is avoiding them as much as they can.

# the quest # the company

9:15 am

I called for a break, as my dizziness once again got too strong to allow me to walk. I have not felt the beast’s presence since it disappeared several hours ago. I can only guess where it is lying in wait for us.

# the quest

10:56 AM

I am hearing the clicking noises that have haunted my dreams, except this time I am awake. I have asked others if they heard it, but none of them seem to have. Yet the clicking continues to fill my heart with dread. I am starting to wonder if there is a magic in the path protecting us from some great evil that lies just beyond the first couple of trees lining our way.

#adventureblogging

12:21 PM

We have had to try some of the mushrooms we picked earlier. They are not poisonous as far as we know so far, but they taste disgusting nonetheless. As a mushroom enthusiast (which many Hobbits are), I am quite disappointed.

#adventureblogging

1:20 pm

hells-finest-gentleman asked:

Thorin, I know not if you will be able to find any comfort in this, but I can most assuredly attest that in no context in any world does nature have intention. Nature is neither good nor evil. An animal does not attack out of evil, but only to stay alive. A forest’s only intention is to continue to grow as it has all its life. The creatures of the forest are likely as concerned about your presence in their home as you are about being there. Worry more for fear & hunger in nature than evil, friend.

I believe you are underestimating the creatures and the evil that is in even the soil of this place. Or perhaps, you have also fallen for the beast’s tricks. Do not let your guard down! That is when it plans to strike. It is a clever beast, keeping to the shadows and dealing in tricks of the mind. But do not let yourself fall prey to its spell and do not let it take you.

# ask # hells-finest-gentleman # be safe

2:30 pm
While the company had stopped to rest, Bofur went to use his spile to pull water from the trees again. Before he could, however, I stopped him and explained that the beast was using the water in the trees to poison them, and that was why they were all stumbling around as they have been. There were arguments against me but I had to make them understand that the beast was waiting to take us away, how could they not see that?

Even during the argument, I could feel the beast appear again, as if by calling attention to it, I had summoned it. Its heavy gaze weighed on my shoulders and I could feel its amusement as the company refused to listen to me. They drank the tainted water and I feel despair ripple through me. I fear that I am the only one to not fall for the beast’s tricks.

#the quest #bofur #the company

2:45PM Thorin has tried to get us to stop drinking the water and eating the mushrooms. He claims that there is a beast in this forest, tricking us with enchantments so that we will stay in this forest forever, our spirits broken and our bodies waiting to be devoured.

This explains why he has been so strangely aggressive about the water and the food. How long has he harboured these thoughts? Has he been musing over the beast even during the days when his smile was bright enough to lighten the forest for me? And, most importantly, how do I help him through this?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:10PM Thorin is glowering at the cobwebs lining the road. I believe he is once more thinking about the beast that he is convinced is haunting us. I have felt a strange watchfulness in the air, but I do not think that there is a monster following us specifically. If it was truly so foul, wouldn’t it have balked at entering the domain of the Elvenking, which Balin seems fairly convinced is our current location?

Still, I do not wish to invalidate Thorin’s fears. If he thinks there is a beast trying to devour us, that is his belief, and we may find it to prove true if we are careless.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brainsdwarf

3:35 pm
Anonymous asked:
Have you tried talking to Bilbo about the beast? Maybe he’ll have some ideas about it.
Perhaps another point of view will be helpful to you.
I will try to talk with Mr Baggins on the subject. The company did not seem to believe me but perhaps he will.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

3:41PM I have just recovered from a near-stumble. The world was starting to wobble around me until Thorin caught me. We are resting again, and Thorin is glowering at my water-skin. I have tried to point out to him that we all need water to live, and that if he’s not careful he will die of thirst, but he seems oddly unable to hear anything that might contradict his current theory. I fear that he has taken leave of his senses.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4 pm
Mr Baggins nearly fell over, his balance betraying him, but I managed to catch him before he could hit the ground. I called for a break so that he may rest. It is the water, I know it to be. It is harming the company from the inside, making them weak so that the beast can pick them off whenever it so pleases. We must be rid of this forest soon.

#the quest #the company #little bunny

4:02PM
Anonymous asked:
I think the only way to help him through this is to be understanding but firm. Take him aside and gently explain that nobody else has sensed this presence so it can only be the same as the bats you keep hearing, a trick of the mind. Try to convince him you're under no enchantment if you can. Maybe speaking of things from before the forest might help convince him of this. I think he's only thought this way since the water ran low? Maybe the lack of it has caused this effect on him.
I will endeavour to speak with him, but if his own kin cannot talk sense into him, what are my prospects?
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:58PM
Anonymous asked:
Listening to him and offering as much support and comfort as you can would be a wise course of action. Until you leave the forest, or until you discover whether there really is a beast or not, there is probably little else you can do for him. It is a difficult situation however. Thorin clearly needs to eat and drink something, as well as rest, but his desire to protect you all and keep his wits about him will probably prevent him from doing any of these things very willingly.
I will try, but as you pointed out, he is simultaneously suffering from the lack of food, water, and rest, as well as resistant to obtaining any of those because of his wariness of the beast. Perhaps eventually his body will force him to eat, or drink, or rest, but until then I remain worried that I may lose him in more than one sense before we leave the forest.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:21PM Shortly after we set up camp, Thorin and I had another row.

This one was also about Thorin’s behaviour, as well as his belief in the beast. I demanded to know why he could not accept good news and must insist on believing in such a dangerous theory. He cited Beorn’s warnings about the marshes in Mirkwood, reminding me that my poem of the Mewlips had set their lands in a forest beyond the mountains. I told him that the Mewlips were not real, that they were not following the Company, and that even if they existed and wished to devour us, all they had to do was lure us off the path — which, I reminded him, has yet to happen.
I also pointed out that we were in the Elvenking’s domain, and that Elves are not likely to harbour anything as foul as the Mewlips. That, of course, got him angrier, and he declared that he would not lead the Company to Thranduil even for all the gold in Erebor. I pointed out that the Elves would at least have more wholesome food than what we have (or rather haven’t) been eating.
Thorin conceded that argument. I suspect he will still try to forbid us from contacting any Elves for food, as I suspect that as long as these trees remain, Thorin will remain His Royal Sourpuss.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
5:30 pm

Mr Baggins and I have had an argument. He had taken issue with my insistence of the beast’s presence, saying that it was corrupting my behavior. He questioned why I tended to reject good news. I tried to explain that good news was a trick of its own and only led to hopes that could be easily crushed. It was better to be cautious and prepare for the worst, for when it happens, you will be ready. He said that we had not yet been pulled from the path and I pointed out his choice of words, drawing attention to the ‘yet.’

Mr Baggins brought up the existence of the Wood-Elves, saying that they would not have overly foul creatures in their domain. I thought of Thranduil and could easily imagine him letting invisible beasts and other dark creatures into these trees; they would match his dark heart. Then I had the thought that maybe Thranduil had sent the beast and that was why it had not attacked us yet. It was leading us to the Elves! I made it clear that I would not lead the company to Thranduil.

Mr Baggins pointed out the Elves would have food that we did not, as we had none, and that it would be better to go to them than to starve to death. I could not argue that, though I still refuse to let the company fall into the Elvenking’s hands.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

5:57PM

Anonymous asked:

Personally, I’d think your prospects are quite promising. True, you are not his kin, but he does seem to trust your judgement and opinions in certain matters. You are dear to him, and have a good head on your shoulders, decent common sense. It seems as if your presence can soothe him as well. You might do far better than you think. At the very least, your presence and words might calm him a little.

I’m sorry, but I don’t think he’s listening to me, either. If there is a beast out there, it’s doing an excellent job convincing him that he’s the only one who isn’t prey to its powers.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

7:45 pm

I asked Mr Baggins to share bedrolls for another night but he was quick to refuse the idea. While it is, of course, his choice and I respect that, I also could not help how my heart dropped.

#the quest #little bunny

8:09PM Because I did not wish my new nighttime habits of waking up screaming in my sleep to be of a significant issue to him, and also because of his aversion to me last night, I told Thorin that we would be sleeping in separate bedrolls.

I wonder if I imagined the hurt in his eyes. I hope it was not imagined. That would mean he still cares.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:13 pm

Anonymous asked:
I suspect that maybe Mr Baggins doesn't wish to disturb you again if he should have another
night terror. You do need to rest after all.
I understand that he wishes that I rest and that he has his own reasons for refusing the offer. I respect
his wishes, though it does not change that I am disappointed by the loss of his warmth tonight.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

9 pm

The company is asleep around me but I cannot seem to find comfort, no matter how I lay. I have
grown used to Mr Baggins’ presence, and while he is beside me, I miss his warmth against me. I
worry that he will be taken, snatched away in this darkness, and I must keep myself from constantly
checking that he remains beside me.

#the quest #little bunny

9:40 pm

Anonymous asked:
Please try not to be disheartened, Thorin. Bilbo is simply concerned for you and doing his
very best to make you feel better and survive the forest without sickness or injury from lack of
necessities. I'm sure Bilbo understands your fears regarding the beast, but at present the idea
of you burning yourself out probably concerns him more than the idea of a beast he cannot
even sense for himself.

I am fine. It is the company and Mr Baggins that I am concerned for and trying to keep safe. I
understand that is a lot to ask when the beast has masked itself from all but me, but I need them to
trust me on this matter.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

10:30 pm

hells-finest-gentleman asked:
Good point but consider this, What if this beast is simply hunting you, and trying to weaken
it's prey? Some creatures can poison the mind. Most are too weak to take down a pack, but it
only takes one to weaken the group. You're the leader, it'd go after you. What if it has made
you think the water's bad, is keeping you up to weaken you? You want to keep going but it's
counting on that to make the company weak, scaring you to keep you going. Isn't that how a
beast so clever would hunt, Thorin?

You seem to have thought this out quite well. Too well, in fact. Perhaps you are in league with the
beast and are only wishing to further its plan.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman

11:30 pm

I have given in and curled next to Mr Baggins. The blankets separate us but just resting my head on
his chest has helped me to breathe better. Mr Baggins keeps insisting that I sleep and while I do not
want to, for I am worried about the beast’s intentions once I fall asleep, perhaps it would be wise to
listen to him in this. Perhaps a short rest will not prove harmful.

#the quest #little bunny

11:50PM

I woke to a familiar warm weight against my shoulders. Thorin had curled up beside me, his arms
around me, his head lying on my chest as if he was listening to my heartbeat.
I find it alarming how quickly my anger and frustration towards him dissipates. It still burns, of course, but much cooler, and farther back in my mind. I wish we could have laid like this forever, just him and me with his head on my chest and my fingers in his hair. I can feel him even through the blankets; his breathing is now steady in sleep. It is the first time in days that he has slept, and it means more to me than any apology ever will.

August 9th, 2015

Thorin

3 am

I attempted sleep and managed some but it was soon after I closed my eyes that a night terror gripped me. I awoke to the darkness and do not wish to try to sleep again. I am being haunted by a beast, I do not need the ghosts of my past to join me in this forest as well.

#theadventureblogging #thatasshole #thatwonderfulasshole

3:25 AM I woke to find Thorin’s bedroll empty. He was sitting not too far away, though, and the shadows under his eyes have led me to believe that he did not get enough sleep.

Was last night a dream?

#theadventureblogging #thatasshole #thatwonderfulasshole

5:30 am

For yet another morning, I watched as light slowly came through the leaves above us and gave shape to the darkness. The company appeared around me, first in shadows and then in detail as the sun rose. It is still dark, but after hours of pitch blackness, even the smallest amount of light is an improvement. However, even with renewed visibility, the trees remain ominously shadowed, and I cannot see too far into them.

#theadventureblogging

7:15 am

hells-finest-gentleman asked:

Your accusations hurt. Why would I want any harm to come to an adorable little lion cub such as yourself? It is a fair possibility mind you, but I am worlds away, with no other allegiance there than your, Bilbo, and Kili's adorable selves. I've no motivation to mislead you. Really, have you seen your faces? Cuties. Get some sleep, drink some water. Also, fucking spiders man. Spiders scare the h out of me. How are you worried about anything but that? I'd be outta there in 10 min. Like... Running. I really hate spiders. So much. I mean it. With a passion, Thorin. They're horrible creatures.

I am not a lion cub, I am a Dwarf. Though, being called a lion cub, I believe, is slightly better than being titled a marshmallow. And you mentioned allegiance to Mr Baggins, myself, and Kili, but not to the rest of the company, even though we are all working and traveling together. As for the spiders,
we have not encountered any spiders, though we have seen cobwebs.
Your message confused me so greatly that I am now convinced that you have been sent by the beast
to try to drive me to madness.

7:49AM I have had to sit down for a while, as my head hurts and there is a strange ringing in my
ears that refuses to leave me. Óin asked me if something was wrong, but I told him I was fine.
Thorin asked if I was feeling the beast’s presence, and I’m afraid I lashed out and told him not to be
ridiculous. He’s the only one who thinks there’s a beast following us, and while I know I should
keep my mind open to the possibility, the insistence with which he has tried to force this belief onto
us only makes me more resistant to it.

8 am
We stopped for a break, as Mr Baggins, along with several other company members have mentioned
feeling dizzy. Ori nearly fell over, and would have if not for his brothers catching him. Many of them
are sitting, clutching their heads or using the trees or each other to hold themselves up.
My own dizziness has lessened quite a bit since I awoke. There is still an ill feeling in my stomach
but I believe that is more to do with our lack of food.

10AM
Anonymous asked:
Stay strong, Mr Baggins. You're doing fine, both in keeping a level head through these woods
and in trying to help Thorin. How are you feeling by the way, are your wounds healed? I hope
Thorin finds it within himself to listen to you, you seem to be good for one another even
through all the hardships you're facing at the moment.
My wounds are fairly healed by now, thank you. It’s tending to Thorin’s wounds — the ones you
can’t see — that is posing the greater challenge.

11:26AM The forest has become more light and wholesome-feeling, with a soft breeze blowing
through these trees. The light here is not almost nonexistent but rather a more familiar green and gold
dapple against the dead leaves on the forest floor.
I don’t think I’ve seen so much light in this forest before. The Company is breathing more easily, I
think, and at one point Nori even exclaimed that it was about time the trees let more light through.

11:50 am
There is a whispering that has been following me for the past few minutes. It was so subtle at first
that I did not notice it but now that I have, I can do nothing but listen to it. When I focus on them, I
find it hard to distinguish what the voices are saying. Some sound familiar, however. Like old,
almost forgotten voices that I have not heard in many years.
12:14 PM We have reached a grove of beeches. The familiarity of the wood is heartening, as well as the continued fresh air and the better lighting. Here, there is no undergrowth, and you can see far into the distance on both sides of the path, though all we see are the trunks of the beeches. Thorin’s beast does not seem to be lurking here in this part of the wood. Perhaps he might appreciate us taking lunch here, where it seems more safe and wholesome than the rest of the forest.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

1 pm

The trees around us have changed and the air does not feel as sour in my chest. There is more light around us than there has been in days, coming down through the tree leaves. The company looks relieved, talking excitedly about this change. I do not find comfort in our new surroundings. I can see the company’s guard has dropped, as if the light brings safety with it, but I believe it to be a trick. Perhaps a natural one of the forest’s, but most likely it is a trick of the mind being laid on us by the beast. It is designed to make us feel safer so that while the grips on our weapons are loose and our eyes are turned upwards at the new light, we do not notice the claws ensnaring us. But I refuse to let my guard down. This beast will not take a hold of me.

#the quest #the company

1:42 PM

Anonymous asked:

Of course he still cares, he cares very deeply; it’s easy to see even for us readers just reading what he writes. He just seems to be in a dark place at the moment. It appears as if this forest is affecting him more than some others, at least mentally. I’ll keep my fingers crossed that you reach the edge of the forest soon, and that Thorin can finally allow himself to relax a little.

I hope that the change in scenery means that he will see reason more easily. Maybe it means we are near the end of the forest. I certainly hope so.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:39 PM I feel that I must cherish these beeches as long as we are under them. The breeze feels good against my face and the light of the sun, though mottled by leaves, is a welcome warmth and light that I have missed.

Despite us taking our time to enjoy our (however meagre) lunch and surroundings, I notice that Thorin’s hand has not left the hilt of his sword all throughout the lunch. He is still refusing food and water, and seems to be looking about him warily, often jumping at the slightest noises. It seems that last night has not been of any benefit to him, and it only wrings my poor heart more to see him so tense and distressed.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:15 pm

There is someone calling my name. I cannot tell from where or who but I can hear a call. Someone is out there, in the trees.

#the quest
4:52PM We were making our way among the beeches when Thorin suddenly lurched to the side of the path. For a moment I had feared that he would be sick, but he started to stray from the path, and was only stopped in time by Dwalin before he could pass the first trees beyond the path.

Dwalin managed to drag him, fighting and protesting, back onto the path, and Balin and I quickly rushed to aid him, especially as Thorin’s attempts to break free from Dwalin increased in ferocity. When I asked him what had gotten into him, Thorin said nothing, only staring into the forest. I asked him if it had been the beast, and he shook his head furiously and pointed his finger at the trees. He began to mutter in Khuzdul under his breath, and I could only perceive the word ‘adad’, which Balin quickly translated as ‘father’.

I looked back to the trees, and found no sight of anyone who could be mistaken for Thorin’s father in the trees, and I told Thorin that — that his father was not there. Thorin immediately started growling, and Balin told me that he was accusing the Elves of taking his father. I looked again towards the trees, and found, once more, that there were no Elves, either.

All of the excitement has now caused Thorin to slip into unconsciousness. Óin looked him over, sighed, and said that rest was his best option for healing now. He said that Thorin’s state of mind prior to losing consciousness had been a culmination of lack of sleep, food, and water, as well as the enchantments of Mirkwood and Thorin’s own head injuries from before. Once he wakes, we are to feed and water him, no matter what he says otherwise.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:09PM As Thorin isn’t going anywhere, since we lack the strength to bear him alongside Bombur, we have decided to make camp where we are. I have made him comfortable as I can, and will make sure he gets food and water when he wakes.

I just hope this spinning feeling in my head will leave me by the time he wakes.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:40PM

Anonymous asked:

If anyone can reach Thorin, I’m sure it will be you. When he wakes, hopefully he'll be calm enough, or at least tired enough, to listen to you and maybe take a little something to eat and drink. I suppose the best idea is to keep him distracted from what he thought he saw off the path. Poor Thorin, thinking that he saw his father out there, it must be distressing for him.

Best of luck Mr Baggins, you’re doing well in helping him so far.

That’s what I’m planning to do once he wakes — get him food and water. I don’t care if he thinks the water is cursed by the beast; if he dies of thirst in this forest I will not have it weighing on me for the rest of the journey.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:21PM There are lights flickering through the trees, always a fair distance from the camp. The air is filling with laughter — not Goblin laughter, definitely fairer than that, and melancholy to some degree — and we ourselves are too tired and scared to laugh. The shadows are lengthening slowly over us, and the gloom has begun to sneak back into our minds.

I cannot hear any clicking or see any cobwebs, but the back of my neck still prickles at any sound of laughter filtering through the trees.

#adventureblogging

9:36PM

Thorin has woken!
I have managed to get him to drink and eat, and moved him closer to the fire that we have started, as this part of the forest seems more safe than where we had been attacked. I do not see any strange creatures staring at us in the darkness, at least.

Thorin’s eyes are, in the light of the fire, more clear than I have seen in the previous days. He apologised for his behaviour once more, and this time I have tried to comfort him, telling him that the worst was behind us, that we would see the end of the forest alive.

But the lights and the laughter and the clicking noise in my head have made me feel less sincere about these words than I would have even mere days ago. Now I am feeling the strange press of an invisible presence just lurking at the edge of my awareness. I don’t know what sort of beast Thorin has envisioned, but I suspect we are being watched by something, or someone, all the same.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
August 10th, 2015

Bilbo

1:19AM The fire has died low, with no giant bugs or bats to harass us about it. I am sharing a bedroll with Thorin, and he is asleep against me, properly asleep. I only hope that it will last the night this time.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:21AM Thorin is still asleep against me, though he has been muttering to himself in his sleep, his voice a low, nonsensical rumble. I do not know what he is talking about, but I hope it will not send him back into the terrible mood he’s had since we crossed the enchanted river.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

4:25 am
i saw my father he was there he called out to me i truly saw him
#the quest #he was there

4:43 am
i have to find him he is out there and i must go to him
#the quest #where

5:15 am
why would he be here did he wander the path as well did the beast follow him as well did he get lost where is he now i have to go find him
#the quest #father

5:35 am
The haze is clearing from my mind slowly but i feel my awareness returning. Mr baggins is here and says that I collapsed after seeing my father in the forest. it feels like a dream now though i have a clear image in my mind of my father’s face among the trees. I know that I saw him, hallucination or otherwise, and though I long to seek him out, mr Baggins has had to remind me of the quest. For the sake of my people, Erebor is more important now. I do not know how long we have been in this forest but i know that Durin’s day is approaching and we must continue forward to make it to the mountain in time.
#the quest #little bunny

5:54AM Thorin has finally woken, really properly woken. His eyes are bluer than I remember and they shine with a light that I have missed. How could I not kiss him good morning and ask how he was faring? (How could I not kiss him again when he said that he would like to wake to my kisses every morning?)
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
6 am

I feel fully awake now, and my mind feels more focused than it has in days previous. The dizziness
has left me almost entirely, though it made its presence known when I went to stand. When I first
awoke, I had still felt disoriented and while Mr Baggins had explained yesterday’s events to me, I
have required him to repeat the story, as the first time he told me, I was not present enough in my
mind to process it completely.

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Once Bilbo saw that I was fully present again, he greeted me with a kiss, saying that he was happy to
see me return to myself. I told him that I would be glad to awaken each day as I had — with the
warmth of his body against my own and the press of his lips to mine. A blush spread all the way to
his ears but he gifted my words with another kiss and I could not refuse such a sweet gift.

#the quest #little bunny

7:15 am

I still do not trust the trees in this forest, but I relented and drank the water that was pulled from them.
My throat had been burning with thirst and it was a large temptation to gulp down as much as I could
as quickly as I could. I knew to take small sips, however much my mouth craved more water.
None in the company have reported any ill effects from the water, though several have mentioned a
dizzy feeling which they attested to the lack of food.

My mind may feel clearer now, but the desire to be rid of this forest has not left me.

#the quest #the company

8:07 am

My memories of the past few days are blurred, I assume, from my lack of sleep. I am ashamed at
what I do remember. I must apologize to the company for my aggressive actions against them.

#the quest #the company

8:37 AM We are moving onwards again. Thorin’s presence is a warm balm, chasing away all
remaining shadows in this forest. But even though he is here, really here, I can’t help but feel that the
trees seem to stretch onwards endlessly and that the wind blowing through them is more melancholy
than I remember from yesterday.

We’re not quite out of the woods yet, as my father used to say. This adventure on the Elf-path has
taught me the meaning of the phrase much better than the well-trod walking trails through Bindbale.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:10 AM Thorin has been going through the Company, offering apologies for his behaviour and
asking questions about what everyone’s experience of the forest has been so far. He drinks the water
warily, but at least that is better than not drinking the water at all. I must be glad for every tiny step in
the right direction.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

9:30 am

The company seemed to have accepted my apologies to them even before I gave them. Balín said
that they knew that had I been in my right mind, I would have not acted that way. It was the effects
of the forest, he explained. I thanked him, and each company member, for their continued faith in
me.
As I went among the company asking for forgiveness, I also inquired about their view of the forest so far. While none share my belief of a beast following us, most agree that they have the sensation of being watched.

#the quest #the company #balin

**10:45 am**

I can feel the weight of the invisible beast’s presence. I cannot tell what it is, but *there is* most certainly something watching us from the shadows of the trees. There is a dark intention coming from it that I can feel, even though I cannot see it.

#the quest

**11:54AM** Dori is fixing my shirt by the light of the sun streaming through the leaves of the trees. He says that he hopes to finish it by nightfall, and that he apologises for having only black thread. I will look exceedingly shabby when it is done, but at this point the only pair of clothes I have that are even approaching presentable are the Elvish robes still in my pack, and there’s no way I’m wearing those in this forest.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

**2:28PM** Thorin has apologised to me again for causing me so much distress over the past several days. I accepted it, and let him hold my hand once again. My head is spinning and I feel like fainting, but I think that might be because my heart has just bloomed a little more at the smile on his face.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**3:35 pm**

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Bilbo’s hand has been in mine for some time and there is something about his skin pressed to mine, the warmth of his palm, and the brush of his shoulder against my arm that grounds me. The dizziness continues, though much less than before, and there is a faint whispering still in my ears, but he will squeeze my hand and bring me back into focus. I still hold a fear of getting lost, especially in these trees, but I have this feeling that no matter how lost I may become, he will be able to find me.

#the quest #little bunny

**4:09PM** I hear clicking.

#adventureblogging

**4:11PM** Thorin asked me why I had jumped. I told him it was nothing. It should be nothing. I’m just hearing things again.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**4:15 pm**

With his hand in mine, I was able to feel when Mr Baggins jumped suddenly. I asked what had surprised him but he assured me that it was nothing. However, his eyes have not stopped flickering back and forth and his shoulders look to be tense.

#the quest #little bunny
6:12PM We have made camp now. Glóin has lit a small fire, and Dori is finishing up his repairs to my shirt. I offered Ori his spare shirt back, but he shook his head and said I could keep it, as he had several more extras, thanks to Dori.
Two shirts is better than one torn one, at any rate. And Dori has done a splendid job fixing up the torn one.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf #winedwarf #scribedwarf

6:25 pm
We have stopped for camp and Mr Baggins has made me drink more of the tree water. I still do not trust it but I know that I do not wish to collapse again. And it makes Mr Baggins smile when I drink it, which is worth it just for that.

#the quest #little bunny

7:12PM Since Bombur is still out of commission, I have tried to cook some of the mushrooms that we have gathered. When they’ve been heated up they don’t taste as awful. It’s far from a good meal, but it tastes much better than everything else we’ve eaten so far in this forest.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

7:45 pm
During supper, Dwalin approached me and asked how I was faring. I told him that I was fine, as my dizziness had finally faded, though my stomach still felt vaguely ill (which I pinned on having eaten nothing but mushrooms.) He looked me over, as if he did not believe me.
I asked for his view on what had happened before I collapsed. He explained my behavior from the days previous, going into harsher detail than Mr Baggins had, and I apologized again for the way that I had acted. Dwalin shrugged, saying that at least I was over it now.
I worry for the future, in Erebor. I have been warned about what may happen to my mind there and if I fell prey so easier and so harsher to Mirkwood…
As if he knew what path my thoughts were taking, Dwalin clapped a hand to my shoulder. He assured me that things would work out well, that we simply needed to get out of these trees. I agreed with him and thanked him for his help.

#the quest #dwalin

8:50 pm
I asked Mr Baggins if he would be fine with sharing bedrolls once again and he agreed. I informed that I would be retiring to bed early, as I was still tired from my days without sleep and he said he would join me. The company traded grins and coin, reworking their seating so that their backs were to mine and Mr Baggins’ bedroll. A few comments were thrown after us but I ignored them as I try to do in these situations.

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Bilbo was wearing the shirt that had been torn by the bats, though Dori had mended the tears. The black thread stood out against the cream colored cloth and I traced my fingertips along them as we laid down. I could feel him twitch as I went over the different parts of the shirt, making my way lower. I was focused on the texture but also on how his breath would hitch and how his hands would tighten to fists before he visibly made them relax.
I reached the edge of his shirt and I brushed against Bilbo’s skin. The action caused him to inhale,
drawing his stomach away. His stomach went in quite far, due to the lack of food and harsh
traveling. I remembered how healthy he had looked at the beginning of the quest, and voiced my
regret that his stomach was as empty as it was. The fire highlighted the blush across his face and tips
of his ears.

I asked Bilbo if I had his permission to move his shirt so that I could explore more and he agreed. I
pushed it out of the way, though Bilbo decided to simply take it off altogether, which I had no
complaints about.

Despite the harsh traveling, his skin remains soft, warmth radiating from him, similar to the gentle
sunlight in the morning. His coloring reminds me of honey and tastes nearly as sweet. I was
fascinated by each inch of him but also by his reactions. One of his hands found its way into my hair
and at sensitive areas, he would tighten his grip, though never too harshly. His teeth dug into his
lower lip and he seemed to consciously breathe out through his nose, as if he was trying to keep any
noises to himself.

Mischief took me once again and I placed my lips to his stomach and blew, causing a loud noise
which made laughter burst out of him. He told me to stop around giggles and a large grin. I blew a
few more raspberries, as the sound of his laughter was a craving that I doubt I will ever be rid of. I
took the opportunity to move upwards and steal a kiss from his lips, though he was nearly laughing
too hard for me to.

Even though my eyes grow heavy now as sleep calls to me, I cannot look away from him. In the
light of the fire, his hair looks like spun gold and his eyes are the same shade as topaz. I am still
drawn to the honey of his skin and the steady sound of his heartbeat against my ear.

9PM

After supper, Thorin and I agreed to retire early to our shared bedroll, and the Company moved
as if they were trying to give us privacy, though Nori made a snide remark about how he and Dwalin
had been decent enough to take their shenanigans into the trees, and several coins have been tossed
around. I thought they’d done away with the Bagginsfriend Conspiracy, but upon second thought I
suppose there might be other betting pools open.

I had been wearing the shirt that Dori had mended, and Thorin was tracing his finger along the
stitches, the black thread obvious against the dirtied but creamy cloth. My heart was racing as he did
so, especially as his fingers started to inch lower and lower.

When his fingers brushed my stomach, I instinctively inhaled, sucking in my stomach, but Thorin
told me he preferred my stomach soft, though he regretted that it was so empty right now. He asked
me if he could lift my shirt, and when I nodded, I hadn’t been expecting to find him shoving them up
to my armpits so that he can explore my torso. Not wanting something to happen to the shirt when it
had been so recently patched up, I told Thorin that I was going to take off my shirt, and he agreed,
though I could swear that in the firelight his entire face was bright red.

I’m glad to say that Thorin made a careful study of my torso, his fingers caressing all of my skin and
his lips quick to follow in gentle reverence (except the times when he blew raspberries into my
stomach in an attempt to get me to laugh — which did work, to his credit). I felt like I was being
memorised, as if the feel of my skin was being branded under his fingertips for future reference.
Sometimes I still doubt if he truly wants me, but this time was not it; I was ablaze, feeling both
desiring and desired. Every brush of his fingers and his lips against my chest made my heart flutter
like a bird.

He is nodding off against my collarbone now. I can feel sleep calling, too, and I know tonight my
dreams will be pleasant. I’m not one to divulge my private experiences, but this moment with him
needs to be remembered, even after the shivers elicited by his fingers have left my spine.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf
August 11th, 2015

Thorin

4:35 am

Of all the things to wake me up in the past, I do believe a kiss is the best way to wake.

#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo

5:11AM There are lights flickering in the distance, through the gaps in the trees. We can also smell meat roasting and people laughing, their voices sounding eerie and strange. The Company talks of going to find the source of the lights, but so far fear of stepping off the path has kept them from acting on the suggestion.
I wonder how long that will last.

#adventureblogging #the company

5:15 am

There is talk of leaving the path to locate the source of the laughter and lights coming through the trees. The smell of roasted meat is tempting but we still have enough grasp on our minds to know to stay on the path. I worry for later, when the growling in our stomachs is loud enough to drown out our senses.

#the quest #the company

7:30 am

We have been having to stop for breaks more often, as we must carry Bombur through the forest. It is difficult to carry him, as we are all tired, both mentally and physically. My nanaddan voiced their worry that we would be trapped in the forest forever but I assured both of them, along with the listening company, that we would be rid of this place, that we would reach Erebor. They did not seem fully convinced.

#the quest #bombur #my sister children

9:01AM Dori has been complaining that his shoulder is developing a kink from having to help carry Bombur. His complaints were echoed by a great number of the rest of the Company; even Bo is growing weary of having to carry his brother on his back.
We are all wondering when Bombur will wake from the enchanted sleep. Perhaps it’ll be like in Mum’s stories, and he’ll only awaken if one of us kisses him.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #bigdwarf #the company #i would kiss him if it wouldn't upset him and thorin #i just want him back
Anonymous asked:

I hear a lot about dwarven kings and that has me wondering - are there dwarven queens that rule on their own? How does your society view females in general?

There has not been a Queen in the line of Durin, but there are many Dwarf clans led by females. I have seen that in the race of Man, the female members are not treated as equals and I find this a confusing and quite self-harming practice. Female Dwarves are as free as male Dwarves to pursue what they wish to and female Dwarves hold as much power and respect as male Dwarves.

I have quietly asked Balin if he knew how much days we have been in Mirkwood, as I lost count a while ago. He said that he had been marking off each time we have made camp for a night, but he could not be completely confident in the number, as we cannot see the sun past the leaves. The weight of the beast’s gaze still sits heavy on me, but even heavier is the countdown until Durin’s Day. We must reach Erebor in time or this quest will have been for nothing.

Leaves are beginning to fall from the leaves the farther we go in. I wonder how much time has passed on the outside, and if we aren’t already too late. Ori says that he is hearing a ringing noise in his ears and that his head hurts. I wonder how many other Company members are likewise afflicted.

I heard something in the trees, like voices but distant and floating. I asked if anyone else could hear them and the company stopped to listen. Several members confirmed that they could, though they could not pinpoint where it was coming from. It is too much like whispering voices that feel like they are urging us off the path for me to forget and ignore them. It would seem that this forest is not through toying with us.

There is song filtering through the trees. It might be in Sindarin, but the accent is completely unfamiliar. I suspect that the Wood-elves are singing not too far off, which means we might be able to beg food from them, if they ever cross paths with us.

We have stopped to set up camp. The voices in the trees, which many in the company are guessing to be the sounds of the Wood-Elves singing, have stopped, or we simply cannot hear them any longer. I am grateful, as I do not wish to hear any Elvish song, especially while surrounded by a forest intent on driving us mad.
5:34PM We have set up camp, and I’m cooking more mushrooms. The Company is not very cheered by the prospect, but nothing else has presented itself for our food since the river, and even then we wouldn’t have been able to get to the hart anyway.
#adventureblogging #the company

5:45PM I thought I’d just heard some clicking noises in the trees above us, which is a positively frightening thing to think about.
I am also feeling a bit light-headed, so after I finish cooking the mushrooms, I think I will go have a lie-down.
#adventureblogging

9:57PM Thorin was already lying in our shared bedroll by the time I got there. For a while, I contented myself by sprawling out above him, as a reverse of how we usually are. But then his hand came to rest on my back, and I remembered the touch of his fingers against my skin.

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So I asked him if I could return the favour he paid me last night. He agreed readily to the idea, and given the semblance of privacy granted us by the Company’s backs, was quick to disrobe himself. I have to admit, I have seen him without his shirt on several occasions, most recently when I was bathing him in the river by the Carrock, but this time the intent was so much more different than the previous times that my breath came up short the first time I laid eyes on his bare chest, and my cheeks started heating up.

I tried to return the favour as well as I could, given how fastidious he was in studying me, But I’m afraid his body was far more interesting than mine, and clearly had more stories written onto his skin than mine. He wears markings on his skin, all symbols of his brave deeds in battle and his family lineage, and some of the ones that represent his deeds are clearly placed around old battle scars. He has more recent scars, of course, from the Warg that bit him, and those have been healing slowly but steadily. I asked him if he would get new markings for those, and he admitted that it was not necessarily a moment he would like to be reminded of every morning. He also seemed surprised that the Hobbits that live closest to the Blue Mountains, as well as many families in Buckland, also marked their skin. I was quick to tell him that while most of the Shire thought that marking one’s skin was unnatural, personally I thought his markings were becoming on him. That made him smile, and I don’t know if it was a trick of the fire or the forest, but I think his cheeks darkened a bit as well.

I went for quite some time, looking at his scars and markings and listening to the stories behind them, that I had not noticed the rest of the Company going to sleep until the cacophony of snores started up. I apologised for doing a poor job of repaying the favour, but it didn’t seem to bother him much, as he told me that there were many other nights in which I could explore him.

I’m afraid he has only made me more impatient for tomorrow, then.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:30 pm

I retired early to our bedroll, still catching up on the sleep that I missed out on before. Mr Baggins joined me after a while and the company did as they had last night and reoriented themselves to give us some privacy.

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We both stayed quiet for a time, simply sharing warmth and a sense of peace, until Bilbo asked if he could explore me as I had explored him last night. Just at the question, my skin seemed to awaken, as
if a small electric shock had coursed through me. I quickly agreed and removed my shirt. Bilbo’s face was fully red as I did and his eyes had blazed nearly as bright as the firelight. He seemed fascinated by my markings, using the opportunity to ask about the stories behind each. I told him in a low voice, equally as fascinated with him as he was with me. His heated breathing and gentle fingers tracing my markings had kept me in that moment, instead of drifting into memories of the past.

When Bilbo’s fingers went over my healed wounds from the Warg attack, I remembered the hazy image I had of him defending me, his short sword in hand. I had lost consciousness worrying that I would wake to find that he had fallen prey to the Warg. But his roaming fingers once again brought me back to him. He asked if I planned to get markings but I explained that I did not want the reminder. Thought I do not think I would be averse to the remembrance of his courage that day. Bilbo told me of his home and how Hobbits tended to be wary of markings and only the most daring Hobbits have some. He assured me, however, that he was quite appreciative of my markings before moving to trace them with his lips.

We continued in the same manner for a time, him questioning me for stories while his hands roamed, warm and gentle, over me. Bilbo apologized, thinking that he had somehow done a poor job, but my heart has only just now slowed down from his exploration, though the desire he has stirred still clings to me. I had moved to put my shirt on again but, with a grin, he asked me to keep it off. I did as he asked and he laid himself atop me in place of the shirt. His presence on me is grounding and a calming comfort. Sleep calls to me but I do not want to answer, as I want to continue watching how he breathes in his sleep, how the firelight dances across the honey of his skin.

#the quest #little bunny

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**August 12th, 2015**

**Bilbo**

**4:28AM** As promised, I greeted Thorin with a good morning kiss. While the wind was howling rather ominously through the trees at the time, none of it really mattered in the light of Thorin’s smile.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**Thorin**

**5:35 am**

We are traveling again and there are more complaints about carrying Bombur. There is not much we can do, as leaving him behind is not an option. But I agree with the company — it is getting quite tiresome carrying him, given our situation and that there is no end in sight.

#the quest #the company #bombur

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**7:45 am**

My headache has returned. I believe the mixture of the little amount of food and carrying Bombur with such little strength is the cause of it, though I cannot do anything for it. Despite my attempt at encouraging my nanaddan before and saying that we will reach Erebor, it feels as if this forest goes on forever and we are doomed to never leave.

#the quest #bombur #my sister children
8:30AM I stumbled, and Bo caught me, telling me that he was starting to hear an odd ringing, and if I’d heard anything like that. I told him that I had heard ringing maybe once or twice, but I’ve been hearing clicking noises more. He seemed a bit thoughtful about that, and then asked if I’d been feeling light-headed recently. I told him I had, but I’d thought it was just the lack of food. He still seems rather thoughtful about it. I wonder why.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

8:45 am

I had noticed Mr Baggins stumble, but as I was helping carry Bombur, I could do nothing in time. Bofur helped Mr Baggins, though, and they shared words. When they were finished, I asked Mr Baggins if he felt well and he insisted he was fine, just hungry, as we all were. I said that I knew that he was aware that he should be cautious but I felt the need to repeat the warning, as I was worried for him. He once again assured that he was fine and I accepted that. I have witnessed other company members having a hard time with their balance as well. Even if we are close to the end of this place, will we even make it?

It makes one want to believe in a beast again, just to have something to blame for how irksome this forest is.

#the quest #little bunny #bofur #the company #bombur

9AM The ground is starting to slope downwards. The folks carrying Bombur are a bit more pleased about this than the rest of us, which I suppose is a good thing.

#adventureblogging #the company #bigdwarf

10:45AM We are now in a valley of old-growth oaks. The trees stretch upwards, and underneath their leaves it seems to almost be night once more. I don’t think the Company is taking this very well. Thorin is wondering if there’s an end to this accursed forest.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

11:30 am

Trees! Always so many trees! Even oak trees, which I dislike the least out of all the types, look distrustful and worthy of being chopped down at this moment. Once we reach Erebor, I do not want to feast my eyes upon another tree for a very long time.

#the quest #i hate trees

12:30PM We are taking lunch in the roots of one of the oaks. Occasionally acorns will drop down, and it’s a real shame that we can’t eat any of them. The ground is carpeted in dead leaves of autumns past, and already the leaves on the trees are starting to turn red and fall, just like with the beeches. Surely it could not be autumn already!

#adventureblogging

1PM Thorin is lying beside me, one arm around my shoulders. It rather reminds me of the afternoon we spent in Beorn’s garden, which feels like lifetimes ago.
1:15 pm
Perhaps I spoke in anger earlier. Trees are not all terrible, though I still greatly dislike them. But they are excellent to sit against, especially if one is sitting with a warm, Hobbit who is quite fond of kisses and playing with your hair.
#the quest #little bunny

1:50 pm
There is sap all over my furs. Damned trees.
#the quest #though the kisses made it worth it

2:16PM The Company has found the largest tree overhanging the path in this part of the forest, and I’ve been sent to climb it, as I am the lightest and can get above the leaves in order to properly see where we are.
I haven’t had much practice since my younger years in climbing trees, and haven’t been fond of the exercise since the adventure with the tallest tree in Tuckborough, so hopefully this won’t end in disaster for me.
#adventureblogging #the company

2:30 pm
Mr Baggins is climbing a large tree in an attempt to see where we are in this forest and how much farther we have to go to reach the end. I cannot help but pace at the base of the tree. I believe he will be fine but my mind calls up images of him falling from the high branches.
#the quest #little bunny

2:45PM
It is so beautiful up here! There’s a lovely breeze and so much sunlight that it took me a while to adjust to the light. I think I could stay up here for ages, especially since it took me a while to get up here, and I’m not in any hurry to move. Especially not with the Company calling after me far below.
#adventureblogging #mirkwood #travelling #erebor

2:56PM
There are these marvellous purple-black butterflies up here; I don’t know what kind of butterfly they are, but they’re having a merry war with the little spiders up here at the top.

#adventureblogging #mirkwoood #travelling

3 pm

I believe Mr Baggins has reached the top of the tree, though none of us can spot him through the leaves. We have tried calling up to him, but he must be too far up to hear us. We are discussing when to send someone else up, if we do not hear something from him eventually. I admit that I will breathe easier when Mr Baggins is back on the ground, not in the clutches of a tree.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

3:11 PM The only problem with being up here is that I can see very clearly that there’s practically no end to the forest. I can see the Lonely Mountain, and the faintest glimmer of a lake — but it’s all in the distance. The forest stretches onwards, a sea of greens and browns. We’re nowhere near the end, and there’s no food down below.

I hate being the bearer of bad news.

#adventureblogging

3:13 pm

Mr Baggins is in sight once again, coming down from the tree. The company started to yell their questions up to him but I told them to be silent. We would not want to distract Mr Baggins and have him slip and fall.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

3:30PM The Dwarves weren’t very pleased with what I had to report when I climbed down, not even when I mentioned the excellent breeze and the lovely butterflies. Dori demanded what was the point in sending me up there if all we were going to get was bad news. He clearly forgot that while he was resting down here, I was getting all scratched and dirtied by the tree in my efforts to get them a report that we are, at least, heading in the right direction. Even if it seems likely that we’ll be going on for an indefinite amount of time.

Ungrateful tosser.

#adventureblogging #the company #winedwarf #he's not really a tosser i'm just mad at him
3:40 pm

Mr Baggins has given us the unfortunate news that we are still deep in the forest. I can feel that the company’s spirits have fallen with the news and can sense the rising panic. I have asked them to keep calm, as I want to believe we will make it through Mirkwood unscathed. We must, if we are to reach Erebor in time for Durin’s Day.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

5 pm

Bofur has used his spile to get more water for us. Nori complained that his stomach had more water than food in it. I still do not trust the tree water but there is no other option but to drink it.

#the quest #bofur #nori

6:31 PM We have ate the last of the food. Thorin stumbled a bit, and then after a moment demanded what was in the water to make us all so disoriented. I told him I thought that it had been the lack of food, but he seems sure that it’s the water.

Even if it is, we have no choice but to continue drinking from the spile. We’ve all seen what dehydration did to Thorin, and we’d rather not force that on the rest of us as well.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:35 pm

I noticed that I felt dizzy and disoriented. It was a different sort of dizziness than when I was tired, which had been mostly my head feeling heavy and limbs slow. This dizziness makes my mind feel hazy and I am not sure if I have full control of what my hands and feet are doing. It feels centered in my stomach and spreading from there.

I inquired with the company as to what was in the water, because it is the only thing that I have done differently in the past few days. They admitted that they had no idea, though they could not stop drinking it, even if it was causing their dizziness. This forest seems determined to torture us as much as possible.

#the quest #the company

7:50pm

Mr Baggins retired early to our bedroll and I followed. He had been quiet since his report from the treetops and the company learning that the tree water was tainted.

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Bilbo had laid down with his back to my front and I threw my arm over his side, pulling him closer. He did not react too much, other than letting out a breath and shifting to fit himself better against me.

Bilbo smells like sap and even now, he carries the scent of the fresh breeze he reported from above the trees. I buried my nose in his hair and used a fingertip to gently trace the shell of his ear.

Again, Bilbo did not react as he usually would. Though he is lying down, I can see how tense his shoulders are and the tired look in his eyes. I ran my hand up and down his back, hoping that comfort could bring him the peace he needs to use for sleep.

#the quest #little bunny

8:20PM The silence is absolutely miserable. I can hear the rumble of thunder in the distance, or perhaps that’s my stomach lamenting having digested its meals too quickly. Thorin is close, but even his warmth is not chasing away my bad thoughts tonight.
10PM I am still awake. It is starting to rain, softly now but steadily increasing. My stomach gnaws with hunger, and Bombur still sleeps on. I hope he wakes soon; we are quickly losing what strength we should be conserving carrying him around.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

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**August 13th, 2015**

_Bilbo_

**3:38AM** The rain has become a right downpour, but most of the thick forest leaves seem to be getting all of the water, and it certainly is useless for us to sit around with our tongues out hoping for a drop or two to land on them. My clothes and bedroll are soggy now, but my water-skin seems to be completely useless in collecting water.

#adventureblogging

_Thorin_

**7:30 am**

The company was awoken by the rain. The water that managed to drip through the leaves have left our supplies and packs damp, but we have been unable to gather the rain to fill our water skins with something other than the tainted water of the trees. We have nothing to gather the water with and instead, we are watching it soak into the ground around us. I believe this forest delights in taunting us.

#thequest #thecompany

**8:15 am**

There was no breakfast before we departed, as we are out of food. There is a near constant rumble from the company’s stomach, as if all of our stomachs are communicating and voicing their displeasure together. There is little we can do about it, however, except for continuing forward and hoping that we reach the end of the forest. I cannot see that hope in many of the company’s eyes, however.

#thequest #thecompany

**9:10 am**

Bombur is awake!

#thequest #bombur

**9:12AM** Bombur has woken! He seems a bit woozy, and he has no idea how he got here, much less any idea of what he’s been doing since late April when we began our Quest. We tried to inform him of what we have been doing so far, but he doesn’t seem to believe us.

#adventureblogging #bigwarf
9:15AM Bombur doesn’t seem to be taking the lack of food very well. He told us about his amazing dream of being in a well-lit forest, with the Elvenking in attendance, and so many things to eat and drink. Of course, that got Thorin scowling, and he told Bombur that if he couldn’t talk about other things, he had best not talk at all.

#adventureblogging #bigwarf #that asshole

9:18 am

Bombur does not seem to remember anything regarding the quest and refuses to believe what we have told him of it. He talked of a grand Elvish feast with Thranduil in attendance. It only made the company seem hungrier, with all the talk of food and drink and song. I told Bombur that he should stay quiet, as we do not need more talk of food in this time. He looked quite insulted but I admit that I do not feel that my words were in the wrong. At least we will not have to carry him anymore.

#the quest #bombur #the company

9:30 am

We stopped to make a brief camp to inform Bombur of what he cannot remember and to allow him and ourselves to gather our strength. Bombur voices his complaints about being hungry and it is doing nothing but making the rumble of our stomachs all the more noticeable.

#the quest #bombur #the company

11 am

Bombur continues to complain.

I am not sure what I preferred more — carrying him in silence, or having him walk but refuse to stop talking of Elves and feasts.

#the quest #bombur

12:42PM Bombur has been complaining since we broke camp that his legs won’t hold him up. The rest of the Company has insisted he continue, as none of them will carry him. I find myself inclined to agree, though I do rather envy Bombur his lovely dream.

#adventureblogging #bigwarf #the company

1 pm

We seem to be barely making progress. Bombur, on his own two feet, is going slower than when we were carrying him. Even Bombur’s kin looks to be growing irritated with his complaints.

#the quest #bombur #the company

2:39PM We are making even slower progress than normal because of Bombur. He is my friend, but I find myself slowly getting irritated with him and his inability to cooperate. If we don’t get out of this dreadful forest soon, we might all die of starvation. Does he not understand that?

#adventureblogging #bigwarf

3:30 pm
Anonymous asked:
I believe in you, uzbadê! I know you can do it!
I thank you for the supportive words, as they mean much in this time.

#ask #anonymous

5 pm
Anonymous asked:
Please sir. Please remember the advice of the wizard. No matter how hungry your Company may be, do not wander off the path. There is great danger and threat there. You have seen evidence of this already. You have felt it hunting you. Whatever you may be tempted with, by all that's good, you must stay on the path.

Thank you for the warning. I know that there is danger off of the path, but I will not watch my company starve to death if there is something I can do, on or off of the path.

#ask #anonymous #the wizard #the company

6:54PM Bombur has collapsed in the road and absolutely refuses to budge. He told us that he intended to fall asleep and never wake up.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #i don't blame him

6:57 pm
We have tried to convince Bombur to move but he is lying on the path, saying that he is far too hungry and tired to continue. His plan is to fall asleep here and dream forever of the fantastic feast he had dreamed of before.

#the quest #bombur

7PM Balin says he sees a twinkle of light in the forest.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

7:14 pm
Balin noticed lights in the forest and we located it. It is well off of the path and I said that the idea to follow the light was a dangerous one. I can still feel the presence of something watching us, invisible beast or not, and if we were to leave the path, even if we found the food, we had no way of guaranteeing that we would ever get back to it alive.

#the quest #balin

7:18 pm
Bombur has argued that we will surely die of starvation if food is not found. The company, despite their earlier annoyance with him, looks to agree with the point.

#the quest #bombur #the company

7:25PM Upon further investigation we have found that the twinkle is that of torches and fire, but it is also quite some ways off the path. That got us into a giant debate, as Thorin was adamant about
staying on the path — probably fearing the beast again, considering he mentioned that feasts were of no use if we couldn’t get back alive from them — but Bombur pointed out that we’d all die of starvation if we didn’t try to head to the feast to beg for food. 

So now we are plunging off the forest path now. Thorin’s hand is vice-like in mine, and I only hope that we will remember which direction the path lies in.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #bigdwarf

7:28 pm

The majority of the company decided to investigate the lights. I feel wary stepping off of the path, as I feel as if we have just lost the protection that the path granted and even if we were to find it again, our journey through the rest of the forest will not be an easy one.

#the quest #the company

7:40PM We have found that the fires burning do not belong to Orcs or Trolls (though at this point we would probably have fought even Bolg himself or those three trolls from the Trollshaws again for food), but Elves. Wood-elves are gathered in this clearing, clad in robes of mostly greens, browns, and whites. These robes are different from the ones I’ve seen in Rivendell; the collars are higher and buttoned, and there seem to be less layers than the Rivendell robes, too.

The Elves are eating and drinking and singing, and Thorin has suggested that since I’m the one who spent the most time with the Elves in Rivendell (he said this with a very dour expression on his face), I should be the one to go out and ask for food from them. Also, they are less likely to be afraid of me (but I guess he didn’t consider if I was more likely to be afraid of them), so they are less likely to harm me.

I haven’t had the light or the time to keep up with my Sindarin lessons, and these Wood-elves are speaking a very thickly-accented dialect of Sindarin, so already there’s a huge language barrier between us. But maybe if I make myself clear with gestures and simple words in Sindarin, they will get the message. It shouldn’t be too hard to mime food or something.

Wish me luck.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:41 pm

Of course it is Elves. The lights are Elves feasting and singing as if they had no cares in the world. However, the food, Elvish made or otherwise, is food and our bellies growl in hunger at the sight and smell of it.

It pained me to suggest it, but I asked Mr Baggins if he would be willing to speak with the Elves, as he knows some of their language and is also the least likely to offend them with his appearance. He looked hesitant at the suggestion but agreed. His hand was tight in mine and I placed a kiss to the back of his before letting it go. I hope that this plan goes well.

#the quest #the company #little bunny

8:15 pm

The moment that Mr Baggins stepped into the light, the clearing was doused in darkness. We did not even hear the Elves leave, only our own confusion at the sudden darkness around us. The company scrambled to find one another, which proved more difficult than I thought it would be, given that we had all been near one another.

We have managed to locate almost all of us, except for Mr Baggins. We have been calling his name
for a time but there is no response. I fear for his fate — could the Elves have taken him? Or perhaps he has fallen prey to some other creature in this darkness? Was this the chance that the beast was waiting for?

#the quest #the company #little bunny #mahal protect him

9:05 pm

Thank Mahal, we have found him. Dori managed to find Mr Baggins by accidentally tripping over him; he has apparently been asleep the whole time, as Bombur had been after falling into the water. We have been unable to wake him, though his breathing is steady and Óin cannot find any wounds on him in the dark. In this darkness, we cannot find our way back to the path, though I hope that we will be able to once the sun rises.

#the quest #dori #bombur #oin #little bunny

9:23 pm

Mr Baggins is awake!

#the quest #little bunny

9:29PM I’m awake, but at what cost?

Apparently the lights had gone out on us the instant I was shoved into the clearing, and in the dark it was hard for the Company to find each other, much less me, and for a long while they simply couldn’t even find me; Dori only managed to do so by tripping over me in the dark.

It also apparently took them a while to wake me up, as I had been asleep for much longer than I’d thought. Personally, I was asleep for far too little a time, as I had dreamt of a sumptuous supper, and I had just gotten to dessert when I had been tossed back into harsh reality.

I suppose that’s the best I’m going to get in this ghastly forest. I might as well try to go back to sleep, especially since we’ve lost track of which direction the path is supposed to be in.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #the company

9:35 pm

Mr Baggins reports having had a dream similar to Bombur’s — of a spectacular feast with delicious food. He voiced his complaints about having been woken up, as the dream was much better than waking to hungry darkness. I am simply happy that he is awake and well enough to complain about such things.

We will have to camp here for the night and move at first light.

#the quest #little bunny #bombur

August 14th, 2015

Thorin

5:30 am

I find that sleep does not come easily tonight. The company seems to share the same problem, as their snores are not as loud nor as consistent as they usually are. They are most likely doing as I am
in this darkness — checking that those around us are still there. I can feel my nanaddan an arm’s
distance away from me and can recognize Dwalin and Balin’s snores and breaths a few feet away.
Mr Baggins is wrapped in my arms and I do not intend to let him go any time soon. Losing him in
the darkness earlier was a fright on the both of us. I can feel that he is still awake, though neither of
us speak. I cannot stop thinking on if we had not found him again, if he had simply slumbered on in
the darkness. There is a sour taste in my mouth at the thought.
#the quest #little bunny #my sister children #dwalin #balin #the company

Bilbo

6:32AM I can’t get back to sleep. The clicking noise keeps me too alert, and the gnawing hunger of
my belly makes me remember my lovely dream-supper. Why did the Wood-elves vanish even before
we could beg for food? Are they frightened of a little Hobbit’s empty stomach? Do they even know
what a Hobbit is?
There is no sleep when one’s head is abuzz with such thoughts.
#adventureblogging

10:52AM Oh Eru, Mahal, and the Giver of Fruits, why must I be tormented so?
~~
Thorin had woken from his dozing to find me still awake, and shifted in our bedroll to sit behind me,
our hands clasped. I asked him if we would ever get out of Mirkwood, and he jested that he didn’t
want to, as moving out into the open means it’s harder for us to conceal these moments from the rest
of the Company. That made me laugh, though as with most other bursts of laughter caused by
Thorin, my laughter was abruptly halted by his lips.
I used to think I knew what temptation was: a cooling pie with a dessert sign placed in front of it, a
jar of biscuits tucked onto a high shelf. But I find that as Thorin and I redefine our borders with one
another, so have my definitions of other words in my life. Temptation has now become the lingering
brush of Thorin’s lips against my neck, and the whisper-soft ghosting of his fingers against the
waistline of my trousers. The entire time, I had been debating whether or not to throw all caution to
the wind and request an engagement right then and there. But my conscience inevitably won out, and
I warned him, and removed his fingers from my skin.
Oh, I do want them back, I really do. They say the anticipation of something makes the attaining of it
all the more sweeter. I just hope we leave this blasted forest soon, as I am not a patient Hobbit, and I
imagine in this matter Thorin is not a patient Dwarf.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

11:10 am
~~
While sitting together, I examined Bilbo’s hand in comparison to mine. My hands are thick and wide
while his are long and thin. But his fingers fit perfectly between mine, with his palm resting snugly in
mine. He fits even more perfectly seated with his back to my front. I only have lean down a small bit
to rest my head atop his.
He smells like the forest, like the tree we have been nestled against since last night. I do not usually
enjoy the smell of bark, but it blends well with Bilbo’s natural earthy scent.
I had nosed at his ears and neck and Bilbo hummed in response. He had tilted his head and leaned
against my shoulder, which gave me better access to his neck. His smaller hands switched to grab my
own and slowly guided them down his front. I took the message and brought my fingertips just under
his shirt. He did not remove the shirt as he did before, so I traced the edge of his trousers as gently as
I could and enjoyed his shiver.
I kept my attentions to his neck and stomach until Bilbo’s hand came up to my cheek. In a hushed voice, he informed me that if I continued for much longer, we would end up engaged. I stopped in my attentions but did not move. It took a while for the both of us to gather our breath but he finally sat forward, removing my hands from him, though he looked regretful. We have settled more into our bedroll and my head rests against his chest. His heartbeat is a lullaby that I find that I crave.

#the quest #little bunny  

1 pm

The company has discussed moving from our current location, to perhaps try to find the path again, but the memory of stumbling through the darkness last night, lost and unable to find one another, has kept up where we are. Our strength is still in need of recovering, as we are all hungry and thirsty and tired, so it would seem we are taking this time to rest. I feel as if we have been in this forest forever, and that it is slowly draining away at our spirits. I just pray that we do not become corpses that are found in a year’s time by other travelers.

#the quest #the company

3:10PM I believe I am getting tired at last. My yawns are more frequent and my eyes feel like lead. The Company is still too wary of losing each other to move, so I may have a chance to reclaim some of my lost sleep before long.

#adventureblogging #the company

3:35 pm

Mr Baggins is finally asleep. He stayed awake through the night and I feared that he would resist sleep as much as possible, given how the last time he slept, he dreamt of a large feast and woke to disappointment. I am not a feast of the sort that he dreamt of, but perhaps he will not be disappointed the next time that he wakes.

#the quest #little bunny

5:15 pm

Dori has reported more lights in the forest.

#the quest #dori

5:23 pm

I have woken Mr Baggins and the other company members who had fallen asleep. We are deciding on a course of action with the lights, as our last try did not result in success.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

5:29PM I felt like I had barely closed my eyes before Dori’s report of another feast in the trees. This time, all of us will try to enter the feast at once. Perhaps if many of us show up to beg, we will not be too easily turned away.

#adventureblogging #the company #winedwarf
Balin suggested that we all approach the Elves, show that we mean no harm but simply need food. I do not like the idea of all of us being exposed but it feels like the best course of action at this time.

#the quest #balin

We have found the source of the lights and it is indeed another Elvish party. I am surprised they do not hear our stomachs growling. We have all agreed to stay near one another, in case the lights go out once again. Let us hope that this goes well.

#the quest #the company

The lights were kicked out as soon as we stepped into the clearing. It is completely dark once again, and despite us having been near one another, we are having trouble finding each other again. I have found my nanaddan but not Mr Baggins nor the rest of the company. I can hear them and have been trying to ask them to be calm so that we can gather together but panic seems to have taken them.

#the quest #the company #my sister children #little bunny

I have located Nori and Bifur as well. They report hearing a strange clicking noise and once it was pointed out to me, I find that I can hear it as well. I am not sure what it is but for right now, I am more concerned with finding the rest of the company.

#the quest #nori #bifur #the company

Bifur called something out before running away from us. We tried to follow him but in the darkness, it is hard to keep track. We can hear the rest of the company calling, but they sound as if they are far off. I still cannot hear Mr Baggins and the clicking noises have gotten louder.

#the quest #bifur #the company #little bunny

We have found Balin and Dwalin and they reported that they had located Glóin and Dori. However, something had made Glóin shout before he went silent and they had been unable to locate him after that. I do not know what the clicking noises are but I can feel that it belongs to something sinister. Could this be the beast, come to make off with us at last?

#the quest #balin #dwalin #gloin #dori

Something is coming closer to us. We cannot see it but I feel as if we are surrounded.

#the quest #mahal protect us

Anonymous asked:

Do your best to remain calm, Thorin. Whatever this foe is, you will surely fight and win.

I have tried my best to remain calm but more and more of the company has gone quiet. I have tried to fight this foe that surrounds us in this darkness but I cannot see them and I fear that they will take me next.

#ask #anonymous #the company
9:05PM I thought wrong. The Elves kicked out the fires as soon as we stepped into the light. Now I’ve lost the rest of the Company, and it’s too dark to find anyone. I’ve been yelling for all of them, especially Thorin, for a while now, but all of their voices seem only to get fainter and fainter until now, when I yelled and could not get any responses at all. I’m so alone in this all-consuming darkness.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:05PM

Anonymous asked:

Bilbo, I believe you may need some of that Took courage before this day is done. Whatever needs to be done, I’m sure you can do it.

You sound too sure about me. I’m just a Hobbit lost in a big dark forest without food, water, or friends and no idea how to find any of them. I’m hungry and cold and miserable and I just want to be out of the woods.

#ask #anonymous

9:18PM There’s no use in searching for anyone in this darkness. I’ll have to wait until daylight. Even if it’s pretty dark in this forest, a little light is better than no light at all. I have made myself comfortable against a tree, but not even the snuggest roots can compare to Thorin’s arms. I want to go home, to Bag End and my garden, my armchair, my books. But mostly my meals. My poor empty stomach will haunt my dreams tonight.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

August 15th, 2015

Bilbo

6:45AM I thought the Trolls had been the worst night I’ve ever had, but this really does win the award for worst night ever. It really does.

~~

I was captured by a spider. Not an itty-bitty one, of course. No. Apparently Mirkwood is home to some truly enormous spiders, and I had almost become its breakfast if it hadn’t been for my light sleep last night, and my sword now. I managed to take my sword and free myself, and when the spider tried to attack me, I killed it. All by myself. Without any Dwarves or any Wizard.

Of course, all of this happened much earlier, and the only reason I’m reporting it late is because I fell unconscious again almost immediately after killing the spider. Its foul corpse must have prevented further attacks upon me. But I am awake now, and the Company is still nowhere to be found. As it is morning now, I should go find them.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #the company

6:58AM My sword had been a proper little sting in the side of that spider. I think I shall call it Sting. It’s not a big fancy name like Orcrist. But it does announce what the bearer hopes to do with the instrument. It stings spiders, though I certainly hope it will sting Orcs, too.

#adventureblogging
7:14AM I was creeping through the forest as quiet as I could, when I heard the clicking noise again. Except this time, the clicking was making sense — they were words! The speakers were in a conversation about struggles, and eating, and how their prey were not as fat as they could have been, as said prey had not had a decent meal in ages. I have a sneaking suspicion these speakers are talking about the Company. I will go investigate.

#adventureblogging #the company

10:44AM
Anonymous asked:
Well done, Mister Baggins! And good luck. I fear you shall need even more of it before you find your friends and escape Mirkwood forest once and for all.
I agree. I dislike this forest most intensely and will be all too glad to see the end of it.
#ask #anonymous

6:54PM They were talking about the Company.

~~
When I followed the voices, I came across a dreadfully dark clearing strung up with cobwebs and a dozen or so of those horrid Spiders sitting around poking at some cobwebbed bundles. Imagine my horror when I got closer and realised that there were noses and beards and boots poking through! I had to do something. The Spiders said that the Dwarves were alive, but I knew that if I left them there they would all be dead very soon. In my youth I could knock two birds out of a tree with one stone, and even now I am quite good at ninepins, darts, and conkers. So I found some stones in a nearby dried-up riverbed, and I drew the Spiders away with some stones and a rather rude rhyme that I'd made up on the spot:

Old fat spider spinning in a tree!
Old fat spider can't see me!
Attercop! Attercop!
Won't you stop,
Stop your spinning and look for me!

Old Tomnoddy, all big body,
Old Tomnoddy can't spy me!
Attercop! Attercop!
Down you drop!
You'll never catch me up your tree!

That got them angry and skittering after me, shooting webs wildly in an attempt to catch me (which they couldn’t do, as I was smaller and faster than them). Once I had led them away from the Dwarves, I got back as quickly and quietly as I could and freed the Company. They were all rather sluggish at first, as the Spiders had knocked most of them unconscious, and hanging around from a branch for most of the night and day would do no one any favours. But they were practically all freed by the time the Spiders returned, and we had to fight them off a second time together. Luckily, the Dwarves had their weapons on them, so while I drew off as many of the Spiders as I could in the opposite direction, the others fought their way out of the clearing and headed back towards where we last saw the Elf-fires. I had come up with another rhyme to anger the Spiders:

Lazy Lob and Crazy Cob
are weaving webs to wind me.
I am far more sweet than other meat,
but still they cannot find me!
Here am I, naughty little fly;
you are fat and lazy.
You cannot trap me, though you try,
in your cobwebs crazy.

Which of course sent them into a tizzy, and gave me quite the job in slashing and stabbing at them. I led them on a merry chase, and then I returned quietly to help the Company fight of the rest. I think in the end the Spiders had grown scared of Sting, as just when I thought I couldn’t possibly lift my arm for one more swing, they gave up on fighting us and returned to their dark clearing.

We are still catching our breath in the Elf-fire clearing, where the light is greener and the Spiders dare not go near us because of the Elvish presence that still lingers in here. I have been thanked numerous times by the other members of the Company, and several others had offered their service to me, and Balin and Dwalin bowed so low that they fell over, and couldn’t get back up because they were so tired.

But I think my best thanks came from Thorin, who, despite having been one of the few members of the Company who had strength left to fight the Spiders with me and should by all means be collapsed in the grass from exhaustion, picked me up and swung me in a circle before kissing me, whispering each thanks in the spaces between each kiss. If he still harboured doubts even now as to my place in the Company, I think this recent rescue has finally convinced him otherwise.

In other news, I don’t think I shall need any more swordfighting lessons from him in the near future. Everyone in the Company now knows I am excellent at killing spiders.

#adventureblogging #the company #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

7 pm

Mr Baggins saved us all

The foe in the darkness last night, clicking away around us, proved to be massive spiders. In the dark, they managed to easily capture us, I am sorry to say, though I believe we managed to kill several before they trapped us in their webs and dragged us away. From what I could hear, Dwalin and I were the last to be taken, though I clearly heard Balin and my nanaddan putting up a hard fight.

I cannot say how long we were all trapped in the webs, though it felt like an eternity. The spiders clicked around us and poked at us with their long legs. It was a harsh night. Dangling in the webs, I could feel my energy leaving me, though I tried to hang onto it as long as possible.

It felt like a long time before I heard something besides the spiders. I could not see through the webs around me, but I could identify Mr Baggins’ voice, singing out a taunt to the spiders. I wanted to yell at him to run, but I do not think much sound made it out of my webbed encasement. Mr Baggins’ voice grew dimmer, I assume as he ran away from the spiders, and it was a time before I heard anything else. It was Mr Baggins again, though much quieter, assuring us that he was there to save us.

When my own web opened, I was surprised because I could not see anyone. Then, like magic, Mr Baggins appeared before me, his smile shining at me. If it was not for the return of the spiders and half of the company still being trapped in the webs, I would have kissed him right there. However, once I was free of my web, in the little light there was, along with the other freed company members, I began to fight the spiders. The company that was still trapped was quickly cut down and freed. Mr Baggins started up his taunting once again and I watched him lead the spiders away from us, the sound of his blade slashing through them. I trusted that he would find us once again and called to the company to return to the clearing we had been in before, where the Elves had been before they had kicked out their fires.

Once we had returned to the clearing, the spiders were less inclined to follow us. The ones brave enough to were quickly killed. Mr Baggins rejoined us in the clearing and put his sword to good use, tearing through the spiders. It took some time, but once the spiders had all been killed or chased
away, the company cheered for Mr Baggins, as he had truly saved us.

I did just as I had wished to do before and picked Bilbo up, thanking him with words and kisses, which he seemed to have no problem with. As exhausted as I was from being caught in the webs and from fighting, I could feel that he was near shaking from so much having happened. The spiders had not made off with our packs, thankfully, and we were able to find them and set up a closely knit camp. In the dark, we asked Bilbo how he had escaped the spider’s first attack and had come back to lure him away.

Bilbo, sitting close to my side, with my hand clasped tightly in his, told us how a spider’s corpse had hidden him from the rest of the creatures. Once he had freed himself, he showed us a ring that he had acquired in the Goblin tunnels. He explained that it made him disappear and when disbelief ran through the company, he quickly showed us. I could still feel his hand in mine and hear his voice, but he had completely disappeared from sight! When he removed the ring, he became visible once again. I asked to clarify that he had in fact gotten it in the Goblin tunnels and Bilbo said that he had. I would have believed he had gotten it sooner, in Rivendell, given how he had been so hard to find while we were there.

The company declared their thanks to Bilbo, and that he was a true burglar and spider fighter. Even in the low light, I could see his cheeks turn red.

#the quest #the company #dwalin #balin #my sister children #little bunny #he continues to amaze me

7:28 pm

Fíli has just declared that he has not been able to find Kíli. He had thought that they had been with the company but now that we have calmed ourselves and gathered, Fíli has realized that Kíli is not among us.

Where are they?

#the quest #my sister children #please let them be safe

7:30PM Where is Kíli?

#adventureblogging #thing 2

7:35 pm

I have ordered some of the company to stay in the clearing, in case Kíli finds their way there. The remaining company members, I have instructed to search for Kíli, though to stay together and not to venture too far from the clearing, as it would not do to get captured once again by the spiders.

#the quest #the company #my sister children

7:50 pm

We have found Kíli, though they seem to be injured.

#the quest #my sister children

7:52PM We have found Kíli at the edge of another clearing, clutching their leg. They are whimpering in pain and limping. Óin immediately went to their side and found that they had been stabbed by one of the spiders during the escape. They had managed to pull out the stinger in their leg, but now whatever poison the Spider has injected is finally taking effect, and Óin has no idea how to treat the wound, or what type of poison it is in the first place. We need medical assistance, before Kíli’s condition worsens. Already their face is ashen.
Kíli had gotten hit with a spider’s stinger in their leg, though they pulled the stinger out already. However, the stinger had been coated in poison and has already begun to affect them. Óin is unsure on how to treat the poison. In this low light, I can see that Kíli’s face has turned grey and I worry for their health.

We have returned to the company in the clearing. The other members who had also been looking for Kíli have reported more lights in the distance. Though I do not wish to have anything to do with the Elves, it would be wise to seek medical assistance, as we do not have the means to help Kíli. Let us hope that this time, asking for help from Elves actually works.

We have decided, with the Elvish feast not so far away, to ask the attendees for medical assistance. This is one of the most spectacular feasts we have seen thus far; the host is in golden yellow robes with a crown of autumn leaves and berries on their head. I have a sneaking suspicion that this is the Elvenking that Thorin detests so much. Well, hopefully the Elvenking will pardon our begging for medical assistance, as I am sure the Wood-elves are not so wicked as to withhold aid from someone who is clearly in need of it.

I might have spoken too soon. The Dwarves have been captured, all of them, and are being led away. I must follow, for even if I find a way out of this forest, there is no point in finding it if I have none of the Company with me.

August 16th, 2015

Bilbo

I am in the halls of the Elvenking. It is largely underground in a spectacular cave system, and I imagine that the Company would feel right at home because of it. Well, besides the whole being imprisoned by Elves thing, I’m sure. These halls make me think the Elves have crafted an entire forest out of stone.

I can’t find any of the Company. I don’t know where the dungeons are. I don’t even know where I am. I have, though, found a kitchen and a pantry, and intend on visiting them.
5AM I’ve found Glóin, I think. He was arguing with someone — a guard, I think? — about the drawings in his locket. The guard doesn’t seem convinced that any of Glóin’s family, especially his son Gimli, are anything even approaching attractive.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf

5:38AM No, that guard isn’t a guard. His name is Legless, and apparently he’s the son of the Elvenking. The Elvenking himself doesn’t seem too pleased about the Dwarves, at any rate, especially the fact that someone named ‘the Captain’ has taken a liking to Kíli, who is currently in the infirmary.
Legless thinks it’s a joke, as ‘the Captain’ knows nothing of liking things that aren’t sharp weapons. I’m surprised this Captain fellow liked Kíli better than Fíli, then, as Fíli is armed to the teeth and then some. I saw the Elves take his weapons. They missed the small knife he keeps in his underwear.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

6:27AM I’ve finally found the infirmary, to see the Captain fellow and to make sure Kíli was doing all right. They seem about as right as rain now, though clearly exhausted and malnourished and all of the other things the rest of us have been feeling these past several days.
The Captain has long red hair and a kind face paired with a stern demeanour. I think she’s an elleth, as Kíli has referred to her as one. She is currently feeding them porridge that smells faintly of chicken, and Kíli seems to be staring at the Captain as if she was made of literal starlight.
I’m not sure if I should mention that to Thorin, if I find him in this maze of a dwelling.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:41AM
Anonymous asked:
Legless? What an odd name! Surely the eleven king could come up with something better than that for his son!
I’m pretty sure I’m mishearing it. I bet it means something really nice in Sindarin, I just don’t know what.

#ask #anonymous

9:38AM I managed to pass the throne room during my search for the dungeons, and heard Thorin talking to the Elvenking Thranduil in there. I don’t think the conversation was civil at all, as Thorin would not mention anything of the Quest other than the fact that we were starving in the forest. I don’t think subtlety was ever his strong suit.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:15PM I was going to follow the guards taking Thorin back to wherever he’s being held, but they passed too close to where I was, and when I’d opened my eyes again to ascertain that they hadn’t tripped over me or something, they were all gone.
I hope Thorin won’t be hurt for that incivility. The Elvenking says he’ll just keep him in the dungeons until he rots, as time is nothing to Elves. So I will have some time — between now and Durin’s Day at the very least — to find where he is being kept.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:19PM
Anonymous asked:
Mr. Baggins, I am impressed by the courage and cunning you displayed in freeing the Company from the clutches of those spiders! But how were you able to avoid capture by the elves!
A good burglar never shows the tools of their trade.
**3:10PM**

*Anonymous asked:*

Congratulations! Mr Baggins that was an amazing feat! I'm glad to hear you are all well and the thanks given to you by Thorin sounds like a pleasant reward. It's lovely to know that you feel a definite part of the Company now and that your skills with your sword have improved so much. You will do well on the rest of the quest I believe.

Thank you for your well-wishes! It's going to take more to get me and these Dwarves out of our current predicament, but now that I feel like I've really proved myself, I hope I'll find a way to get them out of the Elvenking’s halls.

#ask #anonymous #the company

**5:24PM** I’ve gone back to the infirmary to visit Kili now, slipping in after the servant who brought them food. The Captain is not with them, but Kili seems quite pleased to see me, especially with the guards posted outside their little chamber in the infirmary.

They shared a bit of the noodles that they had been given with me. It is very similar to one of the noodle dishes I had in Rivendell, but I can’t quite put my finger on which. The meat seems to be very freshly cooked — cooked by the broth itself, I think. Kili says not to tell Thorin, but they absolutely enjoy the Wood-elves’ food, and only wish that the rest of the Company could have better fare as the Elvenking’s prisoners.

I have yet to find the part of the dungeons where they are keeping Thorin.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
This chapter is shorter than the rest! There's a reason - only Bilbo is reporting! When will Thorin rejoin? We'll have to see ;)

**August 17th, 2015**

**Bilbo**

**8:40AM** Kili is looking better, though not quite healthy enough to be moved into the dungeons as a prisoner instead of a patient. They’re also the only member of the Company so far who knows that I am here, though I intend to figure out where the rest of the Company is.

Kili says that the Captain, whose name is Tauriel, has visited them every morning so far to make sure that they are healing properly. Apparently she had been raised with the Elvenking’s son — who, incidentally, is not Legless, but Legolas (a simple mishearing, obviously) — from a very young age. She had trained with the healers for quite some time before turning her attentions to fighting, and finding that she was better suited to such tasks.

The way they talk of her, you’d think that it was Captain Tauriel who hung the stars in the sky, not Elbereth herself.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #the company

**4:29PM** I have found Bo! He is in a different part of the dungeons from Glóin, which means they’ve separated the Company, presumably to make sure that they don’t collaborate on anything. I talked with him outside his door for a while, carefully sticking to the shadows to make sure I didn’t get caught by any passing guards (Bo would pretend he was talking to himself when they did come by). He had no idea where Thorin was, for the Elves had blindfolded the lot of them when they were being taken to the Elvenking, and Bofur at least had been put straight into his cell, though others were likely to have been questioned. I thought back to Thorin's own conversation with the Elvenking, and wondered if it would benefit us to tell the king of our Quest. Bo thought we should keep to the story we established in Rivendell, at least until further notice.

Considering that the Elves don't know that I am here, I will leave it up to the captured Company members to determine their best course of action.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #firedwarf

**6:10PM** The kitchens of the Elvenking are spectacular, but much smaller than Rivendell's. Most of the supply seems to come from trade down the Forest River with the people of Lake-town and beyond. However, the smallness of these kitchens makes them look more crowded in preparation for a feast. I am not sure whether or not this feast has something to do with the ones that the Company has visited, or if the Wood-elves just enjoy parties.

#adventureblogging #the company

**8:12PM** Based on the extensiveness of the wine cellar, they probably just enjoy parties.

#adventureblogging
August 18th, 2015

Bilbo

6:11AM Óin was brought up to the infirmary to check on Kíli’s health. After the consultation, the Elves took him back to his cell, and I followed. Óin seems happy to see me, and promised to keep my presence a secret from the Elves. I told him I was working on an escape plan to cheer him up, though really, I’m busy just trying to find all of the Dwarves.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #thing2

1:42PM The preparations for the feast continue. Some of the dishes look quite intricate, on par to some degree with the feasts at Rivendell. Though some of the ingredients surprise me — I bit into a duck egg, and found a little duck inside! Not quite the same as the petrified eggs they serve in Rivendell, certainly, but I suppose the duck would taste much better when combined with other seasonings and sauces.
I wonder if they do roast duck the same way that they do in Rivendell, and if I could find Thorin in time to sneak him some.

#adventureblogging #thatasshole #thatwonderfulasshole

4:08PM Bo asked me if I knew how to get out of the main gates. I said that the gates felt as if they were sealed by magic, but I could try to puzzle them out.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

7:11PM I’m not sure how these gates work but I suspect that we may need to look for easier alternatives. Or at least exits that aren’t so heavily guarded and warded with magic.

#adventureblogging

August 19th, 2015

Bilbo

8:30AM

hells-finest-gentleman asked:

Hello again, Mr. Baggins! (Sorry for not messaging for so long! I've been reading your and Thorin's blogs from the beginning!) I must say I love the journey so far! I find myself compelled to ask though, please pardon the intrusion: Will you still return to Bag End at least for a time, even if you and Thorin do decide to court each other after the quest? I feel it'd be a bit of a shame if you didn't, despite the presence of a certain meddling cousin who has apparently stolen your antique spoons. Although it would be interesting to invite Lobelia to come to Erebor for a visit, so she could see what a journey you've endured, just due to the topography alone.

I’m singularly determined to return home, especially before Lobelia steals Bag End itself as well.
After all, if she does succeed in taking Bag End, I may need to reassemble the Company and make them return with me to the Shire to make her give it back. So yes, I do intend to return, courting Thorin or not. And I don’t think I’d wish Mirkwood on anyone, even Lobelia.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman #spoon thief #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**11:14AM** I’ve found Bifur, though I couldn’t speak to him. After all, Iglishmêk, even if I knew the signs, requires both parties to be able to see one another, and I didn’t dare show myself for fear of the guards outside his cell. Bo will be pleased to know that I’ve found his cousin, though.

#adventureblogging #axedwarf #hatdwarf

**2:25PM** Balin was not too far from Bifur. In fact, he was placed where he could actually see Bifur’s hands, and so when we had our conversation, Bifur was able to contribute as well. Balin told me that Thorin was led past his cell a couple of days ago, but he has not seen him since. I asked him if they knew anything else about Thorin’s whereabouts, and he shook his head and said nothing more.

I am starting to worry for his safety. I do not think Elves would kill any prisoners that are not Orcs, but I do not know if Mirkwood Elves follow the standard behaviour of Elves from Rivendell or Lindon.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #axedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**3PM**

#adventureblogging #thranduil's halls #mirkwood #travelling

**3:22PM**

*Anonymous asked:*

Ah, so that is the Elvenking? Who is that with him, is it the Captain? She looks like a kind and honourable sort, Kili probably has a good estimation of her.

That is indeed the Captain. I’m not sure what she’s talking about with the Elvenking, though. They’re speaking the Sindarin I learnt in Rivendell, but they’re doing it too fast for me to comprehend. I caught a couple words about ‘Dwarves’, and I suspect the antipathy from Thorin towards the Elvenking is indeed mutual, so I don’t imagine it’s in our favour.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**4:21PM**

*Anonymous asked:*

Try not to worry yourself too much over Thorin, if at all possible. He’s a strong and pretty capable dwarf after all. Not to mention it would be more to the elves’ interest to keep him alive, as I’m sure they’d rather try and obtain information from him rather than simply execute him. Still, I hope you manage to find him soon.
But he is refusing to give them the information they need. Thorin and the Elvenking have a history together, and it’s obviously not positive based off his intense distrust of the Elves. I wish I knew where Thorin was being kept so I can ascertain that he is alive, and hopefully not being tortured or something. I know Elves are supposed to be patient and good, but like I said, there is no love lost between Thorin and the Elvenking and I fear that that may have an impact on the state of his imprisonment.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:44PM I am tired of this aimless wandering. I doubt that there is a chamber open to me in the upper levels of this dwelling that I have not been in. I have yet to make it through the dungeons, but I am sure I’ll eventually find Thorin amongst its stones.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:08PM More talk of the feast is reaching me. It is called the Mereth Nuin Giliath, or the Feast Under Starlight. Kíli says that Captain Tauriel is very excited about the feast, as it holds particular significance for unwed and betrothed ellith. The Mereth Nuin Giliath celebrates the star-crossed lovers Amroth of Lórien and the fair Nimrodel, sundered by the seas but joined in the heavens by the celestial bridge that Elbereth draws for one night each year to unite them. Captain Tauriel has also apparently promised Kíli she would endeavour to take them out to see the celebrations. Perhaps I should suggest to the imprisoned members of the Company to befriend their guards as well, so that they occasionally get some fresh air, too.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

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**August 20th, 2015**

Bilbo

10:50AM I followed a group of guards accompanying the Elvenking out on what seems to be a perfunctory morning ride through the forest. Of course they quickly left me in the dust, but I got out of the gates again and I’m quite certain now they’re only sealed by magic and the will of the Elvenking or something. We’re going to need a new escape route.

#adventureblogging

11:14AM I found Kíli and Captain Tauriel taking a walk together while I was waiting for the Elvenking’s riding party to return. Kíli was in chains, but they seemed rather unaware of that fact based on how energetic they were in keeping up with the Captain’s long strides. I couldn’t hear all of their conversations, but the Captain did mention some things about spiders and weapons, and they were swapping archery tips by the time they returned to the dwelling.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

4:11PM Feast preparations are continuing still. There are entire gaggles of ellith gathered under a festoon of little star-like flowers, dressed in bright-coloured robes and talking very quickly in that dialect of Sindarin that I cannot understand. I’ve noticed that the Elvenking, Legolas, and Captain Tauriel do speak the Sindarin that I do understand, so perhaps that Sindarin is a prestige dialect, and the one most of the Wood-elves speak is the local one.
The Mereth Nuin Giliath is as spectacular as I had anticipated, and no one fled this time when I approached it. The food is excellent, and I only wish I knew where Thorin was so that I could sneak him some of the roast duck. It’s not done like it is in Rivendell, but it is delicious nonetheless. And as for the duck eggs, they certainly taste much better with more sauces. Or that could just be my opinion.

It appears that Kíli has been forbidden to leave their cell for the Mereth Nuin Giliath, as Captain Tauriel is alone. I don’t think she’d take kindly to my presence, however, but it does make me sad to see her alone on a night that seems to hold such significance for her.

Captain Tauriel is hanging a strip of paper on an old oak tree. From what I gather, it is a tradition at the Mereth Nuin Giliath to write wishes onto strips of paper and to hang them up on the oldest oak tree in the Wood-elves’ realm. There are also hand-weaving and sewing competitions going on, as well as singing songs in that dialect of Sindarin that I couldn’t understand. I presume these are all part of the traditions. I wish I could partake in them, but I’m not a guest of these Elves, and I can only watch from afar.

If I could write a wish, I would wish for Thorin to be safe, for the Quest to conclude speedily and safely, and for Lobelia not to have claimed Bag End for herself in my absence. But mostly for Thorin to be safe.

Anonymous asked:

Your wishes are good, pure wishes, and mostly for others than yourself. You’re a good hobbit Mr Baggins.

Thank you. I wish I could hang these wishes with the rest of them, but I suppose I must do as my mother taught me when I was young and wish on the stars instead. Or maybe the fireflies, as we can’t see stars in this forest.

I’ve returned underground in time to see Captain Tauriel sharing her food from the feast with Kíli in the infirmary. Kíli certainly looks much better now, especially with the blush spreading all over their face every time Captain Tauriel looks at them. They’re still talking about archery, but now I think they’ve moved towards funny stories from the range or something. Kíli is talking about an incident from the Ered Luin, I think. The Captain’s gaze hasn’t left Kíli’s face the entire time. I think she’s as enraptured with them as they are with her.
Bilbo

8:10AM Kíli has been moved from their room in the infirmary. Seems like they’re healed enough to be put in a cell with the other prisoners. Now I have to find them.
#adventureblogging #thing 2

9:46AM It didn’t take too long to find them. I just had to follow Captain Tauriel. Kíli is telling her about their adventures in the Ered Luin with Fíli, as if nothing has changed. At least someone is enjoying their time here in the halls of the Elvenking, I suppose.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

10:53AM
hells-finest-gentleman asked:
I'm very happy that Kili is growing so close to The Captain! As happy as I'm sure Thorin will be for them. ♥ Do wish them luck for me, Mr. Baggins!
I doubt Thorin will be overjoyed, but I certainly hope he puts the effort in to be civil about the news. Which means I won’t be the one to tell him. That's a mountain for Kíli to climb. But I shall certainly pass along your well-wishes.
#ask #hells-finest-gentleman #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2

11:45AM Captain Tauriel and the Elvenking are talking.
Well, talking is a rather mild term for it. Arguing might be a better one. The word ‘Dwarf’ was brought up several times again. I suspect they’re having another conversation about the Company.
#adventureblogging #the company

2:04PM How does the Elvenking drink that much wine and not have it affect him?
#adventureblogging #maybe it does affect him but subtly #hence the bad decisions #such as imprisoning the company when all they did was ask for food and medical assistance

4:09PM I think I can hear Dori and Ori bickering in some part of the dungeons. I should go find them.
#adventureblogging #winedwarf #scribedwarf

6:54PM Dori and Ori were arguing. Their cells were placed across from one another, and Ori was quite irritated by the arrangement, hence their argument. Dori says that the entire quest has been hard on him, especially when he sees how big and brave Ori has become. He knows he shouldn’t be so hard on him, but he just doesn’t want to see his baby brother hurt. Now they’re separated into different cells, and he doesn’t know what the Elves want with them. So he worries. And wishes Ori knew how much he worries.

I know I’ve had a relatively hard opinion on Dori compared to the rest of the Company, but I think I know a little better now the desire to make sure someone is safe at all costs. I wish I knew what to do to get us out of here.
#adventureblogging #winedwarf #scribedwarf
August 22nd, 2015

Bilbo

9:14AM I have found Bombur. He said the prison food was okay, but flavourless, and asked me to supplement his rations with stuff from the kitchens. I told him it was hard enough fending for myself without trying to make sure that the Wood-elves don’t notice any additional food missing at the end of the day.

He then demanded to know when I would have a plan for getting all of us out of there. I told him I couldn’t be rushed. Especially since I really have no idea what to do to get us out.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

3:25PM Nori, whom I have recently located, has asked me to deliver a message in Iglishmêk to Dwalin. He taught me the signs, and I have a sneaking suspicion the message itself is vulgar, though the signs themselves don’t seem that way (to me, at least).

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf

6:12PM I overheard Kíli talking to Legolas about the Captain. Legolas claimed to be defending her honour, but Kíli insinuated that he was jealous. Legolas sputtered at that, saying that the Captain was like a sister to him, and he was merely looking out for her safety, as he considered Dwarves a danger.

Kíli looked to be at their wit’s end when they pointed out that as Captain Tauriel was, in fact, captain of the guard, she was more than capable of defending herself against a sickly and unarmed Dwarf like themselves. Legolas may have gritted his teeth, but he was at least clever enough to know when he’d lost the argument.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

6:30PM

Anonymous asked:

With Kíli & the Captain growing so close, do you think there's any way she could be an ally to you & the company? It might be a bit of a stretch for her to go against the elvenking's wishes, but any aid she could offer would be invaluable right now!

I suppose any plan of using the Captain as an ally would have to be brought up with Kíli, as they are the one who is conversing the most with the Captain. I personally would not know how she could help, especially in ways that do not directly contravene her orders.

#ask #anonymous #thing 2

August 23rd, 2015

Bilbo

8AM

copics-in-middle-earth asked:

Do you think in better circumstances you may have come to enjoy the company of these elves?

Definitely. I wish I were a guest of these Elves so that I could learn more about them and enjoy the
aspects of their culture that they would like to share with me, rather like what I experienced in Rivendell. To steal and take in the shadows is not something I want to do, but I really have no choice.

#ask #copic-in-middle-earth

**11:11AM** I have managed to sneak out past the gates with a hunting party of Elves, but now I can’t get back in, and I certainly can’t keep up, either. The forest isn’t so dreadful in this part, but the rest of it certainly is, and I have no idea where to go.

#adventureblogging

**12PM** I’ve found Kíli and the Captain taking a walk. There is another guard, walking a couple paces behind and armed to the teeth, one hand on the chain that keeps Kíli bound.

I wonder if Kíli is aware of the fact that they are in chains. I also wonder if the other members of the Company are aware of their friendship with the Captain of the Guard. Would they pressure Kíli to ask for more favours? For their freedom?

It is a question I’m not sure I want to know the answer to.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #the company

**2:10PM** I have followed Kíli back into the Elvenking’s halls. They were led back to their cell by the other guard, as Captain Tauriel had an errand to run.

I asked them how they were doing, and Kíli said they had just forgotten that they were supposed to be imprisoned until they had returned to the cell. It is an odd feeling, they said, being friends with not just an Elf, but an Elf actively ensuring their imprisonment.

“Perhaps Captain Tauriel is lonely,” I said. “I saw her at the Feast Under Starlight. She looked very lonely hanging up those wishes by herself. She likes talking to you, from what I see.”

“I wish that she didn’t have to be the Captain of the Guard and I didn’t have to be her prisoner,” they said, and then shrugged, gesturing around them. “I think Indâd would want us to stick to the story and not give anything away. But I do want to tell her everything. I don’t want to have to keep lying to her about who I am and what we’re doing in her king’s domain.”

I wasn’t sure what to tell them in response, other than a half-hearted promise to work harder on the issue of escaping this place. And of finding Thorin’s cell, too.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**5:11PM**

copic-in-middle-earth asked:

Has courting Thorin helped you learn anything much of dwarvish culture? (If you don't mind me asking)

Thorin and I are not courting. However, from what time I have spent with him I have learnt that Dwarves are a stubbornly affectionate bunch, confound the lot of them.

#ask #copic-in-middle-earth #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**5:21PM** I have not found Thorin. However, I have found Fíli, and he looks disgruntled but pleased to hear that his sibling is well. I think Dwalin and Thorin are the only ones I have not found yet. I am sure I will, eventually.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
August 24 - August 30

Chapter Notes

Thorin returns!

Apologies for the late updates - I've moved cross country! I'm now on Pacific time so expect future updates to be late Wednesday/early Thursdays.

Thanks for reading!

August 24th, 2015

Bilbo

11:18AM

mahalsbutt asked:

Is being locked up the reason Thorin stopped posting on his blog? It's been a week since we haven't heard from him, and we are being worried.

Yes. The Elves have confiscated his means of communication. But I intend on restoring it to him as soon as I find it. And him. Hopefully in that order.

#ask #mahalsbutt (previously magic redhead) #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

1:34PM I have located Dwalin after following a random guard with the daily prisoner rations. He seemed a bit surprised to find me talking to him, and when I passed on Nori’s message he turned redder than a tomato, which means that the message had been exactly as lewd as I had suspected. I don’t think I want to know what the message was actually saying.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf

3:33PM I’ve been wondering for a while if I could potentially get a message to Gandalf somehow. I don’t know how to precisely, but maybe there’s some sort of Elvish postal system that might be able to get messages to Gandalf? I don’t know how the rest of Middle-earth fares without proper post-offices and regularly-circulating couriers. It makes communication so much more effective.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

5PM I don’t know why I always feel so weary these days. I know I haven’t been updating much, but there’s not much to say when you’re trying to keep yourself hidden. It’s a real pity, as these halls are full of interesting objects and customs that I would love to find out more about, if it weren’t for the fact that I’m not actually a guest of these Elves. I got to see their celebration of the Mereth Nuin Giliath, but that’s probably the most that I’ll be getting.

I am hungry and tired more often than not, and the worst feeling is the terrible stretched-out feeling I get sometimes, like I’m being spread out on a piece of bread. Though it feels like a terrible idea, perhaps a nap will help alleviate the feeling.

#adventureblogging

5:09PM

Anonymous asked:
what is going on between nori and dwalin? when have they become so close they send each other dubious messages?
I'm not entirely sure what is going on between them. I think they have an arrangement of some sort for physical relations but I don't know if they are courting.

#ask #anonymous #pointydwarf #brawndwarf

6:11PM I was napping (very lightly, and so not quite as restful as I would like) in a shady corner when I heard two people go by. One of the voices was Legolas's, and he was asking after 'the Dwarf leader'. Which I presume is Thorin. The other guard has offered to lead him to Thorin. I will follow.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:03PM Anonymous asked:

I'm sorry to hear you feel so weary, but try not to worry too much about it yet. You're on a very taxing journey and have had little proper food and sleep for quite some time. It's only natural you'd feel tired and stretched thin like that given those circumstances. Not to mention the worry you must feel over finding Thorin and trying to get everyone out. Do take some time to yourself to nap if it's safe to do so. I'm sure you can triumph.

I am trying. I can hardly sleep these days, and what I can find in terms of food and drink are not much. I miss having the entire Company with me, especially Thorin. At least then I knew I was safe.

#ask #anonymous #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:45PM Good news: I have found Thorin.

Bad news: There are a lot of guards in this part of the dungeons. I will have to return at another time in which they aren’t clustered so heavily around his door.

Through the bars of his cells I see him in the shadows, head bowed. The silver in his hair seems more prominent than ever; this is probably the oldest I’ve seen him look. I hope he has not lost heart. I may yet find the way out.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

August 25th, 2015

Bilbo

12:21AM I took advantage of the change of the guards at what must probably be midnight (I think I’ve lost all sense of time) to pay Thorin a visit. He was very grateful for my presence, I think, if his frantic kisses and questions after my well-being were of any indication. The guard-change meant more would be returning to guard Thorin, so I’m afraid our meeting was cut short. But I will return in the morning, after the guards are thinned out in order to accompany the Elvenking on his morning hunt, and I will bring him news.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:34AM I have updated Thorin on all that has passed since his capture, which isn’t much other than Kili being treated for their wound. They were doing fine since my check-in this morning. I didn’t mention their new friendship with the Captain of the Guard; it didn’t seem like my place to talk about
Thorin

7 am

My means of communication has been returned to me! It had been taken by the Elves when they captured us but Mr Baggins managed to find it and bring it back to me. He has also told me of how the others fare, especially Kíli. He eased my worries about their wound, which has been treated by the Elves and Mr Baggins reports that Kíli is recovering well.

When I heard Mr Baggins’ voice, I first believed it to be a trick. I had imagined his voice many times while trapped in this cell so when he called to me, I did not respond. It was not until he visibly appeared like magic before the bars of my cell that I stood from my seated position and approached where he stood. I could not be sure he was real, even with my hands against his face and my lips pressed to his, as I imagined such things before. It was not until he pulled sharply on my braids that I knew that he was truly there.

Mr Baggins assured me that he was fine but could not stay for long, as we became aware of the sounds of the guard. He left for a few hours, during which time I could do nothing but pray that he would return. When he did, it was for a much longer time. Mr Baggins told me of his time here so far, how he had kept himself hidden from the Elves, using his magic ring to keep himself invisible. He had been able to talk with everyone in the company, though he still had not been able to come up with a plan on how to get us out.

I told him of my own time, trapped in the prison of the Elvenking. It had been mostly uneventful thus far, excepting when I had first talked with Thranduil. The guards frequently questioned me of the company’s intentions and the reason behind our presence in Mirkwood but I had told them nothing.

Mr Baggins assured that no one in the company had spoken of the purpose for our quest.

Mr Baggins made sure to leave before the guard returned, though he promised to come by again later. He said that he would tell the company that he had located me and try to relay messages from them to me. He was sure to return my means of communication before he left. I have quite a few days of events to report on but I must be sure that the guard not see me while I do.

7:30 am

Anonymous asked:

I do hope you're safe and that the elves aren't treating you too badly. Take heart, Thorin. I'm sure Bilbo will be able to get you all out. Incidentally; 'If I could write a wish, I would wish for Thorin to be safe' You are clearly one of the most important things to Mr Baggins. It is so lovely to see you hold such affection for one another.

I may be safe in body, but as I am trapped in the dungeons of Mirkwood with Durin’s Day approaching, I cannot say that my thoughts are safe. As for my treatment at the hands of the Elves, they have not done anything to physically hurt me and are providing food. I wish that they would instead give the company and myself our freedom.

I am not sure how Mr Baggins will be able to free us but I have faith in his abilities. He has the advantage of being outside of the prisons and has the help of his magic ring. But even with that, it does not seem likely that we will be freed in time for Durin’s Day.

Mr Baggins’ words are quite sweet. I will be sure to thank him for such a kind thought when I see him next.
8 am
Anonymous asked:
I’m glad to hear everyone is alright. Mr. Baggins is incredibly brave and has done a wonderful job in saving you all. I hear that he made up taunting songs for the spiders as well, that in itself is courageous; to taunt such an enemy and come away unscathed. I wish you well through the forest.

Mr Baggins’ courage and cleverness are worthy of song. He did indeed save us from the spiders but we have fallen into the hands of the Elves and, though I have faith in his abilities, I am not sure even Mr Baggins can free us from our prisons. I thank you for the well wishes, however.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

8:15 am
bottom-thorin asked:
Is kili alright??

Mr Baggins reports that Kíli was treated by the Elves and is doing well. I wish that we were freed from these prisons the Elves have put us in so that I may check on them myself.

#ask #bottom-thorin (previously the-fandoms-are-fucked-up) #little bunny #my sister children

8:45 am
Anonymous asked:
Thorin, I was wondering of you could tell me about how Dwarves think of ukrâd (abusers, right?). If your people knew of one hurting their family, for example, what would you do?

It is a rare occurrence, as Dwarvish marriages are done for love. Courtships are also initiated by women and they will not offer marriage to anyone that they do not believe to be truly suited. And if they are rejected, they will not offer marriage to anyone else.

However, when abuse does happen, the abusers are imprisoned. If and when they are released, if they abuse their family once again, they lose their hands.

#ask #anonymous

10 am

When the company was captured by the Elves in the forest, we were blindfolded and our hands were bound behind us. We were searched and our weapons taken from us. That had been when my communication means was taken from me. In the confusion and chaos, I had no way of knowing the fate of the others.

We were led through the forest, to the halls of the Elvenking. It was not until the sound of gates closing behind us echoed that the blindfolds were removed. I was led before Thranduil and he questioned me about why we were in Mirkwood. I refused to tell him anything and he ordered me away, saying that he had no trouble keeping us locked away for one hundred years.

There is darkness in him and in this place, I can feel it. I can still feel the force that I felt watching us in the forest and I feel that it originates from these halls. Perhaps the beast that I believed to be following us truly did lead us here.

As I cannot see the sun or skies in this prison, I do not know how long I have been in here. Before Mr Baggins informed me on how they fare, I did not even know where the company was. The guards do not speak to me other than to ask if I am ready to reveal my intentions. If Mr Baggins had not shown up when he did, I may have told the Elves of the quest, in the hopes that we may be released before Durin’s Day. I do not know how he will free us, but I trust Mr Baggins to find a way out of this place. He is clever enough, I believe. I just hope that when we do make it out of this place, it does not lead us to discover that Durin’s Day has already passed and that we have failed.

#the quest #i told the elvenking that he could go ishkh khakfe andu null #the company #little bunny

11:30 am
Before he revealed his presence, I had no idea what had happened to Mr Baggins. I had not known where the Elves had taken the company but I knew them to be within these halls. However, I had not even known if Mr Baggins had been left to the spiders or if he had been captured or had managed to escape. I could almost have claimed to carving a hole in the ground from the amount of pacing I had done in worry for him. He had proven himself as a skilled fighter against the spiders but skilled or not, it takes only one wrong move to be brought down against such enemies. Despite the bars separating us, just seeing him well has lifted what felt like a heavy weight from my chest.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

2 pm
The time alone in this cell has not been pleasant. My chest and back ache from where the Warg’s teeth marked me and I find sleep hard to come by due to my continued headaches. I feel as if I can hear the passage of time and I fear that this quest may fail.

#the quest

2:05PM
hells-finest-gentleman asked:
Hello, Bilbo! Perpetual neighborhood annoyance here again! I just wanted to say that I thought the 5 flowers (and 2 non-flowers) you picked for your first midyear's day crown as a grown hobbit have very wonderful meanings. I just wanted to ask what color/ kind of lilies you used, since so many different ones have such varying meanings. I hope you have a lovely day, sir!
White lillies, I believe.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman

3:56PM Before he knew I was here in the Elvenking's halls, alive and uncaptured, Thorin had actually considered giving the Elvenking the information about his Quest in exchange for their freedom. But now that I am here he has become heartened again and has asked me to tell the rest of the Company not to tell the Elvenking anything about our situation. Considering that the Elves didn’t capture me, I don’t need to be accounted for after all in the merchants going to the Iron Hills story that they created in Rivendell.
Win-win for everyone.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:15 pm
I asked Mr Baggins to inform the company to not reveal any information about the true nature of our quest. If they feel that they could exchange information for any chance of escape, I ask that they use the story that we created in Rivendell — that we are traveling to the Iron Hills to visit our families. Whenever Mr Baggins stands before the bars of my cell, I am unable to stop myself from reaching out and feeling to make sure he is real. The press of his lips against mine is comforting but so familiar to me that I can feel them in my sleep. With each of his visits, however, I am getting better at identifying him in comparison to my imagined visions of him. When Mr Baggins is truly before me, I cannot help but notice the lines and dark circles under his eyes, how his clothes hang from his frame.

Though he insists that he is fine, I still find myself worrying about him.

#the quest #little bunny #the company
4:35PM

Anonymous asked:
It sure would make things a lot simpler if Gandalf read your blog! Then he'd know about the trouble you've all been in. But then, maybe you wouldn't want a meddlesome old wizard reading some of the personal things you've written about on here...
If that old codger does read this blog, he might actually be entertained by some of my more personal posts.
#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard

6:18PM The entire Company knows of the message. They’re now using me to pass other messages along to one another. I’ve delivered all kinds of things, from messages of support and caring to more dirty suggestions in Iglishmêk between Dwalin and Nori. I know I’ve said it before, but I don’t think I’ve ever blushed so hard before in my life.
#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf #the company

7:45 pm

Mr Baggins has returned from delivering the order to the company. We must keep our voices low, lest the guard hear us talking, but he sits before the bars of my cell, both of us holding on to the other as much as we can. He has told me of his time in these halls, how he hides and watches the Elves, and of a Starlight celebration that he witnessed.
I wish I had the strength to break down the bars of this prison, if just to have him in my arms again. The bars are too close together and I can only fit my arm up to my elbow through them. Mr Baggins can slide more of his arms through but it is a mockery of how we had held each other before. Mr Baggins says that he plans to stay near my cell, and I find comfort in the feeling of him keeping watch over me.
#the quest #little bunny

8:10PM I find that now that I’ve found Thorin it is harder to stay away from him. His guards are not, as I had previously feared, posted in front of his cell door; rather they are just out of sight beyond the first staircase, trying to provide a complete sense of loneliness.
This is good, I suppose, for tucking oneself into the shadows outside his cell. It’s also good for quiet conversations. And I am sure Thorin is not as fine as he claims he is, but he tries to get through it all the same.
His strength even in the pit of despair is really quite awe-inspiring. I have not been at ease at all over these past few days, certainly not long enough for any decent amount of sleep, but perhaps in the shadows by Thorin’s cell, I can finally find some rest.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:35 pm

lumateranlibrarian asked:
Thorin, I noticed in one of your most recent asks, you told us that women are usually the ones to initiate a courtship. How does a courtship begin if it is between two men or two women?
For a courtship between two of the same gender, whomever has the higher status would be the one expected to initiate the courtship. If they are both of the same standing, then whomever is older of the two.
#ask #lumateranlibrarian
Thorin! Good to hear you are well! Question to distract you for a time. I was wondering how your relationship with your cousin Dáin is? Are you close? Do you get along well? I was also wondering, if you were to court the cutest hobbit in Middle Earth, would you introduce him to Dís, and Dáin? Do you think they’d be fond of him? And him of them?? All the love in the world to you, my friend. Blessed be, I hope your mind keeps at peace. ♥

My relationship with Dáin is well. We have not spoken in person in quite some time but we have exchanged letters. He did not offer his aid in this quest however, and though I cannot fault him for it, I do find that I still hold some anger over his decision.

While we have always gotten along well, he is closer to my sister, Dís. He, Dís, and Balin found themselves in quite a lot of trouble when they were younger, due to their combined talent for finding mischief.

If I were to introduce Mr Baggins to Dís, I believe I would never get him back. Dís would adore him and he would most likely feel the same, as their senses of humor are quite similar. I think she would also appreciate Mr Baggins’ care for my nanaddan. As for Dáin, I am sure once he hears of Mr Baggins’ bravery and cleverness, he would befriend him easily. Though I dread to think of the trouble they would think up together.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman #dain #balin #my sister #little bunny

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Thorin, thank you for answering! I have a follow-up: given that Kíli identifies as neither male or female, were they to pursue a courtship, how would that proceed?

If Kíli, or anyone that is zatakhuzdûn, were to wish to court someone, it would depend on their status. Given their standing, Kíli would initiate any courtship they wish to start.

#ask #lumateranlibrarian #my sister children

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Anonymous asked: 

What’s the literal translation of ‘zatakhuzdun’?

“Whole Dwarf”, or one who embodies such. We use it as a term for those who do not align themselves with any gender presentation known to Dwarves.

#ask #anonymous

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August 26th, 2015

Thorin

5 am

I woke again from restless dreams of being stalked in the forest. Just when I think I have escaped the beast, it appears and I find myself facing the dragon that took my homeland from us. I always wake to its fire burning my skin.

In the darkness, I can hear the soft, steady breaths of Mr Baggins in his sleep out the door of my cell. I hope the guard does not think anything of the sound and simply believes it to be me. The sound of Mr Baggins’ presence brings me comfort, though I long to have him in my arms again. Being in this...
prison has just made me miss him more and though I can now touch and talk with him, it is strained and limited and makes me want to break out of here all the more.

#the quest #little bunny

**9:45 am**

It has come to the point that the guards may not speak to me for a full day, not to tell me to stay away from the door nor to question me about the quest. I believe they are trying to unsettle me with their silence and I am upset that it is working. I am being ignored as if I am some ghost, or not even worth the effort of their words.

I thank Mahal that Mr Baggins found me. As I continually discover in different ways, his presence grounds me. Just knowing that he is nearby calms my breathing and helps to clear my thinking. We must figure out how to be freed from these prisons.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

**Bilbo**

**10:30AM** I have noticed that the guards open the cell doors to give Thorin his food and to empty his chamber-pot. Since there is a segment of the door that can be slid open for a similar purpose, I believe that these guards in particular believe they have nothing to fear from Thorin. And certainly Thorin has not given them any indication that they should be wary around him, which I suppose only testifies to how close he’s actually come to giving in and confessing to the Elvenking.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**12:12PM** I am starting to recognise some patterns and similarities between the two types of Sindarin I’ve heard in here. The words for spider, ‘ungol’ and ‘lhingril’, are the same, though evidently used in wildly different contexts. The former seems to be more for the giant spiders infesting the trees, and the latter for their smaller kin that don’t pose such dangers to the Wood-elves. I don’t know if this linguistic specification holds true in other parts of Middle-earth, but I suspect Rivendell and Lindon do not have to deal with regular spider attacks anyway.

That being said, because I figured out that these words are the same, I have thus figured out that the Elvenking has tightened the watch on the forest because of a recent spider attack. I highly doubt escaping out into the forest where we could quickly get run down by guards is going to be a good idea.

#adventureblogging

**1:15 pm**

Mr Baggins reported that he believes that the guards in the forest have increased, thus taking away an option for our escape. I thanked him for bringing that information to me, though I wish it was happier news. Mr Baggins still seems to believe that we will find a way out here. I want to share in his optimism but it is difficult to while trapped behind these bars.

#the quest #little bunny

**2:48PM** Kíli is looking melancholy and rubbing their fingers over a smooth black pebble. I have seen them do this in the past as well, which I believe is one of their methods of self-stimulation in order to calm themselves.

I asked them what was wrong, and for a moment Kíli didn’t look at me, merely made a gesture in Iglishmêk that I could not read. But after a moment they seemed to have found their voice, made the gesture again, and said that the Captain had not taken them for a walk this morning, and that they
were concerned. I sat down by the steps outside their cell, where I have seen the Captain sit, and I mentioned to them that the watch had been tightened, and perhaps the Captain was busy and did not manage to get a message to them in time. Kili smiled, though it did not reach their eyes, and said that they were technically not allowed to be taken out of their cells; the Captain had said walks were beneficial to their recovery no matter what the Elvenking tells her about the Dwarven prisoners. “I feel like contraband,” they said, “snuck around like a guilty secret now that I’m a prisoner instead of a patient.” “A lot of the other Dwarves don’t even get a glimpse of the sun,” I replied, “or the opportunity to converse with an Elf about topics they care so much about.” “Not an Elf,” said Kili, and the tips of their ears were pink at that. “A friend.”

#adventureblogging #thing 2

3PM If the Captain was willing to disobey a direct order for something so small as a morning walk, then perhaps she would be willing to do more for her new friend?

#adventureblogging #thing 2

3:30 pm

Perhaps the beast had been sent by the Elves. Its presence certainly lead us right to them. I know that Mr Baggins and the other company members do not believe in the beast but I know that something watched us in the forest and that same presence is still here in these halls. In the silence, I swear that I can hear its satisfying growls.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

4PM

Anonymous asked:

Perhaps if the need arises, you could use this to your advantage. When the guards open the cell door, maybe you could manage to sneak in and out of Thorin's cell. If there's enough space to do so. It would probably be easier and safer to sleep in there whilst hidden at the very least.

I shall have to figure out the guard-change schedule, as well as which ones are more likely to leave the door open wide enough for me to slip in unnoticed. It’s a lot easier said than done.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:12PM When I went to pass a message to Bo from Bombur, Bo asked if I had any brilliant ideas. I told him that the watch had been tightened, so whatever chance of success we had in jumping out the nearest window and running into the forest has been significantly reduced, if not taken away entirely. He’s not too cheered up by that, I imagine.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #bigdwarf

6:45 pm

I worry about Mr Baggins. While he is the only one of us that is not trapped in a cell, he must sneak around these halls at all times. I asked him how he was eating and he explained how he had been snatching food from the kitchens and from the tables during meals when no one was looking. I fear what may happen to him if he is caught, as the Elves surely would not be kind in finding out that someone had been creeping around under their noses.
I trust Mr Baggins to know when to steal and when to wait, as he has not been caught thus far, but the amount of stress and worry that he must feel may affect him as time goes on. I can see that being in these halls has carved dark circles under his eyes. When he takes off the magic ring that keeps him invisible, I can see how he moves — his hands shake and he seems to twitch, jumping at every sound.

We need to be rid of this place.

#the quest #little bunny

7:21PM Yesterday I think I was far too happy to have simply found Thorin again to notice what a terrible state he’s been in. The guards feed him but do not talk to him; they come in during mealtimes twice a day with unflavoured rice porridge and some slices of stale bread, as well as a pitcher of water for the basin in the cell next to his straw pallet. Occasionally the guards will interrogate him on behalf of the Elvenking, but even that sort of interaction has become less and less — the Elves are now trying to isolate him, and in doing so ignore him altogether.

He will not be isolated if he has me by his side, however, so I will spend as much time as I can by his cell to keep him company.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8 pm

Once the guard had passed by for the final time of the night, Mr Baggins, who was invisible, informed me that he planned to sleep next to my cell door once again. I apologized for his poor sleeping conditions, as I at least had a bed to sleep on, but he said that it was fine. I reached my hand through the bar, reaching for him. His hand took mine and though I could not see it, I was able to link my fingers with his.

It is odd, feeling his skin against mine, being able to rub my thumb over his knuckles, yet not seeing him. It feels very much like I am only imagining that he is here. Real or imagined, though, the squeeze of his hand in mine is a comfort.

#the quest #little bunny

8:20PM

Anonymous asked:

An excellent idea. Keeping Thorin’s spirits up is important for his own soundness of mind. Perhaps spending time together the pair of you will puzzle out a way to escape and be able to make a definite plan. Good luck!

Perhaps. Two minds working together are better than one.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:31 pm

Anonymous asked:

It’s a worry that Bilbo is wearing himself so thin and looks so tired. I’m sure you’ll think of a way to help ease his stresses though. Spending time together might be beneficial, he may be able to relax and rest more in your presence, and maybe together you can think of a good escape plan.

I am very worried about how stressed Mr Baggins is. It hurts to see the bags under his eyes and how
panic seems to cling to his movements. I do hope that my presence comforts and eases his mind as his presence does to me. I am sure between Mr Baggins, the company, and I, we will discover a way to be rid of this place.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny #the company

9PM Thorin is now dozing off against the bars, but I still have his hand tightly grasped in mine. He doesn’t snore, and in the flickering torchlight I can see that his hair is unkempt and liberally streaked with grey. The forest has not been kind to him, and it makes my heart pound all the worse in my chest.
I can’t imagine that he is comfortable with his head pressed hard against the bars, but it does let me memorise the lines on his face with my fingertips.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

August 27th, 2015

Bilbo

5:15AM First order of business is to make sure Thorin gets more decent things to eat than the porridge the guards give him. But no bowl of noodles will fit through the gaps in the bars of the cell.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:20AM I suppose feeding it to him through the bars will have to suffice for now until I figure out a reasonable way to get into the cell without being discovered by the guards.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

8:35 am

Mr Baggins has left to wander the halls once again.

When I awoke earlier, I was pressed against the bars of the cell. I admit, I am not as young as I once was and sitting up caused my chest to ache again, especially around my wounds. Though they are healed, it seems that my body continues to feel the pain from it. And my headache from before is now amplified.

Mr Baggins seemed to be in a similar state, as he had also fallen asleep against the bars. I could not see him at first, as he still wore his ring, but when he removed it briefly, I watched him attempt to stretch the pain in his back away. He said that he would return shortly and disappeared from sight once more.

A few minutes later, the guard came by with my usual breakfast. They looked confused as to why I was so close to the bars but once I moved away, they continued on as normal. There was a brief questioning about the company’s intentions but I did not answer. The guard accepted this and left me alone.

It felt like a little over an hour later that Mr Baggins returned. When he removed his ring, the first thing I noticed was the bowl of noodles and soup in his hands. He announced that he was tired of watching me eat the same porridge at every meal and that he figured that I was tired of eating it. He
tried to pass the bowl through the bars, but the bars were too close together and the bowl too full to
tip either way. After those attempts, Mr Baggins decided that he would simply have to feed it to me.

Though we have taken honey from the other’s lips and shared food before, there was something
different about him passing me food through the bars of the cell. I could not help but watch his
movements the entire time, though I did enjoy the noodles, as surely anything would taste good after
days of nothing but porridge and bread. My reach through the bars was not far, but it was enough to pull Bilbo close once we were done and kiss him soundly, thanking him for his actions. His blush and responding kiss was better than the
meal. I regret that I can only hold him with a limited reach and cannot feel him pressed to me. It
seems that my body has become used to the feel of his form against me and with him gone now to
explore the halls, my thoughts are stuck on how I wish to be rid of this cell, both for the freedom to
continue the quest and to have the chance to hold him close once again.

There must be some way to convince the Elves to let us go free. We cannot tell them of the true
purpose of our quest but they need to understand how urgent it is that we continue on. Why would
they care, however? It is not as if they have any qualms about locking us away for a hundred years.
What could convince them to let us leave early from that sentence?

10:15 am

11:30 AM I think I have worked out an approximate schedule for guard changes and movements.
Guard changes are usually completed with guards coming down the hall from the first staircase and
standing for a little while in front of Thorin’s cell door before moving back to their regular posts.
This is usually so that another guard can come deliver food and water, and empty the chamber-pot.
Thorin does not talk to them; he eyes them warily from his pallet, and only moves to clean himself
with the water and eat the food after the guards are gone.

12:25PM As my father would put it: Kíli has let the cat out of the bag.
The Captain was talking to Kíli about doubting their story, and Kíli looked absolutely haunted at her
words, as if those words had come out of their deepest nightmares, and they quickly made sure to
rectify those doubts by confessing the details of the Quest and then promising the Captain not to tell
anyone.

I do not blame them for wanting to start from a place of honesty with a friend, but I also wonder
what Thorin might think of Kíli disobeying a direct order not to talk about the Quest without his
permission. I won’t tell him if I can help it, but it still worries me.

1 pm

Between the forest and being trapped in these halls, I have lost track of the days. But I can still feel
them moving past us, bringing us closer to Durin’s Day. I can feel my homeland, the hope of my
people, all of it slipping through my fingers like sand.

2:45 pm

The guard did not ask for an explanation on what we were doing in Mirkwood. Even though I do
3:10PM I have managed to give Bombur a small sampling of dishes from the kitchens. His expression grew extremely dreamy after tasting a soft translucent roll with shrimp and vegetables inside it, commenting on how fresh and colourful the food was. He devoured the rest of the food without question, noting that Mirkwood’s cuisine was quite balanced in taste and texture and that he enjoyed it immensely. I said I would sneak him some more food, if I could, but I made no promises.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #i believe there is a certain philosophy behind mirkwood's cuisine #but i couldn't just barge into the kitchens and ask about it #but i definitely think balance has something to do with it

4:30 pm

The company has already been instructed to give the Iron Hills story if they felt they could use it to their advantage. Perhaps if it were made convincing enough, the Elves would let us leave, as they would see that we are nothing but travelers seeking to reunite with our families. Though I will need a good reason as to why I have kept silent for so long.

#the quest #the company

6:27PM Nori has asked me to pass a third message to Dwalin. I am pretty sure I never wanted to learn Iglishmêk this way.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf

6:45 pm

I believe that the Iron Hills story is the only option at the moment, as we cannot reveal the true nature of the quest. I can only pray that it works — it needs to work. Tomorrow, when the guards bring food in the morning, then I will tell them that I am ready to speak with Thranduil once again.

#the quest

7:15PM

Anonymous asked:
'I am pretty sure I never wanted to learn Iglishmêk this way' I wouldn't worry, because I am pretty sure that the Iglishmêk you're currently 'learning' wouldn't need to be repeated in any but a few very select circumstances anyway! I know it’s standard to learn all the dirty phrases when picking up a new language, and Nori insists it’s for my edification, but I can’t possibly fathom ever having the guts to do any of these signs to anyone for anything other than a translation.

#ask #anonymous #pointydwarf

8:05 pm
Mr Baggins has rejoined me and has seated himself once again outside the bars of my cell. I have
told him of my plan for tomorrow and while he looks concerned, he has wished me luck. I thanked
him, for I will need all the luck that I can get.

#the quest #little bunny

8:10PM Thorin says that he is going to try to free the Company with the Iron Hills story. I wish him
luck with that. He says that he will do it tomorrow, when the guards come to give him more food.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

August 28th, 2015

Bilbo

8:26AM Bo and the rest of the Company’s meals, I notice, have more flavour than Thorin’s. They
also change from day to day, whereas Thorin’s seems to just be rice porridge over and over. Bombur
might complain that the food lacks flavour, but the prison food obviously pales in contrast to other
meals served in the Elvenking’s halls. It is, though, much better than the porridge Thorin has to deal
with.
I’ve helped myself to some of Bo’s vegetable broth. It is very clear and crisp, and came with skewers
of beef which Bo only gave me a bite of before devouring the rest.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company #bigdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

8:30 am

Anonymous asked:
Thorin, some of the dwarves in the company have apparently been teaching Bilbo a few
I glishmek phrases. You should ask him to show you what he’s learned, since he seems to take
such joy in learning new languages!

I worry about which company members have been teaching Mr Baggins. Time stuck in these cells
has more than likely just increased certain company members’ need for mischief. But I will question
him on it later.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9 am

I can hear the guard approaching. Once I say that I have decided to reveal our intentions and tell
them that we are simply going to the Iron Hills to visit our families, there will be no going back.
Mahal, grant me luck that this works.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:10AM On my way to the kitchens, I overheard Thorin talking to the Elvenking again. He is
telling them the Company’s cover story. I pray to the Giver that the Elvenking believes him and
gives us our freedom. I don’t know how much time is left until Durin’s Day, but it probably is not that much.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:45 am

I have been returned to my cell as Thranduil muses on my story. He did not seem particularly swayed by it but I can only hope now that his mind changes and that we will be released soon. When we spoke, he asked why I had kept such a simple reason for traveling hidden. I replied that it was ludicrous that we had been locked up in the first place, weary and weak travelers that we had been. I asked if he threw every traveler that came through the forest into a prison cell, or if that was a treatment saved only for Dwarves. Thranduil did not respond except to send me away. As the guards took me back to my cell, I heard him call out that he would consider my tale. I was too far away to say anything back, as was most likely his intention so as to have the last word. I now worry that my last words to him, spoken in annoyance and anger, are what will keep us trapped here longer.

#the quest #the company #please have worked #let us be released soon

1:30 pm

There has been no word back yet from Thranduil. The guard has brought lunch, and did not speak to me. I feel as if nothing has changed, as if Thranduil has simply decided to ignore the story. Even more now than before, I wish to tear down the bars of my cell one by one and leave this place for good, with the company and Mr Baggins following. My head is pounding and I feel as if my stomach is so twisted that even if I wanted to eat this foul porridge they insist on feeding me, that I would not be able to.

#the quest #little bunny #the company #are we to waste away in here

1:48 PM Kíli and the Captain are talking to one another again. Kíli is showing her their stone, the one they rub frequently when they are feeling anxious. They say it was a gift from their mother, the Lady Dís, and that it is their promise to return to their mother. The Captain’s smile when she heard that was brighter than a star’s. It warms my heart to know that they find such happiness in each other’s company. I just hope Thorin would be as understanding, if he ever finds out.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:45 pm

I can feel the beast’s eyes on me again. It feels like a mocking gaze, as if it is amused that I even tried to free us. There is a sour taste at the back of my throat that even the porridge and water cannot chase away.

#the quest

4:25 PM I came across the library completely by accident, but now that I have found it, I suppose it is a good place as any to brush up on my Sindarin.

#adventureblogging
5:10PM The Elvenking came into the library with Legolas, the two of them discussing the story Thorin told them. I can only hope that the Captain has not given him reason to doubt Thorin’s story — that she has kept her promise to Kíli. But I also fear that even if the Elvenking does believe the tale in the end, he would not let Thorin and the Company go so easily. He will think of something else to keep them behind bars, I suspect.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company #thing 2

6:18PM I have taken advantage of the guards changing Thorin’s necessities in order to slip into the cell and hide myself in a corner until they are gone. Though it has been easier to rest near Thorin’s cell, I fear that our time in the forest together has taught me not to be able to have a restful night’s sleep without Thorin’s arms around me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7 pm

Mr Baggins has once again proven how clever and quick he is, as he has managed to slip into my cell while the guards had the door open. I did not even know that he had done so until the guard left and his voice softly spoke my name at my side. I admit that for a moment, as when he first appeared before the bars of my cell, I believed him to be just a product of my imagination. But when he slipped the ring from his finger and his form appeared, and his hands drew me down so that our lips could finally press against with other without bars between us, I knew that he was truly there.

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We are sitting with my back to the wall now, and Bilbo comfortably sitting atop me, his hands roaming my face, pressing soft kisses when the notion strikes him. I find that I can only do the same, now that I am free to let my hands trace the lines of his form. His warmth against me is a sensation that I craved and to have it once again feels grounding. Though my aches and various pains have no abandoned me yet, with Bilbo here, it is easier to ignore them and focus on him instead. Though there is poor light here to reflect the gold hidden in Bilbo’s hair, I find that he still shines. He is like a bright gem, glowing with an inner light, transfixing me with his eyes and soft touches. His smile has the power to stop my thoughts and the smell of his skin is near addicting. Trapped though we may be in this cell, I must admit that I am happy that he is here with me.

#the quest

8:07PM Thorin was delighted to find me in his cell once the guards were gone. I told him that I suspected that the Elvenking was not going to let him go free so easily as he would like. He looked despondent about it, but then I reminded him that I was working on my own escape plan. That seemed to be what he needed to hear, as he contented himself with nuzzling against me instead of questioning me further.

I demonstrated some of the messages Nori has asked me to pass to Dwalin, asking for a translation, and Thorin turned beet red, before stammering out that the gestures were extremely filthy and vulgar. He told me the translations under extreme duress, blushing rather cutely from the roots of his hair to the tips of his ears. But we did not do any of those suggestions, and settled instead for lying down on the pallet with his arms wrapped around me.

I hope this never ends, that I will always be reminded of how familiar his warmth is, even in the darkest and most hopeless cell in Mirkwood. Thorin makes me feel things that I do not think anyone else has ever brought out in me before. I wonder if he knows how much my heart blooms for him.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Mr Baggins revealed that Nori had showed him a number of Iglishmêk phrases while passing messages to Dwalin. When I asked for him to show me what he had learned, I quickly found out that Nori had been, to no surprise, teaching Mr Baggins quite a few utterly filthy phrases. I felt my own face grow heated from some of the things Mr Baggins was signing. Though I knew that he was simply repeating what he had been shown, the thought of him actually saying such things left me nearly speechless.

Mr Baggins insisted to know what messages he had been passing along and it took quite a lot of coaxing, mostly involving kisses and roaming touches, before I revealed the meanings. Mr Baggins looked surprised, though not too terribly so that he had indeed been taught such phrases, and after a moment, he pressed his face to my chest to hide the sounds of his laughter, though I could feel his shoulders shaking from it. I had to join him after a moment, as it was a ridiculous situation. Mr Baggins teased that perhaps we could try some of the things he had signed out, and while I was willing to, we both agreed that however tempting it was, a prison cell in Mirkwood was no place for such things. We instead laid down together on the pallet that guards had provided as my bed, with my arms wrapped tightly around him and his weight resting comfortably against my chest. My back was to the bars of the cell, hiding him from view in case the guard comes around. Mr Baggins suggested wearing his ring during the night but I said that I wanted to be able to see him.

I can feel my body relaxing from his presence, from his fingers laced with mine, from having my nose pressed into his hair. My chest aches now not from my wounds but from how full it feels. It is an ache that I hope does not leave me.

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August 29th, 2015

Thorin

8:30 am

Mr Baggins and I managed to wake before the guard came around with my morning meal. I was not eager to see him leave, but Mr Baggins was able to leave my cell as easily as he had slipped inside. I know that he roams the halls, looking for ways for us to escape, so I cannot ask him to stay. Already, my arms miss having him close.

8:45 am

Anonymous asked:

Do you think it's possible Thranduil might recognize you, Master Oakenshield? You are the heir to the kingdom neighboring his, after all... If he's realized who you actually are, then he'll know the Iron Hills story is likely a lie as well!

I doubt that Thranduil has recognized me, as the last time he would have had chance to see me was when I was quite young, my home freshly lost. He could possibly know who I am, as it has been said that I look quite similar to my father, but I can only hope that even if he does know, he will still believe the Iron Hills story.

Bilbo
10:51 AM I am following Kíli and the Captain out a side passage into the forest. I know this is probably not a feasible exit route for the rest of the Company, especially if the guards know of it. But it is good to see that the main gates are not the only way in or out of those halls.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #the company

11:20 AM The Captain and Kíli are sitting on the roots of a tree overlooking a small stream that I believe feeds into the Forest River, if the quickening rapids farther down are of any indication. The majority of these trees have flets on them, delicate platforms connected by rope. They’re presumably for guard use, since there aren’t many Elves using them for other purposes than to stand guard. I am wondering where the Forest River may go, though I would hate to leave the rest of the Company in the Elvenking’s halls, even for a day or two.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #the company

11:45 AM

I have been told that Thranduil wishes to speak with me once again. I hope it is to announce our freedom.

#the quest

12:10 PM The Captain seems unable to meet Kíli’s eyes. Her cheeks seem to flush whenever she looks at them, and she seems quite intent on listening to them talk — of Erebor, of treasure, of a family and a home restored to a former glory.

There is a sadness in her eyes at that, and I wonder what it stems from.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

1 pm

Thranduil did not believe the story. He announced that he had known all along who I am and had quite the idea of what the company’s actual purpose was. I asked if he had decided to give us our freedom. In returned, he questioned if I would give him with the white gems he so longed for and had instructed to be set into a necklace many years ago. I told him that when the debt for the gems was paid, they would be his, as was determined when the necklace had been commissioned. However, Thranduil just turned up his nose at that and instructed that I be returned to my cell. I asked how long he planned to keep me and my company here and he replied that a hundred years seemed a fair time.

I know where that iklifumun ufsaluzarus can put his hundred years.

#the quest #damn tree shagger

2:10 PM When I visited Thorin after the midday guard change, he told me that Thranduil had brought him into the throne room to tell that not only did he recognise him for who he is — namely, that he is Thorin Oakenshield, son of Thráin son of Thrór — but he also did not believe their story. Did the Captain break her promise to Kíli?

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Mr Baggins returned to visit me and I told him of my talk with Thranduil. He seemed as disappointed as I am that we have been denied our freedom. I asked if he had any plans on how we might escape this place but Mr Baggins did not answer. He instead questioned me on why Thranduil had refused to free us. I told him that I had been recognized, which put doubt into the story. Also, that Thranduil was greedy and seeks only to claim the white gems that he desires, though he did not pay for them as promised.

Mr Baggins left soon after, saying that he would spread the news to the company. With our freedom denied once again, I feel that I have failed them.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

I have no doubt that Thranduil will stay true to his word and we will be locked away in these prisons for one hundred years if we do not find our own way out. If we are not freed, my homeland will remain unclaimed, or worse, others will claim it. Durin’s Day approaches and I feel the bars of this cell mocking me while Thranduil’s casual sentence of one hundred years continues to echo in my ears.

#the quest

I went to pay the kitchens another visit and, when I passed the throne room, I found that the Elvenking dines alone.

Well, not totally alone — there are musicians in the shadows of the throne room and servants doling out helpings of the inordinate amount of dishes spread out on a long banquet table before his throne. But the Elvenking is the only one who eats. Legolas, though he is the son of the Elvenking, does not dine with him.

Some people in this kingdom are very lonely, I notice.

#adventureblogging

The guard has already come and gone. I am not sure where Mr Baggins is, though I wish he were here. I also wish to speak with the company. Mr Baggins tells me how they are but I still miss their presence. I had grown used to the sounds of their snores at night and their talk of wagers and the arguments between them. I miss my nanaddan’s mischief.

We must find a way out of this place.

#the quest #the company #my sister children #little bunny

Mr Baggins has appeared before the bars of my cell. I had hoped he would rejoin me in the cell for the night, but at least he is near. I apologized that he had to lay against the bars, as he had no bed, but he insisted that it was fine. His hand is in mine and I am thankful for even that small warmth.

#the quest #little bunny

The Captain’s broken promise still pulls at me, makes it harder for me to sleep. I want to believe that she didn’t do such a thing, that she didn’t just betray a friend like Kili. I wonder if they know of this, or if I should tell them of it.

I know I cannot confront her myself as she doesn’t know I exist, but this anger that burns in me is
August 30th, 2015

Thorin

8:50 am

I feel as if the shape of the bars of my cell are imprinted on my face. Though, I believe it to be worth it, as I woke with Mr Baggins’ hand still in mine. I could not see him, as he must wear his magic ring to stay hidden from the guards. It is odd, having the weight of skin and bone in hand but not seeing anything there. I voiced this to Mr Baggins and he replied that what he saw was even stranger.

#the quest #little bunny

10 am

Mr Baggins has departed for the day. He says that he has been exploring the halls and has followed the Elves into the forest several times, learning the area and looking for ways to escape. If any can free us, I believe that Mr Baggins will be able to.

#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo

10:19AM I find myself in need of time and space to think. If I am to tell Kíli of the Captain’s potential treachery, I must think on how to best phrase it. So I have followed the Elvenking’s entourage out of the halls once more and into the forest. Hopefully some time away will help me find the words.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

11:34AM I have found the Forest River and am following along its bank. Most of the river rapids are too rough, but there are small streams leading off it, as well as purposefully-dug irrigation canals, that lead to expanses of fields and rice paddies. More Wood-elves are tending to these fields. There is a small village of them nearby.

#adventureblogging

12:04PM The villagers have begun a song, with some lyrics as a call and others as a response. It’s in the dialect I don’t understand, but I think I could piece together through the visuals that it is a love song of some sort.

#adventureblogging

12:30 pm

Mirkwood seems insistent to torment me with headaches. I cannot say if it is a good thing that I have grown used to the pain or that the lingering nauseated feeling in my gut has become familiar.

#the quest
12:52PM In the village the Elves talk about a feast. The houses are decked in swathes of red cloth. I remember red being known as a colour for good fortune in Rivendell; perhaps this is a similar thing amongst Wood-elves?

#adventureblogging

3 pm When the guard walks by, they barely seem to glance into the cell to acknowledge me. I wonder if they would stop me from digging a hole in the wall or if they would continue along their way, paying me no mind.

Unfortunately, the utensil provided with my food is too flimsily made to make any sort of dent against this stone. I did not truly expect it to work (if it had been so easy to tunnel out of these cells, I am sure one of the company would have done so by now) but it is still a frustrating thing when each new idea for escape ends in failure.

#the quest #the company

3:21PM Eight Elves, clad in blue, are bearing gifts wrapped in red cloth to a small grove just outside the village. I am in a position where I can watch the festivities. I don’t know what they’re celebrating, but it does seem to be a ceremony of great import and interest.

#adventureblogging

4:30 pm

To fill the silence, I began to sing of Erebor and its great halls, recalling the memory of its golden light and high ceilings, of the feeling of the mountain’s stone surrounding me. For a few moments, I believed I could hear the company joining me in song, but I realized that it was just my own voice echoing back.

I can feel the beast watching me in amusement.

I despise this place.

#the quest #the company

4:49PM

Anonymous asked:

Colours seem to hold a lot of significance here somehow. Is it much the same in the Shire? Do your people hold certain colours in higher regard than others, and like flowers do they hold any meanings? If so, what colour do you identify with most of all? I've heard that the contrast of red and blue between two people holds some importance in certain cultures, so perhaps this explains why those colours are being used by the elves.

I’m not sure on colours in general, but colours do hold significance in the Shire in terms of adding nuance to flower meanings — for example, red roses mean love, but deep red roses mean shame, pink roses mean indecision, and light pink roses mean joy. The colours themselves do not mean anything until they are attached to certain flowers, so at least in the Shire there are no colours that are inherently better than others.

As for myself, I like the colour green, as it reminds me of the hills of the Shire, and my own door at Bag End.
5:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

Do dwarves have any items with magical properties? There is a superstition among Humans that one can enchant weapons or such with alchemy and the like. And I thought, well if anyone would have items like that it would be dwarves. If this is a close kept secret I apologize. I truly don't want to pry

The items that Dwarves make can be crafted with magical properties. However, the details of our crafts are kept secret among us. Do not apologize for asking and do not let this deter your future curiosity.

#ask #anonymous

5:19PM There has been a feast laid out for the attendees. Tea, served in a style I recognise from Rivendell, is being poured for people. An ellon in blue has joined the other Elves with the presents, and seem to be presenting these presents to a group of Elves clad in red. Sparklers are being lit all around.

#adventureblogging

6:20PM I have just realised what I’m witnessing. This is an Elvish wedding!
The ellon in blue — the bridegroom — with the most intricate robes has just finished presenting his gifts to what’s probably the bride’s family, who have now revealed the bride herself, also clad in intricate red robes.

Now the families are invoking a vow of some sort. I remember learning that in Rivendell the wedding vows invoke Aran, Elbereth, and Eru Illúvatar, but I don’t think Wood-elves put as much stock in the Valar as they do in the leaves and the earth and the stars, which these vows sound like they’re evoking. (It’s just my suspicion, since I didn’t hear the names of the Valar in the vows.) The bride and the groom are exchanging silver rings for gold ones, though I noticed earlier that the groom offered up several gold bangles to the bride (alongside a roast pig and fruit).

#adventureblogging

6:45 pm

I am starting to wonder if the porridge is some sort of Elvish torture. Perhaps they are testing to see how long one can go eating only that before madness sets in.

#the quest

7:20 pm

Anonymous asked:

I just wanted to say that ever since I began reading this blog, and your descriptions of feeling "like stone", I have felt so much less alone. I've always felt alone and broken and isolated, and your blog makes me feel so much less so. So thank you. I hope you find your way out of Mirkwood and to the Mountain soon, I know things will look up for you and the Company.

I thank you for your well wishes and I am happy to have helped to chase away some feeling of isolation. Please know that you are not broken and that you may always find someone to speak with here.
7:43PM The wedding feast is continuing into a reception of some sort, with the bride and groom greeting well-wishers. I can hear even from here that they are a young couple (relatively; they’re both in their eighties, I think) and that they married for love.
I remember learning that Elvish marriages are binding beyond death, which makes even second marriages highly unusual. Especially since the last time in history an Elf married twice, a great deal of misfortune occurred in Middle-earth as a result that tore the entire family apart.
Come to think of it, the choice to marry for love once in one’s life and forevermore be bound to that person afterwards — that’s also a very Dwarvish concept. I don’t imagine Thorin would like to hear it, but Elves and Dwarves are really not as different in love as people might think.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:10PM It is terrifically cold in this part of the forest. I have taken some food and drink from the feast and am now settled up against the root of a tree, and I have tried to start a fire (but to no avail; I am not Glóin, after all.) The forest is too dark to try to stumble on back to the halls, and I’m afraid I got too caught up in observing the wedding that I forgot to think harder on my words when I suggest to Kíli that the Captain may have betrayed them.
It is not a cheery prospect, I am afraid.
#adventureblogging #firedwarf #thing 2

8:30 pm
Mr Baggins has not returned yet. He did not say that he would return when he left this morning but I have come to expect the soft sound of his voice at night. I can only hope that he is well.

#the quest #little bunny

9:15 pm
If Mr Baggins has been following the Elves out into the forest, I cannot help but worry that something may happen to him. Not that I do not have faith in his abilities to protect himself, as he has shown that he is quite capable of that, but if he were to be injured in some way, none would know, thanks to the ring he carries. There are creatures in the forest that do not need to see their prey to attack them.

#the quest #little bunny

10 pm
Perhaps Mr Baggins has somewhere to sleep for the night. I do not wish to hear that he had been found by the Elves. Though, as he is not a Dwarf, Thranduil would probably give Mr Baggins a shorter sentence in a prison cell and then have the news spread to the company and I, simply to remind us of his intention to have us rot away in here.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

10:35 pm
It does not replace having Mr Baggins here with me, but the lullaby he taught me is just enough of a comfort that I believe I will be able to sleep.

#the quest #little bunny
August 31st, 2015

Thorin

8:45 am

If it were not for the guard bringing me meals at regular intervals, I would not be able to say what time of day it is. There is no difference in the light and while I am not uncomfortable by the absence of the sun, this unsure passing of days does not sit well in me. I have lost track of the days that we spent in the forest itself, as well as the number that we have been trapped within these cells. Durin’s Day could be tomorrow or we could still have time left, I do not know. I wish that we were free of these cells and of this place.

#the quest

Bilbo

9:52 AM I am setting out for the Elvenking’s halls, though I am still unsure of what to say to Kili, if I should say anything at all. Perhaps if I knew that the Captain had betrayed them, the words would come easier, but I am uncertain, and uncertainty does not sit well in my stomach. I know it is necessary, as I cannot confront the Captain myself, but it is no less hard.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

10 am

The flimsy stick utensils proved by the Elves have reminded me of my gift from Maethedir — the metal stick utensils that he presented to me before mine and the company’s departure from Rivendell. I believe that they still reside in my belongings, though the Elves have long since confiscated our packs. I regret not having them on hand now, as the metal was quite strong and would have most likely been sturdy enough to dig my way out of this cell.

#the quest #maethedir

12:10 PM I have returned to the Elvenking’s halls. I still do not know the words, but as my father often said, honesty is the best policy. I only need to tell Kili what has happened between Thorin and the Elvenking, and let them know that the Elvenking has found out the true purpose of our Quest. They can surely come to their own conclusions.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:45 pm

At least one thing has benefited from my being trapped in this cell — I have recaptured all the sleep that I lost while in the forest. It is not a completely restful sleep that I find at night, but it is more than I was getting before. Though, I would gladly go without sleep for the rest of my days if it meant our freedom from here.

#the quest
1:45PM The Captain is talking with Kili, and they look so content together. I cannot do this; I cannot tell Kili now. Perhaps another time.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

1:56PM
Anonymous asked:
Of course, once Kili knows, he will be placed in a difficult position. How will he explain to the Captain how he knows of what passed between Thranduil and Thorin without revealing your existence, given that he has had no chance to speak to Thorin himself?
They could simply let the Captain know that the other guards were discussing the outcome of the talk, especially since if the Elvenking had believed the story, they would be freed by now.

#ask #anonymous #their pronouns are they why do i need to remind you of this #it's not that difficult #thing 2

3 pm
Now that I have presented the Iron Hills story to Thranduil and he has proclaimed it false, the guards do not speak to me at all. They do not even warn me away from the door of the cell, as they did in the first days I was here. I believe that I could perhaps one day take them by surprise as they enter my cell and be able to be free of my cell in that way. Though, it would not do to be free without the rest of the company free as well.
Perhaps if the whole company coordinated their escape, it could work. But it would rely on the Elves serving us our meals at the same time and all of us being able to overpower our guards enough to escape. If it did not work, however, the Elves would know that we have a way of communicating and would most likely double the guard around us, possibly leading to the Elves discovering Mr Baggins.

It is too risky of a plan but I still find myself imagining that it could work.

#the quest #the company #little bunny

3:11PM
Anonymous asked:
I sincerely hope it is a mistake that Tauriel told the Elvenking of the Company's plans. It would be so upsetting for Kili if the elf they've become friends with turns out to be false. Try to keep a level head and take some time to yourself for now until you can bring yourself to face Kili. Perhaps go and talk with Thorin for a while if that will help settle your nerves.
I don’t wish to burden Thorin with this conundrum. It would only make him angrier at the Elves, for what could honestly just be me jumping to conclusions again. If I am to tell anyone of my worries, I would prefer it to be someone who would not be so invested in disliking Elves.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2

3:30PM
copics-in-middle-earth asked:
Perhaps you could ask another one of the dwarves for advice on this? Nori might have a better understanding of this sort of thing, and I think if you kept it vague.. I don't know any of those dwarves as well as you so do you think it's a possibility?
I wonder if Bo is removed far enough from the situation that it will not trouble him. He is my friend, after all, and friends hear each other’s woes without judgement.
4:22 PM I knew I was friends with Bo for a reason! Jesting aside, it really is nice to have someone to confide in who isn’t directly related to the source of all of this tension. I wish I could confide in Thorin, but then it would involve telling Thorin about Kíli’s new Elvish friend. Bo, bless him, doesn’t fixate on that, though he did growl when I told him my suspicions. He’s willing to give the Captain the benefit of the doubt, at least until I can uncover anything more definitive. I’m glad he’s being reasonable, as I suspect Thorin would just burrow deeper into his Elf antipathy, which would probably not be good for Kíli once we get out of here.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:15 pm

Mr Baggins has returned! He looks to be well and reports that he spent the night in the forest, after observing an Elvish wedding. I asked why he would want to spend his time witnessing Elvish things but he insisted that he was quite happy that he had seen it. I am pleased that he is here once again.

#the quest #little bunny

5:33 pm

After the guard brought my meal and checked the cell, Mr Baggins was thankfully able to slip inside as he did before. I cannot help but notice how much smaller he seems than when this quest began. I asked if he had been able to regularly find food around Mirkwood and though he said that he had, I still had him eat some of my food.

#the quest #little bunny

6:10 PM I’ve slipped in after the guard again. I wish I could bring better food than the porridge, but at least the bread looks fresher than usual. Thorin tried to get me to eat, so I swallowed a spoonful or two of the bland porridge, and then we talked of home — of the Shire, of Erebor, of our favourite hiding places as children and our funniest stories. He told me of how he was an exemplary big brother to his brother Frerin (who apparently perished in battle far before his time) and his sister Dís, but I suspect he, too, at some point before the Dragon took away his home and childhood, had been a proper mischief-maker.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:45 pm

With Mr Baggins pressed to my side, we talked together of our homes. I described my memories of Erebor and of my brother, Frerin. I told him stories of the mischief that he and Dís would get themselves into, with the help of Balin and Dáin. In return, he told me of growing up in the Shire and of his parents. His voice grew soft and sad when he spoke of them, but he talked with a smile on his lips nonetheless.

I am not sure how I went so long in my life without knowing the craving of his warmth against me. I do not think that I would do well without it now.

#the quest #little bunny #my brother #my sister #dain #balin
8:41PM I wonder if it is at all possible for me to get restful sleep anymore outside Thorin’s arms. It might mean that I shall have to lug him with me back to the Shire, as clearly a sunbaked brick wall could be construed as my fourteenth share of the treasure. Wonder what he’d say to that.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9 pm

Mr Baggins and I are laying down, once again with him within my arms and my back to the bars of the cell. He tucks neatly onto my shoulder, his nose buried in my neck. I can feel how torn and dusty his clothes have become and rough his skin is from sneaking around the forest and these halls. Despite that, he stills carries the scent of the earth after the rain and the lingering smell of flowers in his curls. Our voices have grown silent as we lay together and though we have already done so before, both of our hands explore the other. The line of his cheek and curve of his ear have captivated me, as has the puff of his breath against my hand. I cannot recall ever being so fascinated with any object or person.

#the quest #little bunny

September 1st, 2015

Thorin

8:15 am

I was loath to wake Mr Baggins, though it was a task that needed to be done before the guard came around. But I must admit that I spent several minutes listening to his soft breathing and examining his features while slack in sleep. I feel guilt for the lines that this quest has added under his eyes and around his mouth, but I cannot regret his presence here. I believe the only thing I will ever come to dislike from his presence is the absence of it.

#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo

9:56AM I have told Kili of the Elvenking not believing the Iron Hills story because he recognised Thorin. They seem somewhat sceptical of my suspicion that Captain Tauriel might have betrayed them. They’re rather determined, as a matter of fact, to defend her honour. I am glad they have such faith in her, but I also hope that faith is not misplaced.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:30 am

After Mr Baggins managed to slip out of my cell when the guard came through, I thought over our exchanged stories of home from last night. Along with my desire to see my homeland recovered and my people returned to the halls of Erebor, I also wish for Mr Baggins to see it. To view its chambers filled with golden light and the beauty mined from the rocks and to hear the songs as they echo from
the walls. I want to show him Erebor’s wonders, for him to see my home as I saw his — loved and lived in, rich and full with life.

And to have that come to pass, we must first find a way out of the halls of Mirkwood. With each trapped day, I see my mind’s image of Mr Baggins standing in Erebor in its full glory slipping away. It constricts my chest, like dust in the lungs.

#the quest #little bunny

12 pm

I have just remembered a story from my youth that I must remind myself to tell Mr Baggins. Unsurprisingly, it is a tale of mischief that Frerin, Dís, and Balin found themselves in. It is quite amusing now to recall, but at the time, I remember being filled with fear at someone discovering that, while having been asked to watch them, I had lost track of all three of them. They did get into quite a lot of trouble, considering the large number of things that they managed to break in such a short time. It was, however, difficult to view my father, who had scolded them, in a serious light, as he had had a number of pastries smeared across him (as the three had crashed a cart into a bakery stand near him). I remember my mother teasing him for weeks afterward that he smelled of blueberries and dough.

I believe Mr Baggins would have liked my mother. I know that she would have found him delightful, as I do.

#the quest #little bunny #my brother #my sister #balin

12:11PM I wonder if I could converse with Fíli about their sibling’s potentially misplaced faith.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

1:45 pm

I noticed that the guard who brought my midday meal was one I had not seen before. I did not notice her approach right away, as I had been singing of home and her steps had been light enough to hide under the sound of my voice. Her hair was red like flames and her eyes were the green of grass. She eyed me as warily as I did her, though I expected her to leave me be as the other guards had. Instead, she observed me silently for a while. I matched her silence and her stare, wondering what she meant to accomplish.

Finally, she spoke and introduced herself as the Captain of the guard. I kept my words to myself. It took her some time before she spoke again. When she did, it was to ask if my company and I truly wished to return home. I confirmed that yes, that was our wish, and made sure not to elaborate beyond that.

She accepted my word and fell quiet again. We kept our gazes locked on one another, though there was no aggression between us. It felt more like a wary curiosity. In a murmur, the Captain made mention that I was as intense as described. I asked who had described me in such a way and she admitted to having spoken with Kíli. I inquired as to what they had talked about but she did not answer — she simply wished me a well evening and departed. Before she left, I could not help but notice the stain of red across her cheeks.

That encounter raised many questions and answered very few.

#the quest #my sister children #the company #the captain

2:28PM Fíli says there’s not much he can do, considering he’s not within Kíli’s hearing range, though their cells are in the same corridor. He’s been trying to weaken the bars of his cell with the
knife that the Elves have yet to confiscate from him, but that might take him far past Durin’s Day to achieve.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

3 pm

My brief talk with the Captain earlier is still on my mind. It was odd and I am not sure what the intent behind it was. Why ask for the purpose of our quest if our story has already been deemed false? Has she talked with other company members besides Kíli? If so, what have they spoken about? And why speak with Kíli? Perhaps the Captain noticed that they are not as wary of Elves as they should be? Could she mean to use that along with Kíli’s youth to try to dig answers from them? I am not sure that I trust this guard’s interest or if I would rather have silence from her like the other guards.

#the quest #my sister children #the company #the captain

5:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

Thorin, perhaps you should speak to Bilbo about your meeting with the Captain of the guards. He seems to understand the elves' behavior to a certain extent, and it's possible he may be able to shed some light on the subject.

I thank you for the advice. I had already planned to speak with Mr Baggins of my talk with the Captain, as other views on a matter can lead to a new angle being discovered. Also, Mr Baggins is quite clever and I find that I wish to know his thoughts on most things.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny #the captain

6:34PM Once again I have slipped into Thorin’s cell. He told me that the Captain of the Guard had come to visit him. I asked him what had transpired between them, and Thorin paused before admitting that he was not sure; she had had a conversation with him in which she let slip that she was talking to Kíli. I asked him how he was taking that, and he said that he was irritated, but powerless to do anything about it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2

7 pm

Mr Baggins has once again joined me in my cell. I told him of the Captain’s visit and when he questioned me on what we had talked of, I had to admit that it still confused me. I also said how she had claimed to have spoken with Kíli and that despite my annoyance at the thought, there was nothing that I could do with that matter.

I also remembered to tell him the story that I recalled this morning. His laugh drove away the worst of my irritation regarding the Elf captain. The press of his lips to mine banished the rest of it.

#the quest #little bunny #my sister children #the captain

8:30 pm

My chest wounds from the Warg ache again. But it is not as bad the painful pull of my heart to be in Erebor once again.

#the quest
9:12PM Thorin looks so weary. I wish I knew how to help — I wish I knew how to undo the Elvenking’s enchantments on the gates of these halls so that the Company and I could escape. I shall have to try harder. There must be some way out of here.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

10:15 pm

I do not think sleep will be easy to find tonight.

#the quest

September 2nd, 2015

Thorin

8:45 am

Mr Baggins has departed for the day, slipping out of the cell when the guard opened the door. It was not the Captain from yesterday, but one of the regular guards. I am not sure if I would want to speak with the Captain again if she did come around. I am curious as to why she choose to talk when none of the other guards have, but as with all Elves, I am wary of her intentions.

#the quest #little bunny #the captain

9:15 am

My breakfast was different than usual. It was porridge, but made from red bean and sweetened with brown sugar. Could it mean something?

#the quest

Bilbo

10:13AM Bo was curious about my little adventure observing an Elvish wedding, so I told him about it, and detailed the steps of the ceremony as I observed them. Bo then mentioned that at Bombur’s wedding, they would (of course) bless Mahal and Eru (though they refer to him as Sulladad) before reciting vows to one another. He also asked if the newlyweds’ families tried to outdo each other in showing their enthusiasm for the marriage, and I said that I had no idea who was part of which family, as only the members directly involved in the wedding party — the gift-bearers, for example — showed their ‘affiliation’ with coloured robes. But I made sure to point out that it was a joyous event, even if the families didn’t try to out-cheer one another.

#adventureblogging #hadt dwarf #bigdwarf

11 am

I must remember to ask Mr Baggins to question the company on if the Captain has spoken with them, and if so, what about.

#the quest #little bunny #the company #the captain
My midday meal also had additions in it. Finely chopped vegetables with a thin topping of spices were present. The bread provided even seems to be fresh. Could the Captain had had a hand in this? Her talk with me, and now this, is the only thing to have differed from the usual in the previous days. I still do not know if it is supposed to mean anything.

#the quest #the captain

1:52PM I brought more food from the kitchens to Bombur. He was glad for it, eating the duck eggs and drinking the soup with a voracious appetite. He also found the duck inside the egg interesting, though he had a lot more to say about the sauce that balanced out the duck’s flavour.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

2 pm

Anonymous asked:

Can I ask about dis? What was her parenting style? I would adore to know more about her, she seems wonderful

Dís is well, as far as I am aware. When I, Fíli, and Kíli left for this quest, she was supportive of our success, though concerned, as many are, that the quest would fail. As soon as Erebor is reclaimed, I shall send a raven to her to tell her of these past months. Dis’ way of parenting, if described in a single word, is fierce. She is very protective of Fíli and Kíli, though she encourages both of them to try as much as they can, to learn and grow and see all that there is. She has never been afraid to speak her mind as loudly as she can and her prowess in battle is on par with Dwalin, which is unsurprising given that they trained so frequently together growing up. Dís is also the only person I know to have an absolute weakness for anything with cinnamon in it.

#ask #anonymous #my sister #my sister children

3:43PM
copics-in-middle-earth asked:

Do you think by journeys end you'll miss even your most unsavoury neighbours? I believe we both know just who I mostly mean :P

As my father used to say, absence makes the heart grow fonder. While I miss Lobelia now, I am sure that if I return, my first couple days back in her presence will remind me exactly why I left in the first place.

#ask #copics-in-middle-earth #spoon thief

5:15 pm

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Due to my restless sleep last night, I found myself tired. I decided to nap to remedy this. However, once my eyes closed, I found myself caught in a nightmare. I was lost in the trees of Mirkwood with the sound of large footsteps following me and I knew it to be the beast. I ran from it but it still followed me and soon, it was upon me. It burst through the trees and I could see it clearly — it was white as bone with huge jaws and eyes like night. Its claws stood taller than me and easily tore through the earth. Black tar-like blood seemed to caked to its underbelly and legs. As it stepped closer, however, it morphed into the dragon that claimed Erebor and fire spewed from
its mouth. It surrounded me and burned until it forced me awake. I was nearly grateful to see the bars of my cell. My skin still shivers as if flames are crawling up my sides.

#the quest

5:42PM I spent some time with Ori as well. He has been granted some paper and charcoal and has been doing drawings in his cell of the view outside and the various objects inside. He asked me if we were ever going to make it to the Mountain, and I told him not to worry; we’ll get there. I feel like I’m just repeating myself these days.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf

6:21PM When I went to visit Thorin, I noticed that the guards had added something to the porridge — they’d added meat and seasonings. The bread accompanying it was also fresh. I don’t know what caused this change, but I am glad that Thorin does not have to eat bland food tonight.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:30 pm

Mr Baggins has rejoined me in my cell. My meal once again included something mixed into the porridge, this time it being meat and seasoning that gave a slight heat to the food. Mr Baggins seems more pleased with the food than I feel, though my earlier nightmare still clings to my mind. Mr Baggins reported the wellbeing of the company to me and I remembered to ask him if any had spoken of the Captain speaking with them. He said that none had, besides Kíli, whom the Captain had already admitted to speaking with. I asked if he knew what they spoke of together but Mr Baggins avoided my gaze and said that he did not know. When I pressed, he insisted that Kíli had not told him what they and the Captain spoke about. I apologized for my pressing tone and explained that I was wary of the Captain’s attention to the company and to Kíli. Mr Baggins accepted that and turned to the conversation to talk of other observations he had made in the halls.

#the quest #little bunny #my sister children #the captain

7:50 pm

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I asked Bilbo if he would mind too terribly wearing his ring for the night. As much as I wished to see him, I also was longing to lay my head on his chest and sleep, as we had done before. It was selfish to ask him to do so, because even though he has not voiced any distress from it, I can see how drawn and grey his face looks after wearing the ring for a time. However, Bilbo managed to arrange us in a way that he would not be seen from the door of the cell while also allowing my head to rest on him. I gave him a sincere thanks and his fingers threaded through my hair. I can feel the beat of his heart against my ear and the vibration of his voice as he hums his Hobbit lullaby.

#the quest #little bunny

8:32PM There is so much you can know and yet not know about a person. I have explored as much of Thorin as our surroundings and his comfort would permit it, and yet I still yearn for more. I have heard his worst fears and his best stories of his family, and yet I still wonder if there are things he is hiding, scars and monsters he doesn’t wish for me to see because he fears I will think of him less fondly for it. He is someone I could gladly spend my lifetime delving into, uncovering all the gems of him that he
can yield until I have memorised all the tunnels of his heart.
I wonder if he thinks the same of me. I fear I may bore him before long.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:14PM
Anonymous asked:

You and Thorin really do seem to compliment one another very well. You both care for and encourage the other whilst maintaining a very loving sort of relationship. I really do wish all the best for you two in this.
Thank you for your well wishes.
#ask #anonymous

September 3rd, 2015

Thorin

8:45 am

Mr Baggins is gone once again. His absence only makes the silence more pronounced. Sometimes I cannot help but wonder if I am simply imagining his presence, even when he is pressed against me.
#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo

9:10AM I am keeping an eye on the Captain today. Hopefully I will find something to clear my suspicions of her. I wish I didn’t have to do this, but as long as Kíli remains convinced of her loyalty I will need to follow my suspicions myself.
#adventureblogging

11:15 am

I cannot see much of what is outside the bars of my cell, as they are quite thick and close enough that I can only get my arm up to the elbow out. But, if I listen closely, sometimes I think that I can hear voices. It is only whispers, I cannot distinguish any clear words, but it is nice to be reminded that I am not alone in this place.
#the quest

11:34AM Kíli and the Captain are talking over lunch, which she had delivered to them. Kíli mentioned something about a caravan and a fire moon, and the Captain seems engrossed in their words, her eyes shining avidly as she listens.
#adventureblogging #thing 2
Perhaps if I pace the floor of my cell enough, I can wear down the stone and tunnel my out of here that way.

#the quest

1:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

Who would you say is the best warrior in your company?
I would say that Dwalin is, though he would argue that I am.

#ask #anonymous #dwalin

2 pm

Anonymous asked:

You both seem very good for each other. You help and comfort one another when needed, and treat one another with such loving respect. It's wonderful to see a relationship like yours and Mr Baggins.

Thank you. I am quite happy that we have found each and have been able to work together to share a relationship with one another.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

2:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

The crown pictures you posted. Don't you think the top right one would suit Mr Baggins very nicely? It's quite simple and pretty in design, seems like something he might like.

It would look fine on Mr Baggins, yes. Though I am sure that Mr Baggins would look lovely in any crown.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

3:10PM The Elvenking has offered the Captain the aid of his son Legolas in her new posting out in the forest with the increased spider-guard. The Captain said she could handle it herself. I don’t doubt it.

#adventureblogging

3:30 pm

At the start of this quest, the memory and thought of Erebor put fire in my steps and drew my eyes to the horizon in hope. Now, trapped here and at the Elvenking’s mercy, all I taste is smoke in my mouth and pain in my heart.

#the quest

5:45PM The Captain was on her way out of the halls when she ran into Legolas, who asked her what she was doing. She told him, with that same air of conspiracy that I recognise from every mischief-making sibling set that I have ever met, that she was sneaking out to visit her parents. He understood her immediately, nodded, and wished her luck.

#adventureblogging
6:22PM We are now out of the halls. The Captain is walking briskly, as if she knows where to go but is not in some desperate rush to get there.
#adventureblogging

6:30PM We have arrived at a grove where two saplings grow on two green mounds. I was confused at first, but then I realised that Captain Tauriel was, in fact, visiting her parents. Her dead parents. She has sprinkled salt around the base of the trees and is now kneeling in supplication, as if hoping she will receive some sort of divine advice if she listens and prays hard enough. The more I see of her, the more I hope she did not actually betray the Company.
#adventureblogging

7:35 pm
The guard has already come and gone for the night, but Mr Baggins has not returned. Besides the first time he snuck in, he has always announced his presence to me beforehand, letting me know that he planned to join me in the cell. Yet, I still find myself waiting for hear his whispered voice beside me.
#the quest #little bunny

8PM When I returned, it was too late to slip into Thorin’s cell, but I held his hand outside it. He told me that with the passing of time, Erebor becomes more and more painful. I told him that the leaves had yet to change colour; we may be free before Durin’s Day after all. I don’t know what he thinks of in the times when I am not with him, but it seems to be sapping him of his strength. I hope it is not the beast he feared before.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:15 pm
Mr Baggins is here now, though he is outside of the cell. I can only hold his hand right now, and while it is comforting, I still feel the call of Erebor pulling at my heart.
#the quest #little bunny

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September 4th, 2015

Thorin

9:15 am

Is it odd to ache like this for someone? Even when having just seen them, having just spent the night clutching their hand and numerous other nights listening to their heartbeat? Is it reasonable to desire their voice, despite being able to recall it with clarity? Each day, it is harder to release my hold on him, to watch him disappear into these halls and not ask
him to stay longer. Perhaps if he stayed for a day, I would be certain that he is not a nighttime
delusion sent to slowly drive me mad. I find myself resting against the bars, hoping to hear his return,
though I know his skill at remaining undetected.

Is this what others have written about in song? What some spend their lives journeying to find? Surely not, as my luck has never worked in my favor, especially not to allow me to find some peace and contentment with another. I shudder to think at how this will end, as it will certainly go wrong, as all things seem to.

#the quest #little bunny

Bilbo

10:17 AM Kíli told me they told the Captain about how they had overheard some guards talking about how the Elvenking recognised Thorin and the Company. The Captain had then deliberately refused to answer their questions, and left rather abruptly. They are now rubbing their stone furiously, worrying over whether or not the Captain was going to stop being their friend because of this.
I feel as if I am responsible for this argument. It sits uneasily in my stomach.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:30 am

Anonymous asked:

Could I possibly ask you about past relationships? If this is too intrusive then please don't feel like you need to answer, but I would love to know anything you are willing to say
I do not mind your questions. However, can you perhaps clarify what sort of relationship, as there are a number of different sorts, so that I may answer better.

#ask #anonymous

12:15 pm

I am not certain on today’s exact date, but Durin’s Day must surely have come to pass as of now, or will happen quite soon. There is little hope left of this quest succeeding, escape option or not.

#the quest

1:30 pm

The Captain brought my midday meal. She spoke to me, asking of Erebor and the quest, the company and details of myself. I did not speak with her, answering none of her questions. She continued nonetheless, giving me time to answer before moving onto the next inquiry when I kept silent.

Once her questions were spent, the Captain nodded, more to herself than to me, and exited my cell. She thanked me for my time as she locked the door. Just as she turned to walk away, I called out to her.

“What is today’s date?” I asked.

The Captain paused, face blank of any reaction, before she told me. I nodded my thanks and she finally departed.

If she is to be believed, then Durin’s Day has not yet come to pass. However, we only have several weeks. There is still the distance to travel from here to Erebor and we do not have an escape plan yet. A decent plan could take a month to detail and test and analyse. We need a watertight plan to get 13 Dwarves and a Hobbit out from under the nose of the Elvenking, and it must be done soon.

#the quest #the captain
2:36PM The Captain is nowhere to be found, and even if I found her I could not convince her to talk to Kíli once more. Thorin says that she talked to him when she came to deliver his midday meal, but he kept himself close-lipped to her queries. His food today is fresh once more. I wonder if the Elvenking has taken pity on Thorin in some way.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3 pm

Mr Baggins has returned to my cell. He tells me that he has been attempting to find the Captain to see what she has been doing. I told him of her earlier talk with me and he seemed thoughtful about that. We must wait until the guard returns with my last meal of the day for Mr Baggins come into the cell. He looks worn and I wish I could restore the glow to him that he carried before this place.

#the quest #little bunny

4:15 pm

Mr Baggins and I have been quietly talking, as we tend to do. However, I notice that he seems distracted. I asked what is picking at him but he simply said that it was this place. I can not comfort him in any way but to squeeze his hand tightly in mine.

#the quest #little bunny

5:08PM If I drove a wedge between the Captain and Kíli, then I could have potentially ruined our best chance at getting out of these halls. All for my own small suspicion. Of course I cock things up even when I don’t mean to.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

6:45 pm

The guard has come by and Mr Baggins is now within the cell with me. He seems just as grateful to be pressed against me that I am for him.

#the quest #little bunny

7:17PM Thorin has this uncanny ability to make all of my problems melt away. Time spent in his arms is time spent calming my mind, which is now so frazzled that I wonder if it shows on my face. And despite myself I can’t help but hope someday I will be able to spend every night like this. That someday, I’ll be this same calming presence in his mind, too.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8 pm

Is this to be how the rest of our days will be? Sharing nights in secret and stealing affection through the bars of a cell? I wonder how selfish it is that I am happy that he is here with me.

#the quest #little bunny
8:10PM I think he is starting to lose heart in ever seeing Erebor again. I don’t blame him, considering that I’ve been horrid about finding a way to get us out of here. If only Gandalf was here! He’d talk sense into the Elvenking, or find a clever way for the Dwarves to escape. I’m only just a Hobbit; I don’t have the right mindset for these sorts of things.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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September 5th, 2015

Thorin

7:50 am

I awoke to feeling of fingers gently running through my hair.

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Despite the Elvish cell we reside in and the impending failure of the quest, Bilbo smiled at me this morning with the radiance of the sun. It was several minutes before I remembered where we were and the bleakness of our surroundings. He turned my thoughts to focus only on his morning greeting of gentle touches and soft kisses. I swear that I can still taste honey on his lips.

#the quest #little bunny

8:35 am

As Mr Baggins was readying himself to leave, the sound of the guard approaching echoed on the rocks. Every part of me was dreading his absence. I asked that he stay in the cell with me, at least until midday. He looked to the cell door before turning his gaze back to me. He slipped his ring on, disappearing from sight just before the guard appeared. I worried that he had refused my request but I felt his hand grip mine moments later.

The guard entered, delivering my breakfast as well as clean water. When they looked at me briefly, I was convinced for a moment that they would see Mr Baggins. But they simply left the cell as usual and Mr Baggins’ hand remained in mine until the guard was out of sight. Then, he slipped his ring off and I cannot explain my delight in having him there.

Once I finished the porridge, making sure that Mr Baggins ate some as well, we returned to where we had been laying during the night.

#the quest #little bunny

9 am

Anonymous asked:

Do not lose hope. There's a chance you'll see Erebor yet. So long as Bilbo remains free and undedected, there is still hope you’ll be freed. And it is not selfish at all. You’re allowed to want company and love, you're allowed to be happy when he is with you and miss him when he's gone. Bilbo is with you of his own violation and enjoys your company as much as you do his, it's not a bad thing at all.

You are correct, there is a chance that we shall see Erebor again and even in time for Durin’s Day. But that chance is quite small and grows smaller each day that we are trapped here. I believe it is a selfish feeling on my part, as it is as you said — Mr Baggins remains free. He is our best hope of escape, but each time he enters my cell, he risks being caught. I risk our freedom each time I ask that him to join me.
Anonymous asked:

Don't despair, Thorin! I'm sure you'll all figure some way out of those awful dungeons eventually... And then you'll reclaim the mountain and get to show Mr Baggins all the wonders of Erebor! Have faith!

Thank you for your encouraging and optimistic words.

Anonymous asked:

I hate to even suggest this, but... What if you manage to escape from Thranduil's dungeons, but Durin's day had passed before you reach the mountain? It would be a terribly long time, of course, but couldn't you wait and try again next year?

We could attempt it, but it is important that we reach Erebor as soon as we can. There are many who have begun to turn their eyes towards the mountain, as it has been quiet for years. Many want to place their hands on the treasures of Erebor and so, we must reach it first and reclaim it before others try to.

Anonymous asked:

Bilbo

Anonymous asked:

Do not be so hard on yourself. You're doing all that you can to help Thorin and the others, it's not your fault that you haven't yet found an escape route, these things take time and planning I'm sure. Anyone would feel disheartened when in Thorin's position, any failing hope he has is not down to you. If anything I believe your presence is what is giving him hope and happiness. True, all this might be easier with Gandalf, but I'm willing to wager you can do just fine on your own.

It feels like my fault. I am the only one who is still free; I should be using my freedom for better purposes.

Anonymous asked:

I apologised to Thorin for not putting in more effort into finding an escape route. He seemed bemused, saying that it wasn't my fault we were stuck in the Elvenking's halls. I still thought I had been shirking my responsibilities for getting us out of here, but he said that there was no point; no one got past the Elvenking's gates.

Mr Baggins has now left the cell, as he must return to searching for a way for us to escape. I must admit that I wish he would have just stayed.
2:28PM All of the, uh, facilities drain in the same direction. I wonder if their destination down there is the Forest River. That river runs out of the forest, I'm sure.

#adventureblogging

3:50 pm

Erebor has always called to me, has always pulled at every part of my being. It continues to do so now. The need to feel the stone echoes through my fingertips and my chest aches to breathe in the heavy air deep in the mountain.

I have seen how water can erode a stone over time. I feel as if this place is an ocean that is wearing me down more and more each day.

#the quest

4PM I have been following the path of some of the water as it drains. If it leads us out, we may have a chance to escape after all. The enchanted gates would not be the only way out.

#adventureblogging

4:03PM Though, knowing Dwarves, they might all throw a collective hissy fit over having to escape via Elvish sewers.

#adventureblogging

5:20PM Good news: the sewers drain to the Forest River, and I know that leads out of the halls. Bad news: I may need to convince thirteen Dwarves to sneak out of Mirkwood through Elvish sewers. Elves may be physically superior and perfect to everyone else in all things, but their sewage smells like everyone else's.

The likelihood of having the Company escape like this is zero to none.

#adventureblogging #the company

6PM Bo agrees with me regarding the Elvish sewer problem, saying that the Company has already suffered enough indignity by being kept here.

As he so delicately put it, no one wants to smell like Elf droppings when trying to escape an Elvish prison.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company

7:20PM

jezunya asked:

It seems like Captain Tauriel is responsible for the improved food Thorin's been getting. Maybe she feels guilty about betraying Kili's confidence? It would put her in a tough spot, after all, being loyal to her king but also caring for Kili...

I hope, for all our sakes, that she has not actually betrayed Kili's confidence. That all of this is just a product of my overactive imagination jumping to conclusions.

#ask #jezunya #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2

7:20 pm

The guard has already come and gone and Mr Baggins has not returned. Despite the Captain having spoken to me, none of the other guards have done so. They continue with their silence and, except for when I speak with Mr Baggins, my days stay silent. Even though I have been trapped here for so
long a time, I still find that I expect to hear the sounds of the company.

Mr Baggins has appeared. I asked if he found any way to escape but he admitted that he had not. His hand is mine, though he is on the outside of the cell. I inquired if he believed that there is a chance that we might one day escape. His grip on my hand tightened and his voice was soothing and confident when he assured that we would be rid of this place eventually.

8PM Thorin looks dejected about my lack of ideas for escape plans, but I think at least this time I spared him the indignity of crawling through the Woodland Realm's bathroom drainage canals. He can thank me for it later, once I find a way out of here that doesn't involve smelling like Elf droppings.

8:37PM
Anonymous asked:
You mentioned wanting to spend every night with Thorin someday... But have you considered what it will mean when the company reclaims Erebor? Thorin will be the king under the mountain then. What if he asked you to stay there with him permanently?
I belong in Bag End, and so I don't think I could stay even if he asked, which I doubt he will. He is a King, after all, and as much as I wish that I could wake with him each morning I know this might not last, that he may need to sever our tie for the good of his people. Our worlds are so disparate that I have no choice but to decide between the two, and all the riches of Erebor cannot compare to the familiarity of home.

September 6th, 2015

Bilbo

7:16PM
plantyourtrees asked:
You mentioned a river a few days ago and a lake near Erebor. Could you tell if the river feeds into it? If you ever escape, a raft of some kind would be much quicker than walking to the mountain.
Hobbits have little love for water, so I would not dare to find where the river might take me. Perhaps there is a map that can tell me its course, as I am pretty sure the lake is part of a commerce route with the Elvenking, but I don’t know how frequently they trade and where their ports are.

8:42AM Thorin always seems distant about my hasty exits in the morning, as if he doesn't want to see me leave. I know he doesn't want me to leave, but I still feel guilty about it, as if I am hurting him
by not staying with him. I suppose it is just my lot to feel guilt for all that I cannot do for him, I guess.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**Thorin**

**9 am**

Mr Baggins has once again left for the day. I hope that this is the day that he can return with a plan of escape in mind.

#the quest #little bunny

**9:35 am**

Anonymous asked:

well I was curious as to if you have ever attempted to try developing relationships similar to what you and Mr. Baggins are now developing, er- it's impolite to ask about though so I understand if you would like to keep this information closed off. (I also have to admit I would love to know what you call this relationship between yourself and Mr. Baggins, as I am slightly confused.)

Mr Baggins and I are in a romantic relationship, but we have not officially begun a courtship, so I understand your confusion. As for my history in this sort of relationship, I have none. I was never before interested in pursuing anyone or having anyone try to court me.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

**10:15 am**

My head aches once again. It is a pain that nearly makes my ears ring and my temples pulse painfully with each heartbeat. Perhaps more rest will help to ease it, or at least provide me with relief for a short time.

#the quest

**11:10AM** In a way, all of this is much, much worse than the beast. It's one thing to see him delusional but determined; it's another to see him so dull-eyed.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**1:30 pm**

I woke when the guard entered my cell to deliver my midday meal. My headache has lessened, though it continues to send small tremors of pain through me.

#the quest

**1:50 pm**

The food does help, though I am finding that thoughts of being free, of Erebor, of Mr Baggins in Erebor, are all taking my mind away from the ache radiating through my skull. The image of Mr Baggins, decorated and draped in gems and mithril, does especially excellent work in helping to block out the pain.

#the quest #little bunny

**3:11PM** Kíli says that the Captain told them she had not told the Elvenking of the Company's Quest.
So my fears were indeed unfounded. I wonder who might be responsible if the Captain was not the culprit.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

5:42 PM Perhaps I have not been giving the Elvenking more credit. He could have simply just recognised Thorin, or was anticipating our arrival due to the Wood-elves' report from Elrond's council back in Rivendell.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:15 pm

Mr Baggins has returned. The guard has not come yet with the evening meal and Mr Baggins says that he will enter the cell when the chance presents itself. He asked if the Captain had come to speak with me today but I reported that none had spoken with me since he had departed this morning. When I inquired as to the reason for his question, he simply said that he had been curious.

#the quest #little bunny

7:10PM I wish I could get the Dwarves out of these halls, but fourteen of us will be far more easily caught than one Hobbit, since not all of them can move as quietly as me. I will find a better route to get to the Forest River, as the river seems to be our best chance of escape now.

Thoughts of escape plans have been dancing in my head all day. I will surely go mad if this continues.

#adventureblogging #the company

7:35 pm

The guard has come by and Mr Baggins has entered the cell. He has seated himself on my lap and curled close. I can tell how much smaller he has gotten since the time in Beorn’s halls. Once Erebor is reclaimed, I will be sure that he never feels the rumble of hunger in his belly again.

#the quest #little bunny

8:30PM He threaded gems and necklaces, but recklessly she squandered them, and fell to bitter quarrelling, then sorrowing he wandered on, and there he left her withering as shivering he fled away; with windy weather following, on swallow-wing he sped away.

How does a butterfly tell his knight that he fears being possessed in such snares as gems and gold? That the very dreams that so bewitch his knight only strikes cold fear into the heart of the butterfly? As much as I wish we were free of this place, I also fear what lies ahead. I know Thorin is just clinging to the dreams he has left, but they are dreams of me, and I would look dreadful weighted down in Erebor’s riches. It is times like these that I am reminded of the fears that kept me from him before the Goblin-caves.

I am not of his world. I should remember my place.
Anonymous asked:

You'd break your own heart rather than stay with Thorin in Erebor? That's... harsh. I would've not been able to start a relationship that's doomed from the start but it seems you're made of sterner stuff. I respect your decisions but I fear that home won't be what you thought it was when you come back. Stay safe!

How many times have I been encouraged to pursue this relationship with Thorin? We both know the dangers of embarking on such entanglements, especially given how perilous our Quest is. After all, I could be walking straight into my death once we’re in Erebor. And yet all of you persisted, and nagged, and bothered. I do not want to give myself any hope that this will end well for either of us. I wish it with all of my heart, but I know I cannot believe in such wishes.

Bilbo sat with his face curled in my chest for a while before he began pressing his lips there. He slowly moved up until he reached my neck. I let my hands roam over him and explore the familiar landscape of his form.

It was not long before our kisses and movements grew heated. Bilbo's hands were buried in my hair, his grip nearly painful. It took a great deal of control to reach up and pull his hands away. I pressed my forehead to his and we shared warm breath.

"Not tonight, not here," I told him. I explained that I wanted our courtship to be official in Erebor, when I could drape him in gold and gems. I would make beads for his hair made of mithril and clothes made of the finest cloth; only the best for a royal consort.

Bilbo smiled and laughed slightly at my words, though he calmed. After a few moments, he returned to laying his head against me and we both collected our breath.

I used to dream of Erebor reclaimed and returned to its glory, and my people returning home. I still have that dream but now, when I imagine watching Erebor return to life, Bilbo is at my side, seeing it with me.

Anonymous asked:

may I ask where that poetry came from? its very lovely

From a book of poems my mother used to read to me as a child. This is part of a longer piece titled “Errantry.”
September 7 - September 13

Chapter Notes

As always, please do heed the warnings and tags. Thorin and the Company have been in an Elvish dungeon for almost a full month at this point - solitude is not the best companion to healthy thoughts.

September 7th, 2015

Bilbo

6:10AM Thorin tried once more to have me spend the morning with him, but I told him I could not. The words he told me last night still ring in my ears and send bolts of cold fear and worry to my heart. He is clinging to Erebor harder than he clings to the bars of his cell when I visit him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

7:35 am

Mr Baggins left this morning when the guard came by. A part of me deeply wishes that he would stay so as to ease my craving for his company. But the stronger part of me, the one that stopped him last night, is sensible and knows that Mr Baggins is our only hope of escaping now.

We must escape and get to Erebor before Durin’s Day. We must.

#the quest #little bunny

8 am

Anonymous asked:

Thorin, pardon me for asking, but have you ever pulled a successful prank on your nephews?

If so, I would love to hear the story! I'm sure living with them can be a handful at times.

I would like to first say that I refer to Fíli and Kíli as my nanaddan, or sister-children, as Kíli prefers the pronouns ‘they.’

But yes, I have pulled many pranks on the both of them — where do you think they learned what they know of pranks? Their mother, Dís, also has had her hand in educating them in how to perform a successful prank. I may have been the one to help them perfect the art, but she is the original source of their mischievous ways.

As for an example of one prank, the one I have in mind took place several years ago. Over the course of two weeks, while my nanaddan were away from their room, I slowly placed rocks in various places around the room. It began with several rocks and each day, I added more. By the end, despite them trying to get rid of the rocks that had gathered each day, every surface of their room were covered in a layer of rocks, along with a large boulder that Dwalin helped me to move into the center of their room. Their reactions were quite amusing. I have not told them that it was me and I do not think that they are aware that I was the culprit to their frustration.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children #my sister #dwalin
8:45AM
*Anonymous asked:*
I'm sorry if our attention to your relationship with Thorin has seemed like pushing or nagging... The two of you have become very dear to many of us through reading about your adventures, and we just want to see you happy.
Seeing people be happy does not necessarily come as a result of meddling. I know you lot mean well, but I am not a child anymore and I can make my own decisions.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:45AM
*Anonymous asked:*
On the matter of Erebor vs the Shire, it doesn't have to be a final decision. Once the quest is complete, trade & travel between Erebor & the west will be a great deal easier, so you & the company may be able to visit each other in the future :)
Perhaps, but it could also get endlessly exhausting. At least the Dwarves from the Ered Luin may pass through the Shire during the first years of rebuilding, but after that, who knows.

#ask #anonymous

11:11AM Dwalin is, I presume, contributing to my corruption by sending replies to Nori’s messages, also in Iglishmêk. Some of these signs are remarkably subtle; even the angle of the finger in relation to the rest of the hand matters in conveying the message.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf

12:30pm
*Anonymous asked:*
'I used to dream of Erebor reclaimed and returned to its glory, and my people returning home. I still have that dream but now, when I imagine watching Erebor return to life, Bilbo is at my side, seeing it with me' Those sound like lovely dreams. I hope they come true for you, and that whatever may occur you and Mr Baggins can remain together and happy.
Thank you for your well wishes. We must first escape from the Elvenking’s halls to make those hopes into anything more than dreams.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

1pm
*Anonymous asked:*
Your tales and accounts always prove entertaining Master Dwarf. I'm sure Bilbo will find a way out soon. He's very smart and cares deeply for your Company, you most of all. But I'm sure this is all annoying, me stating the obvious and what not. I just wanted to remind you this and to keep your hopes up. I wish you all the fortune in the coming future.
Your well wishes are very appreciated. I believe that Mr Baggins will free us from here.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

1:01PM Balin says not to lose faith; he believes that I will find us a way out, since if I can sneak past him when he’s on watch, I can do practically anything. I’m glad one of us is cheery about my prospects.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf
The guard has come by that I am summoned to speak with the Elvenking. What does Thranduil have planned?  
#the quest

**2:08PM** When I passed the throne room this afternoon I saw Thorin there, talking with the Elvenking once more. I did not linger long, but based on the smugness on the Elvenking’s face, he could very well be gloating at Thorin.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**3 pm**  
Thranduil gloated further on mine and the company’s long imprisonment. He asked me if I was happy with the fate of my company, as I am the one to have led them into it. He wondered aloud if my company had lost hope due to my mistakes and if they blamed me; he would in their position. He mused about if, once freed, the remaining company members would still try to journey to the mountain, though it would be long reclaimed by someone else by then, or if they would return home cursing my name.

After all of his talk, he ordered that I be taken back to my cell.

There is darkness in him and in his words, but still, they echo in my head.

#the quest #the company

**3:14PM**

*Anonymous asked:*

It is easier to say than to do, but please try not to worry overly about the future for now. I'm sure if you explain your fears to Thorin he'll understand, he loves you dearly after all and I'm sure he'd hate for you to feel uncomfortable. As for 'I am not of his world. I should remember my place', I believe your place is pretty equal to Thorin's, at least that seems to be the way he's thinking judging by what he wants for you. Just enjoy your time with him, I'm sure you'll sort it out together.

What will come will come, I know. I must simply make the first step and get us out of these halls.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**3:35 pm**

*Anonymous asked:*

try not to dwell on thranduil's words as his purpose was to cloud your mind with doubt and worry.. there is hope yet master dwarf  

I understand his intentions but I must admit that the truth behind his words troubles me.

#ask #anonymous

**4:01PM**
Anonymous asked:
I do apologize personally for the meddling of the others. But it is true, I personally care very much about you, Thorin and quite literally every Member of the Company as I'm sure many others do. I do wish you the very best of luck on the rest of your Quest, I know a sensible Hobbit like you will make the best decisions in the end.
I thank you for your well-wishes.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

4:15 pm
I should not let Thranduil’s words effect me.
And yet…
#the quest

5 pm
I have lead them all to this fate.
They entrusted their lives to me and now they will wither and rot in prison cells because of me.
#the quest #the company

5:10 pm
Anonymous asked:
Thorin, I implore you, do not pay any heed to Thranduil's words. Your Company chose to follow you to Erebor, knowing full well the dangers of the quest. You are not to blame for your predicament, and I can think of at least fourteen others who would agree with me.
Whether they agreed to the perils of this quest or not, as the leader of the company, I am to blame for any dangers that we encounter.
#ask #anonymous #the company

5:45 pm
When Mr Baggins returns, I will ask if he has come up with any ideas for escaping. He is our only hope of getting out.
#the quest #little bunny

6:29PM Thorin asked me after the guard left for the evening-meal if I had found an exit route yet. I tried to prevaricate, but eventually he got out of me the fact that my search so far has been futile. A shadow passed over his face at that. It makes me want to go back out of the cell and resume my search, but we both know I cannot.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:30 pm
He did not.
#the quest #little bunny

7:09PM
Anonymous asked:
You are doing the very best you can, and it is a marvel you've been able to look around as much as you have without getting caught what with so many guards. Do not lose hope, you'll find a way to escape. Try not to let Thorin lose hope either if you can, I believe his audience with that Elvenking may have dampened his spirits. I'm sure the two of you can think of something, and failing that at least being together will give comfort. It's far more pleasant not to be alone.

I will try. Thorin insists that it is not my fault I have not been able to find an exit, but I feel as if all the time I have spent so far in these halls is going to waste because I cannot find an exit. I must try harder.

7:25 pm

Anonymous asked:

'as the leader of the company, I am to blame for any dangers that we encounter' I have to say that's utter codswallop. Any dangers you encounter are merely coincidence and not a reflection of your leadership. If anything it's testament to your good leadership and the excellent quality of your companions that you've all made it through as many trials as you have thus far. Do not blame yourself so, nothing you have or haven't done would change the amount of dangers you've faced.

And yet I am the one who spoke at Thranduil in anger. Balin has a more level head and could have dealt with these poncy Elves better than I can; I could have taken his advice. Instead, I allowed my anger to get the better of me and so caused our indefinite imprisonment. The Company’s extended stay here in these infernal prisons are no one’s fault but my own.

7:34PM Thorin says he does not blame me for my failure, once again pointing out that he was responsible for the Company’s imprisonment. I asked him what the Elvenking told him in the afternoon, and Thorin sighed, saying that the Elvenking had merely been gloating.

8 pm

Anonymous asked:

'They entrusted their lives to me and now they will wither and rot in prison cells because of me' Rubbish! They knew precisely what risks were entailed when joining you. You will all escape yet, keep faith that Bilbo will find a way out. He is resourceful and determined, don't give up hope on him and your quest.

Determination and resourcefulness have only gotten me into this mess in the first place. True, Mr Baggins is those things, but he is also lucky. And should his luck run out and he be captured? He will be no more free than the rest of us. I am selfish to ask him to test his luck all night and day in these halls.

8:34PM Thorin says he does not blame me for my failure, once again pointing out that he was responsible for the Company’s imprisonment. I asked him what the Elvenking told him in the afternoon, and Thorin sighed, saying that the Elvenking had merely been gloating.

The guilt weighs on me and makes it hard to breathe.

8:47PM

Anonymous asked:

Mister Baggins, I still think following the water flow is a promising idea. While I (entirely,
utterly completely) understand your Company's reluctance to follow the sewage draining system, perhaps there is another source they could follow? Surely the kitchens use running water, and even the Elvenking himself has to bathe on occasion.
I intend on finding another place where the water of the halls connects with the Forest River, as there could be multiple channels; surely the Elves do not drink sewer water.

#ask #anonymous #the company

9 pm
This is all my fault.
#the quest

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September 8th, 2015

Bilbo

8:23AM Thorin is still asleep. I have slipped out with the guard change, which he has slept through. I must find a way out, if only just to spite the Elvenking for causing Thorin’s misery.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:12AM
Anonymous asked:
Do hobbits from different regions differ culturally? For example, do hobbits from the Shire, Buckland, and Bree celebrate different holidays? Enjoy different foods? Or use different terminology? And do you know of any relationships between hobbits from different regions back home? How do they decide where to live or what customs to uphold? Could such relationships serve as examples for your own relationship with Thorin?

Each of the four Farthings of the Shire has a distinct culture of its own, usually shown in the festival traditions and the food. I spend time in Tuckborough and Buckland because of my family, but I do believe Hobbiton is the most cultured of all of the places in the Shire, for although it is in the Westfarthing, it is closer still to the heart of the Shire where three Farthings meet at the Three-Farthing Stone. I have no idea why Michel Delving is our capital; all that is interesting in Michel Delving is the Mathom-house and its archives and the Mid-year’s Day bonfires.
The language in each part of the Shire changes, too; I’ve seen more boating terminology in Buckland, as the people there are odd and use boats and wear boots (which is dreadful in my opinion). And as for Bree-Hobbits, well, not many people talk of them in the Shire, as they mingle too much with the Big Folk to be considered proper by Hobbiton standards. Which, of course, means that what Thorin and I share is quite disreputable because he is a Dwarf, never mind that he is male. Those sorts of relations are considered follies of the youth, and clearly no one of any sort of reputable nature ought to be involved in them after coming of age.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12PM The Elvenking and his guards have left the halls, and I have slipped out after them again. I have had no success tracing the Forest River within the halls, perhaps outside will give me a better idea.
1:32PM

Anonymous asked:

You will succeed in this, Master Baggins, I'm sure of it. Best of luck in your search today. If nothing else it would be amusing to see the Elvenking’s reaction should his prisoners escape from under his very nose! I do hope Thorin feels more like himself soon and not weighed down with guilt, it's not his fault.

The Elvenking would certainly have it coming. I thank you for your well-wishes.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:08PM There is a gate where the Forest River meets the Elvenking’s halls. It is a portcullis of sorts that is dropped to prevent invasions through the river into the stream that runs through the halls, but this water-gate is more often open than closed because of all the trade materials being brought through it. We could escape through here, but it would have to be undetected somehow, or else the gate will close down to the riverbed and trap us all.

#adventureblogging

4:10PM We will need help from the outside if we are to escape properly, and it seems that the Captain of the Guard was our best bet for that help. However, given how I have made Kíli treat her, I do not know if she will trust us anymore.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

5:11PM Kíli, when I told them that we might need the Captain’s help in escaping, said that she would probably not lend such aid. “No matter how many times she says she forgives me for doubting her, I don’t think I can ever ask such a huge favour of her,” they said.

“I’m sorry I put you in such a situation,” I said.

“You had reasonable suspicions,” they said, with a shrug. “Besides, I don’t think the Company would be okay with giving her or any of the Wood-elves a cut of their profits from the Mountain should she help us escape.”

“We haven’t even reached Erebor yet, much less defeated Smaug,” I pointed out.

Kíli laughed. “I will ask her questions about the river. Maybe you will find something there.”

“You’re willing to betray her trust?”

“She understands our plight,” retorted Kíli. “That’s why she’s not the one who told the Elvenking about us.”

I am glad that I have not parted Kíli and the Captain after all.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #the company

7:42PM Thorin seems strange tonight. He was silent when I first talked with him, but then he began to talk and behave as if nothing had happened, as if he had not been like a statue mere moments ago. I wonder if the words of the Elvenking still trouble him. I would have told him of my plan, but he doesn’t seem to have heard anything else I’ve said to him tonight, so I guess it will have to wait for another time.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #i worry for him

8PM

Anonymous asked:

Wait - do you mean that relationships between hobbits of the same gender aren't accepted or did you refer to hobbits with non-hobbit partners? Either way sounds horrible, in my opinion. Given your current relationship, have your views on what is and isn't proper changed much? Both are considered unseemly for a Hobbit of my status, though admittedly few accounts of Hobbits
marrying non-Hobbits exist outside literature and legend. On the other hand, I have personally
known many Hobbits who are in relationships with others of the same gender, and while it is not like
it is with Men — I hear tales of beatings and killings for such relations amongst Men in Gondor, the
topic is still one that Hobbits — especially those with any sort of class or breeding — would prefer to
avoid and ignore. This ‘unspeakable love’, when it persists beyond the dalliances of tweenhood,
keeps those afflicted Hobbits from professing their love in the open.
I personally have been deemed odd — queer, even — because I expressed no interest in courtship
and marriage after coming of age, not because I preferred courting Hobbit-lads instead of lasses. But
my relationship with Thorin would be considered improper, yes, and I find that I do not care. Those
who care about me will not mind, and those who mind I do not care about.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**Thorin**

8 pm

Excuse my silence today. I simply needed to gather my thoughts. And Mr Baggins is here and he is
well. The meat and spices in the porridge was quite good tonight.

Everything is fine.

#the quest #little bunny

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8:30 pm

**Anonymous asked:**

Difficult as it may be, seeing as you cannot scout around like Bilbo can. What about the two of
you discussing viable escape plans, if you haven't already? Bilbo may have overlooked
something that could have potential and if he mentions it to you, you might see it. Two heads
are better than one and all that.

Why would we need to discuss escape plans? We are fine. Everything is fine.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

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9 pm

**lumateranlibrarian asked:**

Thorin. The fault lies not with you, NEVER with you. It lies with Smaug, who forced your
people from their treasured home. It lies with Thranduil, who detains you out of spite and
fear. There are forces working against you—none of this is your doing.

You are right, the fault is not my own, it lies with those evils that I would rather not discuss.
This is not my fault. Everything is fine.

#ask #lumateranlibrarian

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9:20 pm

The mat that Mr Baggins and I are laying on is somewhat comfortable, softer than a bedroll on hard
ground. But I find myself missing the hay beds in Beorn’s halls. I voiced this to Mr Baggins and he
smiled briefly, saying that he felt the same, though his features returned to being pinched together in
worry after a few moments. I asked what was bothering him but he did not answer. I assured him
that everything is fine.

#the quest #little bunny

9:42PM
Anonymous asked:
I do not wish to worry you or pry, but judging from Thorin's blog, he is indeed acting strange. He seems to be under the illusion that everything is well and that there is no need to discuss or think of escape plans and that everything is fine. This is disturbing I sould think, it's like he's blocked out the entire predicament you're all in and in denial.
I am perfectly aware of his strange behaviour. I suspect it is similar to how I had denied being attacked by bats in the Forest. I am sure given time he will return to his senses, and having his freedom returned may do the trick if he refuses to return to reality.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**September 9th, 2015**

Bilbo

8:15PM Thorin’s behaviour continues to worry me.
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I spent the day in his cell, tending to him as quietly as I can. He has expressed a want for me to stay in the cell with him before, but now it doesn’t seem to affect him at all. Nothing seems to, in fact. I might as well have been talking to a statue for all of his reactions to me.
He did have his moments when he seemed more himself again, but they were few and far in between. If this continues, I fear for his mental state upon reaching Erebor. This forest has not been kind to him, and once again Lord Elrond’s warnings echo in my ears.
I have been told many times that the blame for our continued imprisonment rests not on my shoulders, but the way Thorin bears whatever guilt he feels over the situation simply makes me wish I could take some of that away from him. I think this is how he is choosing to cope, but it worries me nonetheless.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**September 10th, 2015**

Thorin

8:15 am
To wake with Mr Baggins in my arms is a sensation that I hope that I never tire of. I am fascinated with the softness of his features when slack with sleep. His slow breathing and steady warmth is a comfort that calls to my heart.

#the quest #little bunny

9 am
I have found that Mr Baggins’ sleepy smile is an even better sight than when his features in sleep.

#the quest #little bunny
9:14AM
puddeneen asked:
Both you and Thorin seem to have fallen back on this strange disassociation now; I wonder if it's something to do with the sickness/foul magic hanging over Mirkwood. Maybe even Thranduil and his people are vulnerable to it.
I hope it can be accounted to such a thing — that we are merely suffering the effects of the forest instead of something much more insidious.
#ask #puddeneen #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:32AM To leave Thorin in such a state feels like a betrayal on my part, but not finding an escape route might be worse. I must persevere. Perhaps Kili has gleaned something from their time with the Captain.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2

10:40 am
Mr Baggins had to leave for a time, he says to explore. I have seen that there is a restlessness about him, a wanderlust that was mostly likely what brought him on this journey in the first place. I asked simply that he return to me when done, so that I may have the joy of his company once again and he agreed.
#the quest #little bunny

12:10PM Nori says he has been trying to figure out how to best pick the lock on his door, but it is proving hard to get his hands around the bars to unlock the cell. Glóin has also been tapping at the stones for weaknesses, but the Elves have so far been quite meticulous in their dungeon craftsmanship. The Wood-elves may not be as well-versed in rock and stone as the Dwarves, but they are at least good at crafting prisons out of them.
I imagine that the irony is not lost on most of the Company.
#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #firedwarf #the company

12:35 pm
The Elf that served me my midday meal did not speak to me; they rarely do. These Elves are not like those in Rivendell, though they do share similarities. I wonder on the fates of Maethedir and Estel and the others there in Rivendell. Perhaps there is some way that I can send them a message, to tell them of our journey so far and that everything is fine and inquire about them.
I wonder what became of the bookmark that I made for Mr Baggins that was left behind.
#the quest #little bunny #estel #maethedir

3 pm
The silence of this place is not too terrible. It has allowed me the peace to think and review my thoughts. Quiet is hard to come across and to have it now feels like receiving a gift that you did not even know to ask for.
#the quest
3:13PM

Anonymous asked:
That does sound very worrying, I hope his guilt eases and his behaviour returns to normal soon. I wonder if it would be worth speaking of things not at all related to your predicament and the quest. Maybe hearing of something completely different would make him concentrate on that topic and not his guilt. Telling him tales of the Shire perhaps? Asking him questions about places he's travelled which do not involve Erebor or the like. It might bring him around a little.

Perhaps. I will see what I can do, though I suspect that escaping these halls will do him more good than simply talking about places that he cannot go to, Erebor or not.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:45 pm

Anonymous asked:

Everything is fine? What is this complacency? How are your companions meant to free themselves while you dither about, lying to yourself? Thorin Oakenshield would never lose his spine to the elves.

Do not speak as if you know what it is that I have gone through.

#ask #anonymous

3:46PM

Kíli has told me that the water-gate I discovered a couple days ago is apparently the connection between the Elvenking’s larder and the river-trade with the Lake-men as well as the other realms beyond, hence its constant open position. I had noticed some trade materials being floated in on rafts and boats before, but it is good to know that these things do indeed come from the lake I had seen in the distance once.
Slowly the pieces are coming together; I just need to find a good opportunity.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

4:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

I was just wondering, would you ever consider visiting the Shire again, should the chance arise? Surely even kings need a break every now and then, or perhaps a place you could go if for some reason you ever felt the need to abdicate and pass the crown to Fili. From what Mr Baggins has said, the Shire seems like an idyllic and pleasant place to be. Clearly you have not actually heard Mr Baggins’s accounts of the Shire, as from what I hear about it from him, it is not as idyllic as you would think it to be.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

6:10PM

I told Thorin that I was working on a plan now, and that the plan was coming along well, but he doesn’t seem interested in thoughts of escape, pointing out instead that the food is getting better, and that everything is fine.
I am getting tired of hearing that phrase come out of his mouth. It is not something he usually says, so the fact that he is saying it so frequently unsettles me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:30 pm
Anonymous asked:

Have the elves addled your wits? You are trapped in an elvish dungeon, yet do not seem to care. What have they done to you?
The Company and I are safe from attack and have regular meals. I do not see any reason to complain.

#ask #anonymous #the company

8:33PM
Anonymous asked:
I wonder if there is any way to distract him, or rile him enough so that he might snap out of it? Probably not a good idea though, he seems to be in a very delicate state at this point. I suppose the best thing is just to play along and comfort him as best you can, whilst going ahead with the escape plan. Once you're all free again, he'll likely come back to his senses, try not to fret. You're doing wonderfully and I'm sure Thorin will be very grateful once he's himself again. I have been trying to talk to him about it, but he will hear nothing of Erebor or Durin’s Day, as if he is trying so hard to avoid the topic that even just hearing the words would be too much.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:53 pm
Anonymous asked:

No reason to complain? How about that you are not free to go where you will? That you have not seen your sister children in weeks? That Durin's day may well pass you by and others might claim your ancestral home while you sit here doing nothing?
Do not speak to me of these matters. I have no stomach for them.

#ask #anonymous

9:06PM I stopped Thorin from starting an engagement tonight and I’m not entirely sure if I did the right thing.

~~
We had been lying together, his back to the cell door to hide me from sight as usual, and I had thought we would simply just fall asleep like this, as we have so many times before, but then Thorin’s hands moved lower from my waist, coming to rest on my bum, and the heatedness of his kisses gave me a good idea of his intentions before he told me so himself. I said no.
I told him that we have not escaped Mirkwood yet, and that we agreed to wait until after Mirkwood. I pointed out the numerous times he had stopped me and I had acquiesced. I told him that I would not cleave to him in an Elf-dungeon, unkempt and unlike either of our stations in life. He tried to protest, saying that we were never going to get out of this forest anyway, so what was the point? I told him
that I was working on a plan, and that the first bed we came across after we escaped would be where I would give myself to him.
I don’t know how much of it really registered in him, but there was at least enough to make him stop his wandering hands, and we settled down to rest. My heart has not stopped pounding, and I wonder if it would’ve made any difference whether or not we’d tumbled in this dungeon or ‘in the first bed we find after we escape’. I am heartened to know he still wants me, but it would probably be unfair to have him like this.
I don’t know what to feel.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:08 pm
Anonymous asked:

Would you truly not mind staying within the Elvenking’s realm if it meant being safe from harm and having regular meals? I suppose so long as Bilbo is around you have good company, and within this place there's no longer the worry of Bilbo potentially having to face a dragon. Perhaps it's for the best then. After all, Erebor has not had dwarves residing within it all these years, I doubt much will change in the world if you fail to complete the quest, so no point in trying further, right?

I see that you would seek to anger me. Anger has done nothing but make our situation worse, so I refuse to return to that state of mind which only wears me out further.

#ask #anonymous

9:15 pm
Mr Baggins and I were lying together, his front pressed to mine, and I felt a longing to have him closer.

~~~
My hands roamed as if they had their own mind and I could not keep my lips away from his. How there was a time when I did not desire him, I cannot understand. I voiced my urge to make our courtship official, remembering that just recently, Bilbo had revealed a similar urge. However, Bilbo denied my advances. He said it was not the time nor the place, but did say that once we had attained a proper bed, he would be more willing. I find that I am near shaking with anticipation.

#the quest #little bunny

10:50PM
zathuraroy5 asked:
I think you did well to refuse, you are not in a suited location for now and Thorin isn't quite of right mind.
I know I made the right decision, and yet it doesn’t feel like it, somehow. I am all too keenly aware of him pressed against me, the weight of him almost like a taunt for what I am missing.

#ask #zathuraroy5 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
September 11th, 2015

Bilbo

8:30AM Opportunities are harder to find when you are actively searching for them.
#adventureblogging

Thorin

9 am

Anonymous asked:

Focusing on the positive things in your current situation is better than wallowing in guilt & despair, but you can't let that go so far that you neglect your quest! There must be a middle ground where you can be both optimistic & productive!

I have found that dwelling on the quest in my current situation has led to nothing but pain and weariness. I have no will left in me to withstand this continued torment.

#ask #anonymous

10:15 am

Perhaps if I were to sleep enough, I would forget everything that has happened, similar to Bombur’s time asleep in the forest. Would that be enough to cure this exhaustion?

#the quest

11:42AM Kíli has told me that there is another feast planned for the end of the month to mark the harvest. This is apparently a festival with some traditions shared with the Lake-men. Shipments for the feast are to arrive over the course of the next week.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

12 pm

Despite the regular meals provided and the opportunity to reclaim my lost sleep, my head continues to ache. It is not as pounding as it was before, but it is constant nonetheless. There are points where it can feel it throughout my skull and other times when it reaches into my throat and makes it burn with nausea.

Whatever the cause of the headache, I find that I simply wish for it to decide to finish tormenting me and do whatever it is that it plans to do and be done with it, or to just leave me in peace.

#the quest

2:11PM Three casks of apples have been brought in, according to the butler, Galion. He is a very cheery Elf, but I think that cheeriness could be attributed to his ample access to the Elvenking’s wine. I wonder where that is; I could do with a drink or two myself.

#adventureblogging

2:30 pm
My form has been worn into the pallet. Mr Baggins’ figure, however, has not yet. There is a slight indentation where he would usually sleep but it is not enough to clearly see. I find that I desire him even when he is not present, perhaps even more than when he is; his voice, his touch, his honeyed curls and eyes that shine with a hidden mischief.

When he is away from me as he is now, can he feel my longing for him, calling him back?

#the quest #little bunny

4 pm

I have at least come to master the use of the Elvish stick utensils. I still do not like them but it is significantly easier to eat now that I know the proper way to use them.

#the quest

4:10PM

Anonymous asked:
I wish not to distract you from your task of looking for an escape route, but I've been wondering of late, why are your people referred to as "halflings"? Best of luck on your escape plan Master Baggins!

The term ‘halfling’ is not a term we use to describe ourselves unless it be to the confused Big Folk who have never heard about us except from legends. The Rangers gave us the name ‘halflings’, as we only come up to about half their height. I would like to inform you not to refer to us as halflings, though; it’s rather rude.

#ask #anonymous

4:45 pm

Anonymous asked:
Do you think, perhaps, that the meals could be causing your headaches? Thranduil is not known for his honor concerning dwarrow, after all.

These headaches have plagued me for some time now, before the Elvish food. But even if it is the Elvenking’s doing, what would I be able to do? I cannot simply stop eating.

#ask #anonymous

5:20 pm

Anonymous asked:
Have you mentioned this ongoing headache to Mr Baggins? He could talk to Oin about it and then perhaps smuggle in whatever Oin recommends from the elves' kitchen or the forest.

There’s no reason for you to just endure this pain indefinitely :(.

Mr Baggins is aware of my continued headaches. They have plagued me since before our time in Mirkwood, and even Óin and Gandalf could do nothing.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny #oin #the wizard

6:39PM The Captain is to return to her post in the forest again, and Kíli is very upset about it. I asked them if they wanted me to keep them company, and they said that they suspected their uncle would need my presence more. They wish that Fíli were there to comfort them, but then again they also fear that Fíli may not understand their friendship with the Captain.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #thing 1
7:15 pm
My evening meal has been served but Mr Baggins has not appeared. Perhaps he is busy elsewhere. I hope that he is well; I do not wish to imagine that he is hurt somewhere.
#the quest #little bunny

8 pm
Mr Baggins is here now but can not come closer. He feels so far away, though his voice is near. He is here yet I miss him still.
#the quest #little bunny

8:02 PM I have returned to Thorin’s side, but I am too late to slip in, and Thorin seems to be deliberately ignoring the fact that he is in a cell by refusing to look at the bars. I fear tonight may be lonelier than I would like.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:56 PM I have managed to get Thorin to the bars, if only because he claims to miss my presence. He cannot linger long; despite his constant reassurances that he is ‘fine’, he does not look the part. His eyes are haunted and his face is lined with worry. I bade him rest on his pallet instead of the cold ground near my hiding spot.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

September 12th, 2015

Bilbo

7:13 AM Every morning it gets harder to part from Thorin. He looks as if he has aged greatly in his sleep, his brows heavy and sombre even as he dreams. I hope they are pleasant; I feel bad for not being able to be there to calm his night terrors, if he is still having them.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

8:45 am
My breakfast had already been delivered by the time that I woke and Mr Baggins had also departed. I cannot tell which days make me ache for him more; the days where I wake with him in my arms only for him to drag himself away, or when I must watch him disappear and leave with only a memory of him near me instead.
#the quest #little bunny

9:04 AM I have been exploring the woods around the Halls. The air here is fresher than any other part of the Forest, and the light is not as bad. Where the Wood-elvess hold their domain, evil things do
not dare encroach. I suppose we have that much to be grateful for, at least.

#adventureblogging

10:10 am

I wonder if I could perhaps ask the Elves for meat and ale and if they would actually bring it if I did.

#the quest

11:42 AM The Elves in the kitchens are very accommodating of bowls vanishing and reappearing empty. I wonder if they know I’m here. The prospect terrifies me a bit, to be honest. The food itself is still quite delicious and fresh, as ever. I wonder where they get the vegetables, as clearly the underground Halls are not an ideal place to grow things.

#adventureblogging

12:15 pm

I asked about the meat and ale. The Elf said no.

#the quest

1:45 pm

Anonymous asked:

Have you thought about having sex with Bilbo?

I do not believe that that matter is any concern of yours.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

2:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

Goodness! Some of these questions others send you are terribly blunt, quite rudely so. You’d have hoped these folk would have more manners to them. How are you feeling today, Thorin? Have the headaches eased at all?

I agree; some manners would be appreciated at times. I do not know why someone would ask another such a private question. I am fine, though my headache continues. I do not know the cause of it, but I have grown used to its unpleasant presence and am able to ignore it for most of the day. I thank you for your concern.

#ask #anonymous

2:15PM Excellent news! I have found the Elvenking’s wine cellar.

#adventureblogging

3:08PM The Elvenking’s wine cellar is near the rest of the pantry, all of which smell like musty, river-soaked hay. This place is a very busy place, and I must keep my wits about me so as not to be discovered.

#adventureblogging
4:30 pm
I wonder how my sister fares. Does she worry about us or does she have faith in our journey? What will she do when she does not hear of our fate?
I can nearly hear her voice and the observations and insults she would have of this place.
#thequest #mysister

4:52PM There are a set of heavy trap doors near the wine cellar that open up to the stream which I presume leads to the water-gate. I’ve found the exit route.
#adventureblogging

5:20 pm
Anonymous asked:
Hi, Thorin. I was wondering: What is Kili’s royal title? Like, you are (or will be) a King, your sister is a Princess, and Fili is a Prince, correct? But Kili is neither male nor female, so they’re not a Prince or a Princess. Do they use a Khuzdul word that doesn’t translate into Westron?
I have answered this question before [here](#). Thank you for asking, however, to learn and to expand your knowledge.
#ask #anonymous #mysisterchildren

6:10PM
copics-in-middle-earth asked:
Hello bilbo, would it alright If I asked how the other Dwarves are? While I am curious about how they all fair today I would like to know specifically about Ori
They’re all fine, last I checked on them, though I have to admit I don’t check in on all of them quite often. I know that last I checked, Ori was doing well; he has somehow gotten his knitting materials back (I suppose the Elves had reason to confiscate sharp knitting needles, but the yarn was a bit much) and is working on a scarf for the autumn. He’s cheery, given the circumstances. I know he wants to believe we’ll escape but he doubts we’ll do it in time.
#ask #scribedwarf #copics-in-middle-earth

6:13PM
Anonymous asked:
Not to dampen your spirits, but I hope the 'good news' about finding the wine cellar isn't just to drink your sorrows away, tho I certainly understand why that would be tempting right now. You need to find an escape route, remember!
Excuse me, I will do what I please, and if I do want to get drunk one of these nights, I will very bloody well do so.
Not that I would actually do so, though, as I do not wish to be caught. I simply have no time for you fretting after me as if I am a child.
#ask #anonymous

6:20PM
Anonymous asked:
Well done on finding the wine cellar, Mr Baggins! You're sure to be able to devise an escape
plan now.
Thank you. I have a route; I only need an opportunity. I will keep close watch on the cellars for that opportunity.

#ask #anonymous

7PM I have had an exciting day in the cellars. Tomorrow I shall keep a regular post there. I may simply end up residing there, though it pains me to think of leaving Thorin to his own devices. But this is the closest I have gotten to a proper plan, and I must memorise all routine movements of those who work in the cellars if we are to use this place as an escape route.

#adventureblogging

7:15 pm
My evening meal has been served but Mr Baggins is not here.

#the quest #little bunny

7:32PM

copics-in-middle-earth asked:

Ah! Thats good I am glad that they have faith in getting through this. I am sure that plenty to do with you. Could I ask lastly how Nori and Fili fare?
Nori is a bit restless. Whenever I go visit him he insists on knowing how far along I am on getting us out. The Elves might have confiscated his lockpicks, because if they haven’t I am quite sure he would be out by now.
As for Fili, he is also faring well; he says that he misses his sibling, but I guess he also takes comfort in the fact that he did succeed in hiding one of his knives from the Elves. He is also very concerned about his uncle, though he is sure that once we get out of here, Thorin will be all right again.

#ask #copics-in-middle-earth #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #pointydwarf #thing 1 #thing 2

8:34PM
Thorin came to the bars again. He seemed saddened by my decision to keep a constant watch in the cellars, as it means I won’t be visiting him every night like I have been for the past several weeks. He told me to hurry back, though his heart didn’t seem to be in the message.
I must admit, I know he doesn’t mean to sound unenthusiastic, but it makes me feel bad all the same.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:45 pm
Mr Baggins has appeared and has told me of his plan to stay in the wine cellars. I must admit that this plan saddens me, as this limits our time together even more so than it is now.
His hand is in mine but he still somehow feels miles away.

#the quest #little bunny

September 13th, 2015
9:30 am
Anonymous asked:

I'm sure your sister worries for you, Thorin, though not from lack of faith. You are her family, after all, her elder brother. She will always worry after your safety, your health, and your peace of mind. She loves you.

Unless you know my sister personally, you cannot guarantee what you say. However, I do see the attempt at comfort and concern behind your words; thank you.

#ask #anonymous #my sister

10:21 AM I am already hiding in the cellars. Leaving Thorin, in his current state, to his own devices worries me, but I know it is for the greater good. I must keep close watch on the comings and goings in these cellars, and so I may not post much, for fear of giving away my position.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11 am

I have only just now realized that I have been, without meaning to, speaking my thoughts aloud. If my throat had not gone dry, I do not think I would have noticed.

#the quest

12:45 pm

Inspired by Mr Baggins and other Hobbits, I have removed my boots to try to understand why they would walk barefoot everywhere. I know that the soles of a Hobbit’s feet are, Mr Baggins claims, as sturdy and tough as any boot, but it is still an odd practice to me.

#the quest #little bunny

2 pm

I have returned my boots to their place on my feet. I cannot say that I understand now why Hobbits walk without shoes of any sort; if anything, I understand even less than before.

#the quest #little bunny #i did not realize that toes could feel defenseless

2:37 PM Galion reminds me of an innkeeper. He may act jolly and laugh, but he also has a very fierce manner when dealing with shipments from Lake-town coming through the trapdoors. Everything is processed and catalogued to its most minute details. I am sure he’s appreciated by, say, the kitchens, as a result. But some of the Elves he orders around take great pleasure in mocking him behind his back with uncanny impressions of him, so I guess he’s not as popular as he could be.

#adventureblogging

3:49 PM Galion has overseen a raft of barrels, all containing various fruits and fish, which came floating into the cellars through the trapdoors. The Elves emptied the casks, separated out the load, and then tossed the barrels back into the river to be brought back to Lake-town. I’m just surprised that anyone can grow berries in this time of year.

#adventureblogging
4:30 pm
If my count is correct, the walls of this room are made of 623 stones in total.
#the quest

5:03PM How closely do these Elves inspect the empty barrels?
#adventureblogging

6:15 pm
Even though Mr Baggins has informed me of his plan to stay in the cellars, I still find myself expecting to see him appear, to hear his voice.

In comparison to the years I went without him, I have only known him for a small time. How can one affect another so much in such a time? How have my arms grown used to his form after so long of being empty?

Is there any way to stop this ache? If there is, I do not think I would truly wish for it to stop.
#the quest #little bunny

6:40PM I think I should check on Thorin tonight, just to make sure he has been all right today. I do miss him, even when he is being downright stubborn about things — though I do understand this might be less of him being stubborn and more of him being tired.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:11PM
Anonymous asked:
I think checking on Thorin would be a very good idea, Mr Baggins. His recent posts have been a little... odd. Discussing the number of stones making up the walls of his cell, and how he's been trying to figure out how to go about barefoot like a hobbit. I don't wish to intrude or gossip, but it is a little worrying and some company might help his state of mind. I think your presence grounds him and eases his guilt and tiredness, so a short visit may soothe him.
I will see what I can do. I think his imprisonment is getting the better of him, and I’m all too aware of the fact that all I need left is an opportunity to free the Company and see if that will get Thorin back to some semblance of his old self.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:20 pm
Mr Baggins is here, despite his plan, though he cannot be in the room with me. My hand is holding his, though it feels as if I am reaching for him as if he were a dream. The lines of exhaustion on his face are real, however, and I wish I could simply wipe them away.
#the quest #little bunny

8:48PM Thorin greeted me when I showed up at the bars tonight. He said that he has been spending his days counting the stones in his walls. I pointed out that the walls of the cell are carved out of the same cave-rock, so it’s all really one stone. Thorin seemed quite displeased with that response.
He is holding my hand through the bars, but we both know it’s not enough.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Nearing the end of the Mirkwood days! Once again, a reminder to look over the updated tags and warnings for the approaching months in the mountain of Erebor. Also, Thorin and Bilbo are BOTH unreliable narrators. Remember that there is more going on than what they write.

September 14th, 2015

Bilbo

7:42AM

I slipped out early again, following some guards out of the halls and down to the banks of the Forest River. There are boats along the river, some of them hauling in more barrels, others full of Wood-elves holding lanterns. It seems as if there are preparations being made for some sort of festivity. I wonder what it is.

#adventureblogging #mirkwood #forest river #travelling

Thorin

9 am

Mr Baggins, in his need to be silent, departs some mornings without waking me. He did so today and I woke with only the lingering feeling of his hand in mine, the warmth already faded. It is on these mornings that he most seems like just a ghost that I have only imagined, banished in the daylight hours.

#the quest #little bunny

10:31AM I am in place in the cellars. The Elves speak in rapid-fire, though in all of this time that new dialect of Sindarin — the Silvan dialect, I presume — is now becoming familiar to me, and I can readily pick out words with meanings I understand in them. I will endeavour to do so now.

#adventureblogging

11:45 am
If not for the meals being brought to me at regular intervals, I would be unable to determine how much time has passed. The lights do not seem to change; they are not even dimmed during the night hours, but I have grown used to sleeping despite it. The passage of time feels paused here, like a river, trapped and frozen under a layer of ice.  

#the quest

1:11PM I am tired, though it was barely morn. I feel that familiar stretching feeling all over me, and I want it gone.  
#adventureblogging

2:05 pm  
I wonder if the Elves are as tired of seeing me as I am of them.  
#the quest

4:30 pm  
I recall Mr Baggins reporting that Ori had reclaimed his drawing supplies. Perhaps the Elves would give me similar supplies.  
#the quest #little bunny #ori

4:38PM I have found out some interesting things about the river trade with the men of Lake-town. Apparently as they do not grow their own vines here, the Wood-elves must import their wine from the East, from the vineyards of Dorwinion on the Sea of Rhûn. Things from woodland realm of Lothlórien also came up this way. The barrels are either lashed together into rafts to carry the goods up the river, or they are loaded into boats and brought up. Either way, when they are emptied, the Elves will throw the barrels back into the river, and they will float away to be collected by the bargemen of Lake-town.  
#adventureblogging

5:25 pm  
Anonymous asked:  
Just out of curiosity, what would you do with said supplies, should you be granted them? I suppose if you received drawing supplies like ori, you could at least amuse yourself by sketching a few things.  
I would prefer to use the supplies for drawing, though I would also enjoy using it to write.  
#ask #anonymous #ori

5:35 pm  
Anonymous asked:  
do you draw? or- is there a art media you prefer- (poetry writing anything of the like)  
I have not had much chance to do so on the quest so far, but I do enjoy sketching.  
#ask #anonymous

6 pm  
I asked the Elf for paper and charcoal. They said no.
6:03PM More news: the upcoming feast is an important harvest festival for the Wood-elven, and by cultural extension, the Lake-men alike. The Elves have spectacular feasts in the woods, whereas the Lake-men have grand celebrations and parties, not to mention certain rituals for unwed couples. They call it the Lantern Festival, as all houses in Lake-town that day will hang paper lanterns, and even more are released into the night. The Elves call it a feast in honour of the Valier, but especially to the Giver of Fruits, for a plentiful harvest.

#adventureblogging

7:15 pm
Anonymous asked:
An artist and certainly a great dwarf like you should never be denied proper paper and charcoal. Shame on them!
Thank you for the support. Perhaps there is a reason behind their choice, though I do not know what it could be.
#ask #anonymous

7:30 pm
Anonymous asked:
I'm so sorry that the elves are treating you this way... it makes me really mad. I didn't know you could draw! Do you mind telling us what sort of things you like to sketch? What do you write, poetry, stories or things like diary entries?
The Elves’ decision is not your fault, though I thank you for the concern. For drawing, I have drawn sketches in the past to show others what I am capable of making through smithing, though I personally enjoy architectural lines and designs. I do not have the skill of Ori for sketches of people, though I have tried my hand at it. As for writing, I tend to put my own memories to the page, as I find that it helps me to recall them with more clarity. I have written poetry in the past, though it is usually only when the urge strikes me.
#ask #anonymous #ori

7:50PM
Anonymous asked:
I do hope that you are doing well, master Baggins. Well done on coming this far and the best of luck for the journey ahead.
Thank you for your well-wishes.
#ask #anonymous

8:01PM It is odd, settling down here in the cellars without Thorin, surrounded in the pressing darkness with barrels everywhere. I fear I may be found at any time, though I know my hiding skills are now quite expert. I still worry, though, that something will go wrong and I will be discovered, and that shall be the end of us.
Not good for going to sleep, of course.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
8:16 pm
Anonymous asked:
I'm so sorry they won't give you even this small comfort. I wish I had a way to sneak some in to you.
Thank you. Your concern and willingness to help is appreciated.
#ask #anonymous

8:20 pm
I know not to expect to see Mr Baggins tonight.
And yet, I find that I do.
#the quest #little bunny

9PM
I miss Thorin.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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September 15th, 2015

Bilbo

8:14 AM
Anonymous asked:
How do you feel about the other races of middle earth? Do we seem very strange? Different cultures naturally lead to some misunderstandings and discomfort. Do hobbits generally only find other hobbits attractive and/or interesting or are there more like you that are open to getting to know other races?
A great deal of you are far too big and tall, and you all make noises like a herd of Oliphaunts that we can hear from a mile off. And of course there’s the matter of manners; I don’t expect most Hobbits to want to have anything to do with Dwarves and Men after seeing their table manners, and less so with Men after noting their grooming habits (or lack thereof). Even ripe Dwarf is a bit off-putting for me, and I’ve been travelling with thirteen of them for a while. Most Hobbits on the whole want nothing to do with folk who don’t even live in the same Farthing as they do, if they’re not family or of a certain social standing. I can hardly see them being open to befriending the Big Folk, or even Hobbits from outside their borders.
#ask #anonymous

Thorin

9:15 am
It is still odd to me, waking to silence. For as long as I can remember, there has always been some sort of noise when I first awake. Whether it is talking or the sound of movement around a camp or the morning rain, I have always been greeted by something. This silence that goes unbroken for hours has a presence of its own and I find it to be deafening.
**9:49AM** I have found that the cellars and kitchens open at what feels like seven in the morning, but I can’t tell exactly because we’re underground. This is fairly harrowing when you have to avoid being tripped over by Elves and subsequently discovered.

#adventureblogging

**11:15 am**

After closely examining the wall, I have noticed that one rock is slightly broken. Not enough to wrench it from its place, but enough to break a part of it off.

#the quest

**11:40 am**

I have managed to pry a piece of the broken rock off from the wall. It is just enough to fit well in my hand and seems sturdy.

#the quest

**12:02PM** I hear that the Captain is returning from her post out in the forest once more. Hopefully that will cheer Kili up.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

**12:05 pm**

Unfortunately, the piece of rock is not strong enough to break the others, much less the bars, though it is thin and sharp enough to mark the rocks. If the Elves will not provide me with paper and charcoal, perhaps this will have to do instead.

#the quest

**12:55 pm**

*Anonymous asked:*

**May I ask what are you going to write on the walls? Maybe some insults for elves to find later? Or maybe something else entirely? Or will you draw? Either way, I hope it helps to ease your mind.**

As I have to use the rock to scratch marks into the walls, it is somewhat difficult to write and have the words look clear. I decided to sketch an image of home instead.

#ask #anonymous

**1 pm**

The lines are quite thin and not deep enough to be immediate to the eye, but the rock piece has done its work nonetheless. I have already completed one sketch, though I should not fill the walls too quickly; they are a limited surface and will run out of free space eventually.

#the quest
3:37PM There doesn’t seem to be much activity in the cellars today. But the Captain has just come down into the cellar and has fetched a ring of keys from Legolas. I think I remember seeing her wear these keys before. I suppose it’s logical for the Captain of the Guard to carry the keys to the Dwarves’ cells. And that would explain her frequent walks with Kíli even without the Elvenking’s permission.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

4:55 pm

Anonymous asked:

I'm glad you've found a way to ease your mind, but you haven't completely given up hope of escape, have you? Mr. Baggins will surely find a way out soon. You say that you are happy for me for finding some peace, yet mention escape, something that only causes me anger and weariness.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

5:05 pm

Anonymous asked:

I wish I could see what you've sketched. I live among mountains, as well, though we build on top of them instead of underneath.

There is poor lighting in this room and the lines too faint for a picture to be taken. It seems that you live among intelligent individuals, as mountains are excellent places to live, whether on top of them or underneath.

#ask #anonymous

5:15 pm

I became so absorbed in my work that I nearly missed the sound of the Elf approaching. I have to be sure to stop what I am drawing when they come by; it would not do to have my sketching rock taken.

#the quest

5:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

When you say you've sketched your home, do you mean Erebor or where you, Dís, and your sister-children lived in the Blue Mountains? Would you mind telling us about where they grew up?

Erebor has always been and shall always be my home. I must ask that you be more specific about what it is you wish to know about the Blue Mountains, as there is quite a bit to tell.

#ask #anonymous

6PM Kíli and the Captain have been catching up. I followed them, as a break from my post, and watched the Captain talk of sleeping under the stars in the forest, presumably up in the trees where it’s actually feasible that one might see stars. The Captain also mentioned the Lantern Festival, and plans of sneaking Kíli out so they may enjoy it. Kíli looks very pleased about the suggestion, of course.

#adventureblogging #thing 2
The Captain is gone, but Kili still looks dreamily overjoyed. I asked them what they were thinking of, and they responded with a wistful “starlight under the forest trees”. Oddly poetic of them.

Anonymous asked:
“starlight under the forest trees”. Oh dear that is utterly adorable. From what you've said of Kili's actions and words I think they may be more than just a little smitten with this Tauriel, it's very sweet. I do hope, if there's any affection starting to grow between them, that it is allowed to flourish.
I have noticed, too, that they are getting more and more attached to the halls, even as a prisoner. I hope they understand the implications of our escape, though. Freedom is more important, for them and for Thorin and the rest of the Company.

I wish that Mr Baggins was here so that I could show him this sketch. I drew the Lonely Mountain as best that I can remember it. It sits now on my wall, nearly invisible yet each line stands out to my eye like a light.

Kili’s words about them not wanting to leave still plagues me. I do not wish to make anyone do anything they do not wish to do, but I know Thorin would be upset with me if I didn’t free his sister-child.
Perhaps in happier times they will have their dance at the Lantern Festival.

I woke earlier this morning from an unpleasant dream in which I could see a wheel of fire burning brightly before me, as if it wished to sear itself into my memory. I could not speak or move for a long time even after I woke. Something in me clenches whenever I think back to it.
10 am
Anonymous asked:
I suppose I meant in what sort of settlement you all lived out in the Blue Mountains. Were you surrounded by other dwarves, or did you mix with the humans out there? Did you stay in one place for most of Fíli and Kíli's childhoods, or move around?
Within the Blue Mountains, there lives only Dwarves. However, there are towns of Men outside of the mountain that do trade with us. The towns are close enough that it is not overly difficult to travel to them to interact.
Both Fíli and Kíli were born after we had settled in the Blue Mountains and they grew there and call it home.

10:15 am
Anonymous asked:
I know Erebor will always be home to you, but what was one thing you loved most about the Blue Mountains?
What I enjoy the most of the Blue Mountains is the presence of my kin.

11:30 am
I do not believe I have the skill for it, but it seems only right to add portraits of my kin and the company to the walls.

1:23 PM I am feeling stretched again, like different things are tugging me in different directions and I don’t know where to turn, and yet nothing is actually demanding my attention.

2 pm
Anonymous asked:
A great wizard once told me this: "happiness can be found in the darkest of times, if one remembers to turn on the light." I can’t offer help, as much as I’d like too. All I can offer are words of (hopefully) encouragement. Standfast, King Thorin.
Thank you for the concern.

3:15 pm
Why must Elves give their walls such height? The empty space above my reach taunts me.

3:16 PM
Anonymous asked:
If you're feeling overwhelmed and there's no immediate need for you to be in the cellars or
elsewhere, perhaps you can go visit Thorin. It seems that you’re able to comfort one another quite a bit, maybe it will help ease that stretched feeling.
I have a job to do. Nothing might be happening right now, but something is bound to occur if I visit Thorin now, in the middle of the afternoon. I must not stray from my purpose.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:47PM I need to find a way to get the keys from the Captain. 
I could ask Kíli to see if they could get the keys, but I’m sure they would rather not betray the Captain’s trust. I shall have to find the opportunity to get the keys from her by myself.  
#adventureblogging #thing 2

6:26 pm

Anonymous asked:

Elves do seem to be disturbingly tall, don't they? And they never make anything in its proper size. 
They are unceasingly frustrating, I agree. 

#ask #anonymous

6:30 pm

There is a coating of grit and dust on my hands from the scratched off pieces of the walls. I find that the feeling of it on my skin is a comfort. 
#the quest

9:10PM I found it hard to sleep, so I started to wander the halls again. The torches are flickering dimly around me. I wonder if this is what Erebor would be like, too, with darkness needing to be chased away with torches and lanterns. Though Thorin has told me before that the forge-fires of Erebor had never gone out prior to Smaug, so I presume there was some light from that as well. Thinking of Erebor makes me remember how much of my plan still remains to be set in place. And of Thorin, left to his devices in an isolating cell. 
I will pay him a visit to see if he’s all right, but I do not wish to wake him from any slumber he may be taking. He needs it. 
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10 pm

I was just woken by the feeling of a presence, but I cannot see anyone in the halls. I thought perhaps it was Mr Baggins, but when I called his name, there was no reply. The feeling of being watched still persists and I am not sure if I will be able to find sleep again while it continues.

#the quest #little bunny #i hope that he is doing well #wherever he is in these halls

September 17th, 2015
Thorin

8:45 am

The feeling of being watched stayed with me through the night and I found that sleep was hard to come by because of it. The presence left with the morning, having disappeared before the Elf made their usual morning round. The Elf has not noticed the scratched drawings on the walls, or they have ignored them. Either way, there has been no comment made about them and my sketching stone is still in my possession.

#the quest

10 am

I am still working on the sketches of the company. Despite having been separated from them for some time, I find that I can envision them all quite clearly.

#the quest #the company

Bilbo

11:18AM The guards are talking about Thorin this morning, I think. Something about a request for charcoal and paper, which had been denied. The Captain seems a bit irritated at that; clearly she trusts Thorin with charcoal and paper. I don’t think there’s much you can do in terms of escape when it comes to charcoal and paper, too, so I don’t see what the guards have to fear.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:35 am

I do not know why but I believed that drawing the company would be helpful. It has only made me all the more aware of their absence.

#the quest #the company

1 pm

I am not adding Gandalf to the sketch of the company. He is much too frustrating and tall.

#the quest #the wizard #the company

2:29PM The Captain is not constantly in possession of the keys. Sometimes she gives them to Legolas, or to another ellon who seems to be on good terms with Galion the Butler. I am sure that if I keep watching the activity surrounding the keys, I’ll find the best time to steal them under the Elves’ perfect noses.

#adventureblogging

3:30 pm

Stones and walls can last for much longer than people. I wonder how long these walls will stand; long past my lifetime, I assume. Will others be placed here once I am gone? What will they think of these sketches? Will they wonder who the Dwarves and Hobbit on the walls are? Perhaps I should scratch the names of the company to the walls, so that they at least know that much.

#the quest #the company
5:03PM The ellon, sometimes referred to as the Keeper of the Keys, hangs up the keys on the wall behind him when he has a post-shift cuppa with Galion. But I can’t steal it from them while they’re having tea; they’ll notice. Incidentally, I notice that there’s much less tea consumption here in the halls; it seems that only folks who are close to one another have tea together. Most people drink small cups of wine together, as well as slightly bigger cups of that bitter bean drink from the Haradrim. Presumably Galion and the Keeper are good friends, and they seem determined to make the Captain join them, but she has (from what I gathered) declined them every time.

#adventureblogging

6 pm

I am going to have to find a new sketching stone eventually. This one has already become to be worn down and I predict that it will not last past several days from now.

#the quest

8:15 pm

I am used to much more strenuous work yet I can still feel an ache in my arm and shoulder from these drawings. There is also a pain in my chest, but I do not believe that to be from sketching.

#the quest

8:21PM Galion and the Keeper are talking about wine with the Captain, as well as another ellon named Feren. They seem to be recommending wines to her. Galion swears by the wine from the vineyards of Dorwinion, saying that it has helped him to some extremely lovely dreams. The Captain laughed at that, saying that it seems like Dorwinion makes him fall unconscious. If only I had a bottle of the stuff for them to drink!

#adventureblogging

10:01 pm

Anonymous asked:

Thorin. Shouldn’t you be worrying about escaping prison? Art is lovely, but there are priorities that I thought you understood. Your quest is more important. We are worried about you, it’s strange to see you unbothered that your quest is on the brink of failure. I do not wish to dwell upon the quest more than I need, as it will only give me more grief and anger. I am aware that we are losing time; I would prefer it if I did not need to be reminded of it further by faceless messengers who do not understand what I am currently experiencing.

#ask #anonymous

10:10PM I can’t sleep. My mind is spinning and reeling with thoughts and plans. I have to figure out the parts that will help me the most when I free the Company.

#adventureblogging
September 18th, 2015

Bilbo

4:31AM I dreamt of the wheel of fire again, and this time I could see it swallowing Thorin whole, consuming him in flames of gold, and I couldn’t do anything to save him. Going back to sleep is going to be difficult, I suspect.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:28AM The cellars are starting to get busy now. There’s no point in trying to salvage whatever sleep I’ve lost because of the dream. I feel exhausted and stretched and the day has barely begun.

#adventureblogging

Thorin

9:15 am

I have finished most of the company in the sketch, though I still need to finish the Ur family as well as add Mr Baggins.

#the quest #the company #little bunny

9:16AM I have noticed the leaves in the Woodland Realm changing from green to brilliant oranges and golds, and I presume the rest of the Forest will eventually follow suit. Autumn is settling in; the days are cooling down, and sooner or later winter will be upon us, and with the very approach of it, Durin’s Day. I wonder how close we are to it.

#adventureblogging

9:45 am

hells-finest-gentleman asked:

Not that my opinion counts for much, but I don't think it odd that you don't wish to dwell on things- be more odd if you did. I also think it's too dramatic to say the quest is near failure. I'm sure things will work out. You probably would've been early had you not had this delay, and who knows when you'd have had found food or rest, as you were more or less out of money. You'll be well fed and rested by the time you escape. Seems this delay was for the better.

Perhaps Mahal is watch over you?

Firstly, please do not feel that your opinion does not matter, for it does. Secondly, had we not been captured by the Elves, we would have starved to death or been eaten by spiders in the forest, yes, but now we are unable to reach Erebor and Durin’s Day is fast approaching. I do believe that qualifies as near failure. Lastly, there is no guarantee that we will escape. I know that Mr Baggins believes there to be a way, but Elvish prisons are not so easy to break out of and there is quite a large number of us. Thank you for attempting to put the present situation in a good light, but discussing it more with me only makes it bleaker.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman #little bunny
10 am
Anonymous asked:

I think you're right not to dwell on the quest right now. Bilbo will find a way to free you all, I'm sure, but until then, there's not much you can do from within your cell, so you may as well rest up while you can. Just don't lose hope, Thorin.

It is hard to keep a grip on hope when there was so little to hold onto in the first place.
But I thank you for understanding.

#ask #anonymous

10:30 am
Anonymous asked:

May I ask what is your favourite things about Mr Baggins? What do you find most appealing about him? What qualities are most admirable? That sort of thing
I have stated [here] that I cannot choose a favorite thing about Mr Baggins, that it would be similar to having to pick a favorite star in the heavens.

There are many things that are interesting about Mr Baggins, from his Hobbitish ways to his unexpected courage, but I believe that I find his clever wit to be the most appealing. I am often surprised by him.

As for his qualities, I find his determination to be quite admirable.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

12:43 PM
The cellar-workers are talking about a shipment of Dorwinion slated to arrive next week. Galion is particularly cheery about the prospect. I don’t doubt he will take a hefty cut of the total shipment for his personal use.

#adventureblogging

1 pm
I have finished the Ur family. Unfortunately, since the company is so large, they have covered an entire wall and it resulted in Bombur being divided between two adjacent walls. Now to add Mr Baggins.

#the quest #bombur #little bunny

1:17 pm
Anonymous asked:

So this elven palace in underground, right? A huge palace within which live hundred of elves. Where do they get water? This place is bound to have an underground river, or several streams. If it is a big river, than somewhere it surely turns from underground to aboveground.

That information is good to know, however, please remember — I, along with the rest of the company, am locked in this room with no way out. As useful as this river may be, it does nothing for us if we cannot reach it.

#ask #anonymous #the company

3:30 pm
Curse that Elf! They are much too quiet and have taken to changing when they walk by. Because of this, I did not know that they had approached the room until they had called out to me at the door.
They asked as to what I was doing and I did not have the time to hide my sketching stone. When they caught sight of it, they entered the room and, with their weapon at the ready, retrieved the stone
I asked for it back, as I had intended only to use it for sketching, but the Elf refused and left the room, loudly locking the door behind them. Mr Baggins’ portrait is not finished. His expression is only half done, the lines of his form not fully detailed. The confiscation of my sketching stone has left him looking like a ghost upon the wall.

I cannot find another stone to pry from the walls. I do not know what broke the stone where the original piece came from, but there does not seem to be any other cracked parts of the wall.

It is only a drawing but I feel as if the half-finished eyes of Mr Baggins are staring at me.

There has been more talk of the feast — or rather, feasts — that celebrate the harvest and the gifts of the Giver of Fruits. I say feasts, as it seems that the festivities for this celebration begin early next week as well, with a lavish feast the first night of the week. This could be the opportunity we are looking for.

At their next pass, I asked the Elf for my stone back. They did not even reply to my request.

The more I think of the upcoming feasts, the more convinced I am that this is the best time for us to put the plan into action. I must inform Thorin of my findings and tell him of the plan I’ve made.

That… didn’t go so well.

Thorin and I had an argument. Or at least, we argued over things that we would’ve been in agreement about had he had his full wits about him. I would have thought that the promise of escape would be well-taken, but he told me that we were never going to get out of these cells, that escape was futile. I know he speaks from a position of weariness with his lot — a weariness that is certainly a long time coming given how long he has been parted from Erebor — but I wish that he wouldn’t be so confoundedly stubborn about our admittedly slim prospects of escape. I asked him if he was so willing to let Erebor, and the chance to reclaim his homeland, slip from his fingers, and he retaliated that I should go home while I still was free to do so.

No sooner had he said that did the guard come ‘round the corner, because our raised voices must have attracted their attention. They demanded to know what Thorin was doing, and he replied that he had been arguing with himself, having evidently taken leave of his senses for good. The guard seemed sceptical, but they soon returned to their post.

I took this as a good sign as any to take my leave, as I am determined to continue keeping watch in
the cellars. I could hear Thorin calling after me as I left, telling me to save myself. I didn’t know what
I could say in reply, so I said nothing, and his tone just grew more and more resigned as I got farther
and farther away. The world became blurry around me when I could no longer hear his voice.
How can one person make me feel an entire gamut of emotions within the span of one conversation?
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:30 pm

Mr Baggins appeared but has left, and I do not believe that he is coming back.

Bilbo’s voice called to me from the door of my room. I went to the door, though he remained
invisible. He began telling me of a plan that he had created, involving barrels and a river, wine and
sleeping Elves. When explained, I could see the sense in the plan but also knew that the chances that
it would actually work were very low. It would more than likely only result in failure and Bilbo
being captured as well.

I told this to him and Bilbo demanded to know if I was ready to so easily lose Erebor. I reminded
him that Erebor had been lost for a long time. I begged that he leave this place while he still had his
freedom, return home and enjoy what happiness he can find.

Our voices had risen during our argument and the Elf came around. They asked who it was I was
talking to. I told them that given that they had taken my sketching stone away, I had in turn taken
leave of my senses and was simply talking to the air. They accepted that and left us in peace.
I called to Bilbo once the Elf had left but he did not answer. I spoke his name several more times but
there was no reply. I told the air that Bilbo should return home, and I hope that he heard me. Oh, I
hope that he heard me and that he does go home and that he finds peace and happiness.
#the quest #little bunny

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September 19th, 2015

Thorin

9 am

Anonymous asked:

I'm sorry about your stone, Thorin. Elves are bastards.
In this moment, I can do nothing but agree with your statement.

#ask #anonymous

9:30 am

I hope that Mr Baggins took my advice and left this place. His home is where he belongs, where he
will be happy.

There is a selfish part of me that wishes that he had stayed.

#the quest #little bunny

10:15 am

So we must be divided; sweetest, stay,
Once more, mine-eyes would seek thy glance’s light.
At night I shall recall thee Thou, I pray,
Be mindful of the days of our delight.
Come to me in my dreams, I ask of thee,
And even in my dreams be gentle unto me.

If thou shouldst send me greeting in the grave,
The cold breath of the grave itself were sweet;
Oh, take my life, my life, 'tis all I have,
If it should make thee live, I do entreat.
I think that I shall hear when I am dead,
The rustle of thy gown, thy footsteps overhead.
-Lady Katie Magnus, Jewish Portraits Translation by Amy Levy
#the quest #little bunny #poetry

Mr Baggins’ unfinished portrait haunts me with its empty eyes and half-formed figure. I know that he left quite a few hours ago, but his name sits in the back of my throat, ready to be called out.
#the quest #little bunny

12:20 pm
On the wind
in the cool of the evening
I send greetings to a friend.

I ask him only to remember the day
of our parting when we made a covenant
of love by an apple tree.
-Carl Rakosi, Eight Songs and Meditations
#the quest #little bunny #poetry

1:30 pm
Behold the cold days have already passed
And the season of winter’s rains is buried.
The young turtle-doves are seen in our land;
They call to one another from the tips of branches.
Therefore, my companions, keep the covenant
Of friendship make haste and do not defy me.

Come to my garden and pluck
The roses whose perfume is like pure myrrh.
And by the blossoms and gathering of swallows
Who sing of the good times, drink ye
Wine in measures like the tears I shed over parting
With friends and as red as the faces of blushing lovers.
-Samuel ibn Nagrela, Jewish Prince in Moslem Spain: Selected Poems of Samuel ibn Nagrela
Translation by Leon J. Weinberger
#the quest #little bunny #poetry

2:45 pm
Three things remind me of You,
the heavens
who are a witness to Your name
the earth
The Captain came to my room. She stood before the door and said that she had heard that I had been found with a weapon. I explained that it had been a sketching stone, hardly bigger than my hand and only sharp enough to draw faint lines on the walls. She laughed and it startled me, as I have not heard such a noise in quite some time.

The Captain said that I could probably have made the small stone into a weapon if I had the desire to. She asked if I held any such desire. In reply, I asked her if it would make any sense for me to attack my Elf guard when my company is still locked away. I explained that I had been using the stone to sketch and nothing more, as I had been denied my request for charcoal and paper.

She nodded, and said that she had heard of my request. Then, the Captain revealed that she had brought a stack of paper and charcoal for me to use, as she saw no reason for me to be denied them. She held them out to me through the bars of the door, yet it was several minutes before I could move past the shock and hesitation. She simply stood and waited for me to retrieve them. When I did, she smiled, said that she hoped that I enjoyed drawing, and departed.

The Captain is an odd Elf, but I do not think that that is a bad thing.

Before using the paper, I have finished the sketch of Mr Baggins on the wall. I traced the outline that I had done before with the charcoal and then set about filling in the rest. He stands out starkly against the stone; perhaps I should highlight all of the company’s portraits with the charcoal.

I cannot tell what is more covered in charcoal — my hands or the walls.

September 20th, 2015

Thorin

The charcoal is much easier and faster to sketch with than the stone before. I have followed the carvings I did before of Mr Baggins and the company and filled the lines with the charcoal. The drawings are now clearly visible against the wall, where before, to see them, one had to be looking for them.

I do not know what is harder to look at — my drawings of the company or of Erebor.
It is my hope that Mr Baggins has used his ring and his freedom to leave this place and return to his home. With his quiet steps, he should have been able to easily grab food for provisions for his return journey. He told me of his explorations of the halls and how he would be able to follow the Elves back into the forest. I am sure, once he is out of the halls, that he would return to the path that we walked before, or that he will find another to be rid of the forest. Once out, he would be able to travel back to the halls of Beorn. I trust that Beorn will see that Mr Baggins safely makes it at least to Rivendell.

Despite my good memory for song and rhyme, and that I do not believe that I would forget it so easily, I have used some of the paper given to me to write down the Hobbit lullaby that Mr Baggins taught me so long ago. I worry that the words will be one day lost to me and want to be sure of remembering it, now that Mr Baggins has left to return home.

I hope that Mr Baggins can return to his home quickly, as winter will be approaching soon, if my guess at the date is correct. It would not do for him to freeze in the snow of the mountains.

In the past, Master Baggins has put quite some effort into keeping you and your company safe and hale. I am surprised that he would leave the Mirkwood after your argument--while I can hardly admit to knowing Master Baggins, I must admit that does not seem like something he would do. Thorin, are you certain he has left the elves for good? If Mr Baggins is as clever as I believe him to be, than he has departed from Mirkwood. There is no way for us to leave this place but he has his freedom. I wish him all the luck that he can find.

It is not often that a poetic urge strikes me but I find that these words are gnawing at my mind.

~~~

Go, I told you.
Strong, my voice was,
A solution, it felt.
But days you have
Gone. Years, my
Heart tells me.
I am barred
From ever following,
Of ever chasing.

However, my heart
Has escaped, and
Oh, it trails you,
You, to your door
But barred it is
By your cruel ribs.
I am barred,
Your very image
Clawing at my soul,
Clawing at my resolve,
Until the tears begin
To lacerate my chest.

Your name waits,
It sits; abiding yet
Urgent on my tongue.
I hope for you,
I wish for you,
I deny your arrival.
Go, I told you.
Strong, my voice was,
Weak, my heart felt.

#the quest #little bunny #poetry #(by wrennaonwings)

6:15 pm
The charcoal stick went rather fast. I wonder if I ask the Elf for more, seeing as it was the Captain herself who provided me with it in the first place, if they will give me another.

#the quest

7:15 pm
I asked the Elf for another piece of charcoal. They did not respond, only set my meal down and left, locking the door behind them.

#the quest

7:45 pm
The Elf returned with several charcoal sticks. They did not say anything, just held their hand through the bars until I retrieved the charcoal and then departed.

#the quest

9:30 pm
I miss Bilbo.

#the quest #little bunny
Warning: The rating for this story has changed from Teen to Mature. No explicit action takes place and is featured in a separate piece.

Please see the End Notes for more information.

September 21st, 2015

Thorin

8:45 am
I wrestled with sleep last night and found that I could not grasp it enough to feel rested. My body feels weighted, as if stones are tied around my limbs.
#the quest

10 am
I used the charcoal to finish going over the sketches I made on the stones. Erebor now stands out sharply against the wall and I can feel the ache of longing in my chest.
#the quest

11:15 am
I have moved to sketching on the paper that I was given. It is much easier to draw paper than the wall, which is rough and uneven. This allows me to add the smaller details that I could not before.
#the quest

1 pm
The sketches of the company upon the wall only make the room feel more vast and empty, despite having been an attempt to ease the ache of their absence.
#the quest #the company

3:30 pm
The taste of my failures is bitter upon my tongue.
#the quest

5 pm
I have wiped away the charcoal outline around the drawing of Erebor. The constant reminder of failure hurts too greatly to look at.
#the quest

Bilbo

5:45PM The Captain and Galion are sampling some of the wine that was shipped in this afternoon
— the Dorwinion, I believe. Galion claims it’s taste-testing for the feast tonight, as tonight marks the start of the harvest festivals honouring the Giver of Fruits (I think her name in Sindarin is Ivon?) and the other Valier. They’ve been sampling quite an array of wine; I certainly hope the Dorwinion lives up to its rumours of being able to inebriate even an Elf.

#adventureblogging

6:10PM The Captain and Galion have both fallen unconscious.
Before she put her head down, though, the Captain was saying something about ‘matters of the heart’ to a nodding Galion, who encouraged her to continue talking with this rather floppy gesture with his hands. I don’t think he was awake to hear her confess that she had fallen in love.
I suppose that’s for the best, though. I don’t doubt that I know where her feelings are placed, and if word of that ever gets out, well. At least it might make for an entertaining play in the Shire’s Free Fair. Hobbits do so adore the notion of star-crossed lovers, even if they tend to disapprove of them in practice.

#adventureblogging

6:18 pm
Mr Baggins is here!
#the quest #little bunny

6:19 pm
He has the keys!
#the quest #little bunny

6:25 pm
Mr Baggins has led me through the halls and is in the process of unlocking the doors to the company’s cells. There is no time to celebrate but each company member freed had let out muted cries of joy.
This feels like a dream.
#the quest #little bunny #the company

6:30 pm
My nanaddan have been freed and though we must hurry, I stopped to press my forehead to each of theirs. I can barely speak with how happy I am to see them again, and they both seem to be of similar feeling.

Mr Baggins is hurrying us along and I still feel as if I am about to wake any moment.
#the quest #my sister children #little bunny

6:36 pm
Mr Baggins led us down to the cellars and ordered us into empty barrels, quickly explaining his plan — these barrels will soon be thrown into the river that leads out of Mirkwood. The company protested at first to the plan but when Mr Baggins asked, I ordered that they listen to him. It is our only way out and there is no time to find another way.
I hope that this plan works.
#the quest #little bunny #the company

6:39PM I have managed to get the keys that the Captain had left on the hook and free the Dwarves. Thorin looked surprised to see me unlocking his cell, but given his mental state the last time we had
passed words between us, I don’t half blame him. We are all in the cellars now, and I’ve had Thorin
order all of the Company into the empty barrels on the trapdoor.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

6:42PM Kíli, who has been keeping watch over the sleeping Elves, has finally gotten into their
barrel. I noticed that they left their stone with the Captain. For Kíli’s sake, I hope someday the two
will meet again and come to some sort of understanding. What they share, be it friendship or
courtship, has the potential to usher in peace and cooperation between Dwarves and Elves. I hope
there will come a day when they can express that more freely.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

6:47 pm

I am in a barrel and I am not sure how this plan will work. There is little light in here, as the barrel is
supposedly watertight, but it is quite cramped. Before Mr Baggins sealed me inside, I took his face between my hands and pressed a kiss to his lips,
thanking him as sincerely as I could. He told me that I could thank him once we are out of this place,
and his eyes were shining in a way that I have not seen since we were in the halls of Beorn.
Mahal protect us in this, as I do not want that to be the last kiss that Mr Baggins and I share.

#the quest #little bunny

6:51PM All of the Dwarves are in their barrels, even Thorin, worrywart that he is over the entire
plan going pear-shaped. I hear footsteps. We shall see how watertight this plan is soon enough.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:58PM We’ve survived!

We’re free of the Elves (for now) and safe (for now). All of the Dwarves have been freed from their
barrels, and all seem a bit tossed about but otherwise none the worse for wear, though Fíli claims he
will be violently sick over the next apple he sees, and Ori had some trouble getting out of the
shallows where we have landed.

~~
The Raft-elves have left us at a shallow inlet for the Lake-men to pick up in a barge. I was surprised
we didn’t all sink, given that we were a load of very heavy barrels. The Elves that sent us out the
trapdoor with their silly song about rolling barrels floating home certainly thought so; they told
Galion that the Elvenking would surely have his head if he tossed full barrels back out for the Lake-
men to feast on for nothing. Galion insisted that the barrels on the trapdoor were the barrels to be sent
out, and the Elves opened up the doors and set us into the Forest River.
The trip down the River was probably one of the most harrowing experiences of my life, I must
admit. I have never learnt how to swim, so the water was a daunting experience with its brutal rapids
and rushed pace, but I eventually found one of the barrels and climbed on top, clinging onto it for
dear life. After what felt like an eternity, we were finally left drifting down a slow patch of river,
where the Raft-elves — Elves from the village I had visited earlier in the month — came out to us
and lashed us together into a platform and rowed us down the river to the mouth of the Long Lake,
where we are now. We are waterlogged and freezing and very, very hungry, but at least we are free.

#adventureblogging #the company #thing 1 #scribedwarf

10 pm
We are out of Mirkwood. Mr Baggins succeeded in getting us out of there. We escaped. We are free.

#the quest #little bunny #i can hardly believe it

10:10 pm
Anonymous asked:
I'm so happy for you, Thorin! Bilbo made good on his vow to release you and he didn't leave at all. That's fantastic! Another thing he's done to prove his loyalty and love for you and the Company.

I do not know what we did to deserve Mr Baggins but I thank Mahal for his presence. He is truly a marvel.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

10:34PM
Anonymous asked:
I'll keep my fingers crossed for you Mr Baggins! Good luck with whatever plan you proceed with.
Thank you! We are currently trying to secure safe passage into Lake-town and your well-wishes are appreciated.

#ask #anonymous

10:42PM More good news! We’ve managed to secure passage into Lake-town! The small village at the mouth of the Forest River is an outpost of the river-trade where the Raft-elves hand off the barrels to the Lake-men, who row the barrels into Lake-town on long barges. One of these bargemen is a Man named Bard, who has agreed to smuggle us into Lake-town for double the usual cost. Balin also managed to convince him to give us some provisions and supplies, starting with a loaf of bread, some pies, and a bottle of wine from the village for tonight.

Bard has warned us to be quiet, so as not to attract the attention of the villagers, but I think he has less to fear from the Dwarves, who are overjoyed at seeing one another again but still wary of recapture, than from me, as I seem to be developing a rather terrific cold.

#adventureblogging #the company #brainsdwarf

10:44PM
Anonymous asked:
Congratulations on another successful escape Mr. Baggins! I wish you luck on the rest of your journey! =)
Thank you for your well-wishes!

#ask #anonymous

10:45 pm
Anonymous asked:
A Man by the name of Bard has agreed to take us to Lake-town. He is a bargeman and has asked for a large sum of money to smuggle us in, and we do not have much choice but to pay him. Bard has also provided food and drink for us after Balin persuaded him to.

#the quest #balin
10:55 pm

Bard has brought blankets for the company. When he did, Balin asked him the date. He has confirmed that we have escaped Mirkwood with time to spare — Durin’s Day has not yet come to pass. We still have time. We have not failed yet.

#the quest #balin

11PM Bard has come out with some horse blankets for us, telling us that we set out for Lake-town on the morrow, and to take shelter for the night in the trees so as not to arouse suspicion. We have moved our camp accordingly, and set a watch to ensure everyone is at the barges in the morn. The Company has not ceased their gratitude towards me; I can barely recall the number of times I’ve been thumped on the back and called a ‘first-rate burglar’. All that matters, for me, is the look on Thorin’s face when Balin reported that Durin’s Day has not yet come to pass. The fire is back in his eyes. I missed it.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brainsdwarf

11:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

It must be such a relief to be free of those halls and those trees! I’m so happy you have finally escaped! I wish you the best of luck on the remainder of the quest! =)

It is indeed quite a relief. Thank you for the well wishes.

#ask #anonymous

11:35 pm

Mr Baggins has been sneezing quite a lot and sniffling even more so. I asked if he is well but he insisted that he is well. I asked if I could rest with him but he said that I should keep my distance before he sneezed on me. I insisted that I did not mind, simply wishing to be near him. We compromised and while I am not as close to him as I would like to be, he is still near me and his hand is in mine. I can hear the company around me — they have not found sleep yet, as the excitement of the day and being reunited has kept them awake, along with the bottle of wine that Bard provided, but it is comforting to hear them all again.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

______________________________________________________________

September 22nd, 2015

Bilbo

5:49AM We are setting out on the barge for Lake-town. I do not know how Bard plans to sneak us into the town, especially with the gates and customs closed off to the point where the Raft-elves will not row further than the inlet where we are currently. Bard says that the policy of Lake-town under the current Master is that of distrust of the foreign, especially people who are not Men. Dwarves are,
thus, right out.
Odd sort of policy for a town that’s supposed to be a trading hub, in my opinion.

#adventureblogging

Thorin

6 am

We have departed for Lake-town. I do not think any of us managed to come by much sleep, but our eagerness and excitement is easily keeping us awake. Erebor is very close, but the fog is dense this morning, enough so that I am not sure how Bard is steering with such confidence through the water.

#the quest

7:45 am

My nanaddan have both joined me at my sides and have been asking me about my time in the Elvish cell. I turned their questions around to them, especially Kíli. I told them that I had heard of their friendship with the Captain and wanted to know more. Kíli avoided answering, however, and managed to get Fíli to speak about how he had nearly sawed through one of the bars of his cell.

#the quest #my sister children #the captain

8:11am We’ve cleared the forest at last. Bard says that all of the major paths through Mirkwood nowadays end in marshes and unused ends; now even the Elf-path ends in mire. The Forest River, according to him, is the only sure way out of Mirkwood nowadays that would lead to the lands shadowed by the Lonely Mountain.

And how Erebor soars above us! I could hear Glóin’s awe from the other side of the barge. I have never seen a peak so ominous and untouchable, though admittedly I haven’t had many experiences with mountains before. Beside me, Thorin has gone still with wonder. I wouldn’t be surprised if he started crying.

#adventureblogging #firedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:30 am
It has been 171 years since I have last laid eyes on my home from such a close distance. I can hardly tear my eyes away from the sight, though I have found that my vision has blurred too greatly for me to see anything clearly.

#the quest #home

10:07AM
Anonymous asked:
Aww, the Captain is in love with Kili? That is so sweet! I hope things somehow work in their favour.
I do believe so, yes. I don't know if anything will come of it, or if they will ever meet again. I certainly hope so; Kíli deserves some happiness before they are shoved into a dragon's lair with the rest of us.
#ask #anonymous #thing 2

10:28AM Thorin has thanked me so many times already for getting us out of Mirkwood. He asked me why I stayed, and I told him it was my duty as the burglar of the Company to stay and burgle, especially when they need such skills the most. I certainly hope that the Captain and the butler do not suffer too much for having let us slip out under their noses. Drink does get the better of us sometimes.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:35 am
I am extremely grateful that Mr Baggins stayed in Mirkwood and helped us to escape but I could not understand why he did not take the opportunity to return to his home. I asked him why he chose to stay and he told me quite simply that he had been hired as a burglar and he was going to ‘burgle,’ and see this quest through to the end.

I think back to how I viewed him when we first met and how much I misjudged his character.
#the quest #little bunny
11:15 am

copics-in-middle-earth asked:

I'm none to sure if you remember your childhood well, but did you have a favoured
possession? If so is it Something you may perhaps be interested in re-acquiring should you see
Erebor again? You can consider this a what if situation if thats preferred ^^

I recall my childhood well enough, and I remember that my mother had made a blanket and that I
had treasured it. The blanket was weighted and I found comfort it in when I was young. I would like
to see it again, if only to have something that my mother made, as I no longer have any object to
remember her by.

#ask #copics-in-middle-earth #my mother

11:55 am

The bargeman has insisted that we pay him now for passage into the city, instead of later, as was
promised. We do not have much choice and have given him the money and he is now instructing us
to climb into the barrels to hide.

If I never see another barrel, it will be too soon.

#the quest

12PM We are nearing the toll gate. Bard has urged us to hide in the barrels, and demanded that we
pay him now instead of after the weapons and supplies are delivered to us. Hopefully our trust hasn’t
been misplaced and he will get us into the town unnoticed.

#adventureblogging

2:10PM Well, we’re in the town. I don’t know about unnoticed, as the town is small and everyone
seems to know each other’s business (quite like Hobbiton, actually), and ol’ Bard seems to be a right
disturber of the peace, but we are in Lake-town now.
I’ve suffered so many indignities since my last update. I have been covered in dead fish, thrown into
freezing fish-scented lakewater, and forced back onto land through the toilet in Bard’s house.
Whatever respectability I had left has now completely gone out the window.

#adventureblogging

2:15 pm

It may be from having to enter this place covered in dead fish and then through a toilet, but I find that
I do not like Lake-town.

Though Erebor is within sight and that is more than enough to push me forward.

#the quest

2:24PM
Bard’s daughters, Sigrid and Tilda, have been helping us get into warm clothes again. Most of us are wearing their father’s old things, though I’m apparently small enough to fit into their brother Bain’s old clothes.

#adventureblogging #bard's house #lake town #travelling

3 pm

From the window of Bard’s house, I can see a windlance of Dwarvish make atop a watchtower. I was not in Erebor when it fell and did not see the fight against the dragon, but I have heard the tale of Girion, the Man who used the windlance to fire arrows against it. There was talk that he grazed the beast, but I believe that only to be rumor and myth.

Still, the sight of the windlance brings back only the smell of smoke and sounds of loss.

#the quest

3:17PM There is a Dwarvish windlance atop an old watchtower. Thorin has been unable to tear his eyes from it. With the Mountain so close, it is hard to run away from the memories, I suspect.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4PM The weapons that Bard has tried to supply us with were, of course, deemed unacceptable by the Company because they consist of things like clubs and old harpoons and even older smithy hammers, as well as what might have once been an old curtain-rod but is apparently a standard hook weapon in this town. All the normal weapons are, of course, in the Lake-town armoury, only for the use of the Master’s guards.

Thorin has decided that we will set out at nightfall to retrieve better weapons and transport out of the town, as Bard has evidently served his purpose. I think the Man is just trying to make do with the meagre resources that he can afford, but clearly Thorin has forgotten that beggars can’t be choosers.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4PM

Anonymous asked:

Oh! I’ve been meaning to ask you, Mr Baggins. When is your birthday? Has someone already asked this? You haven’t missed it whilst being on the quest have you?

I have asked Bard what day it is and he said that it is the twenty-second day of the Fruit-giving month, or 22 Ivanneth. This, with some reckoning, translates to 22 Halimath by the Shire-calendar, which happens to be my birthday.

Happy birthday to me; I’ve got a dreadful cold and no breakfast.

#ask #anonymous #(dates as you might have noticed have been hugely simplified) #(i’m quite aware of the tweaks and differences between the gregorian and numenorean calendars)
4:10 pm

We paid Bard for passage into Lake-town, as well as weapons, and while he has delivered on one end, he has failed on another. What he deemed weapons has turned out to be meager attempts at weapons.

Come nightfall, we will go to the town’s armory and procure weapons ourselves.

#the quest

6 pm

Night has now fallen. We are preparing to leave to retrieve better weapons and, with luck, it will be accomplished without incident.

#the quest

6:02PM We are setting out for the armoury, though the sun is only starting to set. It’s a pity; Fíli and Ori were chatting with Sigrid and Tilda, and Ori was showing both sisters his drawings. I do hope this excursion doesn’t get all of us caught, as I’d hate to have to spend another month figuring out how to break these Dwarves out of the Lake-town prison as well.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #scribedwarf

8:45 pm

He vouched for me.

#the quest #little bunny

9:30 pm

We were caught in the armory with the weapons and brought before the Master and people of Lake-town. The Master is a large Man where his people are thin and starving, and I find that I feel only distrust around him. But as I do not wish for myself or the company to find ourselves locked in cells once again, I told the Master of our intentions to reclaim Erebor and that, in doing so, fortune and prosperity would come to Lake-town.

Mr Baggins spoke up then and vouched for me, saying that when I gave my word, that word was to be trusted. He spoke with confidence and true belief and I found that my voice was stolen from me for a few moments and my chest felt nearly too full to breathe.

The Master has agreed to aid us, and while I do not wish to associate with him, it is what we must do at this time. He welcomed us into his home as his guests and laid out food for us. It feels wrong to take his food after seeing how little the people of Lake-town had.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

9:41PM That went much better than anticipated. Especially since we were, in fact, caught stealing from the armoury. But Thorin promised that the people of Lake-town would prosper in the riches of Erebor if they lent us aid, and the Master of Laketown swallowed that promise like a honey-drizzled sweetie.

The Master of Laketown, by the way, is a perfect example of blustering excess. I’ve seen the likes of him in Hobbiton, especially those who wish to run for Mayor. He’s corpulent, gorged on the poverty of his people, and carries himself as if he’d like to be a man of good cheer but falls drastically short of the mark. His pate is thinning, and he overcompensates by combing what’s left of his hair over it. Whatever he lacks in substance, he makes up for in bluster, and whatever is left in that substance is honestly chilling — I don’t think that man has a single generous bone in his body, even for
entertaining guests!
And his guests we have become, after Thorin gave his word that we would repay him for his aid, and I vouched for his good character. The food in the Master’s halls is good, of course, as he enjoys the spoils of a well-plundered larder, but I find that I am too sick to enjoy it. I could hardly say anything besides ‘thag you very buch’ at supper, and I need to clear my head.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:55PM
copics-in-middle-earth asked:
Happy Birthday! maybe the day will bring further luck on the remainder of your quest!
Thank you for your birthday wishes!
#ask #copics-in-middle-earth

10:06PM
Anonymous asked:
Oh dear, that is a shame! I do hope you manage to have a pleasant birthday despite your cold and situation. Best wishes to you, Mr Baggins.
Thank you.
#ask #anonymous

10:21PM
Anonymous asked:
Happy birthday, Mr Baggins! Sorry you're feeling sick. But look on the bright side, at least the company's been reunited and you're not stuck in that elven dungeon anymore. I hope you feel better soon!
Thank you for your birthday wishes. I hope I feel better soon. I hate being sick.
#ask #anonymous #the company

10:54PM
Anonymous asked:
happy birthday! may your heart always be content and always full of love x
Thank you for the well-wishes!
#ask #anonymous

11PM The Burning Briar is bright in the sky tonight.
Thorin came up to talk with me after I fled the feast, asking if I was feeling well, as I have been sneezing an awful lot all day, and I told him I had a cold. It’s true; my nose feels as if it’s been plugged up, and all I want right now is a hot cup of tea and my bed in Bag End. Thorin said that Dori reported that Balin told him about the Master loaning out a house to us for the duration of our stay, and suggested we retire for the night.
I warned him that I was too sick to be courted, and he chuckled at that, saying that he had no intentions of making me do anything other than rest in my current position.
Giver help me, how was I ever blessed with someone like him? The stars are bright tonight, but they do not compare to the brightness within me that feels almost tangible whenever I am with him.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #winedwarf #brainsdwarf

11:20PM
Anonymous asked:
Most Happy Birthday, Master Baggins. Did you have the chance to celebrate at all Did you give anyone in the Company a gift?
Does the gift of freedom count?
11:25 pm

I noticed when Mr Baggins left the feast laid out for us and went outside. I followed after him, concerned, for I have been hearing him sneeze throughout the entire day.

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When I found him, I asked after his health. Bilbo admitted that he had fallen ill, due to his time in the river. I am sure that our trip through the barrels of fish and in the water earlier to sneak into Bard’s house did not help his condition. As I was informed earlier in the night that the Master has provided a house for the company to stay in during our time here, I suggested that Bilbo and I retire for the night.

Bilbo jested that he was in no condition to be courted, promise of an available bed or not. The thought had honestly not crossed my mind until then, as I am concerned for his health and that he find rest. I told him this and even in the dark, I saw the blush rise on his cheeks. We have retired now to the house provided for us and Bilbo chose a room. He was asleep nearly as soon as his head touched the pillow and I have seated myself near the bed. If he requires anything in the night, I want to be sure to be here. Now that Bilbo has brought the idea to my mind, I find that I am eager for him to get well.

#the quest #little bunny

11:35 pm

Anonymous asked:

Do dwarves celebrate birthdays? It's apparently Mr. Baggins' birthday today, which is what made me think of it. (Though it doesn't sound like he's having a terribly happy birthday, what with being ill & all)

I have heard that other races celebrate the day of one’s birth, but Dwarves do not. We instead celebrate one’s name-day, which is the day that our outer name was announced to our kin. It is usual between 3 to 5 days following one’s birth. For example, my day of birth was four days before my name-day. And I was not aware that today is Mr Baggins’ birth-day. He made no mention of it. It was, indeed, a horrible way to spend the day (though I could argue that it was better than still being trapped in the halls of Mirkwood). Once he is well again, I will try to see that he has a proper celebration.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

11:45 pm

Anonymous asked:

Thorin, were you aware that today is Mr Baggins' birthday? I don't think he's given it much thought seeing as you're all on the quest and have important things to do. Maybe once Erebor is reclaimed he could have a belated party or some such.

I have been informed of today’s date in regards to Mr Baggins, yes. He is sick, however, and requires rest, birth-day or not. Once he is well again, I am sure that we can find a way to celebrate his reaching another year.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny

11:50 pm

Anonymous asked:

did you know that today is Bilbo's birthday?

Yes, thank you for informing me.

#ask #anonymous #little bunny
Anonymous asked:
probably a stupid question, and one thats likely been asked, but how do you hobbits celebrate
birthdays usually? And how would you LIKE to celebrate your birthday in a best case
scenario? because you've come across new things in your travels, and I think that might
change your opinion on what's fun, and your wish to do things usually in a hobbitly way
Hobbits usually celebrate birthdays by hosting parties and inviting their dearest loved ones to it (or, if
you have the means, invite half of the Shire and anticipate the rest coming by anyway). At these
parties, we give out presents to all those in attendance, and dance, and make merry until the night is
long. I guess I’d like a nice cake and supper with the Company for my birthday celebration; Bombur
could make the spice cake he’s always talking about.

#ask #anonymous #bigdwarf #the company

Anonymous asked:
happy birthday mr. baggins! i hope that cold you have soon goes away!
Thank you! I hope so too.

#ask #anonymous

Anonymous asked:
Out of curiosity, when is your name day?
On the 21st day of the sixth moon.

#ask #anonymous #(June 21st)

September 23rd, 2015

Bilbo

7:09AM I woke this morning to Thorin asleep at my bedside, as if he has spent the entire night in the
chair by my bed. When he woke to me stroking his hair, he seemed bewildered until he saw me, and
then asked how I was faring.
I must admit, I am quite tired, and the cold isn’t going anywhere. I might as well sleep it off while I
am warm in this lovely bed.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:11AM
hells-finest-gentleman asked:
Oh, Bilbo! It's your birthday?! That's fantastic!! I wish I could send some sort of proper
present, as is custom here, but sadly I don't know of any reliable post system that sends
between our realms. Perhaps I'll draw you something again instead. Until then, please do
accept my warmest wishes, and knowledge that if I could I'd gift you with the tightest hugs
and the best cake Laketown could afford me. ♥♥ ~ Your friend, Rhiannon
Thank you for your kind wishes. I was too late to answer this on my birthday, but your sentiments are accepted all the same.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman

Thorin

7:30 am

I woke to fingers in my hair. I did not intend to fall asleep as I had, but Mr Baggins seemed pleased that I had remained near him through the night. I asked about his well being, and if he felt any better than he did yesterday. His voice sounded clogged, most likely from his nose, and his face is flushed.

He confirmed that he is still sick and admitted to wanting to stay the day in bed. I assured him that that was what he should do, given his condition. I said that I would call Óin in to check on him. He truly does need his rest, as I cannot imagine that the little he found while sneaking around Mirkwood was decent enough, given the bags still present under his eyes. He has fallen asleep once again and, given the deepness of his breathing, will most likely be asleep for several hours.

#the quest #little bunny #oin

8:15 am

I have gone to fetch Óin so that he may check on Mr Baggins when he wakes. However, Óin, along with most of the company, seem to be asleep still. Ori is awake and says that the company stayed up quite late, given their excitement over our freedom and receiving aid from the Master of Lake-town. Judging by the smell on some of them, ale was how they chose to celebrate.

I asked Ori to tell Óin to come to Mr Baggins’ room once he has awaken. Ori inquired after Mr Baggins and I informed him of his condition. Ori assured that he would inform Óin right away and told me to wish Mr Baggins luck with his recovery.

#the quest #little bunny #oin #ori

9:30 am

Mr Baggins is still asleep and he has nearly fully covered himself in his blankets. Yet still, he shivers.

I had tried to locate more blankets, though the available ones are spread amongst the company. I know that it is part of his illness and that he must sweat it out and more than strong enough to get past this, but I still worry.

#the quest #little bunny

10:05 am

Óin appeared, apologizing for having slept so late when there was someone who needed him. I assured him that it was fine, as Mr Baggins was still asleep. Óin woke him and set about examining him. I do not think Mr Baggins was fully awake for it, as he collapsed back into sleep as soon as Óin was done.

He confirmed that Mr Baggins did in fact have a cold and that bed rest and liquids would be very helpful. He said that he would have a word with Bombur, who had been delighted to find that the house provided to us had a stocked kitchen, and see that Mr Baggins gets the food that he needs.

#the quest #little bunny #oin #bombur

10:45AM I was woken from my sleep by Thorin and a bowl of chicken soup. He said that Bombur has been enjoying access to the kitchen in this house that the Master of Lake-town has lent us, and that I should drink the soup and return to my rest. In between my previous waking and now, the
blankets on my bed have multiplied and my clothes are clinging onto me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #bigdwarf

11 am

Bombur entered Mr Baggins’ room with a bowl of soup and questions about his health. I said that Mr Baggins is still ill, though the soup would be well appreciated. Bombur wished him luck and departed, saying that the company was demanding all sorts of food. Apparently their time in the Mirkwood prisons was similar to mine in that we desire any sort of food that is anything but bland porridge.

I woke Mr Baggins for the soup and he seemed alert enough at first to eat it, but when his eyelids began to droop, I took the bowl from his hands and fed him the rest. He had barely finished it before tumbling back to sleep. I packed the blanket on top of him again, as he continues to shiver, despite how his curls are matted to his forehead with sweat.

#the quest #little bunny #bombur

11:15 am

I went to retrieve a bowl of water and rag to wipe Mr Baggins’ brow with. Along the way, my nanaddan found me and followed me back to Mr Baggins’ room. I instructed them to keep their voices low, so as not to wake him. They did not stay long, as I do not think they are capable of staying quiet for long, but they promised that they would return later.

#the quest #little bunny #my sister children

12 pm

Mr Baggins’ sleep must be quite deep, as he has begun to drool heavily and mumble out words. I have tried to understand what he is saying, but it sounds like nonsense. I must admit, however, that it is quite endearing.

#the quest #little bunny

1:30 pm

I went to the kitchens to retrieve some food, as I finally realized that my stomach has been rumbling for some time. I asked for simple meat and ale, something that I craved throughout the time in Mirkwood. While I was eating, I saw my nanaddan enter the house along with Ori, gifts in their arms. When they spotted me, the three rushed over and asked about Mr Baggins and if he was awake yet. I told them that he had been asleep when I had left to eat.

#the quest #ori #my sister children #little bunny

2:11 PM I woke more gradually this time, when I heard Fíli and Kíli’s voices. They have, apparently, been exploring the town with Bard’s daughters and Ori, and have brought presents for me, as they have gotten wind that yesterday was my birthday. Thorin tried to bar me from my presents, but I insisted on taking a look.

Ori has gotten me a notebook, though I have no pen for it. Kíli found me a scarf, for the oncoming winter. Fíli found me a set of pouches, very handy for storing small baubles. That reminds me of the acorn I found at Beorn’s, as well as my other belongings, which I certainly didn’t have on me when I left the Elvenking’s halls.

Perhaps my homeward journey will take me by those halls so that I may find my pack once more.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #scribedwarf
Fíli, Kíli, and Ori waited for me to finish eating before following me up to Mr Baggins’ room. He slept on and I reminded them to keep any talking to a low volume. Ori said that he would wait until Mr Baggins woke and Fíli and Kíli agreed to do the same. They set their purchases to the side and seated themselves around the bed.

Fíli asked me about Erebor, as we were so close to it. Kíli and Ori seemed just as eager to hear a tale, so I kept my voice low and talked of its halls and the forges. I described what it had looked when it had been full of Dwarves, how the shared voices had swirled together like a river of murmurs and shouts and laughter. The mountain never seemed to sleep, as passions could seize a Dwarf at any hour, despite a need for rest, and so there was always Dwarves moving around, working on things and designing something with fire in their eyes. I told them that no matter the time, if you listened carefully, you could hear a song being sung.

They exclaimed their excitement at reaching the mountain and seeing Erebor for the first time. The topic moved to what they had purchased and they talked of how they had gone around Lake-town, looking at the shops for presents for Mr Baggins. I do not know how they were aware that yesterday was Mr Baggins’ birth-day, but I find that I am not surprised that they know.

Our talking, despite being low, woke Mr Baggins and my nanaddan and Ori used the opportunity to present their gifts to him. Ori gave him a handsome notebook, which sparked a smile across Mr Baggins’ face. Kíli came forward with a thick scarf, which they wrapped around Mr Baggins’ neck right away, causing him to laugh. Fíli presented him with several pouches used for carrying various things. Mr Baggins proclaimed that he loved them, as well as the scarf and notebook, and thanked the three.

Soon after, Fíli, Kíli, and Ori departed so that Mr Baggins could return to his rest. Mr Baggins unwrapped the scarf from around him once they had closed the door behind them, saying that he did not want to ruin it so quickly with sweat. I had brought a glass of water with me from the kitchens for him and gave it to him. He drank it quickly and we talked for several minutes before his eyes grew heavy once more.

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Anonymous asked:

You sir, are completely and utterly besotted and it is a lovely thing to see. Mr Baggins and yourself are a wonderful couple.

Thank you for the kind words and for finding our relationship to be pleasing, I suppose.

---

Anonymous asked:

You sir, are completely and utterly besotted and it is a lovely thing to see. Mr Baggins and yourself are a wonderful couple.

Thank you for the kind words and for finding our relationship to be pleasing, I suppose.
Mr Baggins still sleeps. While he does, I have looked over his gifts from Ori and my nanaddan. Spurred on by a sudden urge, I took out the writing utensil that I purchased for him and flipped to the last page of the notebook. I wrote him a belated birthday note, though I do not know when he will see it — perhaps the next time he flips through the pages or it may not be until he has already completely filled the notebook — but I hope that when he does read it, it brings a smile to his face.

#the quest #little bunny #ori #my sister children

5:38PM Thorin has fed me supper as well. Bombur is trying his hand at the Elvish porridge, though he seems to be fond of seasoning it with savoury spices and meats. I am glad that he is so content here, as I am anxious to get better so that we may leave sooner. I distrust the looks of the Master, and that man that claims to be his right-hand man, Alfrid Lickspittle. I remember seeing him at the toll gate when we entered, threatening to throw barrels of fish overboard despite the presence of starving children in the town.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #bigdwarf

6 pm

Bombur brought up a simple meal for Mr Baggins to eat, fashioned after the porridge from Mirkwood. He was sure to add spices and meats to it; though I think I have personally seen enough porridge to last a lifetime. Bofur also came up to check on Mr Baggins, though he left soon enough as Mr Baggins was asleep and needed to be woken to eat. Bofur had also helped Bombur carry up food for myself and I thanked him.

Once Bombur and Bofur had left, I woke Mr Baggins and he sat up enough to eat, though his coordination, thrown off no doubt by his illness and hours of sleep, was poor enough that I had to feed him once again. Before he returned to sleep, I gave him the wet rag to wipe at his face. He has not been shivering as much as before, so I shall have to call Óin in once more to check on him.

#the quest #bombur #bofur #little bunny #oin

6:25 pm

Anonymous asked:

Your description of Erebor was captivating Mr Oakenshield, It actually struck a curiosity in me though; in Erebor what type of music was most common to be heard? And has dwarven song changed very much since then

During working hours, since most Dwarves work in some way with their hands, vocal music was commonly heard. However, when not working, either at home or with friends, string and horn instruments were popular.

As for song, I do not believe it had changed much in spirit — all music evolves in some way over time and new tunes and styles are born, but what we sing about is passed on and carried through generations.

#ask #anonymous

7:35 pm

After I ate my own supper, I called Óin in to check in Mr Baggins once again. Óin decided not to wake him again, but listened to his breathing and my reports on how he had fared during the day. Óin felt his forehead and listening to his breathing and heartbeat, and said that his fever had broken and he was recovering, though it would mostly likely be another day or two before he was completely healed.

I thanked Óin, who waved it off, and said that I should follow Mr Baggins’ example get some rest as well.
7:40 pm
copics-in-middle-earth asked:

Do you think Mr Oakenshield, that out of all of those in your life; there would be anyone who would be against Mr. Baggin's and your relationship?

Judging by the reactions of the company, made of my kin and close friends, I do not believe anyone has any sort of negative feelings about the relationship between Mr Baggins and I. There may be some among my people who would not agree but I believe it would be due to something that I was guilty of — misjudging Mr Baggins before getting to know him.

#ask #the company #little bunny #copics-in-middle-earth

8:02PM My cold has abated somewhat; I think my fever may have broken sometime during the day, and Thorin insists on keeping vigil one more night. I told him he was welcome to get into bed with me, even if I’m a bit ripe from all that sweating under mountains of blankets. He is careful to let some of the blankets separate the two of us, but the regard in his voice is unchanged, and he is as cuddly as ever.

I think, based on the stories he has told Fíli and Kíli this afternoon, that my dreams will be of the vaulted halls of the Lonely Mountain that lie so close within our grasp now.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

8:15 pm

Mr Baggins awoke on his own and I asked how he felt. He reported that, while he still felt exhausted and drained, he also felt somewhat better. I told him of Óin’s check up and that he should be well soon. He seemed relieved by that. When he asked if I had been in the seat beside his bed during the entire day, I confirmed that I had, and that I planned to do so until he was healed. At this, Mr Baggins suggested that I share the bed with him, though he warned that he had spent the entire day sweating and was not at his best. I said that I did not mind how he smelled, but I was glad for the opportunity to lie near him.

I could tell that Bilbo was actually worried about how sweaty he was, and so I kept a few blankets between us, both for that and also that I did not require such a massive amount of cover to sleep. He moved as close as he could, placing his head against my chest while I wrapped my arms around him.

His hair was still matted from sweat, so I gently traced the line of his cheek and the shell of his ear. Bilbo squirmed under the touch and said that we should both get some rest, and could not do that if I insisted on tickling his ears. I brought up one of his hands and kissed the palm before lacing our fingers together.

It has been quite some time since we have been able to lie like this, with no worry of being caught by a guard or that something may attack us in the night. I told this to Bilbo and thanked him once again for freeing us from Mirkwood. In response, he said that I was ‘silly,’ and told me to just go to sleep. Bilbo took his own advice and has already fallen asleep and I can feel the pull of sleep as well. I am fighting it, however, because no matter how long I look, I find that I am fascinated with the way he breathes so deeply in sleep, how his nose twitches and eyes move behind his eyelids. I wonder if this fascination is something that will last for as long as I know him; I hope so, as I would not wish it to fade.

#the quest #little bunny
I woke before Mr Baggins and found that, as seems to be the usual when sleeping near him, my tunic had grown wet from drool. I noticed that his brow was slick with sweat, so as gently as I could, I reached to grab the wet rag at the bedside table. I had to pause at one moment, when Mr Baggins seemed to wake up. Once he had settled back down, I resumed my movements and laid down again with the rag in hand.

However, when I softly wiped at his forehead, the cold water seemed to wake him up, despite my effort to let him sleep. I apologized for waking him, though he did not seem to mind, and took the rag from me and wiped his face clean. He replaced the rag on the bedside table and resumed his spot, curled close. He kicked some of the blankets away, claiming that he was much too hot now.

We lay together, neither returning to sleep yet not wanting to move from where we were. I traced the line of Bilbo’s shoulder and arm, watching as he twitched with the touch. When I reached his hand, he switched to run his fingers up my own arm and shoulder before going down to my chest. He suddenly stopped and then apologized for the large drool stain. I laughed, for I did not mind, and told him so. He reached up and wiped at his mouth, his cheeks tinted red, though I do not think from his illness.

I moved Bilbo’s hand away from his mouth and replaced it with my own lips. Bilbo returned the kiss for a moment before pulling away, saying that he did not want to get me sick. I insisted that it would take more than kissing to get me sick, as Dwarves do not easily fall ill. He was hesitant and I assured again that he would not make me ill. He smiled and looked down, picking at his sweat soaked shirt. He asked if his horrid smell would make me sick instead and said that he desperately wanted a bath. I kissed him once again, deeply, before moving to exit the bed. I said that I would see about having a bath made for him, though it might take some time and that he should rest more while it was being prepared. Bilbo joked that it would be hard to sleep, as his favorite pillow had just walked away.

He truly makes it difficult to leave his side for any amount of time.

#the quest #little bunny
the room.
My nose feels less congested, which is good, as I don’t fancy spending more feasts saying ‘thag you very buch’ and losing my appetite at the sight of delicious freshly-plundered food.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:30 am

With the help of the awake company members, we were able to find a tub to bring to Mr Baggins’ room. I asked Bombur to heat some water for a bath and to inform me when it was ready. Dwalin helped me to move the tub upstairs to the room and get it set up. Bofur, Bifur, and Dori showed up soon after with buckets of warm water. They poured it into the tub and then left to fetch more. They returned twice more with water, until the tub was filled to a decent level.

I left to find soap, hair oil, and towels. Óin appeared with fresh sheets for Mr Baggins’ bed, saying that he assumed that his current sheets were damp from Mr Baggins’ sweating out his fever. Dwalin, who had followed me downstairs, made a lewd joke about what other things could have caused the sheets to become damp.

#the quest #bombur #dwalin #bofur #bifur #dori #oin #little bunny

10:45 am

I don’t think I have ever been as terribly aware of another person as I did just earlier, when I was climbing out of the bath tub to dry myself and get into a fresh set of clothes. Thorin, who had helped me wash my (now considerably longer) hair (I suppose in a way returning the favour from the Carrock), had held the towel for me when I stepped out of the tub. I can still feel his hands in my hair and his breath ghosting along my neck, but I know that he has left the room to fetch lunch for the two of us.

Is this normal?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:38 AM

I don’t think I have ever been as terribly aware of another person as I did just earlier, when I was climbing out of the bath tub to dry myself and get into a fresh set of clothes. Thorin, who had helped me wash my (now considerably longer) hair (I suppose in a way returning the favour from the Carrock), had held the towel for me when I stepped out of the tub. I can still feel his hands in my hair and his breath ghosting along my neck, but I know that he has left the room to fetch lunch for the two of us.

Is this normal?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:45 am

I returned upstairs to find that Mr Baggins had already seated himself in the tub. I presented him with the bar of soap, set the hair oil to the side, and then set out switching the sheets for the fresh ones.

Once I was done, I turned to see Bilbo watching me from the tub. He seemed to be trying to keep his expression casual, but I could see the twitch of his lips threatening to turn into a smile. He asked in a neutral tone if I would care to wash his hair and his smile finally burst free with the swiftness of my agreement.

I pulled the chair from the side of the bed over to the tub and Bilbo turned to rest his back against the tub. I grabbed the hair oil from where I had placed it earlier, wet my hands, and poured the oil into Bilbo’s hair. Once there was enough, I worked it into his curls. Bilbo’s head fell back as I did, his eyes closing and a look of bliss spreading across his face. It was soon that a hum worked its way up his throat and then quickly became a low moan. The sound grew the longer I scrubbed at his hair.

When I finally rinsed his hair clean, Bilbo’s eyes opened, though only half way, and he smirked at me. I purposefully kept my gaze locked on his face. I have seen him nude before, and he has seen me, but, in those instances, there had not been an available bed so near. I accused him of making such lewd noises on purpose, to which he responded that I could prove no such thing. I stood and retrieved a towel, holding it open and keeping my eyes turned away as Bilbo climbed out of the tub. He grabbed the towel and began to dry himself and I left the room, citing that we have yet to have lunch and that I would fetch it while he dresses. I think I heard him laugh as I closed the
12:40PM After lunch, I flipped through the notebook Ori bought me. It is large, bound in red leather, and Thorin has written a letter for me at the back of the book. It would probably intrude on his privacy to divulge the contents word-for-word, but essentially he wished me a happy birthday, and that while the pen he bought for me was not one of fantastic make, he would gladly craft me pens of gold and silver if I would stay by his side after Erebor is reclaimed. I suppose you can’t have a Dwarvish courtship without a proper contract.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

1PM When Thorin returned from the kitchens, where he had deposited our dishes, he seemed surprised to find that I had indeed read his note. But what really seemed to strike him was my own promise. I told him that Bag End was my home, and that really, I do belong there if only to make sure Lobelia ‘spoon-thief’ Sackville-Baggins doesn’t steal the deeds to it. But once that’s all settled, I’ll certainly try to spend time in Erebor as well, by his side. He looks as if I have just given him a particularly nice birthday gift. I’m sure that if it weren’t for my inopportune sneezing, we would be engaged by now.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #spoon thief

1:15 pm

When I returned from bringing the dishes from our lunches downstairs, I saw Mr Baggins with his gifted notebook open to the last page, where I had written the note to him yesterday. He proclaimed that it was quite sweet and when I walked closer, he pulled me forward and pressed a deep kiss to my lips.

He said that though Bag End and the Shire were his home and he needed to return to it, he would gladly try to return to spend time in Erebor. I found that I could barely speak due to how full my chest felt. I moved to return the kiss that he had given me, but in that moment, Mr Baggins let loose a large sneeze. We froze, as it had taken both of us by surprise, before laughing.

#the quest #little bunny

2:45 pm

Mr Baggins has fallen asleep once again, exhausted from our past hour or so together.

~~~

It began with simple kisses and exploration but quickly evolved when Bilbo began to poke at me in the places that he knows I am ticklish. I tried to get back at him but, even when ill, his fingers are swift and clever. He moved to sit astride me and set his mischievous fingers to me until I was gasping, out of breath from laughing. Just when I began to breathe again, he sealed his lips over mine, stealing away my breath once more.

I took the opportunity to flip Bilbo over so that I was above him and moved down to breath against his stomach, causing loud raspberries that resulted in his laughter. I went on for a time until he paused several times to yawn and I finally suggested that he get some rest. Bilbo pushed at me until I laid down beside him and he curled close, as he had last night. He reached up and planted a kiss to my neck, causing me to shiver, before he buried his smile against my chest.

#the quest #little bunny
4:07PM Bofur dropped in, bearing a present for me. It’s a rough-hewn pipe, thicker and shallower than I am used to. The pipe-weed he got for it comes from Rhûn, and certainly has none of the flair of any of the Shire brands. But it is so welcoming to see pipe and pipe-weed again, that I really do feel unfair for complaining about its quality. It’s clearly the best that Bofur could find, and I appreciate it very much.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

4:30 pm

Mr Baggins was just beginning to wake from his brief rest when Bofur knocked at the door. He entered the room without hesitation, though there was a barely concealed smirk on his face. Mr Baggins sat up and greeted him and Bofur presented him with a gift. It was a roughly carved pipe and a bag of pipeweed. Mr Baggins thanked Bofur greatly for the gift and asked if he would want to share a bowl. Bofur thanked him but declined, saying that he should return downstairs to help Bombur with supper, though I noticed his eyes flick between Mr Baggins and myself. When Bofur had left, Mr Baggins packed the pipe with pipeweed. I moved and opened the window, and placed the chair near the window. Mr Baggins sat in the chair and I stood near and he shared the pipe with me. It has been too long of a time since I last had the pleasure of pipe smoke and Mr Baggins voiced a similar feeling. The comforting feeling of blowing out smoke rings was only increased with Mr Baggins near me, doing the same.

#the quest #little bunny #bofur

5:50 pm

I went downstairs and spoke with Óin about checking on Mr Baggins again. I also asked after the health of the company. He reported that while none were ill as Mr Baggins was, most needed rest from our time in the prison cells of Mirkwood and from the barrel ride down the river. I asked how long he believed that the company would need to rest. He did not have a precise amount of time, but said that one to two weeks should be long enough.

I can see Erebor outside of the window and I am constantly aware of how Durin’s Day draws closer with each passing minute. We can afford to be here for a fortnight, if needed, but we will have to travel swiftly once we leave.

#the quest #oin #little bunny #the company

6:21PM Thorin says we’ll be staying in Lake-town for at least a week, so that our Company can recover from their imprisonment and relax once more before we head out for the Mountain. The stay might extend into two weeks, though, since there are other members of the Company who need to be doctored after the ordeal with the barrels — though of course, they are all very grateful about being free in the first place, nevermind the discomforts of the barrels!

Of course, all of this means that when we do leave, we will need to travel as swiftly as we can, as Durin’s Day is approaching, and with it, our only chance into the Mountain.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

6:40 pm

Óin came upstairs and checked on Mr Baggins. He listened to his breathing, which had steadily gotten clearer, and had Mr Baggins cough a few times, listening all the while. He felt his temperature and examined his eyes and tongue. Once he was finished, he declared that Mr Baggins had gotten better but still required more time to recover. Óin added, however, that he was most likely well
enough now to wander around outside, if he so desired, though it would not do to overwork himself while still in recovery. Mr Baggins looked happy with that, as I am sure he feels quite cooped up in this room, though he also seemed disappointed to not have been declared fully recovered yet. I can feel my own disappointment, but I do also want him to be healed and well.

#the quest #oin #little bunny

9:32PM Curse the fact that Óin has yet to give me a clean bill of health; my bed has a decent view of the town outside and I ache to explore it. The fortnight we are granted will give me all the time in the world to wander, but while I am still deemed sick I can barely even leave my room except to use the water-closet.

~~

But the more frustrating thing, I think, is probably the fact that Thorin and I are so close and yet so far. I long for him with every last ounce of my being. Even when we are in each other’s arms, my heart aches, and I burn, I pine, I perish.
I suppose in the meantime I should content myself with simply marking him as mine.
#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:49PM
Anonymous asked:
Oh, mister Baggins I do hope you get better soon!
Thank you for your well-wishes!
#ask #anonymous

10 pm

~~~

Bilbo and I shared the bed once again, with him resting atop my chest. It is odd, how two can be so near each other, yet still craving something more. I could see that the same desire that I felt was burning in his eyes. He sat up, still on me, and pulled me up with him. With Bilbo on my lap, the difference in our heights was lessened, though not fully.

I believe that he enjoys pulling at my hair, for whenever he can, his hands are buried in my hair, gripping it to where it is nearly painful. While I have no problems with this, it is somewhat amusing how often I find his fingers combing through my hair, no matter if I am awake or asleep. Another thing that I find that Bilbo seems to hold fascination with is my neck, for his lips frequently find their way there. I believe he has discovered that the skin there is sensitive and, judging by how sore it feels from his attention, I will not be surprised to find bruises there in the morning. I think that was his intention, if the smirk he wore after marking me was any indication.

#the quest #little bunny

September 25th, 2015

Thorin

9:15 am
There is a kindness that I am not used to in waking to gentle touches and tender kisses. I have grown wary of unexpected kindness over the years, yet I find that I have latched onto him with a hope that is so strong in my chest, it is near painful. It is at once both terrifying and exhilarating, but I do not wish for it to end.

Bilbo

9:30AM I can never get enough of waking up next to Thorin in the mornings. He looks so peaceful in sleep, but there is so much beauty in seeing his eyes open and the lines of his face crinkling as he smiles at me. I wish for a future in which he will not need to wake because of danger or travel, that he will spend his days indolent in bed by my side.

10:28AM Thorin is a prat and completely ignored my suggestion of covering up the marks I left on him with a scarf. I probably should’ve placed them better, as they are very visible over the collar of his tunic, like dark roses even against the tan line of his throat. The Company won’t stop throwing coins at each other and grinning knowingly at us at breakfast because of it. Confound that Dwarf.

10:35 am

Before we went downstairs to join the company at breakfast, Mr Baggins attempted to have me wear a scarf around my neck. He said that the marks he placed on me are quite visible but I cannot bring myself to cover them; not when he seemed so pleased with himself about their placement. None of the company said anything outright about the bruises, but there was the sound of coins being exchanged and they all bore smirks throughout the meal. I find that I can ignore them more so than at the beginning of the quest. It may have to do with the blush that has spread across Mr Baggins’ cheeks.

11:42AM After our breakfast with the Company I have decided to spend my morning at the markets. The various vendors are peddling wares from all over Middle-earth, including silks from Rivendell (I wonder if my robes are still in my pack hidden in the Elvenking’s halls somewhere) and wines from the vineyards of Dorwinion, as well as spices and medicinal plants from Harad and Khand. Of course, most folk in Lake-town don’t possess the means to purchase such fineries, and often go for cheaper options. I don’t have much coin on me, but I note that haggling is almost an expected ritual of trade here.

12 pm

Once we were finished with breakfast, Mr Baggins suggested that we go amongst Lake-town’s vendors to see their wares. I imagine his insistence is born of curiosity at the town and from his illness keeping him inside for several days. Mr Baggins seemed quite happy going to each stall and examining the items there. More often than not, he would stop to talk with the vendors themselves, beginning with simple questions about their
merchandise and staying longer to ask about the town and various things. I have noticed that he holds a fascination with cultures other than his own; whether it be language or customs, food or clothing, he has an openness about learning about others that I cannot help but smile at. It is a passion that suits him well, even if it leads him to talks of Elvish robes. If it makes his eyes shine in wonder, how can I say anything against him learning more about it?

#the quest #little bunny

12:18PM Lake-town’s street food is not for those who dislike fish, though arguably a great deal of Lake-town’s cuisine is probably not for those who dislike fish, so the point is moot. My lunch consisted of an open-face sandwich of cured fish on rye bread. I was going to get the really raw one with chopped onions and pickles, but Thorin forbade me, saying that I might make myself sicker by eating raw fish in my current state.
He has a point, though I hear that horseradish tends to mitigate the effects somewhat.
#adventureblogging #I wouldn’t eat horseradish willingly though #so that point is also moot #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

1:45 pm

When we returned from the markets, Mr Baggins went upstairs to put away his purchases. I stayed downstairs to talk with Balin and Óin, as they were discussing the soonest date that we would be able to leave. Mr Baggins is not the only one recovering from our time in Mirkwood and the barrels. Óin believes that we will require just over a week for the company to fully heal. I asked Balin if he thinks that we will have enough time left to reach Erebor in time for Durin’s Day. He says that we should, given that we travel quickly once we leave. I told them to keep me updated on how the company is faring and how soon we can leave.
#the quest #little bunny #balin #oin #the company

2:08PM I have found, haggled for, and bought a little pot for the acorn, which had been one of the few things I’d managed to keep on me the entire time in Mirkwood, including the trip down the river. I hope that it is still viable for planting, and intend to plant it in this little pot to be transferred out when I return home.
Hopefully I will. The oak above Bag End needs a companion.
#adventureblogging

2:40 pm

As he is not fully healed just yet, I was not surprised to see that Mr Baggins had chosen to lie down once his purchases were put away. He was not asleep when I entered the room, though his eyes were drooping. He declared that a nap was due and I agreed with his plan, taking a seat in the chair next to the bed.

Mr Baggins eyed me from where he lay. He asked why I was sitting in the chair when there was more than enough room for me to lie with him. I could not find it within me to deny him and joined him in the bed. I had barely laid down before Mr Baggins pulled me close. I asked if he truly preferred me, a sun-baked brick wall as he has called me on multiple occasions, over the pillows in the bed. He mused on his answer with a smirk on his lips before saying that I was certainly more fun to drool on than the pillows.
Even though he sleeps now, I find that my smile will not fade.

#the quest #little bunny

3 pm

Anonymous asked:

You said that dwarrow, on the whole, do not take ill easily. To your knowledge, is there such a thing as a “sickly” dwarrow? I’m a Woman, myself, and take ill quite easily, so I am curious if it is possible for dwarrow to be the same.

While most Dwarves are quite immune to most illnesses, there are indeed some who have a higher tendency of falling ill.

#ask #anonymous

4 pm

Over these past five months on the quest, Mr Baggins’ curls have grown quite a bit. They are of a decent length now to braid and I itch to shape his hair and place beads of gold there. Once he is declared fully recovered, perhaps I will ask if I can put braids through his hair. I can only hope that he will accept.

#the quest #little bunny

5:50 pm

Despite the smells of supper rising up to our shared room, Mr Baggins did not seem particularly rushed to head downstairs. He may have wanted me to cover my neck this morning, but that does not seem to stop him from pressing his lips against the bruises again and making them darker. He marks me with the same intensity that I hold about wishing to put braids in his hair and to adorn him with jewels.

#the quest #little bunny

6:10PM Supper with the Company proved to find us eating yet more fish, but Bombur has managed to season it well enough that I have no complaints, though I tend to think that all fish taste better with a bit of lemon, and Bombur has none of those on hand.

Dori asked me if I have seen the tea-house at the edge of the marketplace by the bridge to the shore. I told him I hadn’t explored that far, and he said that it had Rivendell-style cuisine there, accompanied by copious amounts of tea.

I shall have to find this place. I do miss the tea-meals at Rivendell.

#adventureblogging #the company #winedwarf #bighdwarf

8:51PM The talk of the Company, once they finished supper and retired to the living room, was of Erebor. The fire flickers bright in the hearth and I am reminded of the first night, with that dreadful party, and their voices singing the song so beautifully. I still have to ask Ori for the translation of the lyrics.

I am currently helping Bombur clear up, as somehow, even after becoming a real member of the Company, I still don’t have much of a need to see the treasure in Erebor. I’ve no use for Dwarvish gold; I just want to do my part in restoring their home to them.

#adventureblogging #the company #bighdwarf #scribedwarf

9 pm

Talk after supper was of Erebor and the hopes we carry about reaching it. We talked of treasure and jewels, of the splendor that awaits us. I found myself drawn to the window, looking at the mountain,
so close to us that I feel I can reach out to it. I have felt it calling to me for so long that to be near it once more makes my hands tremble and my heart beat wildly. My home, my people’s home, it is before us now and I wish so deeply to see it returned to its glory and beauty.

#the quest #the company

10PM Talk of the treasure downstairs carried upstairs as well, as Thorin would not stop talking about the treasure when we returned to our room. The poetry that came out of him about the splendour of the gold and mithril, about the gems that shine like starlight and moonlight — it could’ve taken anyone’s breath away on any other day. But I couldn’t feel anything other than discomfort, especially as he started talking about sharing the gold with me with that strange gleam in his eyes I’ve noticed in Mirkwood when he talked of the beast.

I told him I had no need for gold, and he told me about the gemstones in Erebor whose colours were the exact shade of my eyes. I’m starting to wonder if he’s trying to turn me into a gold statue.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:15 pm

The company eventually retired to their rooms and Mr Baggins and I went to ours as well. Erebor still clings to my mind, as it has for so long, though my thoughts turn to Mr Baggins and how he will see Erebor’s beauty at last.

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As we lie together, I find my hands tracing Bilbo’s ears, imaging how ear cuffs of gold would look on him. The skin of his neck is as soft and warm as ever and I wonder how he may look with necklaces of the finest gems that share the color of his eyes, draped in the places my lips are tracing. Perhaps the necklaces and nothing more, as he already shines like honey. I find that I am curious as to what honey looks like laid out over a bed of gold.

#the quest #little bunny

September 26th, 2015

Thorin

9:25 am

I asked Mr Baggins if Hobbits celebrate name-days, as Dwarves do, but he said that they do not. They celebrate their birth-day instead, though Mr Baggins’ has already passed. I cannot say that I have ever attended a birth-day gathering, but if my memory of the party that Mr Baggins arranged for me in Rivendell is to be trusted, then it is not much different from a name-day celebration.

Hopefully, Mr Baggins does not mind that his party is belated.

#the quest #little bunny

10:15 am

While Mr Baggins was chatting with other company members, I pulled Balin aside. I asked if he would mind taking Mr Baggins back out to the markets, and I informed him of my plan to have a celebration be set up while they are out. Balin did not seem to mind at all, if the expression on his
At breakfast with the Company, Balin has informed me that he will be taking me shopping today. I asked why Thorin was not going to accompany me, and Balin replied with an enigmatic mumble of “supplies.” I don’t think I have anything else left that I want to buy, but maybe Balin wants to buy something, and Dwalin doesn’t want to go with him.

I am not sure how they heard about it so quickly, but my nanaddan approached me, asking if they could help set up Mr Baggins’ belated birthday party. While I am pleased that they seem excited about helping, I asked if they would simply keep an eye on Balin and Mr Baggins, so that they do not spoil the surprise when they return. My nanaddan seemed fine with the assignment, and rushed out of the house to follow Balin and Mr Baggins, who had departed several minutes ago. I can only wonder at their plans of keeping an eye on them.

Balin asked me if Hobbits celebrated name-days. I said that I didn’t even know when I was named, only that I have a name. Balin’s expression seemed a bit conspiratorial, which only made me more suspicious when I saw Fíli and Kíli duck out of sight behind some barrels just a couple paces behind us.

I have discussed the plan with Bombur for supper and perhaps a cake of some sort for Mr Baggins. Bombur was more than delighted to help, throwing out ideas faster than I could hear them. I am not sure where Bombur intends to get half of the things he is talking of using, but I trust that he will deliver something lovely as usual.

Bofur has also approached me about helping with Mr Baggins’ party. Again, I am not sure how the plans are spreading, but so long as Mr Baggins does not catch wind of what is being planned, I do not mind. I asked if he would want to try to find decorations of any sort. I suggested Dori’s help as well in the matter and Bofur agreed to help with decorating before going off to, I assume, find Dori.

Thorin has betrayed me. Once we returned from shopping having purchased absolutely nothing, Balin proceeded to insist upon teaching me more Khuzdul, and that dratted traitor
Oakenshield refused to help me find a suitable excuse to decline another lesson. While I am open to the idea of learning the language, Balin is not necessarily my first choice for a tutor. I still haven’t done the assignment he wanted me to do back at Beorn’s.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

1:30 pm
Balin and Mr Baggins returned from their shopping (with no warning from my nanaddan), and Mr Baggins began to head straight for the kitchen. I managed to intercept him in time, before he spotted any of the dishes that Bombur was preparing for tonight. Balin also thankfully helped and insisted that Mr Baggins join him for another Khuzdul lesson. Mr Baggins attempted to persuade me to help him think of a way out of the lesson but I said that I was not one to come between Balin and teaching. Balin himself seemed to be trying to keep his expression neutral, while Mr Baggins simply looked as if I had betrayed him.

#the quest #little bunny #bombur #my sister children

2:15 pm
My nanaddan have returned from wherever they were not watching Balin and Mr Baggins. They held several purchases in their arms and, upon spotting me, seemed to realize that they had forgotten their earlier assignment. At least the things that they purchased seem to be for the party, as they brought it over to Bofur and Dori, who are still decorating.

#the quest #little bunny #my sister children #balin #bofur #dori

3 pm
Dwalin and Nori have emerged from wherever they had been. When they inquired about the decorations, I explained the plan to them for Mr Baggins’ belated birth-day party. Dwalin did not say anything, only grinned, while Nori proclaimed that any party demanded alcohol of some sort. He then proceeded to drag Dwalin out the front door with him, supposedly to find said alcohol. Bofur quickly followed after them, leaving Dori to finish the decorations by himself, though Ori has volunteered to help.

#the quest #dwalin #nori #dori #ori #bofur

5:15 pm
Dwalin, Nori, and Bofur have returned with two barrels of ale, though I wonder how much of it they have already consumed. Some of the jokes that they are exchanging makes me think that at least half a barrel is already gone.

#the quest #dwalin #nori #bofur

5:38PM My stomach is singing in three-part harmony of its intolerable hunger, but I am cooped up in my room copying the runic alphabet, while Balin coughs pointedly every time I try to look out the window. Where is supper?

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

6:12PM The sky outside is darkening and there is still no supper. This is horrible. My hands are covered in charcoal and hurt terribly, yet Balin insists I finish copying these conjugation tables. This language is dreadful and I am never going to be able to learn it.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf
6:55 pm

Bombur has informed me that supper is ready, and a cake as well. The decorations have been finished and the ale put aside. I have asked my nanaddan to go let Balin and Mr Baggins know that things are ready. I am sure Mr Baggins will be happy to put an end to the lesson for the day.

#the quest #little bunny #bombur #my sister children #balin

7:45 pm

Mr Baggins’ party is going well, judging by how happy he looks. The supper that Bombur prepared was indeed as wonderful as I had thought it would be, especially since he revealed having made duck. The rest of the dishes have also come out well, and there is a cheerful spirit amongst the company that has not been present for some time.

#the quest #little bunny #bombur #the company

7:49PM Supper came as a surprise! Balin led me back to the kitchen, where the dining table was arrayed with a lovely spread of food. There were Dwarvish dishes, of course, and some Shire recipes I’d taught Bombur on the road, and even some attempts at Elvish cuisine — the duck, most notably, has already been munched on by Thorin. He looked sheepish, the dear, and said that there needs to be some fine-tuning, but he is quite confident that Bombur’s roast duck will surpass even the Elvish recipe. As much as I respect Bombur’s culinary prowess, I doubt that particular boast. I can’t see him specifically raising fattened ducks for this one dish like the Elves do.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:03PM The spice cake was the best surprise of all. Bombur says that this entire feast was done in my honour as a belated birthday party. After I’d blown out the candles of the cake and everyone toasted to my health, the other members of the Company that had not gotten me presents yet provided small parcels with little trinkets they got for me at the markets. I think I might have teared up a bit at uncovering Bifur’s little flute that he apparently made for me. The Company has been so kind to me, so much like a family, that I think I might be sorry to see them go when the Quest is over.

Or to see them die at the hands (claws?) of Smaug, but that’s not something I want to think about. We’ll get through this alive, all of us.

#adventureblogging #the company #bigdwarf #axeddwarf #pointydwarf #nori's gift on the other hand #it's embarrassing #they're courtship 'supplies' #if you catch my drift

8:05PM Óin gave me the best present: a clean bill of health. Because apparently marking Thorin with love-bites is considered a good indicator of health in Óin’s book. Mortifying, I know.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:10 pm

Mr Baggins received several gifts from the company members who had not presented him with one yet. Bifur gave him a wonderful flute that he carved himself. Óin has finally declared that Mr Baggins is fully recovered (if the marks on my neck are anything to go by). This led to Nori’s present of a thin casing of sheepgut and a bottle of oil. Mr Baggins turned red at the gift and proceeded to simply shove them into the pockets of my coat, proclaiming that he was still eating.

#the quest #little bunny #bifur #oin #nori
8:40 pm
The ale has long been passed around and the company is enjoying the chance to celebrate. Mr Baggins and I have seated ourselves near the fire, with his back pressed to my front. He is nearly hidden under my coat, but he seems to be as content as I feel.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

8:57PM I think I could fall asleep here by the hearth with the fire roaring and Thorin surrounding me. It’s so strange to me that I could have gone through so much of my life without knowing the contentment of being so connected to another.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:30 pm
Mr Baggins eventually fell asleep, though the company continues with their fun. I concluded that Mr Baggins would be more comfortable asleep in bed, rather than surrounded by noise. There were a few comments and whistles from the company as I carried Mr Baggins back up to our room, but those were easy enough to ignore.

Mr Baggins woke just enough to attempt to remove his clothing for the night. However, this did not go too far, as he fell asleep once again quite quickly. I helped him to remove what he had been trying to take off, shed my own outer garments, and joined him where he lay. Even asleep, he seemed to sense me, and within moments, he had curled close.

#the quest #little bunny #the company

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September 27th, 2015

Bilbo

10:17AM Thorin has woken up and has this ridiculous idea of getting out of bed at a decent hour. I am going to try to convince him to spend the morning in bed. I don’t expect it will take much effort, though; he seems loath to leave my side, the dear sunbaked brick wall that he is.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

10:35 am
I am being held captive.

~~~

When I awoke, it was to Bilbo’s wandering hands and kisses. I can still taste the spice cake from last night on his tongue. He thanked me for the birth-day party yesterday, though I reminded him that he had thrown one for me as well. He nodded to that and then declared that we both deserved to spend a morning in. I asked about breakfast and even moved to get up, but Bilbo pinned me down and insisted that I stay. How could I argue?
12:22PM Kíli has terrible timing, bless their heart. But they at least managed to let me know that the preparations for a festival are happening outside. Of course I had to see for myself, and it’s wondrous — there are lanterns strung up everywhere, from every house, between the houses, along the bridges and walks. This town, which had seemed so drab and dull when we arrived, is awakening in splashes of colour. I like it.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

12:30 pm

While I love my nanaddan, I cannot say that I appreciate their timing. Kíli entered our room, excitedly talking about a festival being set up outside. Mr Baggins was immediately interested and moved to the window to see. Kíli said that they were going down to look at it up close and left the room.

Mr Baggins began to move around, gathering up his clothing and talking with excitement of how he wanted to explore at the festival being set up. I needed a few minutes to gather my breathing, as Kíli had entered while Mr Baggins and I had been… otherwise occupied.

#the quest #little bunny #my sister children

2:46PM Lake-town’s marketplace is covered in lanterns of red and gold. The vendors are selling more of them, complete with little candles to light them up when it gets dark. Everyone is wearing their nicest clothes, it seems, especially the children, who are running wild along the docks and bridges in bright red. I noticed Bard’s children getting free lanterns in the marketplace; the officials in Lake-town may not like Bard, but it seems his family is popular amongst most of Lake-town’s populace.

#adventureblogging

3 pm

Mr Baggins and I stopped to have lunch before going out to see the festivities being set up. While Lake-town does not seem the place for celebration, this festival has awoken some spirit amongst the people. They call out greetings at passerby and look to have taken out their finest clothing for the occasion.

#the quest #little bunny

3:42PM Boatfuls of Elves are arriving for the festival, all of them bearing fish-shaped lanterns. From what little I heard of their conversation (as Thorin seems displeased at their presence and doesn’t want to spend too much time with them) it seems that this is one of the few times in which the Master of Laketown opens the gates to others outside the community. At least the man is aware of the concept of satisfying the masses, I suppose. I wonder if the Captain is amongst the Elves here.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
3:55 pm
It would seem that Elves also attend this festival. I cannot say that I am at all comfortable with this, but Mr Baggins has insisted that I attempt to relax. After the previous weeks spent in an Elvish prison, I do not believe that I will be able to do so.
#the quest #little bunny

5:15 pm
The festival is said to start once it is dark and while Mr Baggins is more than willing to stay out to watch things get set up, I have suggested that we return to our provided residence so as to eat. That idea seemed to catch Mr Baggins’ attention, though he still speaks of his excitement for the festivities.
#the quest #little bunny

6:01PM Bombur has, on his own excursion into town, bought a box of small cakes stamped with intricate designs. The insides are red bean paste and egg yolk. He sliced up each cake into pieces and had us try a bit of everything, saying that the sharing of these ‘moon-cakes’ symbolised the union of kin.
I am fond of the ones with egg yolk. The yolk reminds me of the moon.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

6:30 pm
Bombur has bought small cakes that are a traditional food eaten at the festival. The cakes apparently have meaning behind them; sharing them represents the unity and completeness among kin.
The rest of the company has been exploring the marketplace as well and talking with the people of Lake-town. Ori says that paper lanterns will be sold and they can be carried or released. Fíli reports that some of the lanterns are going to float on the lake while Kíli talks of dances that are supposed to take place.
#the quest #little bunny #bombur #ori

7:23PM Thorin seemed wary of joining the festivities, even as the night started to descend and the lights outside went on in a burst of colour. I had to drag him out of the house, only for the two of us to be cheered by the rest of the town as they are wont to do when any of the Company so much as shows their nose. I hope that ends soon; I am not fond of being cheered for setting my furry feet out my door.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

7:40 pm
Once night descended and the lights were lit, Mr Baggins took my hand and ran out to the marketplace, where the people of Lake-town were walking about. There are indeed lanterns everywhere and vendors are selling even more. Some stalls are selling fruits while other sell pumpkin.
While the festival is very bright and colorful, I cannot help but be captivated by Mr Baggins. He is glowing in wonder and talking with fascination at the difference aspects of the festival. I wonder if he will take to Erebor with such wonder.
8:40PM There are so many things to do at this festival! There is a performance of various harvest dances; the official entertainment seems to be mostly that sort of thing. A great deal of young couples, on the other hand, are busy dancing not too far away, and I pulled Thorin away from the performance so that he might be able to dance instead of fixating on the sheer number of Elves who have come to celebrate.

With the young couples, it seems that this festival is a good time as any to formalise any marriages or courtships, as I heard about a great deal of those. This dance seems to be in the same vein, as the couples get together to dance after one of them — usually the woman — drops a pocket-handkerchief for their partner to catch. I had to, of course, do the same to Thorin, who seemed a little confused at first but joined me for a dance all the same.

8:45 pm

Mr Baggins stopped to talk with some of the Lake-town folk gathered at the edge of a large dancing area. There seems to be a performance going on, made of Men and Elves in a practiced dance. However, Mr Baggins deemed my expression too dour for the occasion and led me to another area, also full of dancing, but made up of couples.

Mr Baggins once again spoke with the local people while I observed the dancers around us. I have overheard quite a number of marriage proposals amongst the dancing couples. I have learned that it is apparently a common practice for courtships to begin during this festival.

While watching the dancers, I noticed a handkerchief flutter down near me. I grabbed it and looked around for its owner, when Mr Baggins ran forward and declared that it was his and because I had caught it, I owed him a dance. Another tradition of this festival, he explained.

I certainly could not deny him such a request and took his offered hand.

9:15PM I spotted Kili in the crowd, accompanied by the Captain, who is, like the other Elves, in possession of a fish-shaped lantern. The two of them are lighting up another lantern, on which they seem to have written something. I think it’s part of the lantern release tradition, where people write their wishes on sky-lanterns and release them towards the big full moon. I’ll send Thorin to get some for us to fill out.

9:25 pm

While we were dancing, I began to notice that many lanterns were being released to the skies, floating above us. Mr Baggins stopped our dance and ushered me in the direction of a stall selling lanterns and suggested that I find two for us to release as well. I asked if he would want to pick his own out but he simply instructed that I surprise him.

I went to the vendor that Mr Baggins pointed me in the direction and selected two. The Man selling them provided a candle and demonstrated how to light them properly so that they may float. I thanked him and paid and had barely turned around before Mr Baggins had grabbed my arm and led me to a separate area, closer to the water.
He selected one of the two lanterns for himself and had me light the other as my own. The ring of fire under the lantern, once lit, carried the lantern up to join the others in the sky. Mr Baggins then had me hold his lantern while he lit it. Once the flame had caught, he held it gently for a few moments, gazing at its light before releasing it. As before, while the lanterns dancing above us are bright, I cannot keep my eyes away from Mr Baggins. His hair is glowing gold and his eyes are shining with an inner fire.

9:50 pm

We watched the floating lanterns for a time before Mr Baggins asked me to join him in another dance. There were still a number of couples dancing together and we entered the crowd as well.

I find that I am acutely aware of Bilbo’s hand in mine, of his warmth and his breath against me. He is pressed so close to me and yet I find that I desire him to be closer still.

10:35 pm

I suggested that we return to our provided house to Mr Baggins. Perhaps he could see the desire that I feel for him, or perhaps he is burning with his own — either way, his agreement sounded breathless.

10:38pm After Thorin and I obtained and released our sky-lanterns, full of wishes for a future together, I tried to rope him into another dance. He seems a bit resistant to the idea, however, and is more interested in retiring to our house for the night. I wonder if the night had been enjoyable for him in spite of the Elves, or whether or not he actually caught sight of Kíli and the Captain. I certainly had fun indulging in Lake-town’s culture; and I hope the dancing does him good at the very least. We are heading back to our house, and my heart pounds in my chest as if it has not stopped dancing despite the fact that I am currently not doing the same.

11:30PM "I cry your mercy—pity—love!—aye, love!
Merciful love that tantalizes not,
One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,
Unmasked, and being seen—without a blot!
O! let me have thee whole,—all—all—be mine!
That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
Of love, your kiss,—those hands, those eyes divine,
That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,
Yourself—your soul—in pity give me all,
Withhold no atom’s atom or I die
Or living on perhaps, your wretched thrall,
Forget, in the mist of idle misery,
Life’s purposes,—the palate of my mind
Losing its gust, and my ambition blind!"
— John Keats, "To Fanny"

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2

#that asshole #that wonderful asshole #poetry #happy belated birthday to me
11:30 pm

My love, take these walls, these wars.
Dull my blades. I am tired of the hunt.
I've laid my only words at your feet. Open for me.
I want to know, be known. Want and be wanted.

-Jeanann Verlee, from “Your Mouth is a Church, I Forgot How to Pray”

#little bunny #ghivashel #poetry

Chapter End Notes

As the final posts suggest, Thorin and Bilbo... get busy, so to speak. While neither of them post on the blogs about their night together, it is posted under the series tag here on AO3 as separate fics. This was to keep the rating on the blogs suitable for a non-adult audience. If you prefer to read, simply go to part 2 and 3 of the Quest for Erebor series. As the warnings on those parts suggest, they are explicit. We like to think of them as drafts that Bilbo and Thorin never post, but simply have for the sake of their own memories. They are entirely skippable - the actual plot continues next week, on October 4th!
September 28 - October 4

Chapter Notes

Once again, please be aware that the rating for this story has changed and please read the tags. Erebor is still several weeks away but I'd rather people be aware of what's approaching.
Apologizes for the delay - I got a second job so I'm working 60+ hours a week so it's harder to squeeze editing into my schedule. Thanks for reading!

September 28th, 2015

Thorin

6AM

I have only briefly woken and despite sleep pulling at me, I cannot seem to shut my eyes. The image before me is too fascinating.
#the quest #little bunny #ghivashel

Bilbo

9:21AM Last night may have been exhilarating, but this morning was breathtaking in its own way. The way he moved below and within me, bathed in the pale morning light, his lovely tanned skin begging for me to kiss it — I think I understand all the poets and bards of the Shire a little more now.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:35 am

I could curse myself with how blind I have been. I did not see it, even last night, but this morning, with Bilbo above me, I understood. He was lit by the light of the sun and it was not his warmth surrounding me that took my breath away — it was the realization that he is my One.
How could I have not seen it before? Even though I held the belief that Ones were simply a story, how could I not realize what this ache, this pull in my chest truly was?
#the quest #ghivashel
10:30AM Thorin called me something in Khuzdul while I was lying in his arms. His fingers traced something into my back that I was sure was words, but I don’t know what he called me, or what he wrote into my skin. I might ask Balin, since the entire Company probably knows by now that Thorin and I are officially courting, and any new Khuzdul endearments would not come as a surprise to anyone.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brainsdwarf #the company

10:48AM

I cannot believe that he is mine.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #last night was incredible and i thank the giver for it #travelling

11AM

While the feeling of love in my chest has not changed since my realization, it is, in a way, relieving to have found a way to name it with the depth that it deserves. There is a part of me that wishes I had some way of going back to when I had first met Bilbo, so as to tell myself of this knowledge. Though, I doubt my past self would believe it to be true; I know it now and still can scarcely believe it. I fear that I may wake only to find that this has all been a dream.

Bilbo’s warmth pressed to me is real enough to shake that fear, however. As is the feeling of his curls, golden in the sunlight, against my fingers.

#the quest #ghivashel

11:06AM

To see my darling, bathed in morning light
I would have given up my fourteenth share
To feel his hand in mine, clasped left to right
I would have fought a dragon then and there.
But how do I begin to tell him so?
For all my thoughts I lack the words sublime
That three-word phrase cannot so easily show
The depth of all the feelings in my mind.
And if I were to say these words today
I fear the loss of power on their part
Perhaps too soon these tender thoughts will fade
And leave me grasping with a broken heart.
My dear, I hope you know you are to me,
First in my heart, as long as I may be.

#adventureblogging #my poetry #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Of the few things that I have managed to keep a hold of during this quest, I still carry with me a small bag. Inside, it holds beads of mithril that have been passed down through the line of my family. I have held onto them as they are important heirlooms of my line and because I expected to present them to Fíli or Kíli one day, should one of them have found someone to give them to. I had no thoughts that I would have use of them or would wish to braid them into another’s hair.

Now, I see them and imagine how they will shine in Bilbo’s curls.

1:12PM I have finally made it down for breakfast, though arguably it was more of a ‘brunch’. The rest of the Company were also breakfasting late, it seems, as some of them had stayed up late celebrating, and others were nursing hangovers which Óin was treating with a rather disapproving look on his face.

Nori’s grin was exceedingly smug when I seated myself at the table. “So I see you put my present to good use, Master Hobbit,” he remarked.

I found my face heating up. “Whatever gave you that idea?” I demanded, just as Dwalin burst into laughter from his spot next to Nori. I turned to see what was so funny, and spotted Thorin striding into the room without his shirt on. Because I was wearing his shirt.

If the floor could give way to let me slide down into the depths of the lake below, I would have gladly welcomed it. Thorin took a seat next to me, smiling as if he wasn’t breaking his fast in a terrible state of undress. Bombur seemed to take it in stride as he served us our eggs and kippers.

“You two aren’t as subtle as you’d like to think,” remarked Dwalin even as he snickered into his eggs. “We could hear the two of you last night and this morning.”

I could feel my ears burning. “That was mostly Thorin,” I said, a bit defensively.

“And at least some of us check to make sure we’re putting on our own clothes before we go down for breakfast,” added Nori with a wink.

“Just collect the wagers and shut up about it,” Thorin grumbled, making Dwalin chortle.

“No, I think Ori won this round! I’m just doing the smug routine on his behalf because he’s too nice and quiet,” he declared, clapping said Ri brother on the back. Ori, who had been very obviously hiding behind both his bowl of porridge and his book, only burrowed in deeper.

I can only imagine what the rest of the Company has to say to the recent developments between Thorin and me.

1:30 pm

Bilbo deemed it time to head downstairs, as both of our stomachs were rumbling and the sun had risen quite high in the sky. However, as he dressed, he picked up and put on my own shirt instead of his. It was overly large on him, but the sight of him wearing it was pleasing enough that I did not speak against it. It resulted in my not having a shirt to wear, but I believed that trade to be worth it.

I expected jests and teasings from the company regarding the courtship between Bilbo and I, and the company did not hesitate to do just that. Dwalin and Nori especially had fun poking fun at Bilbo, who had turned bright red upon realizing that his shirt was not his own, but I was also aware of the overly smug smirks from the other company members. I am still not entirely sure why they are all so invested, financially or otherwise.
2 pm

I have exited the house and returned to Lake-town’s marketplace. While the beads of mithril will show that Bilbo is to be betrothed to someone in my family’s line, he also requires beads that show that he is mine. I have none to present him, however, as I have never had plans to be wed and thus have never made beads for such an occasion. I do not have the materials at hand that I would wish to use, but something is better than nothing at all. I can craft him grander beads at a later date, when Erebor is reclaimed.

For now, however, I will see if any of these vendors have any oak in their wares.

#the quest #ghivashel

2:50 pm

Dwalin found me while I was in the marketplace. I expected him to at some point, and so was not surprised to see him.

“So, you’re finally officially courting him now, are you?” Dwalin asked.

“You said yourself that you heard quite enough of our courting last night and this morning,” I reminded him.

“Loud enough to wake the dead, you were!” Dwalin snickered. “Don’t think I’ve heard your voice go that high since you were younger than Ori.”

“Are you simply here to tease me more,” I asked, “or did you have a reason for pestering me about my courtship?”

Dwalin’s expression grew serious and his voice lowered. “You know what I mean to ask, Thorin, and you know why I’m asking. It’s wonderful that you’ve both found joy in each other, but we mean to reclaim our homeland and he is here, first and foremost, as our burglar. Now, he agreed from the start to the risks of this quest but are you willing to accept them now as well? You do remember what could be waiting in that mountain, right? And that Bilbo may not live to see this to the end? That none of us might?”

“I have not forgotten why we are here,” I assured. My eyes were drawn to Erebor in the distance and I could not pull my gaze away. “I am aware of the quest at every moment. And I am fully aware of the risks we are to face. Do not think that this courtship has in any way blinded me to the fate we may encounter.”

“I only want you to be sure of this, Thorin.”

“I am sure. He is my One, and while you and Nori have agreed to delay your courtship until after Erebor is reclaimed, Bilbo and I have chosen differently. Risks and all.”

Dwalin nodded and gripped my shoulder tightly for a few moments. “Then I can only wish you every happiness.”

#the quest #dwalin #ghivashel

3:33PM Kíli has returned to the house. Or at least, they came through the door and Fíli immediately demanded to know where they had been last night.

~~

Kíli sought me out after telling Fíli they had spent the night with a cute local girl, and told me that they had, in actuality, spent the night on the bell-tower watching the moon with the Captain. Apparently she was accompanying another shipment of goods from Lake-town as a punishment of sorts for falling asleep on the job, and thought that the timing of their escape was impeccable, as the Elvenking would have lent his help to the Company the next morning in return for a cut of the treasure in Erebor. Apparently the Captain had won him over, as ending Smaug’s rule over Erebor would be good news for everyone else in the region, treasure or not.

She had also told Kíli her full name that night, and they were honour-bound not to let me or anyone else in the Company know of it, as it was, like Dwarvish inner-names, a secret only known to those closest to the named one. Except, as Kíli went on to explain, inner-names were an innate part of the
Dwarf, something that they knew almost instinctively from birth. The Elvish secret name, the
mother-name, was one given by the mother of the Elf in question based on some sort of foresight.
Either way, letting someone know their secret name was an act of complete trust, and Kíli wanted to
let me know that it was all the confirmation they needed that the Captain was in love with them.
It is a pity, truly, that I must be the only one who can keep their secret right now, as no one else in
the Company knows of this, nor would Kíli tell them for fear of mockery, or worse, retribution. I find
it so unfair that the Captain and I must fare so differently when it comes to courting Dwarves of the
line of Durin, simply because she is an Elf and I am a Hobbit.

3:45 pm

I have purchased a fine piece of oak and returned to the house. I sought out Bifur, for his
craftsmanship is of a splendid degree, much better than my own in this regard. I asked if he would
mind carving beads out of the oak that I had bought. He agreed nearly before I was done voicing the
question. I thanked him and sat with him to explain what I had envisioned to be carved.

#the quest #bifur

5:10PM I have spent the entire day in the house, though now I am in my own clothes. Bo has
smirked knowingly at me every time he sees me, and even Óin had heard about what was going on
and had come to talk to me about the potential medical ramifications of sleeping with Dwarves. He
kept on blabbering loudly about venereal diseases and the proper use of prophylaxis until I was ready
to run from the room screaming, at which he then told me that Thorin was unlikely to have any
diseases as he had never engaged in sexual activity before, but I should still be careful, especially if I
carried any strange Hobbitish venereal diseases. Which, I assured Óin, was not likely, as I’m sure the
family healer would have picked up on it between my tween years and now.
“Well, make sure you’re using the sheepgut, just to be safe. And make sure to keep it clean and moist
in between uses; no one likes a cracked sheepgut!” He then proceeded to give me another little bottle
of oil, that was supposedly for the care and maintaining of sheepgut casings.
I know he means well, but it was still embarrassing to be on the receiving end of such a lecture. Óin
has chewed out Dwalin and Nori for the same topic several times before, but then it had just been
amusing and mildly horrifying. Now it’s just horrifying.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #trumpetdwarf #the company #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf #that asshole #that
wonderful asshole

6:50 pm

The beads are finished and Bifur’s skill is as lovely as expected. Now, to present them to Bilbo.

#the quest #bifur #ghivashel

7:25PM Before we headed down to supper, Thorin took me aside. I had seen precious little of him
all day, and the reason for his absence became clear when he presented me with a small bag. Inside
there were beads, some of mithril, others of wood. The former were beads that represented the line of
Durin, and the latter were whittled by Bifur out of oak wood that Thorin had found in the market
today. He apologised for not having personal beads that would befit a royal consort, as he had never
entertained the possibility of marrying someone before, so all of this was a bit last-minute. I told him
not to be ridiculous, as the wooden beads would do just as well as the mithril ones — and probably better, as they wouldn’t attract thieves.

Thorin began to braid the beads into my hair, his hands impossibly gentle as they worked the bed-touselled snarls from my hair. When he was done, he kissed me and called me the same thing that he called me this morning. I asked him what the word meant, and he said that ‘ghivashel’ meant ‘treasure of all treasures’.

It would be even more endearing if we weren’t so painfully close to a treasure hoard whose pull on him I could never contest with, but I am glad he said it all the same.

#adventureblogging #axedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:30 pm

I stopped Bilbo before going to supper and presented the bag of beads to him. I worried that they would not be enough but his smile was bright when he accepted them. He examined the carvings on the oak beads closely before handing them back to me. I asked if I may put braids in his hair and he turned to allow me to do so. I admit that for a few moments, my hands and breath shook.

I combed the knots from his curls as gently as I could, still holding on to the irrational fear that if I press too hard, he will disappear and that I will wake to find that this has been a dream. I thought that I would have no need to know braids for courtship and thus do not know them. I was taught the braids in my youth but have since forgotten them. I told this to Bilbo and apologized that he will only have the braids of my family in his hair for now and his laugh was warm. He assured that he was happy to wear any braids that I wove into his hair.

The beads shine among his curls and if I believed my eyes to be drawn to him before, I am utterly captivated now.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:08PM Dear Mum,

You would never believe it, but your wayward son has finally gotten engaged. But of course he had to honour his Took ancestry first, and get engaged to a Dwarf-king instead of a seventh cousin twice removed or something.

I wonder what you would say to those news. Knowing you, you would probably laugh, and ask if I’m sure about it, and I would tell you that Thorin does, in fact, make my heart bloom, and you would probably laugh some more and say that if he ever hurt me, he would have to answer to you shortly after. And there’s no doubt you would walk all the way from the Shire to the Lonely Mountain, as I have, but all by yourself and with nothing more than a good tongue-lashing in mind. I’m sure I got that part of my temper from you.

I miss you, Mum, and I miss not having you around so I can tell you about how strange it is to be engaged without any date for a wedding in the future, because in a week or so I’ll be on my way to steal from a dragon, and might not actually live to see my wedding day. But in the meantime, this is the closest your son has ever been to being really and properly respectable, and I suppose a Dwarf-king is nothing to sneeze at in the Shire, especially when his wealth is supposedly a hundred times the value of all four Farthings and Buckland combined. Of course, whether or not he gets that wealth depends on me not dying at the hands of a Dragon, so I guess the burden is once more on my shoulders.

How you would have laughed at my account of my grand adventure! I wish that you were here.

Your loving son,

Bilbo

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
After supper, I asked Glóin to show me the technique for proper courting braids. He demonstrated them for me, telling me the details of when he and his wife had braided each other’s hair. His eyes grew misty and he continually nodded at me with a smile.

“Very happy for the two of you,” he said, once I had learned the braid well enough. “It’s a lovely thing when you’ve realized you’ve found your One.”

I thanked him for the lesson and went to find Bilbo. When I located him, he was doing as he had been throughout supper — fiddling with the beads in his hair. I asked if they were uncomfortable or irritating and he quickly assured me that they were fine. It was simply that they were new that caused him to play with them.

I told Bilbo that I had learned the proper courting braids and wanted to put those in his hair. He offered his head to me as he had done before. I removed the common braids and replaced them with the traditional ones that represent courting. Bilbo’s curls enjoyed springing free from the braids, however, and I had to redo several of them. By the time I was done, Bilbo was lying against me, a look of contentment on his face.

My One, my treasure, pressed against me with my braids in his hair, with peace and warmth shared between us. Durin’s Day is swiftly approaching, however, and I can only wonder how long this peace is to last.

#the quest #gloin #ghivashel

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September 29th, 2015

Thorin

8:35 am

When I awoke, Bilbo still slept, his head on my chest. Though the room was darkened, the amount of light from the rising sun was just enough to highlight his features. The shell of his ear, slope of his brow, the dip of his upper lip. I wished to chase the sunlight on his cheek with my hand but I did not want to wake him. I did, however, very lightly touch the tip of his nose, as he reacts by shifting his nose in that rabbit like way that is quite amusing.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

9:01 AM You would think waking up the morning after getting engaged would somehow shift your worldview. After all, a part of you has been given on loan to someone else, like a sort of promise for the future. And you would think making such a momentous decision like entering a courtship destined for marriage would thus change you. But the sky is still blue, up is not yet down, and there are beads of oak and mithril on my nightstand waiting to be rewoven into my hair.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:30 am

Anonymous asked:
Mr. Oakenshield, I'm actually very interested on the subject of a dwarf's One. And I was curious as to how a dwarf usually knows? If at all possible I would love to hear Gloin's opinions on or experiences in the matter as well. I'm sure he's told the company plenty of times and I would love to share in that knowledge. ^^

Glóin has indeed spoken in length of his wife, Mizim. He says that he knew at first sight that she was his One, while it took her some time to come around and accept the idea. He has described the experience on multiple occasions as if he had been hit with a force that nearly knocked him off of his feet.

Bombur as well has found his One and, though he says that it is something beyond his words, the closest he could describe it is that it feels instinctual, that he constantly found himself near her side, as if he had been led there.

My sister, Dís, has also told me of how she and Víli, Fíli and Kíli’s father, felt. She says that it was a familiar feeling, similar to finding a weapon that weighs just right in the hand or how one’s form fits to a bed in just the right way. She said that if it had to be described in simplest terms, it was as if something had simply clicked.

I must admit that it is quite hard to put to words how one knows that another is their One. For myself, it is a feeling of not only wishing to show Bilbo the world but to see his view on it as well. To share experiences with him and grow alongside him. In a way, it is a desire to be, well, one with him.

#ask #anonymous #gloin #bombur #my sister #ghivashel

11:32AM Because of all of the festival and courtship nonsense, I completely forgot to obtain suitable presents for the rest of the Company, especially as they had all given me presents as if I am part of all of their families, and I have yet to thank them for attending my party. Which they had planned. I don’t have the means to get them much more than nice thank-you cards with my best penmanship, but I shall indeed try to thank them all.

#adventureblogging #the company

12:10 pm

After breakfast, Bilbo said that he was going to the marketplace again. I asked if he wished for company but he responded that he would be fine. As he moved to the door, I could hear the slight click of the beads in his hair as they shifted with each step. Once he had departed, I decided to seek out Óin to check on the state of the still healing members of the company. I did not realize the error in that choice until I found myself receiving a talk from Óin about sheepgut casings and hygiene before and after courting relations. Bilbo had told me of Óin’s lecture to him on the same subject and I wish now to take back my laughter at his recalling of it.

#the quest #ghivashel #oin

1:30PM I have returned from the markets with stationery on which to write my thank-yous, as it is the least I can do for these Dwarves. Now let’s hope they can read my handwriting.

#adventureblogging #the company

2 pm

Once Óin’s lecture concluded, we moved to the reason why I had sought him out. He gave an estimate of another week before we would be able to leave. That does give us enough time to reach
where we need to be on the mountain in time for Durin’s Day, but only just.

I found Balin next and spoke with him about the time left. Dwalin was near and joined the conversation, as well as Fíli and Kíli. I have realized that I have scarcely seen Kíli of late and when I do see them, they seem quite distracted. I will have to remember to ask them what is troubling them.

We talked of the approach of Durin’s Day and reaching our destination in time. Fíli suggested sending some of the more healthy members of the company out first, to scout for the exact location, and that the rest of the company can follow once they are healed. While his idea was sound, it was decided that it would be best to keep the company together.

Kíli spoke up then. “What’ll happen if we miss it? If we don’t make it there in time?”

“Then we will have failed,” I answered. And for this, failure could not happen.

3:30 pm

magic-redhead asked:

Since you are in a city, will you send a message to your sister back home to tell her you started courting? I’m sure she would be really glad to hear this.

Fíli and Kíli, I know, have been sending her messages whenever they can, so I am sure she will know of it soon enough. I have my own plans to have news of the quest and everything that has happened be sent to my sister once Erebor is reclaimed, as my nanaddan’s account of things is most likely somewhat different than my own.

4:49PM I have given each member of the Company who has given me something for my birthday a thank-you card. I suppose Thorin’s beads, in a way, could also fall under that umbrella, but I can think of so many other ways to thank him than a couple words on nice stationery.

5:15 pm

Bilbo gave cards with carefully styled writing on them to various company members. When I asked what they were for, he explained that they were his way of thanking the company for his birth-day presents. I did not receive a card, but his thanks has only made me all the more eager to craft things for him.

6:08PM The conversation at supper was once more of Erebor, and its vast hoards of treasure, though Ori raised the question of how we were going to be able to find the hidden door. A couple heads turned towards me, but I told them I would only be able to figure that out once I was at the foot of the Mountain, and not a second before.

7:24PM Thorin, evidently inspired by the suppertime conversation, took me aside afterwards. We talked of the future, then, which for him seemed to extend mostly to the door, and not much beyond, as he had not given much thought to confronting the Dragon. The important part was reaching the Door on Durin’s Day, after all, and autumn was settling in quite solidly. After that, he had no idea what to do next, except perhaps gather information on whether or not Smaug is still guarding the hoard.
I have found, even in my own thoughts, that I tend to skip over the entire ordeal with the Dragon. Either I get burnt to a crisp, or somehow we find a way to kill the Dragon and all turns out well. I hope, despite the fact that all facts point towards the former outcome, that the latter will prove true and we will succeed in reclaiming Erebor for Durin’s Folk.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:30 pm

Erebor was spoken of during supper and the topic clung to my tongue. Bilbo and I discussed the risks that we are accepting with our courtship — risks that we agreed to at the beginning of this quest but that now have another depth of loss to them. I fear for his fate once we reach Erebor but I would not ask him to back out of what he has agreed and sworn to do, just as he would not ask me to abandon this quest. We have made our decisions and the path is before us now. We can only hope that by the end of this, we will be able to look at our achievements without sorrow weighing on us.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:15PM And if we are to be successful in reclaiming Erebor, there is still the question of rebuilding. According to Thorin, a Dwarvish wedding is not even considered until the halls in which the newlywed couple must live in are complete. In the context of Erebor, that could be years depending on how much damage the Dragon has wreaked during his tenure. And I certainly could not live in a mountain for years; already I fear that something may have happened to Bag End. They will certainly think me dead and sell off my lovely smial if I stay with Thorin. Perhaps it is thoughts like these that mark the changes that engagements bring: thoughts of a tomorrow changing so drastically from what you could have thought possible yesterday.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

September 30th, 2015

Thorin

9:40 am

Despite having spent many years waking alone, it was still disappointing to see only emptiness in the bed this morning. I shall have to persuade Bilbo to accept a rule that if one of us is to rise before the other, we should, at the very least, wake the other just enough to bestow a kiss.

#the quest #ghivashel

10:50 am

I went downstairs to take part in breakfast and Bilbo reappeared. He had come back inside looking upset and distracted about something. After breakfast, I asked Bilbo what was troubling him. He told me that he held guilt for eating meals as we were and having food be so available while the people of Lake-town felt hunger twist their stomachs. He said that he wished he had a way to help them. It is kindness in him that causes guilt to weigh on his heart. Quite a difference from the Hobbit that was so angered with sharing his larder with the company.
11:45 am

Bilbo is showing just how excellent of a consort he will be. A Man was cast aside by the Master of Lake-town when he begged for food. Bilbo went to the Man and gave him bread and cheese from our own kitchen, as we have quite a stock of food. The Man seemed surprised by the kind act and when he gave his thanks, Bilbo’s smile was bright.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

12:07PM Nori, when he heard about my act of charity, laughed and said that the beggar I helped was probably one of numerous spies in the sprawling spy network that apparently existed in the town. He has been conversing with a couple of them, and found out that that was often one of the more steady-paying jobs for folks who cannot work in the lake-trade. Some of the spies won’t even care which side they report on, as long as they are paid for their services.

“Does that mean the man I helped actually didn’t need the food?” I asked. “That dreadful Alfrid threw a set of bollocks at him! Surely that’s reason enough for giving that poor victim something better to eat.”

“Oh, they wouldn’t turn down a free meal, I reckon,” Nori replied. “Spying’s not always lucrative, especially when you factor in how dangerous it is, too, especially when you’re being a double agent. I reckon we’d want that fellow on our side, and you feeding him is a step in the right direction.” He paused. “But don’t let it slip to the Master that you’re feeding the beggars. Not unless you want to end up having a permanent watch put on you like Bard.”

What kind of leader views even basic kindnesses as a disturbance of the peace?

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf

12:45PM I don't give two tosses whether or not someone's a spy. No one deserves to be mocked like that. I know what it's like to be truly hungry, not just merely interested in someone's larder, and if I can help someone else avoid that feeling even for one meal, I would do it.

Besides, it's really the Master's plunder, which really belongs to the people in the first place.

#adventureblogging

1:10PM I know we deserve a break from our own frequent periods of hunger on the road, and I found out this morning at the pier that most people in Lake-town are able to get a fish a day through a mixture of self-reliance, charity, and even city handouts. But I still feel guilty for having more, because surely the people must be hungry for more than that. The Wood-elves trade in grains (that’s to say, rice and millet, for the most part) and tea, and pay tolls to Lake-town for the rest of their shipments from other lands, yet it seems that only half of the total import from the Wood-elves manages to make it to the Lake-town marketplace, and while there always seems to be a dearth of staples like milk, flour, and eggs in the market, Bombur never seems to run out of it.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

2 pm

I have seen little of Fíli lately and when I do see them, it is when they are slipping away from the house, off into Lake-town. The times when I do see them in the house, they are distracted, so much so that even Fíli has commented on it. I mean to find them and ask what is bothering them but I cannot seem to locate them. Where are they always off to?
If my suspicions are true, I believe Kíli is avoiding me. The first time I spotted them, they turned away and disappeared among the alleyways of Lake-town. I managed to find them once again and even called their name, but just as quickly as the first time, they were gone.

I do not wish to chase Kíli around Lake-town for the entire day, especially if they do not wish to speak with me for whatever reason. Instead, I have returned to the house and talked with Fíli about his sibling’s behavior. He confessed that even he did not know what was bothering Kíli, and had tried asking them several times. He had decided to leave Kíli be, knowing that they would eventually reveal what was causing their strange behavior.

I hope Thorin, when he does become King Under the Mountain, will not resort to such petty insecurities as labelling those who feed the hungry as enemies of the state. Something is rotten here in Lake-town, and it’s not the fish.

I know I cannot solve all of Lake-town’s political ills in a week, and yet part of me wishes that I could. If only there were some way to check the Master’s relentless plundering of his people’s resources!

Anonymous asked:

Have you spoken to Balin abt setting Bilbo up if anything happens to you? I know it’s a morbid question to ask, but your wants for him may have changed since he's far more than a mere burglar to you now ...

Quite a morbid question indeed.

If Erebor is successfully reclaimed, Bilbo will be allowed to stay for as long as he wishes, whether I am there or not. He will be given his share of the treasury, which he may also take back to the Shire with him. If I perish, he will also be given compensation for our engagement.

If Erebor is not reclaimed, however, and I perish, then Bilbo is still a Friend of the Dwarves and any items that I wished for him to have will be his, and, if it is possible, he will be given his engagement compensation then as well.

Let us hope that none of this need be discussed any further than here. Dark thoughts only draw dark happenings.

Bilbo’s mind continues to be on the state of Lake-town and its people. I had to say his name multiple times before he heard me and tell him twice that supper was ready before he understood.
6:30PM The smile on the beggar's face as I gave him the bread and cheese, and the cold, half-starved figures of the fishermen at the pier this morning still haunt me.

#adventureblogging

6:30 pm

Bilbo picked more at his dinner than he actually ate it. He has been muttering to himself and looking out of the window at Lake-town.

Kíli joined the company for supper and I noticed that there is a braid in their hair. It is mostly hidden, tucked behind their ear, but I can still see it. I can see that Fíli has noticed the braid as well. I will talk with Kíli about the braid tomorrow, as I am sure Fíli wishes to speak with them first.

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children #is that why they have been avoiding us

7:01PM

Anonymous asked:

Perhaps you should fight one dragon at a time Mr. Baggins, I don't mean to undermine your kindnesses, but if you are to continue them and if you are beginning to keep a weary eye on the Master of lake town; I hope you will at least tread as lightly as you did in the elven halls.

Best wishes of course.

I shall try. No one but the Master will fault me for caring, and the Lake-town guards are slow on their feet, so they won't catch me.

#ask #anonymous

7:11PM I suspect I will not be rid of my thoughts on the inequality in Lake-town for quite some time. Thorin asked me what was on my mind, and I very stupidly blurted out, “You're not going to become like the Master, right?”

The Master is so beholden to his treasury, so obsessed over his possessions, that he forgets the plight of the people he is meant to rule and protect. But surely Thorin is of sterner stuff, and I am merely building a smial in a molehill. I should not worry and savour my last days of relative safety and peace, and yet here I am, worrying.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:16PM

Anonymous asked:

I don't think you need to worry about how Thorin will treat the poor. He's known hardship himself & he's done so much for his people, things that some would say are below his royal status. I can't imagine him ever acting like the Master of Laketown.

I know. But I also know the hunger in his eyes when he looks at the Mountain, and Lord Elrond's warning rings in my ears when he talks of the treasure. It is not wrong to want what belongs to oneself, but I can only hope Thorin remembers his grandfather's madness so that he may avoid a similar fate.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:20 pm

I know that the behavior of the Master of Lake-town is bothering Bilbo, but it also seems that there is something more that is on his mind. I inquired as to what was eating at his thoughts and he replied,
quite unexpectedly, by asking if I was going to become like the Master. I had him explain further and he said that the Master cares more for his possessions than about the people that he is meant to protect.

I told him that my people have been in need before and have been denied help despite it. I assured him that I would not do that, as I have known that pain and plight. If I possess the power to provide help, why would I turn away those that need it?

#the quest #ghivashel

10 pm

The plight of the people of Lake-town is affecting Bilbo greatly. Enough so that he does not seem to be able to sleep. Most days, he is quite responsive to my hands in his hair or to us lying close together, radiating his content. Tonight, he barely seems to notice my presence, much less that night has fallen and that he is muttering angrily. I wish that I had more power to help in this cause but as it is, Erebor is the priority.

#the quest #ghivashel

October 1st, 2015

Bilbo

7:30AM I have returned to the pier to watch the morning haul once more. The fog on the lake rolls back when the sun rises and everything looks absolutely lovely.

It makes me miss the daily haul in Buckland and how my Brandybuck cousins often had the pick of the catch for their suppers. The fish in the Brandywine River tend to be a bit mushy and muddy, but it takes some skill and knowledge of searing and seasoning to make it really excellent.

#adventureblogging

8:08AM Alfrid Lickspittle takes such pleasure out of beating the downtrodden. First denying the beggar from yesterday, and now forcibly hauling away half of the morning's catch for the personal use of the Master. The Master doesn't even eat that much fish.

#adventureblogging

8:45 am

Thorin

Bilbo once again rose before I did; quite some time ago, if I am to judge by how cold his pillow is. I do not doubt that he is walking around Lake-town. I am happy that he is finding ways to occupy his days that do not result in him worrying about the possibility of a fatal fate in Erebor, but I do not wish for his help to cut back and end up hurting him, us, or the people of Lake-town. Especially not with Durin's Day so close.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:21AM I have encountered some small children going to school without lunches on my way back to the house, and promised to bring them something to eat for lunch if they would knock at the door
of our house at noon. If I am to be a thief, I should at least be a decent one.

#adventureblogging

11:46AM

Anonymous asked:

Mr. Baggins you are a kind soul, and these little things you're doing for the people must make them feel very special.

I am only doing what is decent. Children should not be starving because the Master confiscates their parents’ earnings. I am giving them what they are due.

#ask #anonymous

11:49AM Bombur, when he heard that I was preparing lunch for some Lake-town schoolchildren, came by and lent his assistance. We’ve made several small tea-sandwiches for them to pick and choose. Some contain meat, others do not, and we’ve also made egg tarts for dessert.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

12:15 pm

There is a small horde of children in the dining area being entertained and fed by Bombur and Bilbo, the latter of whom looks much happier feeding the children than when he fed the company several months ago. They are all seated at the table, watching and listening to Bombur’s story in fascination.

#the quest #ghivashel #bombur

12:34PM The children came, with some of their friends, and were very happy at the sight of the spread. Bombur was helpful in entertaining them, telling the little ones silly stories as they ate. The older children often helped the younger ones pile their plates and made sure everyone had an egg tart at the end. They asked if Bombur and I would make lunch for them tomorrow, and we agreed that we would for the rest of our stay. It’s not many days, but at least those days are days where they won’t need to worry about finding their own lunch.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

1:30PM After lunch, I walked the children back to the school and was almost mistaken for a child myself because of my height. The school in Lake-town is a one-room schoolhouse run by the community, where the teachers are often put-upon to make sure all the students were learning the things they need to be learning. If it weren’t for the fact that I’d be leaving in a couple of days, I think I would have liked to help them teach the children their letters, as I have helped teach fauntlings how to read back in the Shire.

#adventureblogging

2PM On my way back to the house I noticed some activity down by the docks. A boat of Elves and barrels — presumably another shipment of goods for the Elvenking — was leaving. On it was the Captain, her red hair streaming in the afternoon light. I could see her waving at someone in the crowd, and after I’d climbed up another shipment of crates behind the crowd at the docks I could make out the stout figure of Kíli waving back at the Captain.

Fíli was also there, but a little ways off in the crowd. I don’t think he knows of Kíli’s relationship with the Captain. This might not end well.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2
Óin has informed me that, unless anything happens within the next few days, the company should be able to leave within the week. I thanked him for the news and asked that he tell me if any other developments occur that can either speed or slow us down.

#the quest #oin

3:45 pm

I told Balin of Óin’s update and he suggested that we begin rounding up supplies and making preparations to leave. I said that we should ask the Master for provisions to leave. He agreed, seeming just as eager as myself to see that everything is ready to depart; having Erebor so close is an unending taunt. I feel as if I can hear the mountain calling out to me throughout the day and night, leaving a ringing in my ears at times.

#the quest #balin #oin

5:28 PM I have the distinct uncomfortable feeling that I am being watched.

#adventureblogging

6:45 PM Over supper, an argument broke out between Fíli and Kíli, regarding what Fíli saw this afternoon. Kíli at first tried to deny any involvement with the Captain, but Thorin entered the argument by bringing up the new braid behind Kíli’s ear, and Kíli immediately flushed and said it was not Thorin or Fíli’s business who they chose to befriend. Thorin pointed out that the Captain had been responsible for their imprisonment, and that perhaps what Kíli felt was a holdover from their time in Mirkwood. That upset Kíli, and they stormed out of the room. I know I cannot speak for the Company as I had my freedom during our stay in the Elvenking’s halls, but I do believe that the Captain was responsible for whatever creature comforts they had during their imprisonment. Of all the Elves that Kíli could have fallen for, she is hardly the worst.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #the company

7 pm

During supper, Fíli and Kíli began to argue over something that Fíli witnessed today — Kíli, waving goodbye to the red-headed Elf guard from Mirkwood as she departed from the docks, and her waving back. Kíli denied doing such a thing and I spoke then, for I had realized then why the braid in their hair seemed odd to me; it was not a Dwarvish braid but an Elvish one. I asked why such a braid would be in their hair. Kíli declared that their friends were of no business to myself or Fíli, especially if we only mean to speak to ill of them. How they could be friends with the Elf that locked us in prison cells is beyond me, and I said as much, wondering if perhaps their extended forced exposure to the Captain had caused their response now. Kíli left the room in anger. The Captain of Thranduil’s guard.

What were they thinking?

#the quest #my sister children

7:35 pm

I asked Fíli what exactly he had seen at the docks and if that had been the first he had seen of interactions between Kíli and the Elf. He explained that Kíli had been telling him nothing, or just small stories that had been twisted lies to avoid speaking of their spent time with the Captain while in Lake-town. He said that he had had a suspicion, however, as Kíli’s behavior had been strange since our escape from Mirkwood. He was not certain of the exact nature of the interaction between Kíli
8:29PM Kíli found me after supper and once more sought my ear, saying that only I knew the entire story of their relationship with the Captain, and that only I looked at the relationship with eyes unclouded by the old prejudices. I told them that Thorin did care about their happiness, and was only wary of the Captain because of the role she played in our imprisonment. Kíli snorted, and pointed out that Thorin had far too much bad blood with the Wood-elves (especially the Elvenking) to have the Captain’s role be the only thing that he was wary about.

“She doesn’t care that I barely have a beard,” Kíli said plaintively, flapping their hands repetitively as if to ground themselves. “Do you know how much that means to me? Even my own mother keeps on assuring me that my beard will grow in and I can style it like the other Dwarves who are like me. Like there’s another Kíli she thinks she’ll coax out if she tries hard enough. Tauriel doesn’t care, though. Elves don’t have beards, unless they’re Círdan from the Havens. Tauriel likes me as I am; she doesn’t care that I don’t look like a Dwarf. She says it’s part of my charm, actually.”

I told them that perhaps if they could tell Thorin all of this, perhaps even he will come to realise that their happiness is more important than his grudge against the Wood-elves and their king.

10:49PM I am sleeping downstairs tonight. Thorin and I had a row over Kíli and the Captain. His old hatred of the Elves came back, and while I cannot fault him for detesting the Elves who denied the Dwarves of Erebor aid when the Dragon attacked, I also cannot condone his wilful refusal to understand Kíli’s relationship, especially since the Elf who Kíli is seeing had not been present at the time of the Dragon’s attack, and has, to the best of her ability, been an ally to the Company despite her orders.

I told Thorin he could have all the time and space he needed to think on the situation. I hope he does.

11 pm

Bilbo has gone to sleep downstairs for the night.

~~~

He came to speak to me about Kíli’s friendship with the Elf Captain, as he was upset that I had spoken against it. I explained to him why I was — she is the Captain of Thranduil’s guard, the one who turned away my people when we were in need, and she was in charge of our imprisonment.

She may have been kinder than the other Elf guards but she is still an Elf. Bilbo said that if I required more time to think over how unreasonable I was being, I could do so on the sofa downstairs. I protested this, as I did not want to sleep away from him and because I do not believe that my thinking is in anyway unreasonable. He responded that he would go downstairs instead. I protested that idea even more so and Bilbo’s voice grew in anger.

“No, you obviously need some time and space to think about the fact that Kíli is your sister-child and that you’re hurting them! All over some grudge against the Elves!”

“They denied my people aid—”

“Thranduil denied your people aid when they needed it. Are you going to let one Elf’s actions cloud your opinion of every Elf, without even knowing them? You used to think that Hobbits were just simple country farmers that worked the earth between the mountains and look how much your thoughts have changed from actually getting to know me. Yet you won’t extend the same opportunity to the Captain.”

“That is different,” I argued. “You are not an Elf and Hobbits have never done anything against the
Dwarves.”

“What if I were an Elf?” Bilbo asked.

I must admit that the question made me pause for the sheer shock of it. Bilbo continued, “What if I were an Elf, Thorin? Would you still have woven your beads into my hair?”

“But you are not—”

“Just say that I was!”

“You are my One,” I told him. “It is not the same.”

“What if the Captain is Kíli’s One?” Bilbo asked. “Are you really going to stand between them?”

“Well, an Elf as their One—”

“You’ve got a Hobbit for a One, so don’t even try that.” Bilbo shook his head. “Is this hatred of Elves really more important to you than Kíli’s happiness? Your refusal to listen and understand is going to end up costing you the trust and love of your sister-child, I hope you realize.”

He left after that and has given me much to think on. I still feel that I am not being unreasonable with my feelings and thoughts on the matter but Bilbo has a way of making his words reach deeply.

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children

October 2nd, 2015

Thorin

12:30 am

Bilbo’s words are still echoing in my ears. I still stand by my argument but I can see the sense in his.

An Elf.

Why an Elf?

#the quest #ghivashel

1:15 am

The look of panic and distress on Kíli’s face during supper is refusing to leave my mind. I do not want them to endanger themselves with an Elf, especially one associated with Thranduil. Yet I also do not wish to shun them or cause them unhappiness.

#the quest #my sister children

1:35 am

And the Elf has already gone back to Mirkwood, according to Fíli, and Kíli is leaving for Erebor with us soon. They will be apart for a time, enough that it will give… whatever is between them time to either crumble away or solidify.

And time for me to think on it as well.

#the quest #my sister children

2:40 am

I went downstairs to wake Bilbo, apologize for my rudeness to him and say that I would try to understand Kíli’s relationship with the Captain. However, when I went to wake him, I believe as a reflex, his hand shot out and hit me solidly in the nose. Perhaps I deserved it.

Bilbo instructed that I was also to apologise to Kíli in the morning and I agreed. I caused them distress when I should be by their side to support them.

I carried him upstairs, as he looked far too tired to walk and I am never opposed to having him in my
arms. He curled close, falling asleep nearly before his head hit the pillow. If someone were to stand in the way of my relations with Bilbo, simply for him being a Hobbit, I would fight to be with him. If the Captain is, in fact, Kili’s One, then who am I to deny them?

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children

Bilbo

5:23AM I was woken by Thorin earlier so that he could apologise to me and say that he would make an effort to accommodate Kili’s new relationship, for the sake of their happiness. I told him it was good of him to try, but he would have to apologise to Kili first thing in the morning. He then kissed me and carried me back upstairs to our bed, where I promptly fell back asleep. Thorin still sleeps now in the morning light. The fog is still rolling on the lake. I think I shall spend some more time with Thorin this morning, instead of rushing off to the docks like I have for the past two days.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2

9:02AM I had just been returning from the toilet when Thorin awoke. The look on his face when I returned to bed had probably last been seen on him when I had freed him from his cell in Mirkwood. “Are you not going to go down to the docks?” he asked.

“How did you know that I go down to the docks?” I demanded.

“Nori told me. He says word travels fast in this town.” I don’t know what to say to that, especially in light of my recent deeds for the people of Lake-town. The Master has not been knocking at my door demanding my arrest just yet, though, so I may continue in the meantime.

And before I am obliged to go downstairs to help Bombur prepare lunch for the children, I may return to Thorin the kisses he must have missed from the past couple of days.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #bigdwarf

10:30 am

I awoke earlier to an empty bed, as seemed to be the trend. Perhaps I should try to wake earlier because while I prefer to get as much rest as I can come by during this time, I also wish to have my mornings start off with thoughts other than how cold the sheets beside me are. However, no sooner than I thought that, Bilbo appeared, having only stepped out to use the facilities.

I was surprised, for I had imagined that he had already woken and left, but there he was, climbing into the bed and lying close to me. I asked if he planned to go to the docks and he seemed surprised to find that I knew where he was off to these past mornings. I only knew from Nori telling me yesterday. Bilbo apologized for disappearing in the mornings by pressing kisses to my neck, forehead, and lips.

While I do not enjoy mornings where I wake alone, I do so enjoy the apology for them.

#the quest #ghivashel

11:09AM Bombur is hoping to make batches of meat pies, mince pies, and fruit tarts for the children to take and share at school. He had suggested a berry tart at first, but I reminded him that berries are out of season, and that apples might be a better option.

We also only have enough small pans for a couple batches of mince pies, and everything else might need to be larger than Bombur had hoped for (as he was hoping they’d be small enough to share). I suggested he wrap the pies for them anyway.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf
12:45 pm
I asked the company if any of them had spotted Kíli anywhere. None had seen them besides when they had left the house several hours ago. I do not know what they are doing in the town now that the Captain has returned to Mirkwood; perhaps simply hiding from more criticism about their relationship.

#the quest #my sister children

1:38PM The children have come and gone with their parcels of pies and tarts, with plenty more left over for the Company. Fíli is probably not going to like today’s dessert, that’s for sure.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #the company

2 pm
Wherever it is that Kíli is, it is quite a good hiding spot. I cannot locate them, though I feel as if I have walked the entirety of Lake-Town.

#the quest #my sister children

3:45 pm
I managed to locate Kíli.

They were the marketplace and stopped at a stall when I found them. They were examining a ring that had intricate moving parts; it fascinated them enough that they did not notice my approach. When I called to them, they put the ring back and moved to walk away. I asked to speak with them, as I meant to apologize and they stopped. They would not meet my eye at first and I felt guilt slide through me, that I had put my own feelings above theirs.

I asked about the ring that they had been so taken by and they showed me; it had gears that clicked when its parts were moved and its craftsmanship was quite good. I said that they should purchase it, as they should have the coin for it, especially if they enjoyed it as much as they looked to. Kíli admitted then that they had spent all of their coin on the Captain during the Lantern Festival. Before I could control it, my disapproval clouded my expression. Kíli saw this and left in anger. I tried to call them to stop again, but they continued on and were lost in the crowd.

#the quest #my sister children

4:29PM Thorin returned from the market, looking sheepish. I asked him if he had apologised to Kíli just yet, and he said that he had tried, but Kíli did not seem to hear him. I suspect whatever apology that was, it was probably not good enough.

I told him to keep trying. “Kíli does want to forgive, you, I think. Let your words make it easy for them to do so.”

He kissed me on the nose and said it was harder than what I’d made it out to be. I said I wouldn’t have vouched for him if I did not believe in him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2

4:35 pm
I tried to find Kíli again but they seem determined to stay hidden for now. I returned to the house and told Bilbo of my failed attempt at apologizing. He said that I was to simply try again, that Kíli did want to forgive me if my words are true. I know that I must try again but I feel that the act of apologizing will not be the difficult part; it is rebuilding their trust in my support. Bilbo’s confidence in me is appreciated, though, as are his kisses of encouragement.

#the quest #my sister children #ghivashel

7:15 pm

After supper, I asked Kíli if I could speak to them. They agreed and I gave them the ring that they had been looking at in the market. Their eyes lit up and they thanked me for the gift. I assured them that I wanted them to be happy, despite my opinion on whom they wished to be happy with. Kíli said, somewhat sheepishly, that they wanted me to like the Captain even though she is an Elf because she cared for them, regardless of the thinness of their beard. I promised that I would try.

#the quest #my sister children

7:30 PM Shortly after supper, Thorin took Kíli aside and presented them with a small ring. It was made of steel, but what was distinctive about it was the moving bits that would shift and click, like the inner workings of a clock, when the fingers moved the band just above the moving parts. Kíli was delighted with the present, and even moreso with Thorin’s apology. I am glad that this difference was bridged, however briefly.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:18 PM I have missed the luxurious feeling of Thorin’s hands in my hair.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:30 pm

It is both amusing and fascinating how much Bilbo relaxes with my hands in his hair. If I did not know any better, I would believe that his bones had disappeared and he had simply become a melted form of contented hums.

#the quest #ghivashel

October 3rd, 2015

Bilbo

8:16 AM It is raining today. The wind outside is brisk and cold, as autumn wind tends to be. Balin might be ominously looking at the sky and saying that the wind is shifting from south to north, but I find that I cannot be so bothered by the wind when my bed is being warmed by a sunbaked brick wall.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin
There is something comforting about being in a warm bed while it is cold and rainy outside. Perhaps it is knowing that one’s self and those that one cares for have shelter and warmth. It could be the presence of the rain, making an enclosed space that feels private and intimate. I believe, however, that having Bilbo’s form pressed snugly against my own in the warm bed could be the main cause of the feeling.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo has tried to go downstairs, citing that he should go help to make lunch. I said that it was far more important that he lie with me, as his stomach was calling for kisses and it was imperative that I answer the call. He argued that I was most likely hearing his stomach ask for food but I believe that I have succeeded in changing his thoughts on the matter.

#the quest #ghivashel

Somehow I have managed to get downstairs in time to see Bombur putting the finishing touches on the day’s lunch. The smell of apples is permeating the air once more. It reminds me ofautumns in the Shire spent picking apples and pumpkins on Farmer Maggot’s farm. My little cousins were often better at that than me; I tended to get distracted by brightly-coloured leaves and acorns to use as decoration.

Autumn was a time of harvest and celebration of the Giver’s gifts in the Shire. I suppose I shall be missing the bonfires and hay mazes in Bywater this year.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

Eventually we decided to rise from bed and headed downstairs to the kitchens. There is the crisp smell of apple in the air and Bombur and Bilbo are speaking of apples and pumpkins. Even in the kitchens, there is a hint of chill in the air, seeping in from outside like the fog in the morning. I do not think he has even realized that he has done this, but Bilbo pulled me close and directed my arms around him, burrowing back to my chest. I can feel that he is slightly cold and I never thought that I would be one day used as a living coat but I find that I am quite content with the job.

#the quest #ghivashel #bombur

The horde of children from days previous is here once again, gathered around the table, wet from the rain outside. Bilbo and Bombur are serving them food and holding their attentions with stories. I believe that one of the younger children has taken a liking to me, as they simply stared at me for several minutes before they apparently deemed me a suitable chair and climbed to sit on my lap.

They are eating now with the same hungry haste that the rest of the children share. It is not a desperation that anyone should know, especially children.

#the quest #ghivashel #bombur

Bilbo wished to walk the children back to their school, despite the rain outside. I argued that he has already fallen ill, and recently, and that he should stay indoors while the rain continues. He reassured that he would be fine and I relented.

It is an amusing sight, seeing the children follow him like ducklings.

#the quest #ghivashel
1:40PM The children were, once more, absolute darlings. They were all rain-drenched when they came in, hanging up sopping cloaks and hoods on the pegs and treading water all over the kitchen. Bombur fed them lots of stew and a lovely apple bread drizzled with honey and cinnamon, and I offered to take them back to school afterwards. Thorin, who had come down for lunch as well, and had helped entertain the children with some more stories and a couple snippets of song, tried to make me stay, citing that I had gotten a bad cold when I arrived. I said that I would be borrowing a cloak, and besides, the rain had let up a little since the morning, and if we walked fast we might be sheltered before it starts again.

So now I am walking the children back to their school. It does look as if it will rain soon, though I don’t know how soon.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:25PM I had the misfortune to run into Alfrid Lickspittle on my way back to the house.

A guard stopped me on my way past the schoolhouse, and he was shortly joined by several more, which I felt was far too many guards for just one unarmed Hobbit.

Alfrid came through the ranks of the guards around me and stared at me for a long while. At some point it stopped being a stare and felt more like a leer. He told me that ‘a little bird’ told him that I was feeding the people.

“Is there a law against kindness?” I demanded.

“Don’t give me attitude, Halfling,” sneered Alfrid. “You might be the darling of the Dwarves, but as long as you are a guest of the Master, you abide by the Master’s rules. And that means no fraternising with the riff-raff.”

“That certainly explains the malnourished look on so many of Lake-town’s people. Between the Master and you I doubt there is enough kindness to fill even a thimble.”

“I could have you in irons for that lip,” snapped Alfrid, “but as I am so kind, I’ll let it slide. Don’t let me catch you disobeying the Master’s rules again. Now get.”

I must admit, that talk did nothing to dissuade me from feeding these hungry schoolchildren. In fact, it has convinced me all the more that something must be done.

#adventureblogging #the company

Anonymous asked:

I love you!!

I apologize but unless this is Bilbo, I cannot return the affections. Thank you, however.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

4 pm

Anonymous asked:

I love you!!

I apologize but unless this is Bilbo, I cannot return the affections. Thank you, however.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

Bilbo has returned from walking the children to their school. I have wrapped a blanket around him, as I am determined that he does not fall ill again, especially when we are to leave soon. He told me of his encounter with Alfrid Lickspittle and I could see the fire in his eyes, how much more determined he is to help Lake-town’s people.

#the quest #ghivashel

4:30PM The rain has let up at last, and I have been wrapped in a blanket since I returned. Thorin seems unwilling to take any chances, bless him. His fretting is exasperatingly endearing.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Some members of the Company, in order to give Bombur a break for the night, have decided to eat at a pub not too far from the house. Thorin and I have gone along as well, bundled as we are, to get some alcohol into our bodies instead of decent food.

Bilbo and I have decided to go with other members of the company to a local pub in search of food and alcohol. The air is sharp and biting, forcing us all to bundle ourselves up for warmth. Hopefully several drinks will put heat back in us.

Anonymous asked:

Im curious, how would most other dwarves see Bilbo's actions towards the children? What would most dwarves think of him?

Dwarves are protective of children, very much so, as we do not have many. Bilbo's actions would be greatly approved of and encouraged. Any leader that starves their children should not be followed.

The pub, known as the Black Arrow, recognised the Company — though it's hard not to recognise them, given how we're pretty much the Master's guests of honour. And also much shorter than most of them.

Some time into the drinking and merrymaking, that recognition of the Company grew a little more spirited, as a song broke out amongst the older patrons:

*The King beneath the mountains,  
The King of carven stone,  
The lord of silver fountains  
Shall come into his own!*

*His crown shall be upholden,  
His harp shall be restrung,  
His halls shall echo golden  
To songs of yore re-sung.*

*The woods shall wave on mountains  
And grass beneath the sun;  
His wealth shall flow in fountains  
And the rivers golden run.*

*The streams shall run in gladness,  
The lakes shall shine and burn,  
And sorrow fail and sadness  
At the Mountain-king's return!*

This brought a grin to Thorin’s face, especially when someone pointed out that the song was a promise for a brighter future after the dragon is destroyed and the King of the Mountain comes into their own. I, on the other hand, find myself worrying about Thorin more and more, the closer and closer we get to Erebor.
7:10 pm

Some of the Men in the pub with us began to sing what they claim to be a song of prophecy. It speaks of a King under a mountain and how he shall come into his own. There still remains great trials ahead of us and we may all perish before the end of the quest is seen... but the song spoke of hope. Some of my own kin do not believe in the success of this quest but it is heartening to hear the Men sing.

#the quest

7:45PM  i need another drink urgently

#adventureblogging

7:55 pm

The company looks to be enjoying their time. Nori and Bofur have been challenging each other to drink more and more while I believe that Dwalin has arm wrestled nearly everyone in the pub. Gloin looks to be in an argument, though I am not sure what about; with as much alcohol he has had, I am not sure even he knows.

Bilbo has also been drinking and he has started dancing. It is not entirely coordinated and I do not like some of the looks his dancing is attracting, but he looks to be having fun.

#the quest #nori #bofur #dwalin #gloin #ghivashel

8:10 pm

Bilbo has been talking with one of the Men in the pub for the last few minutes. While I have no problem with this, I do hold issue with the way that the Man is watching Bilbo. He has not attempted anything of ill manner but I am wary all the same.

#the quest #ghivashel

8:18 pm

The Man that Bilbo was speaking with attempted to lay his hands on Bilbo, despite his protests. I made my way over immediately and instructed the Man to step away. There was a heavy smell of alcohol about him and a sneer formed on his face. He asked why I cared what went on between him and Bilbo. I told him to open his eyes and look at the beads in Bilbo's hair, which claimed him as my own.

During the whole exchange, Bilbo had been laughing, and when I took his hand to lead him away from the Man, I asked if he felt well. He assured that he felt quite fine. There is a sly tilt to his lips and a look in his eyes that is mildly concerning.

#the quest #ghivashel

8:30 pm

I did not think that Bilbo had many drinks but perhaps he drank some when I had been looking away. He has been speaking to me, with no effort of watching the volume of his voice, of things that he wishes to do if we were to return to the house. Apparently my words about his beads being my claim on him has sparked his interest. He is demanding that we return immediately, even pulling at my hand to emphasize his point.

#the quest #ghivashel
It is fortunate that many company members stayed late at the pub. Or, at least, I believe they did not return until late. My attentions were not on the sounds of downstairs.

When Bilbo and I returned to the house, I was mostly carrying him; not due to his drinking too much but because he had practically climbed into my arms. My neck still hurts, in a pleasant way, from his attentions.

Bilbo seems to enjoy the idea of being claimed and as he refused to be released from my hold, we made use of the wall instead. I fear that the pictures that fell off the wall may be broken, and we might have woken Ori, as he was certainly back before we were. Bilbo is asleep now, resting with his head on my chest. I can still feel the tug of his fingers in my hair. I had not anticipated that this was something he liked, especially given how gentle he was the first and second times. As always, Bilbo is full of pleasant surprises.

#the quest

October 4th, 2015

Thorin

7:40 am

Bilbo still sleeps next to me but I believe I will seek out Óin before Bilbo wakes. I do not know exactly how much he drank last night, but he may need some willow-bark tea, be it for a headache caused by too much alcohol or other activities.

#the quest #ghivashel #oin

8 am

Óin already had some willow-bark tea prepared, as quite a few of the company members require it. He smirked at me and patted my arm after I retrieved Bilbo’s tea and said that he hoped we had taken the right precautions last night.

If Óin heard us, I dread to imagine how much the rest of the company heard.

#the quest #oin #ghivashel

Bilbo

8:09 AM I may not remember the exact order of everything that happened last night, but I am most certainly sore from the exertion. Thorin won’t stop blushing every time he looks at me, which makes me suspect that I must have shown him the… adventurous parts of my Took ancestry.

He got me some of Óin’s tea, though, just in case I had a headache, though this time I didn’t drink nearly enough for that to be a problem.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:15 am

Bilbo was awake when I returned to the room and I presented him with the tea. He said that he did not need it, as it was not his head that hurt.
Anonymous asked:
Be careful about the amount of alcohol you consume, Mr. Baggins. It can lead to unwanted actions
Do you really think I’ve spent fifty-two years on Eru’s green Arda without figuring that out?
#ask #anonymos

10:07AM Ori wouldn’t look me in the eye when I went down for breakfast. Bofur, on the other hand, winked at me as he put a cushion down at my place. Some other members of the Company were grinning knowingly as well, especially when Thorin showed up and I got a good look at the markings I’d left all over his neck last night. I suspect I have much of the same sort of marks on my own body.
Nori said that he didn’t know I was such a ‘naughty hobbit’. I told him I had no idea what he was talking about.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #scribedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #hatdwarf #the company

10:45 am
The company is made of children.

When Bilbo and I went downstairs for breakfast, we were greeted with smirks and snickers. Bofur rushed to Bilbo’s chair before he sat down with a pillow and placed it on the seat, saying that he believed Bilbo to need it after having such an exciting time. Dwalin would not stop referring to me as ‘big dwarf,’ and Nori seemed to enjoy quoting Bilbo’s more adventurous requests to me last night.

This caused Bilbo to swear up and down that they were all being ridiculous and that he was a respectable Hobbit who did not speak such filth.
No one seemed to believe him, myself least of all.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel #bofur #dwalin #nori

11:50 am

Bilbo and Bombur seem to greatly enjoy feeding the children. Bilbo is already at the front door, waiting for them to arrive while Bombur is bringing enough food for a feast into the dining area, wondering aloud if they should have made more. I wish that there was more that could be done for the children, as well of the rest of the people of Lake-town, but for the moment, this is all that can be done.

#the quest #ghivashel #bombur

12:38PM There were fewer children at lunch today. The ones who came said that their classmates could not make it because their parents told them not to come. I suspect Alfrid Lickspittle’s henchmen had something to do with it.

#adventureblogging

1 pm
Anonymous asked:
how would dwarves handle a king of theirs who was fine with seeing children starve? this is a grim subject, I know; but I am interested in dwarven morals and the like

There has never been such a king in the line of Durin, but I have heard tales of such happenings in other Dwarven Houses. Amongst the Firebeards it is said that one of their Lords was exposed as having murdered the previous Lord in order to usurp the seat of power, and that the true heir of the previous Lord had to defeat him in battle in order to reclaim her birthright. The legend, which is well-recorded in song, also says that part of the Blue Mountains was moved in the process of conveying the heir’s forces, but I am less inclined to believe that part.

2:10 pm

Óin has kept me up to date on the recovery of the company and he says that we will be ready to leave very soon. Balin and I have drawn up a list of supplies and provisions that we will need, along with a plan on reaching Erebor before Durin’s Day passes. I still believe that we should ask the Master for the provisions, as there is still enthusiasm among the people of Lake-town about the success of the quest.

2:16PM Thorin says that it is approaching the time for us to leave Lake-town for Erebor, as the days are growing shorter, and Durin’s Day is swiftly approaching. He will head for the town hall, where the Master of Lake-town meets with his councillors. I cannot help but wonder at the ineffectiveness of the councillors. Surely they are not just as ignorant of the suffering of the people in Lake-town as the Master himself is, or perhaps they are just as rotten-hearted, with no care for those other than themselves. Or perhaps they do care, and they are simply powerless in the face of the Master. I shall ask Thorin if I can go with him to the town hall, to see the situation myself.

2:23PM Thorin has forbade me from going to the town hall, citing my encounter with Alfrid Lickspittle as reason enough for me to stay inside. I pointed out that he would be with me, but he said that he suspected he knew what I wanted to say at Town Hall, and that it would not be wise for me to do so.

2:25 pm

Bilbo asked if he could accompany me to speak with the Master. As much as I wish for his company, I believe that it would be a bad idea to bring him with me, as his anger at the Master’s actions would no doubt make themselves known. I share the same anger, but the time is not right to challenge the Master’s ways; the deadline for a chance at reclaiming Erebor grows closer and closer.

4:34PM Thorin has not yet returned. I hope that all is going well and that he has not been thrown in prison or something. The people of Lake-town are not the Elvenking, I know, but I am still wary of Thorin’s negotiation skills.
The meeting with the Master and his councillors went well but also terribly.

Soon after I announced my presence and intentions, and the Master was informed, his councillors appeared. I believe that they are each the heads of their trades in Lake-town. Alfrid Lickspittle and a handful of guards also entered the room and talking mostly ceased. Some of the councillors continued with their conversations, nodding to Alfrid and the guards, while the other gave them wary looks.

One councillor approached me and introduced herself as Hilda. However, she did not say anything further, as Alfrid called out, “You’re not here to socialise!” She stepped away with resigned anger on her face and a clenched fist behind her back.

When the Master appeared at last, and his councillors seated themselves, I told him that my company and I would soon go on towards the mountain. The Master’s expression looked surprised for a moment before a practiced oily smile came across his face.

“Certainly!” he said. “You must claim your own. The spoken hour of old is at hand! Whatever help that we can offer is yours, and we hope that you show us a similar kindness is extended to us when Erebor is reclaimed.”

“Thank you,” I began to say.

“But!” The Master stopped me. “I have terms you must agree to.”

I could sense something treacherous in his tone but agreed to hear them.

“First, once your mountain is taken back, you are to honor the old trade treaties of Dale.” That would work out well for both Lake-town and Erebor so I agreed to the first term. “The second,” the Master continued, “is that your small friend ceases being a rabble-rouser and interfering with matters of the state.”

I knew that he meant how Bilbo was giving lunch to the children but still asked, “Interfering with matters of the state? I have not witnessed him doing anything wrong.”

“He has been partaking in things that are none of his concern!”

“Even if he had been,” I said, “I do not see how this affects my request.”

“It is one of my terms for your supplies,” the Master said. “Either you agree and I grant you whatever provisions you require, or you refuse and you will see no more help from me.”

I was grateful that I had not taken Bilbo with me to the meeting, as I am sure he would have given the Master a sound lashing of sharp words then. However, I had no choice but to agree to the terms.

“Thank you,” I told him. “With your help, we will be able to leave within a few days. And then you can return to starving children.”

A silence rang out for a moment, though Hilda broke it with a muted snicker. The other women were nodding, hiding smiles of their own, while some of the men shared the Master’s sour look and only glared at me.

The Master did not respond to my words, though he sniffed somewhat angrily at me. We went on to discuss the provisions that I and the company would require. When it was done, the Master left as quickly as he could, while some of the councillors stayed behind: the ones who had smiled at my insulting words.

Hilda came and reintroduced herself as a trader in the markets. She spoke openly and instructed that I pass thanks to Bilbo for feeding the children. She also wished luck to our quest, as Erebor being reclaimed would be not only helpful to my people but to theirs as well.

Another councillor that approached me was introduced as Olabode. He also asked that his thanks be given to Bilbo, and that he greatly admired Bilbo’s actions, as Olabode and his family hailed from the lands beyond Rhûn and his child had been fed by Bilbo on multiple occasions. He explained that opportunity is not as readily available in this town under the current rule, especially for those who had dark skin like him; they are seen as agents of the enemy though they have long rejected the Shadow of Mordor.

They assured that no matter what the Master said or did, they would give us all the help that they could. I thanked them all and said that their risk was greatly appreciated.
I almost had another row with Thorin again, when he returned during supper. He said that we would be getting the supplies we needed, including boats with rowers and horses and ponies for transport, under the condition that he honour the old trade treaties with Dale upon the reclamation of the Mountain. And that I cease being a rabble-rouser and interfering with matters of the state.

“Matters of the state!” I scoffed. “If that bald-pated fool actually gave a rat’s arse about his ‘matters’, Bombur and I would not have to be feeding hungry schoolchildren every day!”

“The success of the Quest depends on whether or not we get these provisions, and we will not get them if we do not have the cooperation of the Master of Lake-town,” Thorin pointed out.

“I would not take anything that the Master offers, as he has clearly stolen it from the purses of his people.” The words were more angry than what Thorin deserved, I know, but I could no more stop it than I could stop the sun rising every morning.

“Then what would you have me do?” he demanded. “Let the Company starve? Let us walk for days around the lake towards the Mountain, and perhaps miss our only opportunity into the Mountain itself? Durin’s Day draws near. I will not risk losing a single day.”

I suspect the conversation would have gotten angrier had I not suddenly remembered that the rest of the Company was still there. As enraged as I am with the Master, I also cannot let my friends starve on the road to the Mountain. We have other causes of death lying in wait for us.

I agreed to abide by the terms, but I still feel as if I have betrayed the people of Lake-town by doing so. They can have my fourteenth share when all of this is over. I care not for it.

Bilbo did not take the news that he must stop feeding the children well. I understand his frustration and wish that it was not this way, but I explained that this was the only way for us to get the supplies that we needed. He spoke against my decision with anger in his voice and I asked if he wished for the company to starve on the mountain. Perhaps that was too harsh but it was the choice I had faced; the company and Erebor or Lake-town.

When Bilbo agreed to the terms, I could see how much it weighed on him to do so. It pains me to ask such a thing of him but what else are we to do?

Thorin apologised for the harshness of his words to me at supper. I told him it was nothing; I knew that the Quest was more important to him, and that if prosperity returned to these descendants of Dale, then perhaps the poverty of so many families in this town could end as well. He laughed and rewarded me with kisses, saying that I would make an excellent consort with my generous heart. I could not say anything in return to that, as I feel that it is not a compliment that is mine to accept. I have not always been the way I am now, and I was certainly not generous to the Dwarves when I
first met them — though I still feel justified in my anger at them having pillaged my larder, of course. I wonder, if I were to return to the Shire, to my Bag End, would I still be as kind as Thorin thinks I am? Would I not, once re-exposed to the culture of class and privilege that I had been reared in, revert to my old ways? I do not know the answer, but I fear that it is yes.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:33PM
Anonymous asked:
It's good of you to stick by your principles and argue for what you believe to be right. However, as hard as it may be, try to see it from Thorin's perspective. He and his kin do need their home back and to get to the door soon; so a deal with a demon might be the only way to achieve such ends for now. Think on it this way, the sooner Erebor is reclaimed, the sooner Thorin will have access to wealth he could easily give to those less fortunate souls in Lake-town. They wouldn't starve at all then
Or we are all eaten by a Dragon, but you know, better bargain with the monster we know than the one we don't.

#ask #anonymous #bitter? i am hardly bitter about my decision #what makes you think that i am bitter

8:38 pm
Anonymous asked:
Poor Bilbo, he really wants to help those children, doesn't he. He's done a wonderful job so far. It's understandable that you have to complete the quest though, Hopefully once you get Erebor back you can give more aid to the poorer folk in Lake-town. I think that would make Bilbo very happy in knowing there'd be help in the future for them. You're both kind souls, good luck for the next few days.

I know it is paining Bilbo to know he can no longer help these children. However, when Erebor is regained, the children of Lake-town will benefit.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

10:10PM I still cannot sleep, though Thorin holds me close in his warm embrace. I must hold one more lunch with the children, and I must think of a suitable good-bye for them. I find that the more I think on this task, the less I wish to do it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:45 pm
I woke to the sound of muffled crying.
It was Bilbo, trying to hide his tears in the pillow. I did not need to ask what was wrong, as I knew that having to stop feeding the children has greatly affected him. I placed my hand on his shoulder to comfort him and he rolled over and buried his face in my chest. I held him as close as I could but I still feel a hollow feeling of guilt in my stomach.
I wish that I could have made a different decision but there was nothing that I could do.

#the quest #ghivashel
Bilbo was already awake when I woke. He was quiet and resigned and I kept silent as well. His stare was distracted and far-off while I gently rubbed his back and ears. We stayed that way for a long while, as light slowly leaked into the room. Eventually, Bilbo took a deep breath, as if bracing himself, before rolling to sit up and then stand.

“No sense in delaying the day,” he said simply before moving to get ready.

Thorin

8:15 am
The children should be showing up any moment. There has been a near continuous sound of sniffing from the kitchen and Bilbo is near the door, his eyes glassy but expression neutral.

12:49 PM The children showed up again, the least number we’ve had the entire time. More of them must have been dissuaded by their parents. A couple stragglers showed up late, saying that they had
to take the long way 'round so that they didn’t get caught. We took them in all the same. I had to tell all of these children that we could no longer feed them lunches, as we are soon about to leave and must begin stocking our own provisions for the road. A couple of the youngest ones tried to give back the pies that I had given them, but I insisted they keep them, as pies do not keep well on the road. They resumed eating the pies, though more sadly and slowly, as if they were memorising every last bite.

#adventureblogging

1:20PM The children have gone. They left with big hugs and kisses to their foreheads from Bombur, who told me while wiping his tears with his apron that these children reminded him of his own brood of six waiting back home. In the Blue Mountains his family had not been the most prosperous, and often had to make meagre supplies stretch to feed every hungry mouth. Bifur, evidently thinking along the same lines, also gave the children small toys that he had whittled out of wood from the markets.

It is good to know that I am not alone in this.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #axedwarf

1:35 pm

The children have come through, eaten, and left. Bombur cried openly as they wished them a good-bye and many of the children hung on to him during their hugs. Bilbo kept taking deep breaths and while he did not hug them and cry as Bombur did, tears clung to the corners of his eyes throughout the meal.

Once the children left, and the silence stretched, Bilbo said that he was going upstairs for a rest.

#the quest #bombur #ghivashel

2:30 pm

A guard has come to inform me that supplies have been prepared and that I am to approve them. Balin has offered to join me and I thanked him. The sooner that this is completed, the sooner that we may leave for Erebor.

#the quest #balin

4 pm

Balin and I have approved of the prepared supplies. Horses and ponies for us have been sent ahead along the land around the lake and will meet us after we travel across the lake. There are boats with rowers who are to be our transport on the lake. The boats are packed with supplies for us, including quite a bit of rope, bedrolls for all of us, and lanterns with plenty of candles and tinderboxes. There is also food, waterskins, and cram, which is apparently Dale's take on waybread. Balin commented that Bilbo is sure to enjoy that. I replied that he will most likely dislike all of the supplies, seeing what had to be given up in order for us to get the supplies.

#the quest #balin #ghivashel

4:24PM Thorin has returned from wherever he went, saying that ponies and horses have been sent out the long land route around the lake, to meet us at the old landing down the River Running, which feeds into the lake on which Lake-town is situated. We are also to have three boats staffed with rowers to take us to meet the horses and ponies, and all the provisions and supplies we will need to get up the mountain and survive for a month or two.

I am glad that we are being so generously provided for, but I still cannot help but wonder at the costs
of such largesse.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:45 pm
Supper has been nearly as quiet as breakfast. Bilbo has barely picked at his food and even Fili and Kili have not been their usual cheerful selves.

We leave for Erebor in two days yet our spirits are at a low. I can only hope that this is temporary, that once we reach Erebor, things will change.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel #my sister children

6:20 PM Supper has been a sombre affair. Tomorrow night a feast is to be held in our honour by the Master and his councillors, and I for one am saving up what little cheer I can fake for that occasion. Thorin says not all of the councillors are as hard-hearted as the Master, but those that do care are powerless, especially when the Master has Alfrid Lickspittle doing his dirty work for him.

I must admit, I found myself agreeing with Nori’s suggestion of introducing the Master to Smaug. Maybe the Dragon will choke to death or have a bad reaction to eating something so foul, and our problem will thus be solved.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:34 PM Thorin, when helping me comb out my braids before bed, says that he is sorry to see me lose my mirth in Lake-town. I said it was not his fault; he had to do what was best for the Company. He pressed a kiss to the base of my neck in agreement, before saying that he loves me.

The words roll off his tongue so much more easily than it does mine. It is not that I do not treasure him, or that I do not savour every moment we share, or that I am ashamed to wear his beads in my hair. Quite the opposite, in fact. But I do not wish to say the words, as it feels like the exact words which would end the wonderful spell that I am living in right now, and I will wake and find that it was all a dream.

Someday I will have the courage to give him this piece of magic, to tell him the words that show he has the keys to my blooming heart, and trust he will not take the knowledge and fade.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:25 pm
Bilbo lies next to me, curled against my side, and I find that he seems smaller. He may be physically smaller than me but I feel as if most days he can fill a room with his presence. Now, he is quiet and there is a stillness to him that I wish I could rid him of. I apologized earlier for stealing away the joy that Lake-town had brought him at first; I think on how much he seemed to glow at the Lantern Festival and how passionate he was arguing against the Master’s terms.

There is still much to do — we must not only travel to Erebor but deal with what waits within and reclaim the mountain. Even though we are hopefully near its end, how much more will he change by the end of this quest? How much will I?

#the quest #ghivashel
October 6th, 2015

Bilbo

8:43AM I went down to the docks again and watched the figures in the fog, hauling in nets of fish. Some of the people smiled at me; a couple more, with their hardened hands shining with scales, shook my hand and thanked me for feeding their children. I was only doing the least I could.
#adventureblogging

Thorin

9:30 am

I have a vague recalling of being woken up by Bilbo early this morning, as he was departing. He placed a kiss to my lips and instructed me to go back to sleep. I do not know if it was a dream or not, though I could ask him. However, the warmth in my chest leads me to believe that it was real.
#the quest #ghivashel

10:03AM Bombur says that when he went to the market he was given an entire basket of foods for free, but he could not take it without paying the contributors to the basket their fair share. He gave me a bag of small sweet bars, courtesy of one of the vendors.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

10:10AM Thorin has competition from these sweet-bars, as they are most exquisite.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:15 am

Bilbo has just spoken with me, saying, “Be happy that you’re so pretty, or else these sweet bars would have stolen me away.”

I know that he speaks in jest, but the noise he made after taking a bite of the sweet bar was one usually made behind a closed door.
#the quest #ghivashel #it is comforting to know that food is my only competitor for his affections

11:55 am

Without the Master’s terms, Bilbo and Bombur would have had to tell the children farewell today. Even though it is a single day, it is hard to look at the front door as noon approaches and know that those children could have had one more meal to chase away their hunger. Bilbo went upstairs several minutes as, saying that he wished to rest for a while longer. As difficult as it is for myself to think on the children, I can see that it is affecting Bilbo and Bombur more.
#the quest #ghivashel #bombur

3 pm

The supplies have begun to be delivered. I have directed that it be brought to the underground level of the house, as there is a dock that leads to the water there. Fíli and Kíli have volunteered to help carry the supplies down while Balin and Dori are organizing it properly. Balin has written up a list of everything that was asked for and Glóin is going over it all to be sure that everything was delivered and is accounted for.
We leave for Erebor tomorrow, and while there is still a somber tone to the company’s mood, there is also a spark of excitement as our quest nears its end.

#the quest #my sister children #balin #dori #gloin

3:56PM Most of the provisions for our journey to the Mountain have been delivered, and Thorin has designated a holding space for it. There is a loading dock in what should be the cellar of this building. It extends out to the water but is separated from the rest of the town with a portcullis. Smaller boats will pick us up from here tomorrow morning to take us to the landing quay where the bigger boats are awaiting us with still more supplies. All of it still sits badly in my mouth, rather like eating a rotten apple.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:21PM The feast is to begin fairly soon, but I find I have no stomach for feasting.

#adventureblogging

6:15 pm

The feast has begun and it is especially extravagant. However, there was a hesitance among the company at eating, as we are aware of what it cost. But our strength is needed and it would not do to begin the last leg of our quest hungry or tired.

#the quest #the company

7:45PM The food is excellent, but it sits uneasily in me as if one wrong move will bring it all back up again. I cannot handle even sitting at the table as the Master, much less make any sort of speech of gratitude or whatever for him. The smile on his face reminds me of Lobelia Sackville-Baggins after noticing that I had not married at the tender age of forty-two.

#adventureblogging #spoon thief

8 pm

Bofur has managed to cheer Bombur up well enough to enjoy himself somewhat and eat. However, Bilbo has barely touched any of the food and has kept his gaze down.

#the quest #ghivashel #bofur #bombur

8:09PM I have quietly excused myself to go have a lie-down in my room. I might as well enjoy the presence of a bed while it lasts; who knows when I’ll ever sleep in one of these ever again.

#adventureblogging

8:15 pm

Bilbo has left the feast, citing that he is tired and wishes to rest. It pains me to see him so disheartened.

#the quest #ghivashel
9:04PM
Anonymous asked:
It sounds like a difficultly position to be in, but for now just try your best to ignore the Master's presence if you can. You'll soon be away from him, and all going well, when you return you'll have the means to help all those you wish to and he won't be able to do a thing about it. Try to relax, and if you can't eat, maybe do something else calming or enjoyable, I'm sure Thorin would be willing to talk with you if it would make you feel better.
I had to leave the feast, as it was getting to be too much for me. Thank you for your concern.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:48PM Thorin came to find me shortly after my leave-taking. Once more he was apologetic for the loss of my mirth, especially within this town. I said it would not do us well to dwell on what has passed.
~~
Thorin turned my thoughts towards the future then, telling me of what he would do once we reclaimed Erebor. Rebuilding is, of course, first and foremost, and we both agreed that having physical relations whilst the Mountain still smelt of Dragon was a bad idea. As long as Smaug’s presence remains in the halls, it would feel like a dishonour to perform such acts in the very place where other Dwarves gave up their lives.
With tonight being our last night in such peace and comfort, we made the most of this remaining time from there on. Even when the paths ahead get dark, I will have this memory of Thorin undone beneath me to lighten my heart.
I am not alone in this, I know. Thorin is with me.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:40 pm
I followed Bilbo after he left the feast to see if he was well. He said that he wished to simply move past it and look to the future. We talked then of the days to come and our plans in Erebor. We decided that it would be best that we put out physical relations on hold while we are among the remnants of the damage. Once it is fully reclaimed and rebuilt, then we may celebrate properly.
~~
We took this last chance to explore one another and enjoy the night while we could. Bilbo took control and he glowed above me with the same light as when he was highlighted by the sun. My ear is now against his chest and I can hear the beating of his heart as he sleeps. There is a peace on his face that is not present when he is awake and I wish that I had Ori’s skill at art, as I would have this moment captured.
#the quest #ghivashel

11:45 pm
Anonymous asked:
I wonder if it's worth taking bilbo aside, away from the master's presence, and talking to him to see if he can be cheered a little. It's understandable that he's upset, but it's a shame he feels so bad.
I thank you for your concern. I have talked with Bilbo and while he is still upset about the terms set down by the Master, I believe that he has cheered from our time together.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel
October 7th, 2015

Thorin

5:30 am

It has been some time before I have woken before the rise of the sun, but I find that I cannot sleep. My mind is too busy with thoughts of Erebor, and our arrival to it. We still have time before Durin’s Day but my heart beats with nervousness as if it is tomorrow.

#thequest

6 am

I have gone downstairs to check on the supplies again and to be sure that we have what we need. There was a knock on the door; the rowers have arrived to help sort the supplies into the boats while leaving enough space for us. They have also brought us cloaks and hats, as the chill in the air is even harsher when on the lake.

#thequest

Bilbo

6:08AM Thorin has woken me to finish packing our bags. He insisted I wear the cloaks that were provided for the two of us. I’ve also been outfitted in arguably the most ridiculous hat I have ever seen. It reminds me of a top, turned upside-down and hollowed out and declared (for some unknown reason) to be a hat.

#adventureblogging #thatasshole #thatwonderfulasshole

6:29AM When I went downstairs, I noticed that Bo was barely stirring under one of the tables. Clearly he was suffering from overindulging at the feast last night. I woke him up, and told him to get dressed, as we would be leaving in a couple of hours.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf

7:15 am

Balin has awoken and has joined me in making sure that the rowers load the supplies properly and that everything is accounted for. Nori (who refused to talk to us until Óin provided him with at least two cups of willow-bark tea) has been sent to go through the house and bring anything that can be of use to us. Bombur is already preparing meals for our days in the boats and climbing the mountain.

It was our intention to reach Erebor and reclaim it, but to be so near and soon to be departing for it feels like a dream that I am on the verge of waking from.

#thequest #balin #nori #oin #bombur

8:21AM All of our supplies and provisions have been loaded into the boats in the basement of the house. Thorin seems almost frantic this morning, hopping from one group to the next as he makes sure everyone and everything is accounted for.
The rowers are less excited about the prospect of ferrying us across the Lake. I don’t blame them; Erebor is imposing even from this distance.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:45 am

I feel as if my vision is doubled. While I am present in the current events, I have repeatedly had flashes of memories of Erebor fill my vision, blocking out what is around me. It calls to me so strongly.

#the quest

9:49AM We have finally taken off from Lake-town, and good riddance, too.

~~

After everyone was accounted for, we set off for the town-hall, where the Master was supposed to give us his well-wishes before we leave. The docks and quays were full of people, with even more leaning out the windows. Everywhere there was the sound of people singing and cheering. I wondered if the children were amongst those people.

The Master said some nice, florid words about shared prosperity and ancestral birthrights, all sorts of nonsense clearly designed to cater to an image he doesn’t have the energy to maintain during day-to-day business. Just behind his left shoulder was Alfrid, leering like the consummate lackey. I spent more time during that speech marvelling at what the other Dwarves were wearing, as Nori has seemingly found more product for his beard and hair, and Dori was wearing his own upside-down top with a great more distinction than me. He was even waving to the people like he was already royalty.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #pointydwarf

10 am

We have finally departed for Erebor. We first had to attend a send off from the Master, which was clearly forced and fake. I could feel the urge to go back to the boats so that we could get started, but had to fight it. Balin shared my impatience, as I saw him continuously fiddling with his beard and looking back in the direction of the house.

#the quest #balin

11:40 am

Bilbo still seems unhappy. I cannot take back my decision, and I thought that our time together had restored some of his cheer.

I need to find another way to return his smile to him.

#the quest #ghivashel

12:20PM Thorin, in an evident attempt to cheer me up, has begun telling me horrible jokes.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:22 pm
@quiterespectablyyours, you give mithril when you look at me.
#the quest #ghivashel #(me-a-thrill)

12:24 PM
[Original Post]
I don’t know whether you’ve just ruined my daisy or brightened it.
#adventureblogging #(day) #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:26 pm
[Original Post] [Reply Post]
You steel my breath away.
#the quest #ghivashel

12:28 PM
[Original Post] [Reply Post] [Reply Post]
Don’t be daffodil. Everyone rose you make my heart bloom.
#adventureblogging #(daft) #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

1PM
Anonymous asked:
You and Thorin would have beautiful dwobbit children if it were physically possible.
...Thank you?
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #this is one of the most unsettling compliments I have ever received

2:12PM I had suspected as much, but the cloak Thorin had me wear is too big on me. It trails behind me like Lobelia’s wedding train, which had been absurdly long even for a Hobbit with means.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:30 pm
Bilbo has been lowly complaining about the cloak that was given to him, as it seems to be large on him and the excess fabric is blowing about in the wind and being quite frustrating to deal with. I offered to help and when he gave a huff of agreement, I wrapped the cloak around him and tucked the edges in. This resulted in all of his form being covered snugly in the cloak, with only his eyes, ears, and hair sticking out of the top. Bilbo hunkered further down into and gave me a muffled thanks.
#the quest #ghivashel

4:45 pm
It took a few calls from Bilbo before I realized he was saying my name, as his voice is very muffled by his cloak. He scooted forward in his seat and motioned me over. I understood what he was asking and sat behind him, holding my own cloak open. He immediately sat back against my chest, and when I leaned forward a bit, my chin rested just right on the top of his head. I wrapped my cloak around us both, though it did not wrap as much as his did around him. His warmth has combined
with mine and even though the wind blows sharp and cold across the lake, I find that it does not bother me.

#the quest #ghivashel

5:08PM There really isn’t much to do on a boat, especially since we’re surrounded by water the entire way and there are no proper facilities other than chamber pots and the lake itself. The boats themselves are fairly big, to accommodate all of us with our supplies and the rowers, but it’s no more extensive than Bard’s barge. Not sure why the Master deigned to give us three of these; there’s only fourteen of us total. It just ends up separating us all along family lines. The rowers are silent and do not make for good conversation partners, which is a pity.

#adventureblogging

7:10PM We have dropped anchor for the night. Supper is cold, as obviously no one wanted to start a fire on a wooden boat, middle of the lake or no.

#adventureblogging

7:30 pm

We stopped for the night, as the sun has nearly set and though Erebor stands before us, it would not do to row in the dark. Bombur has passed supper to each boat and it is understandably cold, as a fire cannot be started on a boat. It is a difference, however, from the hot meals we have been having not only in Lake-town, but also when we were imprisoned in Mirkwood. I heard Kíli comment to Fíli that they had nearly forgotten what actual traveling was like.

#the quest #bombur #my sister children

8:20PM It is odd to spend the evening with half of the Company on the other two boats. We have dropped anchors close to one another and there is a lot of crossing over between the boats as a result, but to be separated in the first place is exceedingly odd.

Bo is waving at me from the other boat where Bombur is chatting up the rowers as he presides over the supper. Lucky them.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #bigdwarf #the company

9:30PM I suppose the cloak is more than sufficient as a bedroll, as I am very much wrapped up in it. Thorin joked that I looked like I was being swaddled, and I said it was his fault my cloak was too big, because of course I had to wear the one that matched his. Between him and the cloak I do not feel the chill of the night at all.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:40 pm

We have all retired for the night and I can hear the water lapping against the boat. It rocks the boat slightly, though Bilbo and I are close enough to each other that it is not affecting us much. He is wrapped tightly in his cloak, nestled against me with our bedrolls shared over us both. Our shared warmth, cloaks, and bedrolls keep the chill away, though Bilbo’s nose is still cold. I know, for he shoved it against my neck and laughed when I gave a start in shock.

#the quest #ghivashel
October 8th, 2015

Thorin

6:50 am

I have woken with the first light of the sun. A few others in the company have awoken as well, though they are as silent as I am. Erebor is standing before us, though still some distance away. Its form highlighted in the sunlight and despite the water around us, I feel the urge to simply step out of the boat and walk straight to it. I have not felt the call of the mountain so strongly; its voice reaches into me just as its shadow stretches over the water.

#the quest #the company

Bilbo

7:21AM I had forgotten how miserable a travelling breakfast can be. Especially when it involves waybread. The Lake-Men call it ‘cram’, but it is probably one of the worst kinds of waybread out there. At least waybread from the Shire, Rivendell, and Beorn’s Halls had some semblance of flavour. This feels like somehow gaining the ability to chew the appetising mix of wood and flour.

#adventureblogging

7:30 am

Bilbo has quietly complained to me on the taste of the cram; I knew that he would dislike it, just as he did the waybread. I find, however, that I barely tasted it, attention more on Erebor than on breakfast.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:15 am

I have wrapped Bilbo in his cloak as I did yesterday, though I have not joined him as before. I fear that if I did, my grip on him would be too tight, my nervous heartbeat too evident. With each movement closer to Erebor, it is as if all of the memories that I hold of the mountain are fighting each other to return to the forefront of my mind. There is only the sound of the rowers and the water around us, and yet my ears are full of the voices of my past.

#the quest #ghivashel

10:45AM Erebor towers before us, imposing and impassible from this distance. The going is slow because of the rapid currents coming from the River Running, but with every mile closer to the Mountain I can feel Thorin getting more and more tense next to me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:30 am

I looked to Balin and I could tell that he was in a state similar to my own. He is the only other one in
the company to remember Erebor, when it was lit inside with golden light and the walls echoed in song. Does he have the same hungry, nervous twist in his stomach as I do to feel the brush of the stone under his hand, to see the forges of Erebor burning, to feel the mountain thriving around him?

#the quest #bali

1:34PM I feel as if I am the only person in the Company who is not at all thrilled about finally reaching Erebor. A promise is a promise, and I signed the contract to help take Erebor back, but now that the Mountain towers nears me, with a Dragon very likely to be inside it, I cannot help but feel only fear for what may befall me once we are in the mountain.

#adventureblogging

1:40PM If we get into the Mountain on time, that is. I don’t know when Durin’s Day will be; Balin says it is fast approaching and not much else. If we miss the window, what next? Would we need to live out a year on the doorstep? Would we return to Lake-town disgraced? Would we risk the Front Entrance and the presence of the Dragon, or make for the Iron Hills? My mind spins with all of the possibilities, yet all I want is for this to be over so that I am free to return to the Shire.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #the company

2 pm

I have noticed that we are not traveling with the same speed as yesterday. The rowers are tired from a full day and a half of work with only cold food and a cold night of rest to restore them. I have offered to take someone’s place and row, in the hopes that we may progress faster. I feel as if I am ready to burst with energy, so there is only sense in helping them.

#the quest

4:39PM We have one more day of rowing ahead of us before we reach the appointed landing spot, where our horses and ponies should be waiting. Thorin and a majority of the Company have joined the rowers, so that we may progress faster and tired Men can take breaks if necessary. I know Thorin is doing it because he needs to feel as if he is doing something. I am not nearly strong enough to join him.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:45 pm

We have stopped for the night and despite the hours of rowing, I still feel the urge to continue. I asked one of the rowers if we will reach land by tomorrow and they say that we shall. Their answer has only increased my desire to row through night, despite the darkness settling around us.

#the quest

7:02PM We have dropped anchor for the night, as the light is rapidly failing. Once more there is no fire, and supper has been passed from Bombur to us (with more provisions passed to him to make up for what he has expended). He seems more or less back to his old self. Why can I not feel the same?

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf
8 pm

Bilbo is curled against me as he was last night, but he seems colder than before. I commented on it and he teased that he had been denied his sunbaked brick wall during the day. I apologized and pulled him closer, though he said that he understood why. I asked if he was at all excited to see Erebor and he truthfully admitted that what awaited us scared him more than excited him. I wished that I could promise him that no harm would come to him but there are some things that cannot be guaranteed.

#the quest #ghivashel

8:21PM Perhaps it is because I have been one of the only ones who spend most of the days idling on this boat, but I find it hard to fall asleep. Everyone else is tired, obviously. But I am neither tired nor alert; I seem to exist merely on the edge of sleep and awake, always hovering but never there. I need to try to get some rest, as tomorrow we will be leaving the boats and making camp on solid ground, but the rocking of the boat and the snores of the Company (not Thorin; he’s too much of a light sleeper for that to happen) are keeping me just that tiny step away from sleep.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

October 9th, 2015

Thorin

6:55 am

I awoke again when the light of the sun began to touch the sky. Erebor stands before us and it is all I can do to not simply grab the oars and row us there myself.

#the quest

Bilbo

7:12AM Thorin was already awake when I woke up. He is at the front of the boat, staring ahead at the cloud-wreathed peak of Erebor rising out of the morning fog.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:35 am

The rest of the company and the rowers have finally woken. Once they finish eating, we can continue making our way to Erebor. It is my hope that we reach land before the setting of the sun, as I do not wish to spend another night in these boats.

#the quest #the company

8:15 am

One of the rowers has agreed to let me take their place at the oars. Durin’s Day is only days away and I would wish to be there early and have time to regather our strength than to arrive too late.
8:23AM Thorin has taken one of the oars. His strokes seem restrained somehow, as if he is trying not to fall out of rhythm with the rest of the rowers in his haste to get to Erebor.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:02AM We have cleared the Long Lake and are now making our way up the River Running. The current here is stronger than the lake, but our landing place is some miles up this river on the western bank, and it will probably take us the entire day to get there.

#adventureblogging

11:29AM Thorin says we will not have supper until we have made landfall, and our lunch break will be as short as he can possibly make it. He is clearly very anxious to get to the landing point, as according to Balin, Durin’s Day is in ten days, and the sooner we land, the sooner we can set out for the Mountain.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brainsdwarf

12PM I am glad we have ponies for the ride to the Mountain, then. Having to cover the distance on foot would probably leave very little time for finding the Secret Door.

#adventureblogging

12:30 pm We have stopped for a brief lunch. Bilbo passed my portion of food to me but I declined it. It is not the pull of hunger that tugs at me, but the pull of the mountain. I feel as if my gaze cannot be torn from it.

#the quest #ghivashel

1:24PM I have been snacking on dried fruits and nuts, as having cram for lunch did not appeal to me. Thorin thinks it’s amusing that I dislike it so much. I told him it has both the consistency and taste of a plank of wood, and he laughed, saying that the Longbeards — that is, Durin’s Folk — ate nothing but binatrâz, or unleavened bread, for the first couple years of their exile from Erebor. Even now, with their settlements in the Blue Mountains, the Dwarves of the line of Durin still eat the ‘bread of affliction’ during the days commemorating their exile from Erebor, as well from their other lost ancestral home, Khazad-dûm. I told him I had no idea what binatrâz tasted like. He says it is not dissimilar to eating thin slices of wood in both taste and texture, and he would always prefer to cook with it instead of simply just eating it, as his sister Dís usually bakes too-large sheets of it anyway.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2 pm I have stopped for a brief rest and for the chance to cool down. The sun is beating down on the lake and the air feels heavy, as if I am breathing in the water. My shirt feels as if I have taken a swim in the lake and I can hear the other rowers cursing the humid air.

#the quest
2:21PM Thorin has removed his shirt, as the afternoon sun is surprisingly hot today. His markings stand out against his broad, muscled back. I find it difficult to tear my eyes away from him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4PM The mugginess from the day has become somewhat less stifling. At least now I am not tempted to take off my shirt as well, as inadequate as I am in comparison to Thorin ‘Brick Wall’ Oakenshield.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

5:38PM We have made slow but sure progress up the river. The landing shouldn’t be too far from here according to one of the rowers. The other boats are just slightly behind ours, but I guess we can’t all be powered by Thorin’s singular drive to get us to the Mountain by nightfall.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:44PM We are slowly approaching the landing. There is a small, old dock jutting out from the western bank of the River Running. Several horses carrying more supplies as well as fourteen ponies for our own use are waiting for us. The Lake-men that were sent to accompany these horses are waving and shouting greetings at their counterparts in the boats.

#adventureblogging

6:55 pm

We have finally reached land and our supplies have begun to be unloaded. Erebor sits before us, darkened by the setting sun. I can feel the company stop around me, their gazes also full of the mountain. We may have stared at it from the boats, but it is another feeling, standing on land and looking up at Erebor in all of its towering height.

#the quest #ghivashel

7:04PM We have all landed at the dock. All of our provisions and supplies are being unloaded from the boats and the horses and placed upon the ponies instead. The Lake-Men seem eager to leave as soon as possible; none of them would dare to spend a night more in the shadow of the Mountain. At least, not until “the songs have come true”. I don’t blame them; out here I’d believe the Dragon sooner than I’d believe Thorin’s claim of coming to reclaim the Mountain from him, had I not known of the stubbornness and courage of Dwarves.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:12PM We have extra provisions, which we are now storing in a tent by the river. The desolation of these lands out here means there is absolutely no one, not even animals, who wishes to linger here long enough to steal anything.

#adventureblogging

7:15 pm

When I was young, the lands around Erebor were green, alive with grass and trees, roaming animals and the song of birds in the air. Now, I look around at the ground, scorched and dry. There is no birdsong above us, nor the ripple of grass in the wind around us. If this is but the land outside of the mountain, how broken and desolate has Erebor become after all
of these years? How much dust and decay has gathered in the mountain’s halls? I can barely recognize this land; I fear that my ancestral halls will seem just as unfamiliar to me.

#the quest

7:29PM The Lake-Men have left, whether be it down the river or along the shoreward paths on their horses. The Company, which had been full of songs and laughter on their way across the lake and up the river, is now solemn and gloomy like the oncoming darkness in this great desolation of Smaug.

#adventureblogging #the company

7:45 pm

The Men have all departed and the company is as silent as the land around us. In the silence, can they hear the call of the mountain as I do? Can they feel its presence, pulling them in as well?

#the quest #the company

8:09PM Our supper was cold, as we did not dare to start a fire for lack of cover and not wishing for even the smallest of glows in a fire-hole to be spotted by a Dragon from afar. Thorin has now ordered us all to bed, as we must set out at first light tomorrow for the Mountain. While I understand his eagerness to be reunited with his ancestral halls, I still cannot help but worry at the relentless pace. He seems drawn to Erebor, as if the Mountain is calling to him and he is trying to answer, but the rest of us are too slow for him in answering the summons. I wish I was home in Bag End.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8:35 pm

I know that I must sleep, but my heart and mind are racing too fiercely. The light of the moon is illuminating the mountain and it shines before me like a beacon. Our home, so close before us. To carry the hope of seeing it so close again for so many years, I feel that if I sleep now, I will only wake and find that this has all been a dream.

#the quest

October 10th, 2015

Bilbo

6:20AM Who wakes up at this terrible hour? His Royal Majesty Thorin, King Under Asshole Mountain, apparently.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

Thorin
Durin’s Day draws closer and Erebor sits before us. In several days time, we will see if this quest has been for naught. My stomach churns at the thought, yet I still hold hope in my heart that all of our sufferings and struggles, both during this quest and over these long years of exile, will have meaning. I cannot seem to stop the shaking in my hands.

We have begun our slow travel. There are no paths here, either long since burned or blown away by years of weathering. We head to the northwest, away from the River Running, towards the mountain, standing tall, taking up the sky and my vision.

Balin and I are riding near the back of the Company, both of us with pack-ponies tied to our own ponies. There are no paths in this desolation, so we must move slowly and carefully, especially along the small hills and valleys that look more like the footsteps of some giant monstrous beast than the natural shapes of the land around us.

The joy that the company held in Lake-town looks to have completely disappeared. They are quiet and seem weary. Fíli approached me and, in a low voice, asked if I still believed in the success of this quest. I said that I did, and questioned if his faith had fallen away. He assured that he held no doubt in his heart that our homeland would be reclaimed. But he glanced back to Kíli, then to each individual company member all the way to Balin and Bilbo, taking up the rear. He admitted that he was worried about what may be lost at the end, and though his voice was level, I could see a tremble in his form.

I stopped and reached out to him, placing my hand on his shoulder. The weight seemed to calm him and I swore that while I could not guarantee any of our lives, as has been known since the beginning of the quest, I would try with all the power that I have to keep each of them from a death before their time.

Between Balin and Thorin, I have had enough accounts of how green and fair this land had once been before the Dragon to last me my own lifetime. Whenever they speak of the former glory of these lands I cannot help but think of the Shire. If a Dragon had found the Shire a fitting nest, would our own green fields brown, would our own trees burn, would our own farms wither? I cannot stand to think of such things.

There are broken and blackened stumps around us; the remains of the trees and bushes that once grew here. I have described how the land once was, alive and green, flourishing with the sound of bells and song in the air. However, I can see that it is a difficult image to imagine, when there is only
We have stopped for a brief lunch and to allow the ponies to rest. Balin has pointed out an old watch post within a few hours distance where we would be about to make camp. I agreed that it would be a good spot, for if we stay at the base of the post, known as Ravenhill, we will be able to see the area around us but keep from being exposed.

12:24PM Our lunch was brief. After some discussion, Thorin and Balin have agreed that we should make camp at the western side of the southern spur, at the base of a promontory called Ravenhill. This is, apparently, where the old watch-tower used to be, though of course neither Thorin nor Balin can be sure of its continued existence. We shall see when we get there, I guess.

1PM The Lonely Mountain. It does rather take your breath away, doesn’t it?

2 pm Though the sun is above us, the wind blows stale and cold. Even with the cloaks provided by the Men of Lake-town, I can still see the company shiver with each blast of air against us.

2:45PM We have reached Ravenhill. There is, indeed, an old watchtower at the top, though long fallen into ruin. Fili and Kili want to climb up to the watchtower and look around, but Thorin forbade...
it, saying they would be too exposed.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:17PM Instead of risking their lives climbing Ravenhill, Fili and Kili are to spy out the southern lands where the Front Gate stands. Balin is to go with them, as he knows the rough layout of the land, and I am accompanying them because I am the Company burglar, though I have no idea what I would be burgling in this instance.
#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #brainsdwarf

3:25 pm
We have reached Ravenhill and made camp at the base of the watch post. My nanaddan attempted to convince me to let them climb the tower but it would be too great of a risk of exposure. I told them that if they had so much energy and such a desire to explore, then they were welcome to scout the area around the Front Gate. I instructed Balin and Bilbo to join them, as Balin still holds memories of the land and Bilbo is, after all, our burglar and quite skilled at the stealth needed for scouting.
#the quest #my sister children #balin #ghivashel

4PM We have followed the grey cliffs to the feet of Ravenhill, where the River Running turns to flow towards the Long Lake. It seems to be the only thing making noise in these parts, the laughing water, flowing merrily around the valley of Dale where there lies the bones of a formerly great city. Balin says this is all that is left of Dale and its golden bells, and once more I remember the people of Lake-town, and how they must have been descended from the Men that once walked these halls.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

4:45 pm
I am thinking of once more instilling the ban that I once placed on bets within the company. Nori seems to have started seeing who believes that the dragon lives and who does not, as well as taking coin on if we will find our way into the mountain by Durin’s Day. I have instructed him to stop, as such talk only encourages doubts. I can still hear the occasional clink of coin, however.
#the quest #the company #nori

4:52PM Instead of following the river to the Gate, we have moved beyond the end of the southern spur to look from the side onto the gaping maw in the side of the Mountain that had once housed the Front Gates. The river springs from here, as well as an ominous steam and smoke. It’s as good a clue as any that a Dragon may still reside in this mountain. Balin says it’s not proof, but he doesn’t doubt it, either. In any case, the black birds that are circling the Gate seem too ominous for him, as he keeps insisting we return to the camp at once.
#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

5:47PM The camp tonight is subdued like the others. I think everyone is still in shock over the fact that we have, indeed, made it to the Mountain at last. Thorin has been fiddling with the key around his neck more than ever, his eyes feverish with a desire that frightens me the longer it is directed at the mountain ahead of us.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
My nanaddan, Balin, and Bilbo have returned. They report that there is not much to be seen, only the presence of several crows and the sight of smoke curling out from the mountain. I heard the noise of coins being exchanged once again, no doubt those who had bet that the dragon still lives collecting their dues.

#the quest #my sister children #balin #ghivashel

7:36PM We have decided to risk a campfire, as we are somewhat sheltered from the view of the Front Gate by most of the southern spur. The light is comforting as the sun goes down, and I find it easier to read Thrór’s map in its glow than through the waning light of the moon. I have managed to remember Elrond’s translated message as well: thrushes knocking, the last light of Durin’s Day — everything boggles me the longer I think on it. But we must, of course, try to find this Secret door, as it is the door upon which all of our (or at least just Thorin’s) hopes are pinned.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

7:45 pm

A campfire has been started, as we believe our camp to be protected from sight enough to be able to do so. It has also given us the chance for some warm food, which has lifted the company’s spirits somewhat.

Bilbo has asked to borrow the map of the mountain and has been studying it next to the light of the fire. One of his hands is buried in his pocket, fiddling with whatever he carries there; perhaps his magic ring.

#the quest #ghivashel

8:10PM I am resolved to send out scouts to find this Secret Door tomorrow. Thorin is taking first watch, and insists I go to sleep. I told him he was one to talk, as he is clearly signing up for watches so that he can spend the night looking up at the mountain.

It’s ridiculous. The mountain will not grow legs and run away in the middle of the night just because you decide to get some sleep.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:25 pm

Dwalin and I have taken first watch while the rest of the company has retired to sleep. Most of the company, actually, as Bilbo is still awake, continuing with his study of the map. I suggested that he find some sleep and only received a snort in reply, saying that I was not one to suggest such a thing, given my restless sleep in the past few nights.

#the quest #dwalin #ghivashel

8:45 pm

Anonymous asked:

In a (most likely awful) attempt to distract you from bad memories, what is your favorite
memory of Erebor?
While there are memories of Erebor that jump to the forefront of my mind when I think on it, there is a quieter one that is pulling at my thoughts. Dís was still in her first decade and Frerin was barely halfway through his second. I recall sitting with Frerin and showing him how to braid our family braids into Dís’ hair. His hands were overeager so he redid the braids several times before he was satisfied with how they looked. Dís sat still for most of it, as I had gotten her to sing so as to keep her entertained while Frerin learned. After Dís’ hair was done, Frerin demanded to do mine as well. He brushed my hair out and then wove the braids in. Dís asked to help as well and so I guided her hands in Frerin’s hair and we finished his braids together. It has been many years since Frerin’s passing and Dís has long since grown. Yet I still think of the time before our exile, when we were all still young. I miss them.

#ask #anonymous #my brother #my sister

October 11th, 2015

Thorin

6:30 am
The sun has risen on another day closer to Durin’s Day. I can feel that we are close to where we need to be, yet still so far. I am near breathless in the anticipation of being within the mountain again.

#the quest

7:15 am
Bilbo approached me with the map. He has suggested that we move to the western part of the mountain and Balin agreed with him. I trust their word in the matter and instructed the company to pack up the camp.

#the quest #ghivashel #balin

Bilbo

7:21AM We are packing up and moving our camp to the westward spurs, as the map says that the Secret Door is located on the western side of the Mountain. Once we have found a sufficient place to camp, I will be sending out scouting parties up into the slopes in the hopes of finding the Secret Door.

#adventureblogging

8:55 am
The area that we have come to shows signs of desolation but not as great as the rest. There is grass here and even the air seems fresher. I feared that even when the mountain is reclaimed, the land would not recover, but this provides hope for an Erebor as I remember it.

#the quest
9:34 AM We have moved our camp to a long valley walled with the western spurs of the mountain. It is narrower than the valley in which Dale lies, but here there is grass for the ponies and less signs of the Dragon’s rampage. Plus, the sheltered position of the cliff-face above us will provide shade in the day and cover at night.

#adventureblogging

10:25 am

Bilbo has divided members of the company into scouting parties to search the mountain for the path that we are seeking. I inquired as to why he had not included me in any of the groups, as I was more than willing to search with the rest of the company. Bilbo simply replied with, “Bindbale,” and said no more.

#the quest #ghivashel #i get lost one time #and he refuses to let me forget it

10:45 AM According to the map, the Secret Door should be at the head of the valley, high above the cliff where we are camped. I have thus sent Fíli, Kíli, and Nori out to scout the area first.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #pointydwarf

12:10 PM Fíli, Kíli, and Nori returned without success. I will send out another team after lunch.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #pointydwarf

1 pm

My nanaddan and Nori returned and reported that there was no sign of the way into the mountain. Nori commented on the irony of us finally reaching the mountain, even in time for Durin’s Day, yet we cannot seem to locate the way inside.

He has been assigned second watch for the night.

#the quest #my sister children #nori

3:42 PM The second set of scouts, or Dori, Bo, and Dwalin, have also come back empty-handed. Perhaps there is something wrong with the map; I must borrow it again. Thorin does not read the map as frequently as he toys with the key, looking ever towards the Mountain.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf #hatdwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4 pm

Bilbo asked to borrow the map once more after the second scouting party returned. I said that he was free to hold onto it.

Dwalin, Dori, and Bofur have also returned from their scouting with nothing to be found. Nori has thankfully kept his commentary to himself, though I heard the click of coins.

#the quest #ghivashel #dwalin #dori #bofur #nori

5:15 PM I am sure the map says that the Secret Door is at the head of this valley. I suppose it is an old map and cannot have rendered the mountain completely faithfully, or perhaps Smaug has
blocked the path long ago. Bifur, Balin, and Glóin, the members of the third party that I had sent out, have also returned unsuccessful, and Thorin has told Nori to stop trying to collect bets on whether or not we will find the Door before Durin’s Day.

#adventureblogging #axedwarf #brainsdwarf #firedwarf #pointydwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:15 pm

The sun has now set and the scouting parties have been stopped for the day. Even in the darkness, the mountain looks to be shining to me.

#the quest

7:29PM The map continues to occupy my thoughts. I have not torn my eyes from it since supper. Surely the location of the Secret Door must be where it is marked on the map. Or perhaps even the path itself will not show until Durin’s Day? I hope that is not the case. I have asked Balin to keep an eye out for thrushes, though.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

8:55 pm

Sleep evades me and my skin itches as the mountain calls to me.

#the quest

9:40PM

Anonymous asked:

Mr. Baggins I think it would be good if you comforted Mr. Oakenshield, so that he may find a little of sleep. It's not healthy for him to go on like that.

I'm afraid he's being unresponsive to me.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:41PM The fire is burning low, and we are all drifting into sleep. Thorin seems unresponsive to my presence, though, and continues to look upwards towards the Mountain as if transfixed. I cannot help but remember my words to him so long ago. He may say he is courting me, but it almost feels as if he is already wedded to the Mountain. With the Quest on the precipice between success and failure, I fear he no longer has any time to devote to me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
Here we are again. I apologize for the long hiatus that this story went on. My life has finally slowed down enough for me to be able to spend time with the editing without it being too much unmanageable stress.

I know there's some junk happening on Tumblr right now, with banning or flagging or whatever, but don't worry! Lily and I have backed up the blogs to our personal computers to make sure that even if the worst happens, we still have access to the blogs. I'm going to continue to work towards getting this transfer to here finished up as quick as I can.

That being said, I'm not going to stick to a set schedule. That stressed me out way too much before. I'm gonna see how quickly I can get them done with my schedule and from there, I'll let y'all know via Tumblr/Twitter (AnonymousSong/KeybladeDad) if there's going to be a long delay.

Thank you so much for y'all's patience and support :)

October 12th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am

Erebor calls to me yet no matter how long I look, I cannot see any sign of the path we must take. I know that Bilbo plans to send the scouting parties out once again. Though the mountain shines to me, in this, it remains dark. Will we have to wait for Durin’s Day for it to reveal itself fully or are we not looking hard enough?

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

8:20AM Perhaps I have not been giving the parties enough time to look around, or they are looking in the same places. I intend to change that today with a different strategy.

#adventureblogging

9 am

Anonymous asked:

Thorin, though the quest is important, don't forget your kin and Bilbo. They love you dearly.

Try not to ignore them even if you don't mean to. They'll feel alienated.

I could not forget my kin during this quest, even if I attempted to. This quest, I do for them, so that they may live and thrive in our ancestral halls as we once did. There is hardly a moment that goes by where I do not think on my kin and the future I wish to create for them. Also, I have not ignored Bilbo. My mind is occupied by other thoughts, as he was aware it would be when we began our relations, but I have not forgotten him.
This key sits heavily in my hand, yet its weight is a comfort.

I am sending out scouting parties once more, but they will be sent to three different areas at the same time. Bo, Dwalin, and Nori are in one party, Fili, Kili, and Glóin are in another, and Balin, Bifur, and Dori are in the third. Hopefully between all of them we will find the path that will lead us to the Secret Gate. I have instructed them to leave no rock unturned.

The parties had gone with provisions and water for the day, so that they will be able to spend as much time as they can in their respective areas without the need to return to camp. Hopefully this will make the search more efficient, though I do feel bad for depriving them of Bombur’s excellent bean stew.

I have only just become aware of the silence around the camp. Bilbo tells me that the scouting parties were sent out some time ago. Besides he and I, only Bombur, Ori, and Öin remain. I suggested that we also join the search but Bilbo insisted that some must stay to watch the camp. I know that he believes that I will become lost somehow. I will admit that my directional sense is not as sharp as some, but I do not think I would get lost here.

Ori has been writing in his notebook. I marvel that it still has legible pages, since it clearly looks as if it has been damaged by water from our adventure down the river. Ori says that he spent some time drying out all the pages in Lake Town, and is currently rewriting any pages where the ink has bled too much. He is very dedicated to recording an account of the Quest, and I cannot fault him for that.

Anonymous asked:
I love your little nicknames for all the dwarves! Especially Thorin's.
It helped me remember who was who earlier on, and I see no point in changing it. Thank you all the same.

Balin, Bifur, and Dori are the first party to return. They report that they found nothing.

The second scouting party, Bofur, Dwalin, and Nori, has also returned. They have also come back without success.

Anonymous asked:
I love your little nicknames for all the dwarves! Especially Thorin's.
It helped me remember who was who earlier on, and I see no point in changing it. Thank you all the same.
I can see my nanaddan and Glóin approaching the camp. From the slump in Fíli and Kíli’s shoulders, I predict that their news is just as disappointing as the other scouting parties.

6:10PM The parties have all returned unsuccessful. I know how much the news pains Thorin, but I am sure we will find the Door soon. We must. Though it scares me to wonder what might happen to Thorin if we do regain access to Erebor, I fear that things may be worse if we do not succeed.

8:23PM
Anonymous asked:
Please don’t doubt Thorin's feelings for you. He loves and adores you, he's merely preoccupied at the moment
I'm sure you're right, but his preoccupation with Erebor is worrying all the same.

8:42PM Supper is cheerless, though it is warm. The night air is colder now that autumn is settling in. The ponies are slowly but surely eating through all of the grass left in this desolation. I wish I had seeds to plant; it is said that fire makes the forest regrow more beautifully. Of course, I suppose dragon-fire might not do such favours to the earth.

9:15 pm
Fíli approached me after supper and quietly apologized for the scouting parties having returned without finding the path. I assured him that it was not his fault, nor the fault of any in the company. The path would reveal itself in time. I saw the same worry in Fíli’s eyes that I felt in my chest but told him to not hold onto his doubts; Durin’s Day is soon and Erebor will be reclaimed. Some of the cheer returned to his expression and he wished me a good night before going to where Kíli lay. My own words echo now in my mind and I cannot do anything but pray that it was the truth that I spoke.

9:32PM
Anonymous asked:
Give Thorin some time. If you were away from the Shire for a hundred years, would you not find yourself in awe of it?
I’m sure I too would wish to look upon the Shire had it become the abode of a dragon and I had not seen it in many years. But it still stings that he almost completely ignores me and my words of comfort.

10:10PM When was the last time I saw Thorin smile? Could it have been as far back as the day we left Lake-town, when he told me jokes to make me smile? The Dwarf I see brooding over his key is almost a completely different Dwarf. I do wish he would smile, though I know I would also be anxious and grim if I returned to the Shire to find that Lobelia had sealed Bag End against me.

October 13th, 2015

Thorin
I am not sure which I dislike more — waking with the fear that we will not reach Erebor in time or the voice of doubt in my mind that says that even though we have made it in time, we will still fail. Where is a worst place to watch time run out, from afar or just before one’s eyes?

#the quest

Bilbo

9:26AM Once again, the search continues. I have sent out the same scout parties as yesterday, but to different locations. There may be some overlap, but hopefully we will have covered the entire mountain within a few days.

#adventureblogging

10:45 am

I wish to join the rest of the company in searching the mountain but Bilbo asked me, with a hand to my arm and the word please on his lips, if I could stay. I know that we still have time before Durin’s Day arrives, and I trust the company to find the path, but I feel impatience tearing lines through my skin.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

11:15 am

I know Thorin is growing more impatient and wishes to search for the path himself, but I also do not wish for him to get lost. He says that he cannot, not in these lands, but the presence of the dragon has reshaped these lands, I know, and I worry.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

1:30 pm

While the land around us has seen less damage than the rest, it is still a far cry from what it once was. However, in the company, only I and Balin hold memories of the beauty of Erebor as it was before. I wonder how must the rest see it, with no previous image of it in their minds but what they could imagine.

#the quest #the company

2:08 pm

Balin thinks the clouds in the distance mean it will rain soon, either later today or tomorrow. We are relatively sheltered from unfriendly eyes, the wind, and the sun here, but will a cliff face protect us from the rain?

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

4:23 pm

The scouts have begun to return. So far, no news. I don’t know how much longer I can take this.

#adventureblogging

5:15 pm

All of the scouting parties have returned, and they bring the same news as yesterday. I cannot seem to stop the sour taste that has coated my tongue.

#the quest

6:42 pm

I’ve read the map over and over. It should be here somewhere. Balin says he has not seen any thrushes, and our time is running out. I can feel the same impatience that Thorin must be feeling ticking within me like a clock, counting out the time I have left.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
**8:10PM** I need to go on one of these searches. Perhaps I will be able to spot any signs that the others cannot. I cannot stand how this is eating away at me. I will go tomorrow.

#adventureblogging

**9:25 pm**

It is dark over the camp and the gathered clouds above have only taken away the little light that was left. It feels as if the skies are mimicking the mood of the company.

#the quest #the company

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**October 14th, 2015**

**Bilbo**

**3:12AM** The clouds are rolling in darker than ever. The sun is weak and cold. Heat will not be an issue, but hopefully all the scouts will make it back before the rain comes in.

#adventureblogging

**7:43AM** Once more the teams have been sent out, to new places along the western spur of the mountain. I am going with Bo’s team with him, Dwalin, and Nori, in hopes of spotting something that they haven’t, and I insisted that Thorin remain behind to watch over the others in the camp. We soon will have covered all that we can of this ground, and Durin’s Day still approaches. I fear Thorin’s obsession is rubbing off on me.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**Thorin**

**8:10 am**

*Anonymous asked:*  
Mr. Oakenshield I know how worried and concerned you are, but don't push Bilbo away, at least when you are resting, be with him. I believe that when one has a bit of peace of mind we start to see things with clarity.  
You speak as if I shun Bilbo to the other side of camp at night. We may not occupy the same space as we have previously, but that is because I am finding sleep hard to find and do not wish to disturb his own sleep. I am not pushing him away.  
And I believe that it is easy to say to someone that they must find peace of mind, but it is quite a difficult task to do, especially when the fate of one’s people is what is at stake.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

**10:30AM** I can tell why we have returned empty-handed these past days. It feels as if we are going in circles and the answer is probably just staring at us right in the face.

#adventureblogging

**11:02AM** I have not parted with the map since I borrowed it from Thorin. The moon letters will not show now, of course, but the message taunts me. There are no thrushes in this place.

#adventureblogging

**11:45 am**

Bilbo has left with the rest of the company to scout the mountain. Óin and Bombur are talking while Ori continues to rewrite pages of his journal that were previously damaged.
I feel as if impatient energy is moving through me, preventing me from sitting still for longer than a moment.

#the quest #ghivashel #oin #bombur #ori

12:52PM Lunch was fairly cheerless. Dwalin and Nori were exchanging strategies for finding the Door, and Nori suggested that there might be some sort of sign that we’re missing, some sort of symbol or rock or something. I pointed out to him that everything in this desolation seemed to be rock.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #pointydwarf

1:15 pm Despite what Bilbo may think, I do know this land well enough to find my way around. Another pair of eyes looking for the door will only help.

#the quest #ghivashel

2:14PM Thorin has gone missing. We bumped into Ori, who was looking for him. He says Óin and Bombur are also out looking for him. I told Bo to keep looking for the path, and joined Ori in his own search.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #scribedwarf #trumpetdwarf #bigdwarf #hatdwarf #where has he gone off to

3 pm It is an odd thing, that feeling of knowing an area but also finding that it has changed. It feels as if there is a shroud over these lands, but one that I can only I can see — a shroud of my own memories, blanketing the ground in a haze. It is a tug from the past while the present is so intent on keeping you where you are. The colors that I see are dimmer than how I recall them, or perhaps my memory has painted them brighter than they truly were.

#the quest

4:32PM We found Thorin trying to find a way up the cliff-face and coaxed him back down. He seems disoriented, lost. I feel as if I understand him perfectly.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4:45 pm I was surprised to hear Bilbo’s voice calling to me as I was making my way around the mountain in search of the door. He seemed quite relieved to see me, though I assured him that I was fine. Though I admit that I would not have been able to point to the direction of camp as quickly as Bilbo did, I was not lost. I would have found my way back.

#eventually #the quest #ghivashel

6:00PM The other groups have once more returned empty-handed.

#adventureblogging

7:30 pm It feels as if the company, the sky, even the mountain is holding its breath, waiting for something to happen. The silence of their held breath just makes the passing time until Durin’s Day all the louder.

#the quest

8:37PM I cannot sleep. The rain has not yet come but I can feel that it will; it’s only a matter of time.

#adventureblogging
Bilbo has still not returned to camp. Dori and Glóin are on watch and I have told them to keep an eye out for him.

#the quest #ghivashel #dori #gloin

1:20 am

He is still not here. Beyond the circle of light that the dimming fire has cast and the light of the moon, the area around us is dark.

I hope that nothing has happened to him.

#the quest #ghivashel

3:05 am

Bifur and Fíli have been woken for the third watch. I told Fíli to return to his bedroll, as I cannot seem to find sleep. If I am awake, I may as well take over the watch.

Bilbo has still not returned.

#the quest #ghivashel #bifur #fili

4:25 am

Anonymous asked:

Perhaps you should go look for him? I think he feels uncertain about things. Your presence and some reassurance may help a great deal.

It would be foolish to try to look for him, as it is quite dark. And I think my presence will only anger him further.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

4:40 am

Anonymous asked:

I'm sorry you and Bilbo are quarreling & I sincerely hope he's alright, but some vindictive part of me can't help thinking it would be awfully ironic if he's gone and gotten himself lost after all that fuss about you doing just that :P

I doubt that Bilbo has gotten himself lost. He has quite the habit of coming back whenever he disappears.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

5:15 am

Bilbo has returned. When I tried to ask him if he was well, as he had been gone for the whole night, and where he had been, he snapped that he had been walking and was quite tired. He went to his bedroll and ignored my questions and went to sleep.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

7:10AM I returned earlier this morning. His Majesty tried to ask me where I had been, but I was too tired to give him any satisfactory answer. Now that I’m awake again, he’s trying to get me to talk to him again. I don’t think he’s had an ounce of sleep.

#adventureblogging #that asshole
Bilbo is continuing to ignore me. He is eating his breakfast and purposefully not looking at me. I can feel my sleepless night making my patience run thin but for all his talk of me acting like a child, it looks to me like the childish one is him.

**#the quest #ghivashel**

Once Bilbo was done with his breakfast, I continued in my questioning. I wished to know where he had been for the entire night and he replied simply to say that he had not gone far. I wanted to know as well what exactly he had been doing, as I had been quite worried all night about his safety. He fell back into silence.

Every image that had crossed my mind during the night of him returning injured, or not returning at all came forward. I said that his decision could have ruined the entire quest, as just because we have reached the mountain, it does not mean that we are out of danger. We are, in fact, in more danger here than we have been for the entirety of the quest. Bilbo replied that he was well aware of the danger and had remained unseen.

**#the quest #ghivashel**

His Majesty demanded, once more, to know where I had been after our argument last night. I informed him that I hadn’t gone far from the camp. He demanded to know what I had been doing, because apparently I’m not allowed to have time to myself or something. He then told me I was jeopardising the Quest by disappearing in this desolation with a dragon still in the Mountain. I told him I could do a much better job of staying unseen than he or any of the rest of the Company could have.

**#adventureblogging #that asshole**

The search has begun once more. His Majesty tried to join one of the teams, but I put my foot down, as he had clearly not slept last night and would further hinder the search, and, in his own bloody words, jeopardise the Quest.

**#adventureblogging #that asshole**

I made to join the search for today but when I did, Bilbo shouted “No!” quite loudly, startling the whole company. He said that I was not to scout today as I have had no sleep and would be more a hindrance than a help.

Before I could argue that I was fine, Óin stepped in and agreed that it was best that I stay behind. As much as it pains me to not search for the door, I had to concede that their words were true; exhaustion would only slow me down and time is against us.

**#the quest #ghivashel #the company #oin**

Anonymous asked:

Bilbo, he’s going about it entirely the wrong way to be sure, but Thorin was very worried for you last night. I believe he spent a lot of time imagining all the injuries that could befall you out
here. He's being an ass, yes. But he does care deeply for you and would have been devastated had you come to harm. Much like your belief of him becoming lost, Thorin only wants you to be as safe as possible despite dangerous circumstances. It would be grand if people who aren't actually present on the Quest stopped trying to explain his behaviour to me. He had every right to enquire of my whereabouts and none to demand it in the tone he used.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

10:20 am
As if it is taunting me, sleep refuses to find me.

#the quest

10:44AM
Anonymous asked:
I believe he was awake all night out of concern for you and probably guilt over your quarrel too. With a potentially live dragon so close by, setting aside small arguments might be best. Hopefully I'm correct in assuming you love and deeply care for one another. So why argue over things that in the grand scheme of things are very small? Get some rest if you can so your patience is better restored, then try talking to him again. Good luck with it!
I know he was awake all night. That's why I told him he had to stay behind. Don't tell me what to do.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole

11 am
Anonymous asked:
Do your best to keep your patience if you can, Thorin. I think everyone is suffering from lack of sleep and stress, but to argue now is not good at all. You need the group to be unified and strong for when you enter the mountain. If the dragon still lives parting on bad terms or having a divided group could prove disastrous. If you can take Bilbo aside to speak with him at some point, I'd recommend it. I'm sure he's just upset and needs reassurance.
I thank you for your advice but I am aware of the consequences of going against a dragon. divided or otherwise. There is no argument in the company, only between Bilbo and I. And I have been trying to speak with him but he seems determined to either ignore me or shout at me.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel #the company

11:34AM
Dwalin and Nori are clearly trying to hide the fact that they have been staring at me all morning. Bo looks concerned, but has yet to voice it.

#adventureblogging #brawndwarf #pointydwarf #hatdwarf

1:09PM
Bo told me I was out of line. He said I shouldn’t have yelled at His Majesty when all His Majesty ever did was act concerned for my well-being, as I had disappeared on them last night. He says that His Majesty only wanted to help the search.
Maybe I should have let His Majesty search for the Door sooner, perhaps, but I still fear that his
fixation on the Mountain may cause him to make rash decisions. With each passing day and still no results, and Durin’s Day drawing ever closer, I find myself growing more and more worried.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #hatdwarf

3:09PM I don’t know what to do.

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I feel as if I am being stabbed every time I think about talking to Thorin about the courtship. About perhaps needing to end it for his sake, for his people’s sake. So that he would not need to fear for me, so that what we shared cannot be used against us by Smaug. I have heard that dragons are highly intelligent, some even capable of speech. If I am to face that dragon, I do not want an attachment to Thorin Oakenshield be my weakness when it should be my strength.

The beads and braids he wove into my hair are weighing on me, a burden that I would willingly bear were it not for what has passed between us, and what I fear may lie in wait for us in the Mountain.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

3:45PM

Anonymous asked:

You have been having serious doubts about your relationship with Thorin from the get go. That's very understandable given the quest, but why exactly are you putting the both of you through this, then? If you're this unsure and expect only heartbreak why even attempt it?

The lot of you are hypocrites for asking this question after months and months of needling us to enter this relationship in the first place.

We only did, for probably the first time in our lives, what we felt was right, instead of relying on what we know to be right. And I very much doubt anyone who has ever lived embarks on any kind of emotional entanglement without a single shred of doubt.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:15 pm

None of the scouting parties have returned yet, though the sun nears the horizon.

#the quest

4:26PM

Anonymous asked:

If you don't mind an anon giving you advice might I just say; it would be a real shame for you to part even temporarily. You seem strongest when together. Maybe when facing Smaug it would be wise to remove the braids and beads, just in case he can tell what they mean, but other than that I highly doubt the dragon would know you are in a relationship with Thorin.

In my limited experience, relationships are tested very often, I believe the two of you can weather this better together than apart.

Sometimes even the strongest branches will break. I have no idea what that dragon is capable of, besides having some extremely nasty ways of killing, but it’s best I don’t risk Thorin’s safety while standing in front of one. I’ll talk to him and see what he thinks about my returning his beads; if only for a little while.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:45PM I am glad Bo is with me. He may not understand, but he has a good ear and a sturdy shoulder, and that is all I need.
When you first enter Erebor, where is the first place you would like to visit by yourself? And what would you want to show Fili and Kili first?
I would wish to visit the rooms that my kin and I had. I would like to see what has survived through the years and if there is anything I can salvage. That, or the treasure hoard would be the first place I would like to see.
As for showing my nanaddan, I would very much like to show them the forges of Erebor. I have spoken of them at great length for years and they are truly a sight to see. Or, again, the treasure.

Anonymous asked:
I hope you and Thorin will get a chance to be happily together when the quest is over. You two love each other so much.
Thank you for your well-wishes. I hope so too.

Anonymous asked:
I wish you the best no matter what happens. You are doing your best and I'm happy you are persevering despite the difficult times. Good luck and may the Giver watch over you.
That’s very kind, thank you.

Balin, Dori, and Bifur have returned but their search has proved to be unsuccessful. I still wish that I had joined them.

Dwalin and Nori have returned — why did Bofur and Bilbo not return with them?

My nanaddan and Glóin are back as well.
I asked Dwalin what had become of Bilbo and Bofur and he said that they had been talking and had remained behind.

Confound His Majesty’s infinite nosiness. When Bo and I returned, later than Dwalin and Nori, he demanded to know what we had been doing that caused us to be so late. I told him it was
none of his bloody business. He subsided, but I could see him scowling at Bo all the same.

6:05 pm

Bilbo and Bofur have returned. I questioned what kept them for so long and Bilbo said that it was none of my business. Bofur looks guilty.

7:20PM We talked. I don’t know how I found the courage, but we talked.

The strange pain in my chest has not subsided, even though the talk had a much more different outcome than what I had been expecting. I had thought that, since he was so keen on putting Erebor and his kin before our courtship, he would agree to my offer of returning his beads and ending the courtship. But he only seemed to pale at the suggestion, and shake his head furiously, and tell me that I could not leave him, not now. Not his Bilbo, his treasure. I know ‘ghivashel’ means treasure of all treasures, so perhaps he just doesn’t know any other term in Common for a betrothed. And yet something roils in my stomach when I hear the word, as if the butterflies that should be there have turned to stone.

7:28 pm

Bilbo approached me after supper and asked if we could talk.

Bilbo was quiet as we walked out of earshot of the company. I noticed that he was fiddling with his beads and looking more to the horizon than at me. Once we were well enough away, he began by saying that he understood that I needed to place Erebor as my first priority for the sake of my people and that was fine with him. However, he said, it could prove dangerous and even fatal if we were both distracted by our courtship and he would understand if I wished to have his beads returned to me.

He could not have wounded me more if he had struck me with his sword between my ribs. I could not speak for several moments as shock had stolen my breath. Of the things I had expected him to say, no where in my mind had I thought of him offering to return his beads. Just the thought alone made my stomach turn. My One, taken from me; my hands are still shaking. Once I was able to speak, I told him that I would not accept his beads back, that I could not have him leave me. He seemed surprised at the force behind my words but agreed that our courtship would continue.

7:50 pm

I asked Bilbo if he would still be fine with sharing bedrolls with me, as I felt unsure after his offer to return his beads. He said of course and ushered me close. His heartbeat against my ear and hands in my hair is driving away the still sick feeling in my stomach.
Thorin is resting against me, and I am reminded of the cave at the Carrock when we first held hands. Perhaps this unease will pass. #adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**October 17th, 2015**

**Thorin**

**6:30 am**

Bilbo lies in my hold and I feel no desire to release him. The sun is just rising and its rays are bringing out the shine of the beads in his golden hair. My stomach still churns at the thought of his curls without my beads, that he believed that it was what I would have wanted. #the quest #ghivashel

**7:05 am**

When Bilbo woke, he voiced his desire for breakfast but I only pulled him closer. Looking back over the past several days, I see that my focus on Erebor has lead to the idea being put in Bilbo's thoughts that I do not want him any longer, while that could not be further from the truth. #the quest #ghivashel

**Bilbo**

**7:08AM** Thorin is not letting me get up. I have been trying to get him off me for the past several minutes, but he keeps pulling me in closer to him and nosing at my ear, like he'd done in the hay at Beorn's. I'd give anything to be back there right now, but I'd probably give even more for breakfast. #adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**9:10AM** Thorin insisted on joining the search today. He is coming with me, Fíli, Kíli, and Glóin. #adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #firedwarf

**9:15 am**

As I am fully rested and there is no reason for me to stay at the camp, I told Bilbo that I was joining the scouting parties. He pointed me towards Balin’s group but I said that I wished to be in his. I am loath to have him far from me. #the quest #ghivashel

**10AM** Fíli, Kíli, and I have given Thorin and Glóin the slip. We are going to search the southern corner of the valley; it’s one of the few places left here that we haven’t covered. #adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #firedwarf

**10:10 am**

My nanaddan and Bilbo have disappeared. I have tried calling out for them but either they do not hear me or they do not wish to respond. Why they have chosen to separate from us, I do not know,
but I feel worry taking a hold of my heart.
#the quest #ghivashel

11:42AM There seems to be what looks like steps leading up from a rock standing alone like a pillar. We’re going to follow it and see where it leads.
#adventureblogging

12:30 pm
We have still not reunited with Bilbo, Fíli, or Kíli. Glóin believes that they will all be fine, and while I agree, it does not stop my eyes from searching for them as much as the path into the mountain.
#the quest #ghivashel

1:45 pm
Durin’s Day is in two days time and yet we have still not found the door into Erebor. With each hour that passes, the possibility that it will be found in time dwindles a little more.
#the quest #ghivashel

2:10PM We’ve found it. We’ve found the Secret Door.
#finally #adventureblogging

3:07PM
Anonymous asked:
Congratulations! Well done you three! Thorin and the others will be over the moon about this. I'll keep my fingers crossed that the next stage of your quest goes smoothly.
Thank you for your well-wishes!
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

4:33PM We can’t open the Door. We can’t even tell where it is. But it’s here somewhere; this doorstep is too obviously a doorstep. Perhaps someone else in the camp will know how to find the Door.
#adventureblogging #i can't believe we actually found it

5PM We are setting out now, having taken a rest earlier after not being able to find the door. The shadows are lengthening now; it will be dark soon.
#adventureblogging

5:15 pm
We have begun to head back to the camp, though our search was unsuccessful.
#the quest #ghivashel

5:35 pm
Glóin and I have returned to camp, and the other scouting parties are here. Except for Bilbo and my nanaddan, who are still gone. None of the searches found the door and if they do not appear soon, we will have to go search for Bilbo, Fíli, and Kíli.
Balin pointed out the figures of Bilbo and my nanaddan in the distance, approaching camp. Kíli seems to be shouting something to us but I cannot make out what they are saying. At least they all seem uninjured.

We have returned to camp. Thorin immediately demanded to know where we had been. We told him we had found the Secret Door, though, and his expression quickly changed. The Company is celebrating. Nori has brought out a bottle of wine for us to pass around.

I asked where my nanaddan and Bilbo where they had been all day since they slipped away and Bilbo announced that they had located the door. The company and I were struck silent for a few moments before a cheer rose up. Relief flooded me and I picked up Bilbo in joy, hugging him close. He asked me to let him down, as his feet were no longer touching the ground, and as soon as I did, the company was upon him, congratulating him and my nanaddan on their find.

We have made plans to move camp in the morning. Thorin asked me again if he could sleep by me once more. I told him he could, provided he actually let me up in the morning. He seems better, I think. Perhaps it was simply just the frustration over not finding the Door.

Due to the lateness in the day, we agreed that it would be best to the camp to the door in the morning. Supper was a loud, cheerful event, much more lively than the past several nights. I still feel the ache of relief in my chest. I asked Bilbo once again if I may sleep beside him and he agreed, though he had me swear to release him in the morning should he request it. His breathing has grown slow and deep beside me, though I find that my thoughts are too focused on tomorrow to try to find sleep.

October 18th, 201

Thorin
The sun is rising and tomorrow is Durin’s Day. I am quite relieved that the door has been found in time. I do not dare think what would have happened if it had remained undiscovered. Instead I have turned my mind to thoughts of my people returning to the mountain, to the lands alive with grass and song once more, to the end of this exile.

#the quest

Bilbo

7 AM Thorin seems to have been awake a little earlier than I. He is staring up at the mountain, though his expression is softer and happier than it has been since we first got here. It is hard for me to be cross with him for long; he really is just trying to do right by his people, even if his words come out harsher than he’d like.
I fear for him, but I do not fear him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:05 am

The company around me is waking. There is an excitement in them, as we are to move to the door into Erebor today. Even Bilbo holds more cheer in him, greeting me with a kiss so soft that my heart could hardly bear it.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

8:20 am

We are nearly set to move the camp. I have instructed Bofur and Bombur to stay and watch the ponies and supplies. Bilbo has said that the ledge leading to the door is barely wide enough for him to cross and it is quite high up. He and my nanaddan are leading the way to the door and I am just behind them, excitement pushing me forward.

#the quest #bofur #bombur #ghivashel #my sister children

8:30 AM We have set out to move our camp to the doorstep of the Secret Door. Bofur and Bombur remain in camp to guard our supplies and ponies, as there are ledges on the path far too narrow for heavy packs and ponies. Once we have made our new camp, we shall bring up as much of the supplies as we can with the ropes that the Lake-men have provided us.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #bigdwarf

9:40 am

We have reached the ledge and it is just as narrow as Bilbo and my nanaddan warned. A rope has been tied around all of our waists, so that if any of us trip, the strength of the others will keep them steady. If one of us were to fall, the ground is one hundred and fifty feet below. Bilbo suggested not looking down, and though his voice did not waver, I saw the slight shake in his hands. I gripped his hand in my own and his answering smile was warm.

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children

9:51 AM Clearly this ledge hasn’t gotten any less dangerous, though it is my second time crossing
along it. The rope we have tied around our waists are all we can wear along this narrow walk where one misstep means certain death down a hundred and fifty feet to the sharp rocks below. The grassy bay where we are making our next camp, however, has a generous enough ledge that will enable us to haul up our supplies from the camp, which, incidentally, is directly below us. I had been too focused on finding our way up that I did not think to look down farther into the valley for the source of the path.

#adventureblogging

10 am

We are at the door, though there is no sign of it. There is no outline in the wall nor keyhole or anything to suggest the presence of a door. Yet, I understand why my nanaddan and Bilbo believe it to be here. This spot is very clearly a doorstep and there is also something else. A pull that I feel. The mountain has called to me stronger with each step we have taken closer to it, but here, I feel as if I will be pulled straight through the rock.

#adventureblogging #ghivashel #my sister children

10:03 AM We have found the Door once more. Nori demanded to know how we could tell this was the one, since no outline of a door could be found. Glóin seems to approve of the invisible nature of the door, and is muttering things under his breath as he tries to find it.

Some of the Dwarves are rigging a system for raising and lowering heavy objects into the valley below, so we may haul up the supplies we need and deliver news as well.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #firedwarf

11:15 am

Some of the company has set up the rope to haul supplies from below up to the doorstep and others have set about exploring the path that leads up the mountain. I, along with the rest of the company, are attempting to make the door reveal itself. It is magically sealed and finding it is proving difficult.

#the quest #the company

11:42 AM We have started splitting into groups. Some of us are hauling up supplies. At one point we sent Kíli down with the ropes to deliver messages, and we also managed to haul Bofur up. Bombur, on the other hand, refused to go up, saying the rope was too slender and the path too narrow. “I am too fat for such fly-walks,” he said, and then threatened to trip on his beard and send us all back to thirteen.

Others are trying to open the Door, with all sort of requests, platitudes, and spells. Still others have been exploring, though no one has gone up the path that leads higher up the mountain just yet.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #hatdwarf #bigdwarf

1 pm

We still have not been able to precisely locate the door. Most of the supplies have been brought to the doorstep and camp has been set up. Bombur remains below with the ponies, though Bofur has rejoined the company.
Isn't the door supposed to reveal itself on Durin's Day? May I ask why you are trying to make it reveal itself beforehand?
It is better to be prepared beforehand. If we could find the door, it would be reassurance that we are in fact in the right place.

I can feel that the company’s earlier cheer has faded, as the door continues to stay hidden. I know that we are right before it, yet our eyes cannot see it.

Spirits have fallen low as we continue to fail to locate or open the Door. I have been sitting and thinking for hours, but all I can think of are the snails moving across the rocks in here, and of the Misty Mountains (which I can see from the ledge) and Bag End. Whenever anyone asks me what I am doing, I tell them that I am doing as I am supposed to in the contract — namely, thinking of finding a way to get us in. But I’m afraid my thoughts are quite far from here right now.

Congratulations on finding the doorstep! You are one step closer!

I have checked with Balin that Durin’s Day is indeed tomorrow. He agrees that it is and the key feels very heavy in my hand. Perhaps the way in will only reveal itself tomorrow, though I worry at what will happen if nothing happens and the quest results in failure.

After consulting Balin’s almanac, Thorin said that tomorrow was Durin’s Day. Autumn is to end soon, and winter will soon be upon us. Dwalin and Bifur seemed in favour of sending me around to the Front Gate to find another way in, should our search for this secret door be futile. I certainly hope we found the way in before I am forced to see the miserable vale of Dale and the smoke coming from the Front Gate once more.

While helping to reorganize the supplies, I have discovered a small jar of honey among the food. I am sure this will not be missed. Bilbo and I can surely find a use for this.
7:49PM Thorin approached me after supper. The camp up here is so silent; even raised voices are silenced for fear someone unfriendly will hear us. But I don’t think I would have raised my voice against Thorin again, not after the outburst a couple days ago.
~~
But Thorin approached me after supper and told me he had a surprise, and presented me with a small jar of honey he had managed to get from the supplies. It does not taste as sweet as the honey from Beorn’s, but it does taste much better stolen from Thorin’s lips and skin than eating it with a wooden spoon could ever be.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8 pm
After supper, Bilbo and I retired to our bedroll, a little away from the company. I showed him the honey jar that I had found and though we are far from the fire, I could see the red rise in his cheeks.
~~
I had forgotten just how sweet honey can be, especially when stolen in a kiss. There was a brief few minutes where we were laughing, smearing honey on one another, but we stopped due to the echo of the noise. No honey went to waste and I can still taste it on my tongue, though I most enjoyed the soft giggles released from Bilbo at my attentions to his neck. We have been on the mountain for less than a fortnight, yet the sight of his bright smile is something I feel I have not seen for some time.
#adventureblogging #the quest #ghivashel

9:15 pm
The company is quiet, not yet asleep. I believe that we are all kept awake from worry and excitement.
Being here, on the threshold of my home, I look to Bilbo and remember being on his doorstep. It has only been a short time since then, not quite half of a year, yet things have changed and grown between us so completely. Now he is beside me with my beads in his curls and marks from my lips on his neck. He is mine, as surely as his hand fits in mine.
#adventureblogging #the quest #ghivashel #the company

11:08PM I am too weighted by worry to sleep.
#adventureblogging
So, like I said before, it's gonna be a bit of gap between chapters lmao
I can occasionally work on this while at work, depending on my availability. It's a little harder at home because my computer is... an old man who hates when I edit'
Anywho, I'm gonna try my best to make sure that, at the VERY least, this entire thing is done before the end of the year
Thanks so much for all your patience and support :)

Also, see if you can catch the subtle change in Thorin’s posting >&gt;3c
Reminder that the warnings on the fic are there for a reason... we’re reaching A Point in the story that could be potentially triggering to some so please be safe!

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October 19th, 2015

Bilbo

4:10AM I can’t sleep. The worry over not being able to open the Door in time is eating at me. Durin’s Day is today. It’s our last chance to get in.
#adventureblogging

6:01AM Thorin has not yet woken from beside me. The air is so cold here, and he is so warm. I do not have it in me to leave our bedroll.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

6:35 am

When I woke, I saw that Bilbo was already awake beside me. He looks just as worried about the day as I feel. Today is Durin’s Day. This quest may reach a failed end today, or we might step into the halls of Erebor and reclaim the mountain and its treasure as our own. We are here at the threshold of the future of Durin’s folk.
And there is still the taste of honey on my tongue.
#the quest #ghivashel

7:48AM
Anonymous asked:
smooch him a lot ok
…Excuse me?
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9 am

We have inspected the wall carefully, looking for any sort of indication of a door. We have brought
picks and tools from Lake-town, though we are trying other methods first.

#the quest

9AM
Anonymous asked:
_u gotta do it. u gotta smooch thorin a lot ok. smooch him_
I’m afraid I don’t understand what you mean by smooch.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:11AM
Anonymous asked:
_give him a smooch on his big ol' snoot ok a smooch is a kissy-wissy and a snoot is a snozzle_
You are talking utter nonsense.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:21AM
Anonymous asked:
_... I think the other anon is saying to kiss thorin on his nose? Or somewhere else that's probably not entirely appropriate right now lo_
There’s no need to be so irritatingly nosy about it.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:24AM The Company has all split off to do their own things. Some are wandering, others are exercising the ponies down below with Bo and Bombur, and still others are trying to open the door. I have sat down on a rock between the gap looking out at the desolation and the door itself. Surely a clue will present itself if I wait long enough.
#adventureblogging #the company #hatdwarf #bigdwarf

9:54AM
Anonymous asked:
_would it be too much of a bother to ask for a picture of Thorin and you together? Have a good day master bilbo!
I hope this is suitable!
10:30 am

When we tried to use the picks on the wall, it became clear that mining work will not work against the magic that has been set into the door. The handles of the picks splintered when we struck the stone, and the steel heads broke or bent as if they were lead. It also caused a fearsome echoing noise and we quickly stopped in that attempt.

#the quest

12:12 PM I can see the trees of Mirkwood in the distance, and the silhouette of the Misty Mountains. It’s midday and yet the Sun is giving no warmth here. I wish I was home in Bag End.

#adventureblogging

1 pm

The sun is high above us but it will climb down soon. I can feel our remaining time falling away. I asked Bilbo, who was sitting and staring westward, what he was doing. He replied that sitting and thinking on the doorstep had been listed as part of his job and that was just what he was doing.

#the quest #ghivashel

2:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

Hey! I once heard something about stone sense and dwarves; I was curious if all dwarves have it, and if so what it is like,

To answer your question as well as I can, perhaps you can explain what you mean by ‘stone sense,’ as I am not entirely sure what it is.

#ask #anonymous

3:15 PM

Anonymous asked:

Did you or anyone else in the company keep a record of Lord Elrond’s exact translation of the moon runes on the map? The map & those runes were so important to finding the door, so perhaps there's a clue in there about how to open it?

I made a note of it: stand by the grey stone when the thrush knocks, and the setting sun with the last light of Durin’s Day will shine upon the key-hole. I have not seen any thrushes, and the sun has not yet set, but we want some sign that this is indeed the Secret Door that we must find.

#ask #anonymous

3:34 PM I feel as if I am waiting for something. Perhaps today Gandalf will return and he will know some way to open the Door. I think I remember him wanting to be there for our entry into the Mountain, but I know we cannot wait for him, either. It would be nice if he were here, though. In his absence the Company has started to rely on me, and it does get tiring coming up with ideas for this lot.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard #the company

4 pm

Though every attempt to find or open the door has failed, I cannot keep myself away from the wall for long. The halls of Erebor are calling to me and I wish that I could answer.

#the quest

5:49 PM The sun is starting to set. There is a thrush knocking at the stone, just like what the map said. I need the key, and I need it quick, in case the keyhole reveals itself!
Bilbo is shouting and waving his arms quite frantically, saying something about a thrush, calling us to the wall. The company is rushing to gather, either returning from the path or hauling the other up the rope. The sun is sinking and approaching the horizon.

6:26PM We’ve done it! We’ve opened the Secret Door!

After the thrush knocked, we waited for the last ray of sun to show us the keyhole, but the sun disappeared, and the moon, thin as it was, was heading for the horizon, too. But then the sun came back one last time, and its light shone right through the crack and onto the Door, and the thrush trilled just as a flake of rock splintered off the Door and revealed the keyhole. Thorin managed to get the key in just in time, and now the Door is open. He commended me on my keen eyes, as I suppose he hadn’t thought to look for thrushes in his attempts to get into the Mountain.

6:48PM Well, here’s the moment I’ve been dreading for these past several months. It’s time for me to go down into that tunnel and steal from a dragon. Giver grant me luck.

7:10 pm

Bilbo is within the mountain. I want to follow but this is what he was brought on this quest for. I just pray that the kiss he gave me before going down the tunnel was not our last.

8:10PM I’ve survived.

The treasure! I don’t think I’ve seen so much wealth, ever. I could’ve probably bought out the Shire with all of that gold in those vast, cavernous chambers.
Smaug was asleep when I entered. I’ve managed to steal a cup from him. He’s got the entire plunder of Erebor under his claws; surely he won’t miss this.

#adventureblogging

8:15 pm

Bilbo has returned! And he has brought back a treasure.

Balin had gone into the tunnel when Bilbo had entered, to wish him luck. I had offered to go but Bilbo had told me specifically to stay outside of the door. After some time, I heard Balin cry Bilbo’s name and they both reappeared from inside the tunnel. In his hands, Bilbo held a great two-handled cup, which was quickly passed between the company. Bilbo himself looked surprised to be in the open air again and when I pulled him close in a hug, it took several moments before he moved to return the grip.

“Are you well?” I asked him. He nodded, though his breath shook and his eyes were shut. “And the treasure? Did you see it?”

Bilbo’s eyes finally opened, though he only nodded again in response. Erebor and its vast halls, the forges, all of its treasure. I do not believe that it has truly hit me until now that the future that I envisioned for my people, here in Erebor, may become reality.

#the quest #ghivashel #bakin

8:31PM

magic-redhead asked:
Bilbo, please be careful, don’t enter there it’s too dangerous…
I’m perfectly fine. Thanks for your concern, though.

#ask #anonymous #magic-redhead

8:48PM

Anonymous asked:
OMG BILBO NO! WHY BILBO!? STEALING FROM A DRAGON IS A PRETTY BAD IDEA!
Too bad that it’s my bloody job then, isn’t it?

#ask #anonymous

9PM I had no idea Dragons were so insufferably greedy.
We have just survived an attack by Smaug, though I suspect our ponies have not. May they rest in greener pastures. I can only be thankful that we managed to haul Bo and Bombur to safety before the Dragon came and set the mountain aflame.
Thorin has made sure we all take cover in the tunnel leading in from the Door. But as long as Smaug is still on the rampage out there, we do not dare to venture from safety.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #bigdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:10 pm

The company was passing the cup that Bilbo stole between them when the mountain began to rumble. It shook as if it was awaking in anger and the door shook and nearly closed. It would had slammed shut, blocking us from Erebor, had a stone not been placed earlier to keep that from happening. Even with the stone, I stood at the door and kept it open. From the tunnel came the sound of fierce echoes of a bellowing and the trampling that was causing the ground to tremble. We froze in fright as we heard the sound of Smaug, the dragon, exit the mountain and roar in fury.

Bilbo shouted for us to enter the tunnel so that we could escape Smaug’s gaze, but Bofur and Bombur were still below us. I instructed Bilbo, Balin, and my nanaddan to enter the tunnel and keep the door open. The rest of us rushed to the ropes and pulled Bofur up, all the while fearing that the
A dragon would spot us. Bofur joined us without fire coming down and we began to pull Bombur up. The ropes creaked but we got him up to the ledge with us. We were even able to pull up some tools and some of our supplies before the light of the dragon was upon us. We ran back to the tunnel with our supplies and entered just as the dragon passed overhead. His fire followed us and leaked through the crack in the door. We stayed where we were despite the heat, keeping the door open. From outside, I could hear the sounds of the ponies given to us by the Lake-town Men as they cried out in fright. I fear that the ponies have met their end, but we had no way to help them.

We have moved further into the tunnel, though the door is still being kept open. From the small opening, we can hear the dragon’s roars growing and fading as he passes outside.

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**October 20th, 2015**

**Thorin**

7 am

It is morning and the dragon’s rage has quieted, at least for now. We have all tried to sleep, though it did not come easily. As much as the terror of dragon fire gripped us, we have all known that dangers of this kind were inevitable in dealing with a dragon. There was no sense in giving up the quest when we have already come so far.

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**Bilbo**

7:42 AM Old Smaug might’ve gone back to his hidey hole, but we don’t dare venture out very far beyond the opening in case he’s still on the prowl. I don’t think anyone in this Company wants to try their luck, and besides, we managed to save most of our supplies last night.

---

8:15 am

We managed to save enough of our supplies to use for quite some time. There has been talk and debate on what to do about Smaug and Bilbo pointed out that that has been the weak part of our plan from the beginning. In their confusion and anger at the situation that we are in, some grumbled that it was in fact Bilbo’s fault, in taking the cup, that caused Smaug to stir.

“What else is a burglar to do?” Bilbo asked angrily. “No-where in my contract does it say that I was to kill a dragon, but it does say that I was to steal treasure. I started my job the best that I could. Did you expect me to come back with the whole of Erebor’s treasure in my pockets? If you are having a fine time grumbling, then I think I shall join in. You ought to have employed five hundred burglars, not one! It would take me a hundred years to bring it all to you, if I was fifty times my size and Smaug as tame as a rabbit!”

The company looked quite taken aback by Bilbo’s anger and his words. Apologies were said and Bilbo returned to sitting. He huffed out in anger, though I saw his shoulders slouch, as if his words had taken all the energy he had managed to build up. I took his hand in my own and he returned the grip.

---

8:24 AM Glóin and some other Company members were grumbling about me stealing the cup and setting off the Dragon, despite the fact that all of them had been excited about seeing the cup when I first brought it around. I must admit I got rather cross with them and pointed out that I had been hired...
to steal the treasure, not to kill the dragon, and besides there is far too much gold in those halls for one little Hobbit to carry. How was I supposed to know that blasted worm would miss even the tiniest little cup at the edge of the hoard?

#adventureblogging #firedwarf #the company

10 am

With the quiet, our courage grew and we have peeked out of the door. There are fresh scorch marks across the land from Smaug’s rage. Though we could not see Smaug, we dared not risk returning to the river where the rest of our supplies are. Nori and Bofur, however, did walk out to the edge of the ledge to check to see if there was anything salvageable from where supplies had been before Smaug had flown out of the mountain. They reported only more burn marks and quickly hurried back inside the tunnel.

#the quest #nori #bofur

11:19AM Talk has, of course, turned to plans for getting rid of Smaug. I told them that while the sun is up, they could potentially — in small groups — go down to the river to replenish their supplies, but everyone must be back in the tunnel by nightfall. I also offered to go down to the chamber once more to see how Smaug is doing, and to see if there are any weaknesses about him. As my father says, every worm has his weak spot. Thorin thought it best for me to sneak down tomorrow, as he was worrying that I might need some time to recover from the first venture. We have until our supplies run out to figure out how we’d like to reclaim the treasure and get rid of Smaug, of course. Much easier said than done.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

11:30 am

We began to discuss our plans on what it is we should do. Eyes turned to Bilbo, as he has proven his cleverness in the past. He stated that he had no idea what should be done about the treasure nor the dragon, though he said he will think on it. As there is no sign of Smaug outside any longer, we have guessed that he has returned to the mountain and perhaps sleeping again. Bilbo suggested that some be chosen to return to the river to retrieve the supplies that were left behind, though we should all be returned by night.

He offered as well to slip on his magic ring and creep down the tunnel to check on Smaug, and confirm that he is in fact returned and asleep. I asked if he could wait until tomorrow to do so and when he started to argue, I pulled him closer and asked please. I fear what fate may befall him and wish for another night close to him before he is to face a dragon. I know only too well what dragon fire can do.

#the quest #ghivashel

1:15 pm

Now that we are within Erebor, there is no deadline hanging over us. That is not to say that we can take the mountain from the dragon at any time, but that when discussed, we all agreed that it would be wise to take a day or so to gather ourselves and work out a plan. It will also allow for Smaug to calm from his rage some more, which will help us.

#the quest

2 pm

Anonymous asked:

Umm stone sense I’ve heard it be described as a pull when around stone, or a light sort of whispering that is mostly without words, but helps a dwarf find their way if lost;... It's hard to describe it.. Basically. But you mentioned feeling a pull towards Erebor and I was wondering if that was common for dwarves with stone in general.
I have heard of other Dwarves reporting a feeling of being pulled in by the call of stone. I do not believe that it is something that is highly unusual or unheard of, though I do not think I have ever heard it referred to as ‘stone sense.’

#ask #anonymous

2:34PM It is odd to not have some mysterious deadline pressing in on us. The Company look just slightly less stressed than before we found the Secret Door. Talk of the treasure is starting up again in small trickles of talk, though mostly in hushed whispers.

#adventureblogging #the company

3:45 pm

Nori and Bofur, those chosen as the swiftest and most easily hidden (besides Bilbo), left to see if they could sneak down to the river for more supplies. The rest of us have exited the tunnel and returned to the doorstep, though our ears and eyes are open for any sign of Smaug returning.

#the quest #nori #bofur

5:28PM Bombur is not risking a fire tonight, and we are all gathered on the doorstep in the gathering dark eating cram and dried fruits. My stomach insists that this is an all-time low for me.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf

7 pm

Nori and Bofur have returned unharmed with several of the supply packs. They were unable to bring everything, as there was too much for just the two of them, but what they brought was welcomed. We do not know how long it will take to rid the mountain of Smaug and take back Erebor and its treasure.

#the quest #nori #bofur

8:15 pm

We have all returned to the tunnel, though we have been sure to place a stone at the door to keep it open. A watch has been set despite the darkness in the tunnel. I am not sure how much sleep any of us will truly get when we are all anticipating dragon fire.

#the quest

8:46PM We are all crowded into the tunnel tonight, and for all future foreseeable nights, too. There are far too many Dwarves for this tiny corridor, and absolutely no privacy. I hope we find a chance to retake the Mountain; I’ll then be able to put an entire Dwarven kingdom between me and any Very Important Dwarves who think it’s funny to press cold appendages to me at night.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9 pm

Bilbo is grumbling against me. Despite our time together so far having a shared sleeping space, he still jumps quite high at the touch of cold feet against his or a nose to the back of his neck. He has accused me of stealing his warmth and I have simply pulled him closer in response. I fear for his fate tomorrow, when he plans to spy on the dragon. I pray that this is not the last night I have with him.

#the quest #ghivashel

10:32PM The tunnel is so stuffy now, and strongly scented of ripe Dwarf. I fear that Smaug can smell us all like the unwashed bunch we are. Maybe he’s already planning terrible murders for all of us. I should have just gotten the visit over with today. Now the worry just gnaws at me.
Bilbo

6:11AM This may very well be my last morning alive. I promised the Company I would return to the treasure hoard and find some sort of weakness of Smaug’s, but even with my current abilities I don’t know how I could possibly get out of it a second time.
I shall miss Thorin’s embrace very much, I think, and the rest of the Company’s laughter, and the possibility of going home again.
#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

6:30 am

Though the door remains open slightly, the tunnel is as dark as Mirkwood was. The company is more quiet, however, as if even in their sleep, they are worried that we may be heard. I felt Bilbo wake against me some time ago. I believe that his sleep was just as restless as my own, as our minds are both focused on his plan for the day.
In the weak light, I can only make out the faint silhouette of his form; I cannot see the glow of his beads nor the shine of his golden curls, but I can feel the shape of his lip under the brush of my thumb and the grip he has on my tunic. This may be my last chance to trace his figure and I do not wish to waste it.
#the quest #the company #ghivashel

7:45 am

Breakfast is as cold as supper was last night, as Bombur does not wish to start a fire. I and the company agreed that that was the best plan. However, it has not helped the cold shiver in my stomach that refuses to leave me.
#the quest #bombur #the company

8:20AM It's not much better actually being awake. It just makes the end more inevitable.
#adventureblogging

10 am

Bilbo did not eat much of his breakfast and has been fidgeting a lot, one hand securely tucked into his pocket, and the other in a grip so tight that his knuckles are white. I told him that none would make him go, contract or not. He smiled at that, though it felt false and suggested that we go out to the doorstep for some fresh air. I agreed and we, along with some other company members, have moved outside, while others stay inside, worried that we will be seen by Smaug should he choose to take to the skies once more.
#the quest #ghivashel #the company

10:57AM Time is growing shorter. Thorin said I didn’t have to go. We all know eventually I will have to, or the worm will find us first and we’ll be unprepared, or the winter will set in and we will run out of supplies.
I have no choice in the matter, really.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
11:42AM I’m going down to the treasure once more. Giver grant me luck, though I’ve had more than my fair share of it for this entire adventure. Let’s hope it holds out a little longer.

#adventureblogging

12 pm

Bilbo has gone down the tunnel. We all wished him luck and a genuine smile crossed his features for a few moments. I made sure to take a kiss from him; I am loath to refer to it as our last, as my heart trembles at the thought, but that is what my mind is insisting on. Bilbo said that he would return, though I do not think either of us believed his words. He looked small, standing alone with the darkness of the tunnel behind him.

#the quest #ghivashel

1:30 pm

There has been no noise yet to indicate what is happening. Does the dragon truly sleep? He is not outside of the mountain, unless he is waiting for some reason to strike those that remain on the doorstep. I can only hope that Bilbo will return soon with news of Smaug’s slumber and perhaps a plan to destroy him.

At least the company is not casting any wagers in this matter.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

2 pm

There is a low rumble that has started up. It is not constant and changes in its tone. Could this be Smaug speaking? Or is he causing destruction somewhere in the mountain?

#the quest

2:45 pm

The rumblings continue and Bilbo still has not returned.

#the quest #ghivashel

3:15 pm

Just now! The fiercest shaking that we have felt, strong enough to knock some off of their feet and cause all of us to shrink down in fear.

Could it be what I believe it was, what it sounded to be? I pray, please, do not let that have been Bilbo’s end that we just heard. Return him to me.

#the quest #ghivashel #please

3:50 pm

Bilbo is still gone and the shakings have continued, though not as powerfully as that first one a little while ago.

The fear in my heart has grown. I do not wish to believe but I have the dreadful feeling that he is not coming back.

#must even he be lost to me #the quest #ghivashel

4:15 pm

Dwalin is attempting to get me to move outside but I have refused. I will not leave this tunnel until Bilbo returns. He must.

He must.

#the quest #ghivashel #dwalin

4:40 pm

I have realized that I have nothing of his to keep and hold onto, only what I can remember.
5 pm
What was that noise, that harsh sound of anger?

5:20 pm
Bilbo has returned!
He appeared in the tunnel suddenly, his face pale and breathing quick. I took him outside quickly for fresh air and he fainted after a few moments. The company has gathered while Óin is trying to revive him.

I can see that the hair on the back of his head burned greatly, nearly down the skin, and that two of his beads are missing. Even unconscious, he is trembling my arms and sweat collects on his brow.
But he is returned and his heart still beats and I feel relief flooding my body.

6:40 PM
Oh, I am a fool. I can’t believe I talked to Smaug and walked away from it just a little singed. Surely I’ve gone mad. After all, I laughed at a live dragon and lived to tell the tale. And I’d like to think I did a good job of it, too, following all the requirements and protocol I learnt from Mum’s books. I didn’t give him my name or where I’m from, and masked it all up in riddles. And he did try some of that magic-talk that the stories said Dragons tend to do, but I’d like to think I kept my head level throughout it and gave him no reason to suspect I came with Thorin’s Company. Dwarves, yes, but he can’t possibly smell the difference between a Firebeard and a Longbeard, now can he?

7:21 PM
I shouldn’t have mentioned ‘barrel-rider’. Even blind rabbits would know where those barrels came from.

8:05 pm
Óin managed to revive Bilbo after some time. It has been hard to get any words out of him, as he seems to be in shock from his encounter with Smaug. He has been slowly telling us of what happened.

Óin has been treating the burns on the back of Bilbo’s head and heels. Once he was done, I had to cut away the remaining burnt parts of his hair. Two oak beads were lost, though the mithril beads still shine in his curls. I have redone his braids as much as I can.

8:45 pm
Bilbo has told us all that happened in his confrontation with Smaug.

When he had entered the treasure room, Smaug looked to be asleep. However, Bilbo said that he noticed after a while that one of Smaug’s eyes was slightly open; the dragon had only been pretending to be asleep. If Bilbo had not had his magic ring, Smaug would have seen him as soon as he stepped out of the tunnel entrance.

As it was, Smaug noticed him anyhow by his smell. “Thief! I smell you and hear your breath. Come along and help yourself to more treasure, as there is plenty to spare!” he had said. Bilbo told us that he had read about dragon-lore through books and knew not to reveal too much about himself. “No thank you, O Smaug the Tremendous!” he had replied. “I didn’t come for presents, but wished to have a look at you and see if you were truly as great as the tales say for I
didn’t believe them.” We cheered his brave words and he continued his story. “Do you know?” Smaug asked.

“Truly the songs and tales fall short of the reality, O Smaug the Chieffest and Greatest of Calamities,” Bilbo told him.

“You have nice manners for a thief and a liar,” the dragon replied. “You seem familiar with my name, but I don’t remember smelling you before. Who are you and where do you from?”

“I come from under the hill, and under the hills and over the hills my paths led. And through the air. I am he that walks unseen.”

“So I can well believe, but that is hardly your usual name.”

“I am the Clue-Finder, the Web-Cutter, the Stinging Fly. I was chosen for the lucky number.”

“Lovely titles!” the dragon sneered. “But lucky numbers don’t always come off.”

Bilbo continued, “I am he that buries his friends alive and drowns them and draws them alive again from the water. I came from the end of a bag, but no bag went over me.”

Smaug had scoffed at that and Bilbo had added more. “I am the friend of bears and the guest of eagles. I am Ringwinner and Luckwearer; and I am Barrel-rider!”

We proclaimed how clever he is and he thanked us, though his voice was still low. He explained that while Smaug was pleased with the riddles, as dragons are known to be unable to resist the fascination of riddle talk, he could smell Dwarf on Bilbo and had warned him away from us. Bilbo had faked surprised at the mention of Dwarves but Smaug had only sneered.

“I know the smell and taste of Dwarf better than anyone! Don’t tell me that I can eat a Dwarf-ridden pony and not know it! You’ll come to a bad end, if you go with such friends, Thief Barrel-rider! Did they tell you that you would receive a fair share? Don’t you believe it! If you get off alive, you will be lucky!”

Bilbo assured that he had not believed the dragon’s words, and had remained loyal to us, telling Smaug that we had not come for the gold but for revenge. It was then that Smaug had laughed harshly, knocking Bilbo down; that had most likely been the rumble that had shaken the tunnel and had caused us to believe that Bilbo had met his end.

When his laughter was done, Smaug boasted of his teeth and wings, his tail and protected body. In true cleverness, Bilbo was able to get Smaug to reveal his belly, encrusted in gems and jewels. However, Bilbo was able to notice that there was a large patch in the hollow of his left breast that was bare of any protection.

Once Bilbo had spotted this, he had attempted to say his farewells to the dragon but Smaug had spouted terrible flames at him. Bilbo had run, though he had gotten burned anyway. Smaug had even shoved his snout into the tunnel entrance trying to get at him.

We patted Bilbo’s back in his bravery and cleverness. He is now sitting quietly against me, still gathering his strength back. His hand is gripping mine tightly and I do not intend to let him go.

8:50PM I did find something useful, though. Smaug does, in fact have a weak spot. It’s a bald patch on his underbelly. Everything else is encrusted with gems, though. Maybe when he’s properly unaware I’ll find some opportunity to go in and take a stab at it.

#adventureblogging

9:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

How do dwarves usually handle the loss of a lover? I don't mean to insist that Bilbo won't return, but I’m curious how others might fare.

Bilbo has thankfully returned.

Do you mean the loss of one’s physical relations partner or of a One? Both are mourned, though the loss of a One is similar to losing the other half of one’s true self. It is a loss that lingers for the rest of one’s days. There are some who fear finding their One for they are fearful of the possibility of losing them and having that loss weigh on their hearts.
Bilbo seems convinced that his riddles revealed too much and that Smaug has figured out that we found help in Lake-town. He fears for the Lake-town people, believing that Smaug will attack them. Balin comforted him, saying that it is quite difficult not to slip while talking to a dragon and that Bilbo should be praised for discovering Smaug’s weak spot of the bare patch on his belly. Our conversation has since turned to historical, dubious, and mythical dragon-slayings. We had tried to come up with a plan to pierce Smaug in his weak spot while he sleeps, but catching a napping dragon is not as easy as it sounds.

10:20 pm

Bilbo is insisting that we return to the tunnel and shut the door behind us. He is convinced that Smaug will find the door and smash the side of the mountain. I argued that if Smaug was so eager to keep us out, he would have blocked the lower end. Bilbo knows that Smaug has not done so yet but he swears that he feels uneasy down to his bones. We have moved inside the tunnel, as night as fallen and it is cold outside, but we have yet to shut the door.

10:30 pm

Anonymous asked: Now I know this is a terrible question o ask; but have you ever known a dwarf personally who lost their one? If so what were they like?

I do have kin whom have lost their Ones. For the sake of their privacy, I will not reveal their names, but they said that when they felt their One die, a hollow feeling filled them. It is a loss that they still feel to this day.

10:45 pm

Bilbo brought up Smaug’s words that he will not receive his fair share of the treasure. I assured him that we are all grateful for him and his plans and cleverness, which the company agreed with. I said that he could choose his own fourteenth share once we have any treasure to divide. As for transporting it back to his home in the Shire, I swore that we would do whatever we could for him. Once again, the company voiced their agreement. In the dark, I could see that Bilbo’s face turned red and a smile crossed his expression.

11:10 pm

Bilbo begged that we close the door. “Shut the door! I fear that dragon in my marrow. I like this silence far less than the uproar of last night. Shut the door before it is too late!”

There was a trembling in his voice that had made us all uneasy, so we agreed. I stood and kicked away the stone that was blocking the door. It shut and there was no trace of the keyhole or outline. We are shut in the mountain with no way to go but deeper inside. We made our way down the tunnel and not a moment too soon.

We had only gone some distance before the mountain shook around us, as if a giant had bashed a hammer against the wall of the mountain. Stones fell from the roof and the walls cracked. We could hear the roar of Smaug’s fury as he attacked the wall.
11:24 PM Smaug has left the Mountain. It’s as I feared — he must have read into ‘barrel-rider’ and gone for Lake-town. What have I done?

#adventureblogging

11:30 pm

Smaug’s anger has quieted and Bilbo is convinced that he has flown towards Lake-town, having read into his title of Barrel-rider. I fear that he may be right.

#the quest #ghivashel

October 22nd, 2015

Bilbo

12:24 AM

Anonymous asked:

Don't fret Bilbo. Staying calm is best in times like these. I can say for myself I'm proud of what you accomplished. Sneaking through a dragon's hoard and stealing from a dragon is no easy feat. Traveling half-way across Middle Earth is no easy feat. But you, Bilbo Baggins of the Shire managed to do so. All you may do now is pray for the men and woman of Laketown, it's hard to hear I am sorry. Yet standing up to a now angry dragon would prove too dangerous.

You've more than proven yourself. ❤

Praying will not help save the children that that fiend is currently tormenting. I should not have clued Smaug in on the fact that the Lake-men helped me. I have betrayed them by giving them not the rivers of gold and silver that were promised in the songs of old, but fire and death.

#ask #anonymous

12:42 AM

There was an old dragon under grey stone;
his red eyes blinked as he lay alone.
His joy was dead and his youth spent,
he was knobbed and wrinkled, and his limbs bent
in the long years to his gold chained;
in his heart’s furnace the fire waned.
To his belly’s slime gems stuck thick,
silver and gold he would snuff and lick:
he knew the place of the least ring
beneath the shadow of his black wing.
Of thieves he thought on his hard bed,
and dreamed that on their flesh he fed,
their bones crushed, and their blood drank:
his ears drooped and his breath sank.
Mail-rings rang. He heard them not.
A voice echoed in his deep grot:
a young warrior with a bright sword
called him forth to defend his hoard.
His teeth were knives, and of horn his hide,
but iron tore him, and his flame died.

#adventureblogging #poetry #(from the hoard by JRR Tolkien)
The fact that you managed to speak to a dragon without revealing your identity or those of your companions is remarkable enough-- there are many great people who could not do what you had done and live to tell the tale.

I thank you for your kind words, but I cannot rest easy until I know of the fate of both the Dragon and the people of Lake-town.

---

Thorin

3 am

I have woken to see that Bilbo is still awake. I have tried to convince him to sleep but he says that he cannot sleep; his mind is too weighed down by the thought of Lake-town burning under dragon fire.

I took his hand and told him that it was not his fault, but he rolled away and said softly that it was.

---

3:41 AM Perhaps it is best if I tried to get some sleep. I am of no use to this company when I do not sleep.

---

5:08 AM It is so dark and stifling in here. Smaug’s destruction of the side of the mountain has sealed off the Door to us. It reminds me of the oppressive dark of Mirkwood.

---

8:15 am

We have all stayed silent. While my people are used to being underground in the dark, there is usually some light, some air, there is joy and song. This, this is fear that only grows by the second in pitch black darkness that gets denser with each minute.

---

11:32 AM I do not know what time it is. I have been in and out of sleep and my dreams are filled with fire and smoke. Nothing has happened so far that would suggest that Smaug has returned yet, though.

---

12:30 pm

Lunch was as quiet as the rest of the morning. There was the rustling of Bombur handing out food, which was passed around silently. A hand placed on an arm and food placed in the waiting hand to be passed down until everyone had their share, I passed Bilbo some and I felt how he jumped at the touch and his hesitation at reaching for the food. When his hand was in mine, I pulled him close, the sound of which was covered by the rustle of movement from the rest of the company.
Bilbo tensed up for a few moments before his shoulders slumped and he laid his head back against my chest. I had no words to comfort him with, and could only wrap an arm around him.

#the quest #ghivashel #bombur #the company

2:15 pm

Bilbo still sits against me, though he has shifted so that his face is buried in my chest and his hands are gripping my tunic. I can feel the hairless part of his head and it twists my heart, how close he came to being consumed by flames.

#the quest #ghivashel

2:37PM Thorin is running his hands through my hair and murmuring my mother’s lullaby in my ear, quiet enough so that only I can hear it. It chases away some of the shadows, but I fear it does not rid us of this infernal heat.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:10 pm

This darkness is like the forest of Mirkwood and I feel that sensation of being watched, just as I had there. Though this stone is my home, I wish for light and fresh air. I wish to be able to see anything. I cannot even see Bilbo, though he is pressed against me. If it was not for the faint sound of their breathing, I would not even know that the company was close.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

5:09PM Balin thinks that it might be late afternoon outside judging from the temperature of the rocks in the tunnel. I have no idea how he can tell this, and honestly I do not think I want to know.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

6:45 pm

Supper was as silent as lunch. In this heat, this darkness, with the anticipation of dragon fire weighing on us, I do not think any of us have the stomach for food.

#the quest

7:10PM Thorin has not left my side all day. He is the only presence in this darkness that I can trust. The rest are too silent, too distant, for me to be sure if they are even there.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9 pm

I have begun to doze, though each time that I begin to drop into deeper sleep, I snap awake, convinced that I have heard the dragon’s return. Yet each time I wake, the silence that hung above us all day continues. The roar of fire and anger is only in my mind, though the ringing in my ears is real.

#the quest

10:34PM Still no sign of the dragon. I think I might have welcomed the tell-tale shaking of the ground below, at this point.

#adventureblogging

October 23rd, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am
When I awoke, the darkness was still the same, as was the silence of the company. Bilbo was still against me, though I do not know how much he was able to sleep. He seemed to already be awake, though he was quiet. There is no noise from deeper in the tunnel to signal if Smaug has returned. I do not know if I prefer the silence or the sounds of the dragon. The silence feels like the darkness; full of possibilities that I cannot see.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel

Bilbo

8:05AM Thorin is moving beside me. I think he wants to get up — he is restless — but he does not want to move too much for fear of attracting unwanted attention.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9 am

Any noise that we make is echoed throughout the whole tunnel, from the quietest shuffling to whispered murmurs. I can hear some of the company growing restless, debating if we should check if Smaug has returned or not. From what I can hear, most are in agreement to stay where we are.

#the quest #the company

10:29AM The Company has been as quiet as they can in their motions through the tunnel. I feel as if I am poised at the very edge of a cliff, and even one wrong breath will make me fall to my ruin. It’s almost as if every muscle in my body is being watched from afar.

#adventureblogging #the company

11:14AM There has been talk of moving, either back out the Door or farther down the tunnel. The air grows thick and warm the longer we sit and talk. I don’t know how much longer any of us can take it. But even with the suggestions of a few, the rest of us are not ready to move just yet.

#adventureblogging

11:30 am

This silence from Smaug is unnerving. Yet I feel that if we give into it and check on his presence, it will only lead to our death. Though we hear nothing, I still feel as if he is waiting for us to reveal ourselves. I know the company is growing restless — as am I. I feel as if I am being slowly suffocated here in the dark.

#the quest #the company

2 pm

While I can identify most noises as the company, there are some that I am unsure of, due to the darkness. Could it be Smaug, lying in wait for us? Is this heat truly from the sun heating the mountain or is it the breath of the dragon?

#the quest #the company

3:20PM How long has it been since we last heard the Dragon? Surely it’s been at least a day. Time seems to drag on when there is nothing to do but wait in the dark.

#adventureblogging

4:15 pm

I believe we have only been trapped here for a day but it feels like it has stretched out for quite some time. Even Mirkwood was not this oppressive; there were still times when we had faint light. This anticipation of heat and fire, combined with the darkness — I want nothing more than to break free
6:38 PM Just thinking that perhaps Smaug is lying in wait to hear us moving sends shivers down my spine and makes me not want to move an inch, even when I need to take care of personal matters. More members of the Company are agreeing with the idea of moving, though. Perhaps they are doing so just to see if they can confirm Smaug’s presence back in the Mountain.

#adventureblogging #the company

7 pm

There has been more whispers of moving down the tunnel, to the treasure room. We have not heard anything from Smaug but there is still the terror of the possibility of him waiting for us. The sound of my breathing feels too loud.

#the quest

9:01 PM Thorin says that he cannot wait another day; if he goes any longer without fresh air he will surely suffocate to death. I told him I worried for him, but we could try the Secret Door in the morning and see if it will open for us again.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:30 pm

We have decided that come morning, we will attempt to open the door once again. I feel as if I will not make it through another night of darkness, but Bilbo’s hand is gripping my own. We have moved as quietly as we can so that we are lying down instead of propped against the wall as we were before. It would be too loud to get our bedrolls out but my coat is big enough for the both of us, especially since Bilbo is so closely curled against me.

#the quest #ghivashel

October 24th, 2015

Thorin

8 am

It is morning and we have tried to open the door. However, when we searched for it, all that we encountered was rubble and ruin. The door has been shattered and smashed by Smaug, surely never to open again. It has left us with the option of either staying in the tunnel or going down into Erebor.

Some in the company cried out that we would perish in this tunnel but it was Bilbo who spoke against them. There was a hopeful sound to his voice that I have not heard for some time. “While there’s life, there’s hope!” he said. “My father used to say ‘Third time pays for all.’ Well, I am going down the tunnel once again. I’ve been that twice already when I knew that there was a dragon at the end, so I will risk a third visit when I am no longer sure. Besides, that is our only way out so I think you had better all come with me.”

The company agreed and I joined Bilbo at his side, taking his hand in my own. His words were light in this darkness and I felt hope spring in my chest.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel

Bilbo

8:10 AM This morning, Thorin insisted we find some way out of the tunnel, be it back where we came from or farther on. “I must feel the wind on my face soon, or die,” was the exact phrasing. He
does sometimes have quite the flair for dramatics.
The tunnel back by the Secret Door, however, had caved in during Smaug’s attack, and would not
open no matter how hard the Company shoved at it. So I suggested we head up the tunnel towards
the treasure room instead, though we would be taking our chances with Smaug. As my father used to
say, where there’s life, there’s hope. Perhaps there are more ways out to the Front Gate that don’t
require traversing big dragon-sized halls.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #the company

8:45 am
We have been slowly and quietly making our way down the tunnel, though Bilbo swears we are still
quite loud. He has made nearly no noise at all, as if he is walking as light as air. He let go my hand to
slip further down the tunnel ahead of us. With his magic ring, he will be able to check the treasure
room without being spotted if Smaug is indeed in there.
#the quest #the company #ghivashel

9AM Tip: If you want a spot of stealth, don’t hire a Dwarf. The quietest one of the Company was
Nori, and even his breathing could have been heard from a mile off.
#adventureblogging #the company #pointydwarf

9:30 am
The company and I have stopped and are waiting for Bilbo to return. There has been no noise to
indicate that he has been caught by Smaug, yet still my heart trembles.
#the quest #ghivashel

10 am
Bilbo has returned, demanding light. We have tried to shush him, as he is making quite a lot of noise,
but he finally shouted loudly for a light. Óin and Glóin have been sent back up the tunnels to their
packs with their tinderboxes inside.
#the quest #ghivashel #oin #gloin

11 am
Óin and Glóin returned, a gleam announcing their presence. Óin held a lit torch in his hand while
Glóin had others tucked under his arm, waiting to be lit. Bilbo took the torch from Óin and asked us
to light the others and to follow him. While his confidence is something to behold, we have decided
to wait in the tunnel. If Smaug is lying in wait, Bilbo is the best of us to investigate, as he is the
quietest, especially with his magic ring.
#the quest #ghivashel #oin #gloin

11:30 am
From the doorway of the tunnel, we can see Bilbo walking along the treasure. I can barely make out
his form from here and the bob and glint of the light in his hand. The only sound is the occasional
rustle of coin sliding about.
#the quest #ghivashel
11:34 AM  Smaug does not seem to be on his luxurious golden bed. I’ve shouted several times by now, loud enough to get him slinking out of whatever corner he might’ve crawled into, but he does not seem to be at home. Surely Lake-town has not been that interesting, even if he ate every last living creature in that place.

#adventureblogging

12:10 AM I’ve taken a gem from the hoard as my fourteenth share. It is unlike any gem I have ever seen before, as if the radiance of the stars have been bottled into one little rock. Just to put it in my pocket makes me feel as if I really am a burglar now, and I’m not sure if I like that feeling.

#adventureblogging

12:15 pm

Bilbo has disappeared from sight. He stood at the top of a large mound for a while before stooping to the floor for something. Then, he continued on and over the other side of the hill of treasure. Dwalin placed his hand on my arm before Bilbo fully disappeared, as if he knew of my desire to follow him.

#the quest #ghivashel #dwalin

12:25 pm

We can see Bilbo again. He is crossing the floor of the hall. I can barely make out his form from here, and his light looks small.

#the quest #ghivashel

12:31 PM I can’t shake the feeling that this gem that weighs in my pocket right now is going to be a right terrible piece of trouble. I should put it back, but I also fear that putting it back will cause even more trouble than pocketing it.

#adventureblogging

12:45 pm

Bilbo is shouting something but I can only make out a cry of help. His light seems to have gone out.

I fear the dragon’s return but I know that Bilbo would not make such noise if Smaug was here. I have instructed the company to light the rest of the torches and we have begun to make our way down to where Bilbo is.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel

1 pm

We have found Bilbo and he explained that a bat had frightened him and caused him to drop his torch.

We are all now stood in the middle of the treasure hoard and it is a sight that would take away the breath of any. It is larger than I remember it, stretching farther than our torch lights do. It is almost dizzying, how very vast it all is.

#the quest #ghivashel

1:15 pm

My nanaddan have found golden harps, strung with silver and still in tune. They have begun to play and music has filled the hall. Music, filling the air of Erebor once again.

#the quest #my sister children
**1:42PM** The rest of the Company has come to explore the treasure-hall, their eyes alight with wonder like a fauntling at their first bonfire celebration. I can see the look of longing in Thorin’s eyes as plain as daylight.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

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**2 pm**

The company is just as in awe of the treasure as I. Coins, slipping through fingers like water, and gems at every turn of the head. But there is something pulling at me, something calling to me. It’s asking that I search for it and take it for my own. In this large hoard, I don’t know how I will find it, but I know that I must.

#the quest #the company

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**2:10PM** Thorin is very deliberately pawing through the treasure. I asked him what he was looking for, and he mumbled something about a stone and turned away. Perhaps it’s something of personal significance to him that he might’ve lost when he first fled these halls? I offered my assistance, but he shook his head and moved on.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

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**4:30 pm**

Bilbo has reminded us that the treasure is not won back just yet. Smaug may return at any time. I heard his words through a haze, perhaps due to the previous days of little food and no light, but once they rang through my mind, I agreed. We have been tempting luck and must find a way to escape. I cried for the company to follow me, as I remember Erebor’s halls. Never in a thousand years will I forget the ways of my home.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel

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**5:20PM** I had to remind Thorin after a while that we had not yet properly won back the gold, and Smaug may return to kill us at any moment. Now we are on the move once more, in search of the Front Gate — though search is hardly the right word for it. Thorin is leading us, and for once on this journey he seems to know exactly where he is going.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

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**6:15 pm**

We have reached the great chamber of Thrór. There is light coming from above and the air has a sweet smell to it, especially given that we have only had the stink of dragon invading our senses these past few days. But the chamber itself is full of ruins. Rotted tables, chairs and benches overturned and charred. There are bones and skulls mixed with bowls and flagons upon the floor. Dust coats everything thickly. It is dark where my memories are full of light.

#the quest
6:45 pm

We have reached the Front Gate and can see Dale. The sun is beginning to set but it is a sight to behold after days of darkness. The wind is cold, however, a sign of approaching winter. We have decided to camp near the Front Gate and, at Balin’s suggestion, we will travel to Ravenhill once we have gathered our strength again. Half of the company has been sent back with torches to retrieve the packs that we left in the tunnels, as we did not know if we would be running from a dragon and had left them behind.

#the quest #the company #balin

7 pm

Anonymous asked:

I'm so sorry that a place that holds so many happy memories for you - and that you've dreamed of seeing for so long - seems so lifeless and desolate and dark right now. I hope that someday, you will see Erebor once more filled with brightness and laughter and song. I feel in my heart that it will be so.

I thank you for your hopeful wishes. I too hope to see it bright once again, shining as it did in my memories.

#ask #anonymous

7 PM We have made our camp by the Front Gate, where the River Running makes its beginning. The sun is moving — setting or rising, I’m not quite sure. I don’t know how time has passed in this nasty clockless hole. For all I know it’s been a week and Smaug has yet to return. Balin has suggested we move to Ravenhill when we have gathered our strength, and for the time being we will be camping here, where there is water and fresh air.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

7:30 pm

Bilbo has declared that he is quite hungry, as have other company members. He wondered aloud how many meals we must have missed inside ‘that nasty, clockless, timeless hole,’ and I could not help but laugh at his scrunched nose.

“Do not call my home a nasty hole!” I cried. “You wait until it has been cleaned and redecorated!”

“It’ll have to wait until after Smaug is dead,” he replied glumly.

While what he says is true, I cannot stop my eyes from roaming over the halls of my home, imagining how it will shine again in its glory.

#the quest #ghivashel

8:21PM Thorin laughed when I called Erebor a nasty clockless hole, and said that I’d better wait until it’s been cleaned and redecorated before I pass further judgement on it. I reminded him that we had to make sure Smaug wasn’t actually going to come back before we do any major renovations to the place. That seemed to sober him up somewhat.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9 pm

Those who were sent to retrieve our packs have returned and we have had supper, though we did not
risk a fire. There is no sound nor sign of Smaug but none of us wish to tempt his gaze, should he be on the lookout for us.

My nanaddan approached me and declared that while it was in ruins from years under the claws of Smaug, Erebor is more splendid than the stories I told. Though the halls are full of dust instead of light, they see its beauty and are eager to see it when it has been fully reclaimed and restored. I cannot wait for them to see it.

#the quest #the company #my sister children

10:10PM We did not dare risk a fire tonight. Thorin promised to take me on a tour of Erebor tomorrow, in his attempt to rediscover his old stomping grounds as a child. The East Wind is blowing bitter hints of winter at us, but Thorin is warm and speaks of the renewal of his people with a fire that I have seldom seen before burning in his eyes.
I find myself shivering, but not due to the cold.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

October 25th

Thorin

7:15 am
I feel as if I have barely slept. There may still be a dragon about somewhere, but to be within my home again has my heart racing in excitement. I informed Bilbo as soon as he woke that I planned to show him as much of Erebor as we would be able to see in a day.
#the quest #ghivashel

8:30 am
Bilbo and the company insisted on breakfast before exploration. Most of the company has decided to go with Balin, as he also remembers these halls. Nori decided to explore on his own, though Bofur quickly joined him. Dwalin has informed me that he will be sure to keep an eye on Fíli and Kíli, for which I thanked him. We have all agreed to meet here again at noon and at supper.
#the quest #ghivashel #the company #balin #nori #bofur #dwalin #my sister children

Bilbo

8:45AM Thorin was eager to explore the halls almost as soon as the rest of us woke up, but I insisted he sit down to breakfast with us. We also agreed as a Company that while we were free to explore Erebor today, we must all meet up for lunch and supper so that we may all be accounted for during the day.
#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:10 am
Bilbo and I are nearing the Hall of Kings. It is a vast banquet hall where feasts and dances were held. I recall how the music would echo and swell around us, the sound of stories being told and the
accompanying laughter. There had been bright tapestries on the walls that showed the previous rulers of Erebor and pillars with intricately carved designs. I can remember several instances where I explored the pillars, fascinated by the various carvings.

I have told all of this to Bilbo as we have walked, and of memories that have sparked in my mind. Memories of helping to teach both Frerin and Dis how to dance, discovering which pillar was their favorite, and finding the best places to be in the hall to observe those gathered.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:21AM Thorin has taken me to see the Hall of Kings. It is a banqueting hall, and once had been the pride and glory of the Kingdom Under the Mountain. The floor is gold and the pillars are intricately carved, and old faded tapestries of previous Kings hang on the walls. If it looks magnificent even now in the wake of a dragon, I can only assume that it once looked radiant when it was full of light and music and cheer.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:25 am

I knew that the years have lead to the presence of ruin in Erebor but there is more in the Hall of Kings. It is not just the torn tapestries or broken pillars that point to Smaug’s destruction, but the floor itself has turned gold. It looks as if it was poured over the entire length of the hall, and it shines where the rest of the room is dark and dusted in age. I do not know what happened here to cause such a change, as I am sure that Smaug is not responsible.

#the quest

9:35 am

Bilbo has been examining the golden floor with me and has pointed out places that show Smaug’s presence — claw marks, the imprints of scales and heavy steps, the long scratches from his tail. From the destruction, it seems as if he had come under attack. But from whom?

#the quest #ghivashel

9:45 am

We have discovered weapons and armor that is not of Erebor but of the Iron Hills. It is not as aged and ruined as the other items that we have found. Could the Dwarves of the Iron Hills have tried to rid Erebor of Smaug as well? Perhaps that would explain the golden floor — an attempt to trap the dragon in melted gold. It would have been an ironic end for the beast, if it had worked. Judging by the amount of armor and weapons, and the corpses that Smaug did not devour, many lost their lives in the attempt. If that is indeed what happened, then Dain’s reluctance to help in this quest is better explained.

#the quest #ghivashel #dain

10AM On a closer examination I could see that the gold flooring was applied more recently, as it has clung to overturned tables and fallen pillars, and embedded tapestries within. There are also claw marks in it and irregular lumps, perhaps from a valiant effort to bury a dragon in molten gold. Someone has made a valiant stand against Smaug, but I suspect it was to no avail, as there are bodies, weapons, and armour scattered by the dusty, abandoned furniture in the hall, long decayed. Thorin seems stricken by the revelation.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
Bilbo and I have left the Hall of Kings; the floor is strange to see and there is more to explore. I have offered to show him the forges of Erebor next. Though I know that the fires have long gone out, I can still recall their heat and light.

#the quest #ghivashel

The forges are as cold and dark as I expected them to be, though the sight still pains me. Bilbo has proclaimed that the size of the forges are quite impressive and I have offered to take him closer.

#the quest #ghivashel

I was still young when Smaug attacked and thus do not have as many memories of the forges as I do of other aspects of Erebor. I remember the hiss of steam and the constant heat, the sound of metal being shaped. It had been musical in its own sense, similar to a heartbeat in how everything had worked smoothly together.

#the quest

The forges of Erebor are vast. I cannot believe all of it could be accommodated within one mountain. The bellows and anvils are far too big for single Dwarves; I suspect entire teams of them once worked here.

Thorin talks of a dance that was oft played out in this room, a rhythm almost innate to the smiths that worked this magnificent forge. I almost wish I could have seen it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Noon has arrived and Bilbo and I have left the forges to meet with the company for lunch. Though these halls are dark and in ruins, I am happy to be in them once again.

#the quest #ghivashel

The company has told us of the exploration that they did. They spent quite some time in the library, which Bilbo seemed quite interested in seeing. I promised that I would show it to him, though I wished to show him another place first — the room of my childhood.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

After lunch at the Gate, Thorin took me to the royal apartments. I had wanted to see the library, as Ori was talking so avidly about them, but Thorin said he would show me another time — there were other things he wanted me to see.

The royal apartments overlooked what once had been an underground terrace, and the light from outside filtered right in through cleverly-placed skylights. This terrace is barren now, but Thorin said it had been well-maintained by his mother and grandmother. He also pointed out his siblings’ rooms, as well as his parents’ and his grandparents’. I find I am more curious about his, though.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #scribedwarf
2:30 pm

I have led Bilbo to the rooms that belonged to my kin and I. We have not opened any doors besides my own, but I pointed out my grandfather’s chambers along with my parents’. Frerin’s and Dís’ are further down the way, though I do not think I have the heart to explore them today.

#the quest #ghivashel

2:45 pm

Bilbo is laughing at my childhood room and its contents. He seems especially amused by the wooden rocking boar and keeps attempting to convince me to sit on it. I have told him that the wood would not be able to hold my weight now as it did when I was a child, but his laughter has done well to lift my mood.

The murals on my wall have faded in the passage of time, but the images are as I remember them. The carvings of the stars are still present on the ceiling and even coated as thickly they are in dust, the sheets that I remember are still upon my bed. If not for the signs of age, it is after if I had stepped out of the room not moments ago, with things left where they were.

#the quest #ghivashel

2:50 PM I had almost forgotten that Thorin had been little more than a child when Smaug came, but his old room only served to remind me of the fact. It is, indeed, a child’s room, with carvings of stars on the ceiling and bright murals faded with time. The toys are covered in dust but largely untouched. Amusingly, there is a wooden rocking-boar in the corner, as well as a stuffed one on his childhood bed. It feels as if I am stepping back in time, to a simpler, happier era in Thorin’s life. I wonder what could have happened had the Dragon not come. He would have been less grim, I suppose, but he wouldn’t have ever crossed paths with me, either.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:50 pm

Bilbo has discovered the boar toy that I slept with when younger. He is giggling, saying that he wishes he could have seen me when I was a child. His laughter is like a bright light, pulling me towards him.

#the quest #ghivashel

3 pm

So much has changed since I last stood in this room. Now, I’m here with my One and he wears my beads in his hair. I’ve showed him the kingdom and even the room of my childhood and he has gazed at it with wonder in his eyes. I feel as if I’ve laid my own self before him to explore and examine and now feel the pull to do the same to him. My home is not the only thing I wish to claim in this moment.

#the quest #ghivashel

3:15 pm

Bilbo has reminded me of our decision to save any further physical relations for when Erebor is fully reclaimed. I agreed, apologizing for my behavior, and we have both decided to continue our exploration somewhere else.

#the quest #ghivashel
3:19PM Thorin tried to break our agreement.

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It was almost as if he had been reading my thoughts, but after a couple moments of me looking wistfully at his childhood toys I could feel him close behind me. Before I knew it, Thorin was kissing me, and pushing me down onto the bed, and I had to think fast to clear his head of whatever made him want to have relations with me in his childhood bed, of all places.

I reminded him of the agreement we made in Lake-town, and he subsided, apologising for his behaviour and suggesting we move elsewhere. On the way out, I saw him pocket the stuffed boar.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4 pm

Night is drawing near but before we are to return to the rest of the company, I decided to show Bilbo the Throne Room. It is in ruins as the rest of Erebor is, though the throne is still a sight to behold. It is cracked and part of it destroyed, yet this room has not lost its weight of importance.

#the quest #ghivashel

4:15 pm

Bilbo asked about the image above the throne. I told him of the Arkenstone, the Heart of the Mountain. It is the King’s Jewel and once sat above the throne, though was lost when Smaug attacked.

"It was like a globe with a thousand facets,” I described, still to picture it in my mind. “It shone like silver in the firelight, like water in the sun, like snow under the stars, like rain upon the moon.”

It will be found, I know, and returned to its rightful place.

#the quest #ghivashel

4:21PM We are in the throne-room. Thorin does not dare sit on the throne; instead he looks up at it longingly, at this crack above the throne where I suspect a gem may have held its place.

I asked him what he was thinking of, and he said he was thinking of the Arkenstone, or the Heart of the Mountain. According to him it was like a “globe with a thousand facets”, and “shone like silver in the firelight, like water in the sun, like snow under the stars, like rain upon the moon.”

Perhaps he was looking for this gem the other day. I remember hearing about it once or twice as a symbol important to the Dwarves.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:30PM It is barely suppertime and already my limbs and my heart are heavy with worry and fatigue.

#adventureblogging

4:40 pm

Bilbo has admitted to being tired and I said that I was as well. We have begun to head back to where the company had agreed to gather, though I cannot help but turn back to the throne once more, and the empty spot above it.

#the quest #ghivashel
6 pm

We have regrouped with the company and they have been speaking of their exploration of the armoury. It is aged as the rest of Erebor, but they brought back several weapons and pieces of armor that have lasted well through the years.

#the quest #the company

8:30 pm

Though I still want to walk these halls more, we have all agreed that in the morning, we are to head to Ravenhill. None of us have heard nor seen any sign of Smaug, though we have chosen to not risk a fire once again. I do not know where the dragon is but the continued silence is more jarring than if I could hear his roar.

#the roar

8:45PM Over supper the Company talked of the armoury and the pieces of armour and weapons that they had taken, still well-preserved despite the Dragon’s presence. Some of them are already wearing some new mail-shirts and armour plates. We have also agreed, per Balin’s suggestion, to relocate to Ravenhill tomorrow, so that we may have a view of the surrounding lands in case Smaug is merely biding his time. In the meantime, I must rest and seek what little warmth I can from Thorin before the winter sets in.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brainsdwarf

9:45 pm

My mind refuses to release the image of the Throne Room, and the empty slot above the throne where the Arkenstone once sat. There is much work to be done to restore Erebor to its previous glory, but I feel as if once the Arkenstone is found and placed where it belongs, then Erebor’s healing can truly begin.

#the quest

Chapter End Notes

For anyone wondering about the golden floor - in the movies, the company tried to trap Smaug within melted gold For The Drama. However, that scene was never present in the book. Since these Liveblogs were a mixture of the two canons, (and we certainly don’t want to lose the This Floor is Freaking Me Out!! moment later on), we decided it would be better to have had it happen, but not for the company themselves to be the ones to flood the place in gold
October 26 - November 1

Chapter Notes

Happy Unexpected Anniversary!!! It's been 4 years since the Liveblogs originally posted and 2 years since I started this transition to AO3 - sorry it's been taking so long and thanks for being so patient and kind this whole time :) All of you are lovely!! <3

October 26th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am

Memories kept me awake throughout most of the night. Without fire and by only the light of the moon and the rising sun, the mountain looks hollow. I know that there is still much to do before Erebor is truly reclaimed and restored, including dealing with a dragon. We are to travel to Ravenhill soon but I find that I do not wish to leave these halls just yet.

#the quest

Bilbo

8:09 AM We are to set out for Ravenhill before breakfast. It will be a five-hour march according to Balin, as the road from the Gate to the River Running is all broken up. However, with some luck we may be able to find our way to the road from the river to Ravenhill, though it will make for some heavy climbing even with the old steps intact.
I find that I am rather dreading the climb, as there is currently no breakfast to be had.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

8:45 am

Though this walk is very different, as we follow the path along the river, I cannot help but remember the days just after Erebor’s fall. I remember seeing so many around me, clinging to those that they had left, to the precious few things that they were able to grab and carry. There was a sound of sorrow in the air, a mixture of grief and pain.
There is no such sound like that now on the wind, just the first bites of winter pulling at us, but I stopped to look back to Erebor nonetheless, to be sure that the only smoke that was rising from Erebor was the smoke that I imagined.

#the quest

9:21 AM The path along the left bank of the river is no more, and as we trudge along the stones I can see Thorin losing his cheer with each step. He is looking intensely at his old stuffed boar, as if he is trying to cling onto the past.
The old bridge that spanned this river to the path to Ravenhill has fallen, but we will try to ford the river as best as we can. It does not seem terribly deep here, and there are stones in the water still.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10:34 AM We have forded the river. The climb before us along the right bank is steep, but Balin says
we will find the old road long before we collapse from the exhaustion of having to climb this bank.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

11:30 am

Anonymous asked:

What exactly does the Arkenstone mean to your people and you in particular? Is it a well known gem even amongst the other dwarven houses/clans?

The Arkenstone is the Heart of the Mountain. To my people, it is a sign from Mahal of the King's right to rule.

To me, it is a symbol of hope that Erebor will one day thrive and live as I remember it.

#ask #anonymous

1 pm

We are stopping for a meal, though there are quite a few low complaints about the cram. When Erebor is reclaimed fully, I’ll see that none shall have to eat cram again. There’s enough treasure in the mountain that my people will want for nothing, will eat and drink and fill the mountain with music as they did in my memories. We’ve lived and suffered through these many years of exile that the story of our return will be told for generations.

#the quest

1:15PM We are having breakfast (or rather, lunch), which is mostly just cram and water, in a deep dell along the old road to Ravenhill. The climb here has been difficult, but I suppose that just makes me all the more grateful for having anything to eat. Unfortunately, not even hunger can dissipate the dissatisfactory taste of cram, which is completely useless in texture and taste except as a chewing exercise.

#adventureblogging

2:40PM We have finally reached the old guard-chambers of Ravenhill. It is a flat space with only one wall to the North, and the East, West, and South offer uninterrupted views of the lands beyond. I think I can barely make out Lake-town, though it is hazy in the distance. Perhaps the Dwarves of old used devices to help them see farther than I can.

This chamber could easily hold a hundred, but there is another chamber further in, removed from the cold. We have set our packs down there, and Ori and Bifur have decided to go to sleep.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #axedwarf

3 pm

We have arrived at Ravenhill and have view of much of the land around us. The desolation is just as startling to me each time that I see it.

We have entered the guardroom, a large chamber fit for those who once stood watch over Erebor. Balin said that the kingdom had been so safe before that the watchmen had little to do. He mused that perhaps if things had not become so comfortable, there would have been more warning to the dragon’s approach.

“But for now,” Balin said, “we can be hidden and sheltered for a while and see much without being seen.”

“Doesn’t do us much use if we’ve already been seen,” Dori replied, watching the skies, shoulders tensed.

“We will have to take that chance,” I told him. “We will go no further today.”

I could hear the murmured cries of agreement from the company, all of them tired from the climb we have just made.

#the quest #the company #balin #dori
5PM Dori keeps looking back towards the Mountain, as if expecting Smaug to be perched on the summit like a bird. There is nothing there, of course, but still he worries. There are no signs of the dragon anywhere in any direction, though in the South there seems to be a great gathering of birds.

#adventureblogging #winedwarf

6:15 pm

There are some in the company that are taking this opportunity to rest while others keep awake, talking quietly. There is mostly talk of Smaug and his possible whereabouts and the fate of Lake-town.

Fíli and Kíli started questioning Balin, however, on more details of Erebor before its fall. He has been telling them of the ravens that here on Ravenhill.

#the quest #the company #my sister children #balin

8:24PM We cannot help but speculate on Smaug’s fate. It has been days since we last heard from him; perhaps he has met his doom in Lake-town somehow. I cannot see if the town is in ruins or where the dragon may lay as a carcass. But perhaps the birds that are gathering are friendly to the Mountain, and hopeful in returning to the old territory that they, too, had lost to Smaug so many years before.
We only have our speculations on this matter, but I certainly hope the presence of the birds bode well for us.

#adventureblogging

10:10PM The watch has long since been set. Thorin and I are taking first watch, Balin and Kíli second, and Bo and Dwalin third. The stars are pale and cold above and the wind chills me to the bone. We have not made a fire in a long time out of terror at the possibility of being spotted by the Dragon, but I am starting to wonder if all of this caution had been necessary. Smaug wouldn’t abandon his hoard unless he was forced to, after all. Perhaps he has finally met his end.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #brainsdwarf #thing 2 #hatdwarf #brawnsdwarf

October 27th, 2015

Bilbo

12:10AM The watch has ended. Thorin and I are still curled in close for warmth, though at this point he seems to be more wrapped around me than I am around him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

12:45 am

Bilbo and I have finished our watch, yet I cannot seem to find sleep. There was hopeful talk among the company that the continued absence of Smaug could be due to the beast having been brought down. I do not want to raise my hopes but I cannot get my mind to let the idea go.

#the quest #ghivashel

7:45 am

The second and third watches had nothing to report for signs of Smaug’s return. Dwalin did point out the continued gathering of birds — large companies moving in from the South. I can see that the crows that still lived around the mountain are circling and calling out above it.
8:08AM Despite the watch set there is still no dragon to be found, not even perched on the mountain like a bird. However, the birds gathering in the South do not seem to have diminished at all. What ill news will we hear today?

10 am

The birds’ presence means something, though I am still hesitant to put words to it. Yet the longer I watch them, the more I wonder about the fate of Smaug. What else would be the cause of the finches and starlings gathering together so thickly, despite it being past their migration season?

10:11AM I had no idea Thorin paid attention to birds at all, but I suppose he does know of the migratory patterns of the birds of Erebor. He says it is past the autumnal migration season, but the finches and starlings are native to these lands, and the flocks of carrion-birds farther South suggests that there has been a recent battle. I wonder what that forebodes.

10:42AM The old thrush from a week or so ago has returned, evidently having escaped Smaug’s rampage. It is trilling at us in an attempt to convey some sort of message, but neither Balin nor I (or Thorin, it seems) can understand its song. I don’t know why Balin would have expected me to understand the language of thrushes anyway; it’s not something I’ve studied before.

10:50 am

The thrush that assisted us in opening the door into the mountain returned. It has been singing at us, though it seems to expect us to speak back. None in the company, who all gathered together after breakfast, are able to understand the thrush’s song, as it is very quick and difficult.

11AM The thrush has flown off, as we cannot understand it. Balin had wished for a raven, and I asked him why he would care for a raven when he seemed to dislike the black birds that flew above us when we were last by Ravenhill. He explained that those had been crows, and nasty little buggers, too, calling us all sorts of terrible names. Ravens, however, have had a long friendship with the Dwarves of Erebor, and he himself had grown up with many ravens as friends and confidantes. In fact, Ravenhill got its name because a raven named Carc and its mate made their nest and brood atop the guardhouse. But now, according to Balin, there are hardly any of that noble lineage left in these parts.

11:10 am

Balin was speaking of the ravens that once held friendship with Erebor and how they brought us secret news in exchange for the bright things that they coveted for their dwellings. He mentioned Carc, a wise and famous raven that lived here on Ravenhill, and the thrush gave a loud, deliberate call and departed. We may not be able to understand its song, but it seems to have understood us.

12:09PM A very old, very decrepit raven has landed with the thrush. It seems to be going blind and the top of its head is bald, but it is still immense and regal and it can speak Common. It — he? — introduced himself as Roäc, son of Carc. He is a hundred and fifty-three years old, having been born
after the fall of Erebor, but he remembers the tales of old and is now chief of the ravens. He now comes to bring us news from the South.

#adventureblogging

12:15 pm

A raven named Roäc, son of Carc, landed before us. He is quite aged but says that though the ravens are now few in numbers, they have not forgotten Erebor nor its king. And he says…

He says that Smaug is dead.

The dragon is dead.

#the quest #erebor is reclaimed

12:40PM Roäc has informed us that Smaug is dead! The Company began to celebrate the news, and it took some time for Thorin to calm everyone down so that we could listen to the rest of the tidings.

~~

Apparently the thrush was an eyewitness to the downfall of the dragon at the hand of none else but Bard himself. With Smaug dead, we are free to claim the treasure as ours — but not for long, as news of Smaug’s death has spread far and wide, and most others have assumed that we have perished before Smaug’s attack on Lake-town. Thus, the Lake-men are coming for a share of the treasure as we had promised them, and so have the Wood-elves (though we didn’t promise the Elves anything). The carrion-birds travel with the Elves in hopes of battle and slaughter, but the Lake-men only seek the reparations that we owe them for setting a dragon (however inadvertently) on them. Thorin doesn’t seem very pleased with the prospect of their arrival.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

12:45 pm

The company’s cheer at the news of Smaug’s death was difficult to settle but once they were calm enough, Roäc told of the thrush’s account of what had happened. Bard of Lake-town apparently shot the dragon down and word has spread quickly.

Erebor is reclaimed, it is ours once again, yet we have barely taken a breath and already there are those who wish to steal it away again. Roäc reports that the Men of Lake-town as well as those cursed Wood-Elves are approaching the mountain now to lay their hands on our gold. The dragon is dead yet it seems that there are still thieves afoot.

#the quest #the company

12:47PM I asked after the health of the children of Lake-town, as well as the Master and his councillors. Roäc told me (after some consulting with the thrush) that most of the children had been evacuated to safety in time (relatively speaking, considering that there’s little anyone can do to hide from a dragon of all things), but the Master had perished in the destruction of Lake-town. As for the councillors, the thrush is not sure on their fates.

#adventureblogging

12:50PM Thorin has just informed Roäc that the Dwarves intend to claim all of the treasure as their own, and that they will give none of it to “thieves or the violent”. He also told Roäc to send any younger ravens that may still live nearby to the Orocarni Mountains and the Iron Hills and tell the Dwarves that live there of our plight. He said especially to ask Dáin of the Iron Hills for military help.

This was not what he promised in Lake-town.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

1 pm

I told Roäc to gather those ravens who were still able to fly and to send them to my kin in the
mountains of the North and ask for their aid. I’ve instructed that Dáin most importantly be told, as he’s well-armed and dwells nearest to here. The Men and Elves approach with their weapons and ill-intentions. My people’s home was only just returned, the forges not even lit again yet, and already they mean to tear it from us. No doubt they’d see us remain in exile until the end of days.

We must return to Erebor immediately and begin to fortify a defense against those who would step over the ashes and bones of my people for our treasure.

#the quest

1:15PM We are hastening back to Erebor with no time (or food) to spare. I cannot help but look towards Thorin, as with each step back towards Erebor the shadows on his face seem to lengthen.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

6:15 pm

We have returned to Erebor’s halls in time for the sun to begin to set. As there is no longer any fear of being discovered by Smaug, the company has lit a fire and seems intent on celebrating through the night.

Though our home is ours once again, I cannot think of celebration at this time. There are those who approach who would see Erebor ripped away from us again. I feel as if unseen enemies are crawling through these halls and my heart is uneasy.

#the quest #the company

6:31PM We have arrived at the Front Gate. The Company has determined to begin fortifications tomorrow, as they can be finished in less than a week. Tonight is to be dedicated to celebration, as we have reclaimed the treasure of Erebor.

As far as I’m concerned, the treasure belongs more to Bard than any of us, as we merely cowered in a tunnel while he did all the work of killing the dragon, but I suspect Thorin would have my head for voicing such a thought. I must bite my tongue, though my heart tells me this gold was wrongly won.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:45PM We have passed around another bottle of wine and Bifur, Dori, Bo, and Bombur have fetched out some instruments from the hoard. The night is merry but Thorin is not present. I wonder where he may be, as the celebration is more or less in his honour as he can now reclaim his birthright as the King Under the Mountain.

#adventureblogging #axedwarf #winedwarf #hatdwarf #bigdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8 pm

This gold is my people’s future and they would come with war in their hearts to take it from us. They claim that that they deserve it but they have not suffered as my people have for all of these years. The Arkenstone is within these halls, the symbol of hope and strength in Erebor. It must be found for Erebor to stand strong once again its foes.

#the quest

8:35 pm

The company may be few but we are strong and within our home. We have plans to begin building up fortifications tomorrow to defend against thieves and intruders. And if the ravens reach Dáin and deliver the message of our plight, I am sure that he will lend his aid.

#the quest #the company #dain

8:52PM I found Thorin staring at the hoard.

~~
He was staring at the sea of gold as if transfixed, and only when I cleared my throat did he startle to see me. I asked him why he was not with the rest of the Company, and he shook his head, saying that the Arkenstone is pulling at him, occupying his thoughts. Now that the treasure is his, he has all the time in the world to find it.

“But you heard the raven, right?” I asked. “The Lake-men and the Wood-elves are coming, too, and I am sure winter is coming swiftly behind them. We only have until our supplies run out, as I doubt there is anything suitable for eating in this Mountain, and we certainly cannot eat gold or gems to survive the winter.”

Thorin laughed, but it didn’t seem to reach his eyes. “Think nothing of the Lake-men and the Wood-elves. We must defend what is our own, and with the right fortifications they’ll never be able to breach us. Don’t underestimate Dwarves, Bilbo Baggins!”

He drew me to him and kissed me, but I cannot feel the tenderness in him that he is wont to give. This kiss seemed hungrier, more possessive, as if he wished to claim me. I had to break it after a moment, taking several steps away from him and catching my breath. I could see his expression shift as my presence left his.

“Have I hurt you?” he asked.

I shook my head.

“Then why must you leave me, my treasure?”

I can still feel the chill that ran down my spine when I heard that endearment.

“I am leaving because I am tired and would like to rest.” I lied, but that seemed to have done the trick, as Thorin immediately insisted on returning with me. He is still by my side, singularly determined not to be parted from me.

I fear that he is changing, that the gold is changing him. I fear for him, but I do not fear him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:15 pm

Bilbo has lead me to where the company is gathered. There is a strained look to his eyes and his smile seemed forced. I asked if he was feeling well and he said, once again, that he was simply tired.

#the quest #ghivashel

October 28th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am

I could not sleep. I feel as if I can hear the march of the approaching Men and Elves, the sound echoing off of the stone around me.

The company is to start on the fortifications today. While I do wish to help, the Arkenstone must be found. I should go to search for it now, as the sooner it is replaced to its rightful hold above the throne, the better.

#the quest #the company

Bilbo

8:35AM Despite having been inseparable from me the previous night, Thorin was not in his bedroll this morning. I have an idea of where he may be, but I do not wish to pry. I have no stomach for it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9 am

I can see the entrance to the small tunnel that we were in for several days. It has reminded me that
there are other ways of getting into Erebor besides the Front Gate. We will have to search to be sure that all of those ways are blocked.

#the quest

9:43AM Thorin has returned to us for breakfast. He has told us that we are to seal off all points of entry into Erebor that we can find, and to change the course of the River Running so that it will form a pool before the Front Gate and provide an additional barrier.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

10:30 am

I told the company to be sure to check for other passages into the mountain and was asked to stay for breakfast. Truthfully, I had forgotten about it, as I had not felt any hunger pangs, but I joined them despite that.

I am quite happy to have this company with me, even more so than when this quest began. There are few else that I would wish to have here at my side, preparing to keep a hold upon our home.

#the quest #the company

11:15AM We are exploring Erebor, seeking out all of the other ways into the mountain. Once we figure out the other ways inside, the Company will be able to begin fortifications.

#adventureblogging #the company

12:45 pm

I’ve returned to the treasure and I’m searching for the Arkenstone once more. For Erebor to thrive and stand strong against those that mean it harm, there must be a symbol of hope present. And despite how it fell, the stone had helped to lead Erebor into greatness. I’d give anything see my home shine in glory once again.

#the quest

1:38PM There are no other paths into Erebor, as all of the other Gates, as well as the Secret Door, have been blocked. Fortifications on the Front Gate are to begin immediately, alongside changing the course of the River Running.

We have more time than expected, however, as Roäc has sent some members of his family to bring us news. The Elvenking has apparently met up with Bard and the Lake-men. They will take some time to get to Erebor, as they are going around the lake as opposed to across it like we did.

#adventureblogging

2:15 pm

The ravens have brought more news, I’m told. The Elvenking, curse him, has now met with the Men of Lake-town. It’ll take them some time to reach Erebor, as they are traveling the further course around the lake, but it’s already as if the heat of their greed for my people’s treasure is burning me.

#the quest

3:27PM A raven has come to deliver us more news. Apparently three of our ponies have escaped Smaug as well, and are wandering along the banks of the River Running near where our supplies were. Fíli and Kíli have been sent to retrieve them along with any remaining supplies, as we will need all that we can store.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2

5:09PM The building has been going smoothly, as we have plenty of tools and rubble in Erebor to work with. I haven’t been doing any of the heavy lifting, despite offering my help. Balin instead had me serve as lookout for most of the day.
I’m starting to feel a bit useless again, to be honest.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

5:30 pm

I have discovered a golden harp. It shines softly and though it has been here for so long, it still plays wonderfully. To play within the halls of Erebor once again... I am reminded of learning to play with my mother at my side. She had guided my hands softly, humming the melody as it danced in the air around us.

#the quest

6:55 pm
diskingoferebor asked:

Thorin, recently you said "I’d give anything see my home shine in glory once again." and I’d like to know if you are TRULY ready to give ANYTHING to see Erebor restored. What if the cost of restoring Erebor is losing the Arkenstone? Are you prepared to sacrifice that for the good of your people? If there is a battle, the entire company will help. Are you prepared for the cost of restoring Erebor to be the lives of your nephews? Are you prepared for cost of restoring Erebor to be BILBO’S life?

I very much wish to see Erebor restored without bloodshed. The mountain is ours once again and the only reason that a battle may happen is due to the Men and Elves at our doors, come to steal what is ours.

The thought of Fíli, Kíli, or Bilbo losing their lives is deeply troubling to me, but being here on this quest is their choice. If they so choose to fight in a battle, then I cannot stop them. Also, Kíli is my sister-child, and prefers to be referred to as they.

As for the Arkenstone, it is hope to my people. For Erebor to be fully restored to its great height and power, I believe that it is needed. But if it were to be lost in the process, I know that we will continue forward, as we have all of these years in exile.

#ask #diskingoferebor #my sister children #ghivashel

8:21PM Supper had been quiet. The fire is burning brightly and Thorin is still up, staring into the flames just as transfixed as he had been when staring at the hoard. I wonder what he sees in the flickers between shadow and light.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:15PM
Anonymous asked:
You're far from useless. I think Balin might have a good idea in posting you as lookout, you're observant and have keen senses. It would be in their best interests to have someone like that keeping a watch out for things amiss. If there's nothing to keep lookout for outside at the moment, keeping lookout on your dwarves would be a good idea too; to make sure they're not over working themselves or acting peculiarly. You've a good head on your shoulders, you'll notice if something's wrong.

If something is wrong, I highly doubt it will come from without.

#ask #anonymous #brainsdwarf #the company

9:15 pm

I could not find the Arkenstone today. I will continue to try tomorrow but I am disappointed with my own failure. It needs to be found, soon.

The company began fortifications and Balin predicts that while it will only take several days to finish, it should be done before the Men and Elves arrive.
October 29th, 2015

Thorin

7:45 am
The treasure seems to stretch on forever. I worry that I will not be able to find the Arkenstone, that Dáin will not send aid or that if he does, they will not arrive in time. I worry that Erebor will be lost to us when we have only just gotten it back.

#the quest

Bilbo

8:52 AM Thorin is missing from his bedroll once more. It is a coldness I would rather not have, but I suppose it is in some way revenge for me deserting him in the mornings back in Lake-town. Or at least, if I do complain about it, I suspect he’d say as much.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

9:15 am
I can distinguish the areas that Smaug slept in for long periods of times, as the gold is heavily shifted and stinks of dragon. I have found several scales, which reflect the torchlight nearly as much as the treasure. They have been put to the side so as to be disposed off. I am glad that the beast is dead and wish to completely rid these halls of his presence and memory.

#the quest

10:16 AM Thorin has not shown up to breakfast. I have half a mind to find him and cram some cram down his throat, but that might not be taken well. In any case, it was his idea to fortify the Mountain; it just seems like it should be his responsibility to oversee it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

11 am
Other than the shifting of the treasure as I move over it, it’s still and silent in this hall. I can’t help but stop and look out at the gold and sheer amount of it. It’s both impressive and daunting, how very far it stretches.

#the quest

12:29 PM The ravens have brought tidings at lunch. The Elves and Lake-men are making slow progress, and Fíli and Kíli are still trying to corral the ponies. I asked if they were in need of provisions, and the ravens said that they seemed fine for now.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2
12:45 pm

The ravens report that while it is slow, the Men and Elves have made progress. They near the mountain with their ill intentions and my stomach twists at the thought. I have departed early from lunch; I need to return to searching.

#the quest

2 pm

Anonymous asked:

Is it possible that Bilbo is worried about you because Hobbits don't put such significance on gems? He may be perceiving your behaviour as an obsession, whether it is or not.

Bilbo has not said anything to me or indicated in any way that he is worried about me.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

3:04PM Building continues. The Company works tirelessly under Balin’s direction, though Glóin seems to be the one with the better sense of how to shape the rubble into pieces that would slot together well. Most of it is to shore up the Gates, which have been closed. I am on the ramparts above the Gate, but I cannot look outwards when all of my concern lies inside.

#adventureblogging #the company #brainsdwarf #firedwarf

5:25 pm

Perhaps I should ask if the company will assist me in searching for the Arkenstone. I felt that I would be able to find it myself, but the pull that I feel here is not centered on any one area — it seems that each coin calls to me as strongly as the next.

#the quest #the company

5:45 pm

Anonymous asked:

Just because he doesn't say it doesn't mean he's not worried.

If Bilbo’s worried about me, than he simply need to say so. If he does, then we’ll speak of it. I’m perfectly capable of communicating with him, thank you.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

6:21PM Supper is quiet once more. The ravens brought more tidings about the progression of Fíli and Kíli; it should not take them more than two more days to find the last of the ponies and bring them and the rest of the supplies back. By then we hope to be mostly finished with the Gate and starting to divert the River instead. Thorin had returned to the hoard after lunch and has only just emerged for food. I wonder if he has been looking for the Arkenstone all day.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:30 pm

Balin reports that the fortifications are coming along well and that the ravens told of more progress made by the Elves and Men. I asked if there was any word yet from Dáin but there has been none. I know that more time is needed for a response but the possibility of his refusal still troubles me.
I have watch with Bo tonight. He has pipe-weed to share, and his expression is grave, and his ear is an excellent one for listening. I can see Thorin across the fire, tossing with restless sleep. Treasure pulls at him in dreams and in waking. I only hope he will not succumb to whatever temptations his mind might suggest to him.

October 30th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am

I awoke to the glare of sunlight and would have been annoyed by its presence if I had not looked away from it and towards Bilbo. The sunlight has made the beads in his hair gleam in the most captivating of ways and it has turned his curls to spun gold. I have only just come to the realization that I have been leaving him in the morning before he wakes, thus going against the rule I had made in Lake-town — that if the one was to leave before the other, a kiss was the cost of departing so early. The rule had been made in jest, but I regret having broken it nonetheless.

I need to return to searching for the Arkenstone but I wish for Bilbo to near me as well. He is not able to easily help with the fortifications and has been set as lookout. I think he would do well closer to me.

Bilbo

7:34AM I was woken by Thorin this morning. He first pressed a good-morning kiss to my lips that made my heart flutter, and then asked me if I would go to the hoard with him. I told him I would, under the condition that he eats all of his meals today. He has readily agreed.

7:45 am

Bilbo’s agreed to join me in the treasury, though he’s asked that I eat three meals today. I agreed, though I haven’t felt in want of food these past few days. But I do feel a want for his presence, to be able to glance over and see him whenever I desire. I recall that he looks quite splendid with a pile of gold behind him.

8:45AM Thorin seems agitated by our need to eat an actual breakfast. I told him he had made a promise, and that gave him pause for a moment before he tucked into his own helping of food.
9 am

Bilbo is quite insistent about my eating. It tastes bland in my mouth and curls sour in my stomach, but it is what Bilbo desires. I do not have it within me to deny him much of anything.

10:36 AM Thorin has set me as a lookout on top of a giant mound of gold. The entire chamber smells of dragon, and Thorin has already amassed a sizeable amount of dragon scales. I asked him why I needed to be lookout in here when I was doing the same job on the Gate, and he replied with an almost-violent “don’t go, you mean much more to me than you do to the rest of them.” I am still not sure why he said that, or why he needed to sound so desperate about it.

11 am

Once we reached the treasury, I chose a pile of gold that I had already searched and had Bilbo perch there as lookout. It is relieving to have someone else, especially him, here with me. Being here alone sometimes felt like I had been swallowed into a solitary world.

However, Bilbo voiced his concern about not being a lookout for the company. But I told him to stay. Why would he wish to return to the Front Gate? I’ve need of him here, with me.

He looks just as lovely framed by gold as I’d imagined.

1:03 PM Ori brought us lunch, saying that we’d missed the one at the camp. I’ve been let down from my tower of gold to make sure Thorin actually eats the lunch.

1:25 pm

Bilbo had called my name to get my attention and for a few moments, I had falsely believed that trouble had found him. However, it was simply Ori, come to deliver some food. I tried to decline, as I was truly not hungry, but Bilbo insisted that the food be eaten.

3:30 pm

I know that Bilbo has keen eyes and so asked him if he could see anything from his spot atop the gold. If there was any glint that seemed different from the rest of the treasure, some sign of the Arkenstone. He looked around for a few minutes before saying that nothing stood out to him.

How deeply buried could the Arkenstone be?

4:29 PM I asked Thorin why he believed that the Arkenstone was going to fix anything. He shook
his head rather doggedly and said that it was an important symbol, and that without it, he had no right
to rule. I told him that making the Mountain prosperous and peaceful again — especially to nearby
allies like the Wood-elves and the Lake-men — would make anyone see he’s worthy of the throne.
We’d almost had a row about this subject before, I’m sure. I just can’t remember when.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4:50 pm

Bilbo asked me why the Arkenstone was so important to find. I do not think I was able to explain
well enough how much of a symbol it is to my people. If I am to help and lead Erebor back to its
where it once was, I need the Arkenstone. Without it, I am just a blacksmith, royal lineage or not.
Why else would any allow me to lead, to rule?
#the quest #ghivashel

5:45

Anonymous asked

I hope your appetite returns to you soon and you won't have to eat because of outside cajoling.
Loss of appetite isn't healthy. I am worried for you.

I thank you for your concern but it is not needed. I am fine — not having a desire to eat does not
immediately mean a cause of worry. With the amount of cram we have been consuming of late, it is
no wonder that my stomach is protesting.
#ask #anonymous

6:38PM We managed to get back out to the Gate for supper. The wall fortifications are still going
smooth, even without me. The Company is probably going to finish it within a couple of days.
I do not know why Thorin would desire being sealed away from the rest of the world, even if it is the
Arkenstone that is changing him.
#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7 pm

Balin says that the fortifications should be done in two days time. The ravens told that the Elves and
Men continually come closer to the mountain, and that my nanaddan are still searching for the last
pony, though once they find it, they will be able to return with the supplies.
#the quest #balin #my sister children

8:45 pm

Bilbo is curled against me and my nose against his ear. As usual when he is near me, I feel as if my
chest is swelling. The beads in his hair shine in the firelight; he is a breathing treasure in my arms.
#the quest #ghivashel

9:10PM Thorin has me in his arms, his nose tracing the point of my ear, and he repeats the word
‘ghivashel’ over and over, as if I am back in the hoard, sitting on the tallest mound like a little king
myself.
Or perhaps a possession.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
October 31st, 2015

Thorin

8:35 am

My heart began to race before I was fully awake, as I could not feel Bilbo near me. A quick search showed that he had simply rolled away at some point. I think he has been restless in his sleep. I have pulled Bilbo back to me and he remains asleep. The sunlight is shining over him as it has before, and even his skin seems to catch and reflect the light like a gem.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

9:42AM Thorin made sure to give me a kiss this morning, before asking if I could go to the hoard with him once more. Balin’s expression seemed to harden at that, as he was nearby when Thorin made the request, but he said that it was fine if Thorin borrowed me again. Thorin then told Balin that I would fare better watching out for thieves who would steal the Arkenstone behind his back than out on the ramparts waiting for an army that has yet to arrive.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #brainsdwarf

10 am

Balin looked displeased with my asking Bilbo to join me in the treasury. One would think he would see the sense in Bilbo coming with me. With Bilbo there, none will have the opportunity to sneak up on me. The Elves and Men are still in the process of approaching Erebor, but what if they had sent people here ahead of time? We were able to find an alternate way inside so there is a probability of thieves entering the mountain without our knowledge.

#the quest #ghivashel #balin

10:18AM

Anonymous asked:

I'm sure he only means the endearment in the most loving sense. However, you are correct in that his behaviour does seem rather worrying of late. Here's hoping it's just an accumulation of stress and his continuing need to restore his home and that this will pass soon. If yourself and the Company could distract his mind from its’ one track thoughts on retrieving the Arkenstone it might help. He seems fixated on it, but if he had other things to think about it might lessen the obsession?

I could try, but I doubt it would work. All other thoughts of his seem to lead back to the gold somehow.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

10:36AM Ori came in with news from the ravens. Fili and Kili have found the ponies and gathered the supplies, and are making their way back as soon as possible. They will be back with us
tomorrow, if they maintain their current pace. I am glad to hear of their return, as perhaps one of
them could take over my job of lookout. It would give me more time to Thorin-sit, after all.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #thing 1 #thing 2

11:15 am
Anonymous asked:

I don't believe you'll need to Arkenstone for your people to follow you. You've led them
trough exile. You've fought at Moria. You've sacrificed a great deal for their happiness, and
now you've taken back their homeland. There is a reason you are named Oakenshield. There
is a reason those thirteen followed you, and it wasn't for the Arkenstone-- it was for you,
Thorin.

You speak as if these are all accomplishments to be proud of. I was not the only one present at the
battle at Moria and the losses there were great. I was not the one to take back Erebor --- Bard of
Lake-town rid this land of Smaug. The name ‘Oakenshield’ is nothing but a fancy title given to a
fool who lost his real shield in battle.

And for the company, yes, they did agree to come on this quest. But there was the promise of gold at
the end, and of all the Dwarves that were asked to come, only twelve answered the call, and most of
them are from my family. I thank you for your attempt at speaking highly of me, but I need the
Arkenstone.

#ask #anonymous #the company

12:10PM I convinced Thorin to eat lunch again, though it took him some persuasion and a little bit
of feeding. Bombur is trying to be creative with the seemingly endless supplies of cram that we have,
but cram-meal soup is thick and tasteless in spite of the garnishes that Bombur has improvised from
our stores.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #bigdwarf

1:09PM After lunch Thorin uncovered a splendid necklace made of gems of pure white starlight.
Apparently these are the White Gems of Lasgalen, set into a necklace commissioned by the
Elvenking but denied to him due to lack of payment. No doubt the Elvenking is coming to the hoard
to claim this treasure. Thorin thinks I should wear it, as it is ‘only fitting as the jewels of a consort’.
The chains of this necklace are too heavy, but I guess that based on his smile when he saw me wear
it, the resulting look was to his satisfaction.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

1:20 pm

I’ve discovered the White Gem of Lasgalen among the rest of the treasure. They shine beautifully,
even more so draped around Bilbo’s throat. It darkens his topaz eyes and even the beads in his hair
seem to glow. I’m sure that I remember seeing several pieces of precious jewelry that would look
captivating on him. My priceless jewel, dressed in the treasures of Erebor — it’s a sight that I’m
eager to see.

#the quest #ghivashel

2:18 pm
Anonymous asked:

Am I right in assuming that your grandfather, Thror, though, reclaimed Erebor himself after
growing up in the Grey Mountains with the rest of Durin's folk? And the Arkenstone was found only much later, towards the end of his rule. People must have followed him before the stone was found. If not the Arkenstone, what made them follow him? It was not the prospect of gold, that is for sure, for Erebor had been abandoned for centuries before. The Arkenstone was discovered during the rule of Thráin I, and it travelled with Thorin I to the Grey Mountains as an heirloom of the King. My grandfather Thrór merely restored it to its rightful place in Erebor and ensured the kingdom’s prosperity. Your argument’s therefore founded in erroneous assumptions of my people’s history.

2:20PM

Anonymous asked:
I believe Thorin could use some reassuring that he has accomplished much in his life. Perhaps his gold obsession stems from a possible insecurity?
I will see what I can do. I do not know if he will listen, but I can try.

2:50 PM

I’ve grown distracted in the search for the Arkenstone, too transfixed by Bilbo wearing precious gems and necklaces of gold. I’ve wanted to present him with such things for quite some time now and it’s exciting to see my imaginings take form before my eyes.

3:55PM Thorin has apparently paused his search for the Arkenstone in order to dress me up in jewels and gold, though the effect is made all the more ridiculous when contrasted with my ragged clothes. I told him as much, and he said that he would send for cloth-merchants from the Orocarni Mountains to fashion me clothes of the finest make. I told him I had no use for his baubles, and he said I had to look the part of a royal consort now that the Kingdom Under the Mountain was his. I told him he didn’t make for a very fine figure of a king at the moment and he seemed to scowl at me before returning to his work.

4:10 pm

Bilbo has reminded me of my search, stopping me as I was bringing him another jewelry piece. He is right that I must take a rest from my wish to cover him precious things and continue on to find the Arkenstone. It must be found for me to begin Erebor’s healing.

4:25 pm

Anonymous asked:
Why don't you just give the gems to Thranduil? That way, you can avoid possible war, and he'll likely treat you better. I know you seem to want a sort of vengeance on him, but perhaps that is not the best political option. Perhaps, when Erebor is back to its full splendour, you can
appoint a dwarf to follow him around and insult him? That way you have your vengeance, but also avoid war.

I won’t just give the gems to Thranduil as he didn’t fully pay for them. The highest degree of quality and smithing went into that necklace and my people deserve the full recognition of their work. And I seriously doubt that Thranduil will ever do anything but look down upon me and my people, gems or not.

I wouldn’t appoint any Dwarf to following around such a lowly Elf, who only comes to the mountain to take what he believes is his because he presumes that we’re all dead.

#ask #anonymous

4:45 pm

Bilbo voiced that he wished to return to the company, as it’s nearly supper. Before we left, despite how much I enjoy see him in the jewels and necklaces, I asked that he leave them behind. Until fortifications are complete and the mountain more thoroughly searched, I fear the presence of a thief.

I wouldn’t want any harm to come to him because of a thief in the night.

#the quest #ghivashel

4:58PM

The day has been unfruitful for Thorin, but for the others it has been productive. The Company is close to finishing the fortifications of the Front Gate, and the river is still being diverted. The Elves and the Lake-men are making slow progress across these lands, but they will not be here for four or five days, and by then we will be ready to defend ourselves.

But an attack from without is not what I fear most from this. The Lake-men only seek reparations, and I’m sure Balin and I can negotiate something with the Elves. It is only some people’s current inability to see reason on this front that I fear may drag us into war.

#adventureblogging #the company #brainsdwarf #that asshole

5 pm

Anonymous asked:

Have you ever tried being nice to Thranduil?

No.

#ask #anonymous

5:15 pm

The ravens report that the people of Lake-town draw continually closer. I feel as if there is the sound of sand slipping through an hourglass, of the march of the approaching Elves and Men. I need to find the Arkenstone — time is running out.

I asked if there was any word from Dáin but there has been only silence as of yet.

#the quest #ghivashel

7:21PM

In the middle of supper, Dwalin asked if we heard something. I said it was probably the bats, and then Ori asked where Nori was, which made Dori panic. I reminded everyone that the dragon was dead, but then Bo reminded us all that there are other things that might thrive in the darkness of mountains that aren’t dragons, and that brought to mind memories of pale bulbous eyes shining in the dark and slender fingers reaching for my neck, so I told Bo to stop joking.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #scribedwarf #pointydwarf #winedwarf #hatdwarf
Nori is missing, much to Dori’s despair, and Dwalin is sure that he heard something from deeper in
the halls. Bilbo has made sure to remind us all that Smaug is dead, but there are things other than
dragons that would do harm against us. My mind is turned back to my earlier fear of a thief in the
mountain.

#the quest #ghivashel #nori #dori #dwalin

We have split into groups so as to find Nori. I have taken Bilbo to my side, as I do not wish to be
apart from him as we go deeper into Erebor’s halls. If there is indeed something there, I worry that
Bilbo will be taken.

#the quest #ghivashel #nori

We have decided to search for Nori, though the decision was mostly done at Dori’s
insistence. We split off into teams, and Thorin insisted I stay by his side. We all have torches and are
assigned to cover certain sections of the Mountain. Thorin and I are searching through the royal
apartments, though I suspect that this disappearance is merely more mischief on Nori’s part, and he
will certainly be taking our darkened excursion into Erebor as an opportunity to scare us further.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #winedwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Bilbo and I have headed to my family’s old rooms. I thought that if there is someone sneaking about
Erebor, they may believe that there are valuables to take from there.

I can hear something coming from Frerin’s room so we have decided to open the doors and
investigate.

#the quest #ghivashel

We have found no sign of Nori, but rather copious amounts of bats in what was once
Thorin’s brother’s old room. That was not a nice sight for me, and Thorin had to hold me close and
help me slow down my breathing once we got away.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

The sound that we heard behind Frerin’s closed doors was a large amount of bats. Bilbo had given a
shout of terror as they screeched above us and had run from the room. I followed and the bats gave
chase for a while before flying off into other parts of Erebor. When we stopped to catch our breath,
he was shaking greatly, his chest puffing quickly. I pulled him close and he has since calmed down.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:15 pm
We have decided to head back to the camp, as Bilbo’s hands are still shaking slightly and I do not wish to explore any further.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:24 pm
Anonymous asked:
Why won't you try being nice to Thranduil?

No.

#ask #anonymous

9:42 PM Upon our return to camp I noticed Nori there, grinning broadly as Dori swatted and fussed at him. Apparently Nori had gone off wandering in the afternoon and lost his way, but based on the knowing look he exchanged with Dwalin, I highly suspect that wasn’t the case, and was rather his excuse for finding an opportunity to give Dori (and the rest of us, but mostly Dori) a good scare. Though the bats are long gone, Thorin is still by my side, holding me close as if scared I will run away screaming if he lets go.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #winedwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

10 pm
We have returned to camp and Nori is here. From the smirk on his face and the attempted muffled snickers from Dwalin, I believe this was a prank. I have assigned Nori on second watch for the week.

Bilbo is pressed close to me, though he has stopped shaking.

#the quest #ghivashel #nori #dwalin

November 1st, 2015

Bilbo

7:08AM I have had little sleep last night. Every time I close my eyes I remember pale eyes in the dark and the thick fluttering of wings, and the scars on my back from the claws of the bats seem to twinge in remembrance.

#adventureblogging

8:10AM When Thorin woke earlier, he noticed that I was awake, and kissed me, and asked if I had not slept well. I wondered what gave him that idea, and he said that I looked weary. He then suggested that I spend the day in the hoard with him once more. I would have refused if it weren’t for that look of desperation in his eyes, as if he needed me to be by his side.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
Thorin

9 am

Bilbo was awake before me and did not look to have gotten a lot of sleep. There was a tightness around his eyes that even traded kisses did not clear away. I know that the encounter with the bats last night disturbed him and it pains me to see him so distressed. He has agreed to join me in the treasury once again, and I hope that the haunted look in his eyes is banished by day’s end.

#the quest #ghivashel

10:48 AM Instead of going directly to the hoard, Thorin has wandered into another room and uncovered a set of golden armour and some old, kingly furs that smell a little musty. He arrayed himself in them, with me helping out when I could, and then asked if he cut a royal figure now. I told him he looked downright ridiculous, which he somehow took to mean he needs a crown, and he is now searching for said crown in the hoard.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

10:50 am

While exploring a hall near the treasury, I came across armour decorated in gold. It’s quite impressive and goes well with a set of furs that I found near it. I believe that it looks regal, though when I asked Bilbo on his opinion, he said that it looked a bit ridiculous. He’s right — regal armour without a crown of any sort? It’s incomplete. I’m sure I can find something in the treasury that will compliment the armour well.

#the quest #ghivashel

11:12 AM No news on the crown, but Bo came to tell us that Fíli and Kíli have arrived. They’ve unloaded the ponies and sent up the provisions to us before sending the ponies back South and then scaling the Gate, which is all but finished now. The alterations to the River continue, but now at the centre of our efforts. I suspect that River will be diverted properly in no time; we are already accumulating a sizeable pool outside at the base of the Gate.

I asked Thorin if he wanted to come with me to greet them, but he said he wanted to keep searching. As if that stupid rock is of more importance than his own flesh and blood!

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole

11:30 am

Bofur came with the news that Fíli and Kíli have returned from their search for the ponies and supply retrieval. He reports that the fortifications by the Gate have also been completed and that the company has moved to redirecting the River.

Bilbo’s returning to the company to greet Fíli and Kíli but I’ve chosen to stay. I’ve got to find the Arkenstone, which my nanaddan will understand. There’s little time before Thranduil and his Elven army arrives to steal away our gold and home. If Dáin does arrive, in time or at all, then he and those that he brings with them will need evidence that I can be followed.

#the quest #ghivashel #bofur #my sister children
12:10 PM Fíli and Kíli’s provisions have added to the variety of foods we can now eat, as some of it was sacks of grains and small bags of spices. Bombur has taken a great liking to these new additions and has whipped up a savoury rice dish cooked in a spiced broth. After days of cram, this was surely cause for celebration.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #bigdwarf

1:15 pm

Fíli and Kíli have arrived in the treasury. They saw its great size before, as did the rest of the company, but still I saw awe in their eyes. They looked nearly scared to come too close to it so I threw gems into their hands. The awe written across their faces is satisfying as I know that now that they have seen Erebor’s vast treasure hold and its great halls, that they will wish to stay for the rest of their days, as I do.

#the quest #my sister children

1:34 PM Fíli and Kíli have gone into the Mountain. I warned them that Thorin was not being himself, but they had to see it for themselves. They met Thorin standing amidst the treasure, his face lit by the glow of the gold and the jewels beneath his feet, and Thorin threw jewels to them and declared that they were welcome to Erebor.

Even his voice seems lower and rougher than I remember.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

3:21 PM I am taking fresh air on the ramparts, as Fíli and Kíli have chosen to guard their uncle now. The wind is cool against my face and Bo checks in on me once in a while with a full water-skin for me to take draughts from. I am glad he is here; he has infinite amounts of good sense and humour.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #hatdwarf

3:30 pm

My nanaddan have decided to stay in the treasury with me, though Bilbo has returned to the rest of the company. After the events of last night, he said to me that he wished for the sight of the sun and some fresh air.

Kíli is on watch, being sure to keep their eyes open for anyone attempting to sneak in the shadows. Fíli is helping me to search for the Arkenstone, sifting through the gold with concentration in his expression.

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children

4:45 pm

Fíli has unearthed an intricately carved pipe. It does not have any jewels or gold to accent it, making me wonder what it is doing among the rest of the treasure, but Fíli passed it to me and said that it could replace the one that the Elves had taken in Mirkwood. Kíli added that there was pipeweed in the supplies that they had just brought.

I have not sat to smoke in some time, since the first few days in Lake-town, I believe. I thanked my nanaddan and, at the sound of growling stomachs, I said that we should return to the company for the night.

#the quest #my sister children
5:32PM Supper was a joyous affair again, with a dish that was definitely not derived from cram, and another bottle of wine passed around out of Nori’s store. Some of the Company members sang some songs by the fire. We know the Elves and Men are approaching, and we must brace ourselves for battle if necessary, but I really do hope I can figure out a way to resolve the situation without bloodshed, as we cannot possibly take on two armies with just fourteen of us, thirteen if you count my relative incompetence in battle.

#adventureblogging #pointydwarf #the company

6 pm

The supplies that my nanaddan retrieved has raised the company’s spirits. They have passed wine around and have begun singing. The mood is light and their cheer is contagious.

#the quest #my sister children #the company

8:07PM Thorin has somehow found a pipe in Erebor’s store, and is delving into the small (too small, if you ask me) provision-bag of pipe-weed for a smoke. The rings are as colourful as I remember then when he smoked them last, and he shared his pipe with me and helped direct my rings to where I wanted them to go.
Smoke-ring total: 7 perfect rings to circle the stars.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:30 pm

Bilbo looks to be more relaxed than he was this morning; the fresh air seems to have done him some good. I brought the pipe that Fíli had found, along with some pipeweed, over to Bilbo and we sat and shared it. Most of the company has begun to settle into their bedrolls, though some are still awake, singing softly together, having finished off the bottle of wine.
It feels peaceful, despite the armies approaching us.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company
November 2nd, 2015

Thorin

7:45 am

It is possible to see the form of the Iron Hills on the horizon and I cannot help but stare, as if by doing so, an answer from Dáin will appear. If he does not respond or if he chooses not to aid us, then I fear that the little that is left within these halls will be stripped away when the armies of Men and Elves arrive.

#the quest #dain

Bilbo

8:21 AM Thorin was up before me once more, looking Eastwards to the faint outlines of another mountain range in the distance. I asked him what he was looking at, and he said he was looking towards the Iron Hills, and hope.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:10 AM Balin told me that Dwarves from the Iron Hills had been here before. I asked him how he knew, and he said that the armour on the most recent bodies in the Mountain were of a style common to the Iron Hills. Help, he said, is not likely to come to us, and we may very well be facing certain death in a couple of days.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

9:15 am

Balin and Bilbo spoke together, their words loud in the company's morning quiet. Balin voiced his doubts of aid coming from the Iron Hills and I can see those doubts growing in the eyes of the rest of the company.

#the quest #balin #ghivashel #the company

11:48 AM Balin’s conversation with me about the lack of help from the Iron Hills has left some other Company members worried as well, and I can see it bothering Thorin. He has sat down to lunch with us at Fili’s insistence, but I can see he is clearly itching more than ever to return to the hoard.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #thing 1

1:25 PM Thorin returned into the Mountain almost as soon as he finished eating. I have sent Fili and
Kíli into the Mountain to keep an eye on him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

3 pm

Where is it? The armies are coming and I can’t find the Arkenstone. Without it, I know that the company will leave; they don’t believe that we’ll survive the attack. I’m inclined to believe them.

#the quest #the company

3:56 PM When I went to the hoard to check on the three of them, Kíli took me aside and said that they were concerned about Thorin’s behaviour. They had no idea that their uncle was this obsessed with finding the Arkenstone, and wanted to know when it had begun. I said that it had been an issue since almost as soon as we had ‘reclaimed’ the Mountain. They seemed thoughtful about that.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

5:45 pm

Bilbo, Fíli, and Kíli are trying to get me to leave the treasure so as to eat supper. Don’t they understand how important it is to find the Arkenstone. If I don’t find it, I’m going to be leading them to their deaths. It’ll be like the battle at Azanulbizar again. And even if Dáin and his aid appear, they won’t follow me without the Arkenstone in hand.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel #my sister children

6:09 PM Fíli, Kíli, and I tried to convince Thorin to go to supper, but he is relentlessly refusing to go with us. We have offered to bring him supper, but I suspect he will refuse to eat it.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7 pm

Where is it?

#the quest

8:15 pm

The light of the moon is reflecting off of the treasure, and it’s shining in a way that’s similar to how I remember the Arkenstone glowed. With every turn of the head, it feels like I’m being taunted yet pulled in further. Is this a sign? Is the Arkenstone to be lost to me forever? I refuse. I refuse to have Erebor lost to me again. It's mine; my home, my beginning. I won’t lose it to my own failure.

#the quest

9:10 PM I have snuck into the Mountain after Thorin didn’t return after supper. I found him asleep by a pile of gold in the hoard, illuminated by the dim glow of the treasure and the thin silver beams of moonlight from the skylights. I cannot leave him here, but I do not have the strength to drag him out of the hoard, either. The gold is uncomfortable against my back, but at least I am sure Thorin is safe.
Why does the treasure bewitch him so? It had its brief spells on me, but now it seems more of a wearisome burden to me than any sort of hope. Why must he cling to the Arkenstone? With each day passing his frustration grows, and it will only be a matter of time before he starts wondering if one of us is hiding it from him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:30PM Is the gem that I took from the hoard as my share the very stone he is looking for?
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

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**November 3rd, 2015**

**Bilbo**

4:09AM I can’t sleep. The gold digs into my back and Thorin seems oblivious to my presence, even though I am pressed close against him.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

6:12AM Light is coming through the skylights. Thorin is starting to stir next to me, his arm coming to wrap around me. He looks so peaceful now, so much more than when he is awake.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:21AM When Thorin awoke, he seemed ecstatic to see me there. He asked me why we were in the hoard, and I said he’d fallen asleep there and I was merely keeping him company. He kissed me, and then said he had work to do.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**Thorin**

8:30 am

I awoke with Bilbo's form against me, which was not unusual. What was unusual was that we were lying atop a small hill of gold in the treasury. I asked Bilbo why we were there, as I do not recall much of yesterday, especially not choosing to sleep here. But that is what Bilbo said that I did, and that he had joined me to keep me company.

He shines more in my eyes than the light of the sun. Still there are days that I feel disbelief at his presence. Even with all of the gold of Erebor around us, I feel a strong pull to him, my treasure, my One.

I can’t express how glad I am that he's mine.
#the quest #ghivashel

9AM I managed to convince Thorin to leave off his search this morning and take a walk with me on the ramparts of the newly-rebuilt Front Gate. The River Running now streams from a low arch under this new Gate, but besides that and various strategic openings for shooting or speaking, there are no entrances save for ladders and ropes. Our redirecting of the stream has also resulted in a wide pool from the Gate to the falls, deep enough so that anyone who wished to approach the Mountain had to
swim the waters or to walk along a narrow cliff ledge. I suppose this is good for deterring enemies, but for how long?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

9:20 am

Bilbo asked me to follow him outside for a while. I said that I had to continue to search for the Arkenstone, which caused him to sigh and stand still for some time.

Eventually, he asked me again to join him. As much as I wished to be near him and follow his request, it is important that the Arkenstone be found.

However, after my refusal, Bilbo proposed an idea — have my nanaddan continue the search so that I go with Bilbo for a brief time outside. I agreed, though I can feel the urge to return inside.

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children

11:33AM I wasn’t sure how to broach the topic that I might have the Arkenstone, so I tried to ask a couple non-specific questions while Thorin was still out in the sunshine. We took our lunch a little ways away from the rest of the Company. The early winter sunshine felt only weakly warm against my face.

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When I asked if he did, Thorin said that he loved me. When I asked if that was a promise, he said it was. When I asked how he would react to me keeping secrets from him, he wondered why I was asking him such strange questions. As if he thought I had nothing to hide.

I asked if he would ever hurt me over any secrets I might hold against him, and he frowned for a moment before saying that he would sooner cut off his own hand than let it hurt me.

I think I understand the winter sun now. It offers the promise of the warmth you once knew, but what it gives you is but a slim shadow of what you once had.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #that wonderful asshole #(read more) #the company

12 pm

Bilbo has a secret and it is something that is causing him to worry for his safety. He had led me to the ramparts, saying that some fresh air and sunlight was due. The air was cold and sharp, and the sunlight weak, but he did not seem to mind.

After a time, Bilbo asked quite hesitantly if I loved him. I had thought the answer was quite obvious but nonetheless, I said yes. He had me promise and I did so without pause.

Then he asked if I would ever hurt him over a secret that he may hold. The thought alone was horrid in my mind and it took me a few moments to recover from my shock at the question. I placed a hand to his cheek and waited until his eyes met mine. I swore to him that I would sooner cut my own hand off than hurt him, my treasure, my One.

Bilbo did not look as relieved by that as I had hoped. Something is causing him distress, something that he believes will bring harm to him and from me. What could it be? What could be weighing on him so heavily?

#the quest #ghivashel

1:45 pm

I’ve returned to the treasure room, though Bilbo’s questions are still circling in my mind. What could be troubling him so much? A secret that he fears will bring harm down on him...

Could he know something about the plans of the company? I know that they doubt our survival
against the approaching Elves and Men. Perhaps they're planning to leave, give up on Erebor. Does Bilbo believe I'd react in anger towards him because of their leaving?

Or perhaps they threatened him, told him that he wasn't allowed to say anything about their departure. Is Bilbo safe with them? I left him on the rampart, as he seemed to need the air and sunlight. I should've brought him back here with me, where I know that he's safe.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

2:20 PM It must stay hidden. Arkenstone or not, this gem that I have taken must not ever see the light of day. If only throwing it down a mine-shaft would destroy all likelihood of Thorin ever finding it!

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

Fíli and Kíli have joined me in the treasure room. They’ve asked me if something is wrong but I don’t want to voice my thoughts to them of the company possibly planning to leave. I doubt that they would’ve agreed with the company if such a plan exists, but I don’t wish to worry them. And if they have indeed heard talk of this plan, I wouldn’t want the company to know that I know.

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children

4:15 PM Balin, too, is looking off towards the Iron Hills, his snowy brows furrowed in concentration. I asked him what he was looking for, and Balin merely said an enigmatic ‘ravens’, and would speak no more.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf

4:45 PM

Anonymous asked:

Bilbo, do you truly think giving Thorin the Arkenstone is a bad idea? Perhaps giving it to him would settle his mind a bit and thus he'd not be fixated upon it and so have a more rational outlook when the Elves and Men come knocking. I can't really see how him having one more gem could cause any more grief. Perhaps the opposite would be true and his obsessive need to be in the hoard would lessen. I'm certain Thorin would never harm you or love you less if you did come clean about it.

I will ask Balin about it. Perhaps he will know what to do. I do not wish to give this gem to him because I fear how he may behave after it is in his possession.

Smaug said that some things in this treasure are too terrible for any (other than him, I suppose) to possess. This stone has too much of a pull on Thorin for me to think that the worm lied in this instance.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

5:20 pm

Anonymous asked:

I don't think you have anything to fear from the Company. They may have their doubts, but they're loyal and steadfast. They'd never abandon you or the Quest, nor would they threaten Bilbo. Bilbo's just likely worried for you, given all the time you've spent in the hoard and the
approach of the Elves and Men. You're a noble sort, I'm sure you'll always love Bilbo, your kin, and honour your word to any of them.

While the company is indeed loyal, that only goes so far when winter is approaching and our supplies are dwindling. I wouldn't blame them if they chose to leave, as starving in a mountain is a fate I'm sure that they wish to avoid.

#ask #anonymous #the company

5:39PM Kíli seemed agitated about something during supper. I found them worrying at a piece of gold after and asked what troubled them. They said that Thorin had delved into the hoard once more and kept on muttering my name, but would not tell neither Kíli nor Fíli. They asked me to ask Thorin what was bothering him, and I told them I would try.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #thing 1 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:30 pm

Fíli and Kíli have long since left. They asked me to join them at supper but I don’t feel hungry, except in my want to find the Arkenstone. Bilbo has joined me, however, and for that I’m grateful. He still looks distressed, with tired lines under his eyes. I wish that I had a way to banish those lines and return the smiles that he wore in Lake-town to him.

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children

8:09PM Thorin is pressed close once more, his body nearly bent double over me. Despite this closeness I can feel a gulf widening between us. He didn’t even respond to the questions that Kíli wanted me to ask about on their behalf. Perhaps he is weary and I should just let him rest, and it will be better in the morning.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

November 4th, 2015

Thorin

12:47AM

I can’t sleep. The ravens reported that the Elves and Men are within a two day walk from here. The treasure calls to me, as does the thought of the Arkenstone remaining lost. I need it. Especially with the company’s thoughts of leaving; I need something to give them reason to stay.

#the quest

3:15AM

I can hear the company snoring around me, yet sleep still refuses to find me. I want to return to the treasure to continue my search but Bilbo is curled close to me, asleep with peace in his expression. I’m loath to wake him, as he needs every moment of rest that he can get.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company
The sky is lightening, signaling the approaching sunrise. My eyes feel heavy but my hands and feet still move with the desire to continue searching, to do something. With each day, I feel as if the weight of the sand in an hourglass is building on me, slowly stifling my breath.

#the quest

The sun has peeked over the horizon and Bilbo is waking. Even though he is not fully awake yet, his eyebrows have drawn together and a small frown pulls at his face. Not even sleep can fully banish whatever worry that is burdening him.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

8:11AM Thorin looks tired. He has clearly been awake all night. I suggested he take the day to recover the lost hours, but he says he could not rest while the Arkenstone remains undiscovered.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:03AM Thorin has returned to the hoard. This time he insisted I go with him ‘for my own safety’. I asked him if he doubted the intentions of the Company and he looked in the direction of where we had come from with a dark scowl, saying nothing.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

9:15 am

Bilbo's with me in the treasury, where I'll be near and able to keep an eye on him so that no harm comes to him. When I told him it was to keep him safe, Bilbo asked me if I doubt the company's intentions. I feel as if he's only further confirmed my suspicions.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

11:22AM Thorin once more insisted on having me wear some things from the hoard. The diadem he set on my head is far too heavy, but he says it is for a lesser noble, and he would try to find the consort’s crown to give to me some other time. He also plucked at a golden harp, but the notes are discordant from years of disuse.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

11:45 am

Bilbo is shining. The sunlight coming in is directed at him. It's making the jewels in his hair and the gems at his throat glow. His skin and hair gleam with a soft light. I must be sure that he is protected, precious to me as he is.

#the quest #ghivashel

12:25PM I detest cram. It sticks in my mouth and dries up my throat and makes me think I’ve eaten a ball of wool instead of actual food. But I suppose it is better than nothing.
2 pm

I heard the murmur of low voices, speaking words that I couldn't fully identify. For a brief time, I wondered at the possibility of the presence of ghosts. However, glancing around showed me that it's Bilbo and Ori, talking together over a journal. I hadn't even noticed Ori enter the treasury. Looking further, I can see the approach of others from the company. With the fortifications and movement of the river very nearly completed, it would seem that they wish to join us here.

I feel wary.

#adventureblogging #the quest #ghivashel #the company #ori

3:37PM Thorin continues to wander through the gold like a ghost, a shadow of his former self. Other members of the Company, now that their task of fortifying the Gate and diverting the River are more or less finished, have joined us in here. Ori has begun a catalogue of the treasure, though I imagine it would take fifty of him and a thousand notebooks in order to record every last coin in this Giver-forsaken treasure.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company #scribedwarf

5:01PM We have made a discovery: the Raven Crown, as Balin calls it, has been found by Dwalin among a set of cups and small instruments. No sooner had it been catalogued by Ori did Thorin take the crown and look at it speculatively, as if wishing to put it on his head. I had to intercede and remind him that Erebor had not yet been fully secured for his kin.

Just… prodding at him, just pulling at the strings that will make him react the way I want him to (in this case, not assume the crown so quickly and rashly) makes me feel dirty. I know my words will only fuel his hatred for the oncoming armies, but I also fear what may come to pass if this… this version of Thorin becomes too comfortable with the notion of kingship.

It’s not that I don’t want him to be king. I do. Just not like this.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #scribedwarf

5:15 pm

Dwalin’s found the Raven Crown amongst the treasure — the crown of Thror, of the King. He handed it to Ori, who has been cataloging things. It was a quiet exchange, one I would’ve missed had I not been watching. As soon as Ori was done sketching it and writing a description, I picked it up to examine it closely. Even without the examination, I knew what it was. I had seen my grandfather wear it enough to recognize it at a glance.

Bilbo spoke then, saying that Erebor wasn’t fully reclaimed yet, as there were enemies approaching our door. He said that the crown should be worn when Erebor was safely in our hands. I saw the logic behind his words, but still, the crown shines in the light. It feels right in my hands. As if it were made for me.

Approaching armies there may be, but am I not the King?

#the quest #ghivashel #dwalin #nori

7:13PM If reinforcements from the Iron Hills set out as soon as they receive the message, they will
most likely be arriving in a couple of weeks, as the range between the Iron Hills and the Lonely Mountain are very treacherous, and the old roads between the two from days of peace have been destroyed in the sack of Erebor.

Balin’s expression seems almost anxious, and across the table, Thorin’s expression is stormy.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #brainsdwarf

7:30 pm

There’s still no word from Dáin and the ravens predict that the Elves and Men will arrive tomorrow.

The company is silent. There’s an air of tension around us. I can see glances exchanged, jaws clenched. Are they silently asking if now is the time to leave? I can taste their doubt on my tongue as if it were a physical presence.

Is this to be our last night in Erebor?

#the quest #the company

9:48PM I think I can almost see flickers of torches in the distance.

#adventureblogging

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November 5th, 2015

Thorin

8 am

Sleep fought against me once again last night. I could think of nothing but the approaching armies and that my hands haven’t yet held the Arkenstone. I know that it’s somewhere in these halls; I can feel it.

Bilbo still sleeps beside me. I need to go to the treasury to continue searching but I don’t wish to leave him. Both for his own safety and because I find that I continually desire his presence.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

8:45AM Thorin looks to have gotten very little sleep once more. Those who have taken watch last night told me that he has intermittently stirred in the night. The lines on his face surely have never been this deep before.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:15 am

Bilbo finally woke and after being sure to give him a morning kiss, I told him to follow me to the treasury. He refused, saying that breakfast needed to be had first. I couldn't deny him that, though I am restless to continue searching. He tried to insist that I eat as well but I’ve no desire for food.

#the quest #ghivashel
9:21AM Honestly, I do not blame Thorin for his reluctance to eat, as cram is frankly quite disgusting, though his behaviour worries me all the same. The presence of the Lake-men and Elves, though still unseen, seems to press in on us like a forgotten chore that still must be done. Every second brings us ever closer to war.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

11 am

The company is here in the treasury. They’re sorting and searching through the treasure, setting jewels separate from different sorts of jewelry, while others are gathering the gold into piles so that it can be easily counted.

Even with most of us now searching, however, the Arkenstone still remains hidden.

#the quest #the company

11:30AM The Company has joined Thorin in the hoard. Ori has continued to catalogue the treasure, with Dori and Bifur helping him.

Everyone else seems to be categorising and separating the various types of trophies in the hoard. Cups are now in a different pile from jewellery, which are also in a different pile from jewels. Too bad there is far too much treasure for only fourteen of us to sort through.

#adventureblogging #the company #scribedwarf #winedwarf #axedwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

1:09PM Thorin only picked at his lunch, always looking to the South with a deep scowl on his face. The oncoming armies can barely be seen now as blurry dots in the distance, though Balin did look through a spyglass and inform us that the Elves are armoured for war, but the Lake-men are more forlorn, following the Elves in ragged clumps struggling to protect their children, elderly, and infirm. My heart goes out to them. I wish I could give them their rightful share of the treasure now and be done with it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #brainsdwarf

1:35 pm

The Elves and Men are approaching the mountain. Balin reports that the Elves are dressed for war, though I’m not surprised to hear such news. No doubt that even if we opened the Front Gate in peace and let them take the jewels that they wish to, they’d probably rather have Erebor burn again.

#the quest #bali

2:15 pm

Anonymous asked: you're such an angstmuffin

Excuse me? I don’t understand.

#ask #anonymous

2:17PM Thorin has sent us all back into the hoard to continue the search. I can see the Company members hesitating now, as clearly the news of the still-distant army has worn down what is left of
Thorin’s cheer.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

3:45 pm

Despite days and days of searching, I’ve yet to find the Arkenstone. And the Elves and Men will soon be here. I moved to the throne room, thinking that the empty slot where the Arkenstone should be would provide some hint of some kind as to its location. Bilbo followed me as well as Balin and Dwalin.

I know that the Arkenstone’s within these halls, I can feel it. I voiced this and Balin and Dwalin attempted to argue with me that the Arkenstone didn’t need to be found. How can they not see how important it is? Then I recalled their plans to leave, the company, and understood. Of course they don’t see the Arkenstone as important. They’re planning to abandon Erebor, barter it for blankets, let the Elves take it.

“Do you doubt the loyalty of anyone here?” Balin questioned. “We’ve served you. You’re our kin.” No doubt that and the promise of gold was the only reasons that they came.

“Am I not your King?” I asked. They had no reply, as I assumed they wouldn’t. Of course they don’t view me as King. I don’t have the Arkenstone, nor a crown upon my head. Well, at least one of those things I can change.

#quest #ghivashel #balin #dwalin

3:50PM I don’t think I have ever seen His Majesty raise his voice in such a manner.

~~

Balin and Dwalin approached Thorin to remind him that he did not need the Arkenstone to be king, and Thorin got extremely cross with them, accusing them of planning to leave, to desert the Company, to betray Erebor to its enemies, to ‘barter our birthright for blankets and food’. Balin then demanded to know if he doubted the loyalty of any in the Company, especially in regards to himself and Dwalin.

“We have only ever served you, Thorin. You are our kin.”

“Am I not your King?” shouted Thorin, and his voice echoed terribly around the throne room.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #(read more)

4:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

Considering the Lake-town folk are coming and have clearly suffered some great loss, will you give them some aid? They did aid your Quest after all, and are now in need of help themselves. It's the right and just thing to do as a king, I'm sure. And I'm certain Bilbo would be eager to help them, especially the little ones.

They only aided us with the promise of gold. Otherwise, they would’ve seen us returned to the hands and halls of the Elves, trapped forever in those cells. Now they come with weapons and violence in their hearts, seeking to take my home with force. Why should I give them anything?

#ask #anonymous

4:31PM

Anonymous asked:
Having him raise his voice so really does sound troubling. Do you think he might listen to your counsel were you to give it to him in private? Offer him some advice and try to calm him perhaps. It seems more and more that he may not be in his right mind from what you have said, but there might yet still be hope for him to listen to reason, especially if it is given from someone close to him. You seem quite good at this sort of thing, you might succeed.

I will try, but I do not expect him to listen to me, or even reason.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4:45 pm

Anonymous asked:

Why should I give them anything? Because there are children there who need help. The little ones Bilbo and Bombur helped to feed and they will suffer and starve if you leave them as they are. True, the adults coming armed looks bad, but perhaps they are just desperate and have been told to arm themselves for self defense. Won’t you at least talk to the people of Lake-town for their young ones’ sake? Bilbo and Bombur would likely be devastated if harm came to them.

Unlike when my people were starving and needed aid after Smaug’s attack, the Elves are no doubt helping the Men, as they both have a similar purpose of violence in mind.

#ask #anonymous

5:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

You should give the people of Laketown settlement because you are a KING, and sometimes even if it is not fair or if you don’t want to do it, you must in order to avoid conflict and even potential WAR. That’s your job.

When you have had your home stolen and burned by a dragon, and your recently war-torn people starving and exiled, then you may speak to me on what the job of a King is.

#ask #anonymous

6:15 pm

The sun has set and in Dale, there’s fires lit. The light from the fires gives an idea of the number of Elves and Men that have gathered. They’ll be here come morning to demand what they believe is their gold.

But they won’t see any of Erebor’s gold if the King has anything to say about it.

#the quest

6:32PM Balin has reported at supper a great gathering in the valley of Dale. They arrived in the city with the dusk and there are now fires in the valley from the massive camp that must lie there now. His Majesty has not taken the news well, I think, as he has ordered that we crown him King Under the Mountain tonight.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8:25PM His Majesty has arrayed himself for the coronation in the furs and armour of his grandfather Thrór. Bo has helped to polish the armour and the crown to a pristine shine, and the torches we have brought into the room cast His Majesty’s weary face into dark shadow.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company
8:42PM After Balin, Fíli, and Kíli anointed His Majesty’s hands, Fíli moved to place the Raven Crown on his uncle’s brows. But His Majesty grabbed the crown before Fíli could reach it, and placed the crown on his own head. The room, which had been sombre and solemn before, now turned as silent as the grave. I heard Balin next to me shuffle nervously.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8:45 pm

I am Thorin, son of Thráin, son of Thrór, King under the Mountain.

#the quest

9PM The post-coronation celebration is merry, but only merry in the sense that everyone is acting as if they are trying to hold a party at knifepoint.

I have my suspicions that perhaps His Majesty should not have crowned himself. I know that in the Shire, the Thain receives the feathers of the Thainship from a young member of the Took family, symbolising their commitment to serving the next generation. Based on Fíli’s supposed role I guess the Company attempted something similar, only to be stymied by His Majesty himself. If my suspicions are correct, then His Majesty crowning himself means that he considers himself answerable to none other than himself. And that does worry me.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #thing 1

9:48PM

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I found Balin clutching the horn to the side of the celebration and asked him what was wrong, as his breathing was ragged and his eyes were shining with tears.

“Dragon sickness,” he said simply. “I have seen it before. I know that look, that terrible need. It is a fierce and jealous love, Bilbo.” He paused, looking down at the horn. “It sent his grandfather mad.”

I asked him if the rediscovery of the Arkenstone would cure it, thinking back to the gem concealed in my cloak and pack, but Balin shook his head, and sent me that knowing look of his that suggested he knew more than he let on, and told me that the Arkenstone is the summit of all of Erebor’s wealth. “It is a symbol of the line of Durin’s divine right to rule. I know not if it has any specific powers outside that of the purely symbolic, but it is far too rooted in our lore to be so lightly discarded now.”

Balin shook his head. “But if this gold is cursed, tarnished with the long brood of a dragon, then is it not likely that the Arkenstone would be sullied as well? Madness begets madness, Bilbo. I fear that returning the Arkenstone to the King will only make his madness worse.”

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #(read more)

November 6th, 2015

Thorin

12:50 am

I awoke from a night terror.

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I was standing in the Hall of Kings, the golden floor shining under me in the torchlight. However, the torches were blown out and a darkness descended. When I turned to find the reason behind the darkness, I was met with the sight of the beast.

Though I had never laid eyes on its form while in the forest of Mirkwood, I knew it right away. It was a dragon, large and dominating. Its skin was white as bone and it had scars marring its face and some parts of its skull was replaced by bits of metal. It looked at me with one blind eye and blood caked to its claws, underbelly, and around its mouth.

It opened its jaws and Smaug’s voice shook through the halls, shaking me from where I stood. It laughed and said that I was too late. When I asked what I was late for, it lifted its claws and revealed a small form, with blood still oozing fresh from its wounds.

It was Bilbo. He was near death, his breath rattling out of him as he called my name. I was frozen and could not move towards him, just shake more as the beast continued to laugh.

I awoke from the dream to see Bilbo in front of me. He had been the one shaking me, calling my name to wake me. He said that I had been calling for him in my sleep and twisting as if in pain. I could barely look at him, the dream still so vivid in my mind. I moved past him and went to stand at the top of the Front Gate.

The fresh air has chased me away from of the distress that my dream caused. However, from here, I can see the lights in Dale and anger has replaced the chill. Even though it is still dark outside, I find my eyes drawn to the horizon in hopes that a raven will appear, carrying a message from Dáin.

#the quest #ghivashel #read more

Bilbo

1AM Though all of us were sleeping uneasily tonight because of that nearby army, I was woken by Thorin’s night terror. He was writhing in his sleep and screaming my name. I had to shake him awake, and for a moment he looked at me with that wide-eyed look, like he was seeing a ghost. Though I tried to ask him if he was all right, he responded by rising to his feet and heading out for the ramparts above the Front Gate.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

3:45 am

Despite the still early hour, I cannot find sleep again. The dream is still clinging to my mind. Bilbo sleeps next to me and though I can hear the sounds of his breathing, I am reminded of how it rattled out of him in the dream.

#the quest #ghivashel

6:05 am

Balin has pointed out a party coming from Dale. They’re still some distance away, but the company has gathered to watch them approach.

#the quest #balin #the company

6:30 am

The party consisted of several Lake-men, armed as if for war, and Elvish archers. We watched as they came to the valley’s head and climbed slowly up towards us. The surprise was clear on their faces when they saw the Front Gate blocked and the pool before them. They gathered to talk amongst themselves, pointing at the wall.

I called out at them, “Who are you that come as if in war to the gates of Thorin, son of Thráin, King under the Mountain, and what do you desire?”

However, they didn’t answer. Some turned right away while the rest stood for a time, gazing at the
wall. They eventually left as well, keeping their words to themselves the entire time. As if the King of Erebor had not demanded to know what their intentions were.

6:40AM I have been woken with the news of a company approaching the Front Gate from Dale. We all gathered on the ramparts to watch their approach, and they exhibited surprise at the changes we have wrought to the course of the River Running and the new fortifications to the Front Gate. The company, as it drew closer, seemed to be a joint party of Wood-elves and Lake-men, all geared for war. His Majesty demanded to know what their intentions were in their warlike appearance before his gates, but there was no reply; the Men and Elves only looked in surprise up at our continued existence and departed fairly swiftly. I don’t think they had anticipated that the Mountain would be held against them — that we would have survived Smaug at all.

7:25 am

Balin and my nanaddan have been left at the Front Gate and instructed to keep a watch on the Men and Elves. I’ve told them to report to me should they move any closer to make any other attempts to speak with me. As for the rest of the company and myself, we have returned to the treasury to continue the search for the Arkenstone.

7:29AM The Company has returned to the hoard once more, continuing the tiring task of sifting through the treasure. His Majesty continues to look for the Arkenstone, his expression thunderous as he paws through the treasure.

10 am

I know that the Arkenstone is here, I can feel it. It calls to me. It’s the King’s Jewel after all.

11:54AM We have stopped for lunch. Bombur has remained with the supplies and looks apologetic for feeding us cram once more. I appreciate his efforts in trying to make different variations on serving cram, but all the same I wish we’d just parley with the Lake-men and the Elves so that we may have more variation in our food.

1:21PM The Elves and Men have moved their camp — or rather, the soldiers of the two armies have. I imagine that the infirm, the elderly, and the children are not amongst the ranks setting up camp before the Front Gate. From here I can hear Elvish harps and hearty laughter.
After the company stopped in the search to have lunch, Kíli came to report that the Men and Elves had begun to approach the mountain. When I asked how many, they said that it was the entire army of them.

I returned to the Front Gate with them to see for myself. They have moved their camp to the east of the river, right between the arms of the mountain. I can hear their voices echoing off of the rocks. The sound of Elvish harps is present too. It’s left a sour taste in my mouth.

#the quest #the company #my sister children

Anonymous asked:

So you will let the people of Laketown starve? You will let them face the coming of winter alone, let their children die, let them grow gaunt and waste away at your doorstep? You are worse than Thranduil. You are mad and cruel and your company must be insane to follow you.

Would you rather I let them into Erebor so that they may tear it apart? I’ve only just had my home returned to me from the claws of a dragon. And as I’ve stated before — Thranduil is working alongside the Men to take Erebor’s treasures from me. I doubt they’re growing gaunt and starving.

#ask #anonymous

3:08PM I have remained on the battlements with Balin, Fíli, and Kíli, looking down at the armies below. Balin says that if His Majesty refuses to pay reparations and declares war instead, we will surely all die before any help from the Iron Hills comes, if it comes at all. No ravens from that direction have arrived with such news, and the cold of winter is slowly sinking in.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

Anonymous asked:

Your Majesty, for goodness sake please try to think rationally. One jewel is not the be all and end all of life. It is not worth all the grief and misery you put yourself and others through in trying to find it. Just because you own one jewel it will not dissipate the needy Lake-town folk at your gates. You need a level head and to make peace with those around you. Speak to Bilbo, he usually has very good ideas when situations seem bleak. You don’t understand. This isn’t just a jewel. It is the King’s Jewel, the Heart of the Mountain, and with it in my hand, it proves my right to rule. And why should I make peace with those who arrive at my gates with nothing but weapons of war in their hands and violence in their hearts? They would rather I and my people be dead by the dragon’s fire so that they may raid my kingdom for every piece of treasure within.

#ask #anonymous

Anonymous asked:

The jewel proves your right to rule, but would other dwarves not acknowledge you as king simply because you are a good king? Loyal, dedicated, strong, and just? I’m asking honestly and only out of curiosity. Would other dwarves truly ignore all those qualities you possess over whether or not you have a single jewel, precious as it may be. As to making peace, perhaps the Elves have that end goal in mind, who can tell? But I doubt the people of Lake-town would
wish such ill on others.
The Arkenstone is a sign from Mahal that the King’s rule is true. Without it in hand, my rule can be questioned.

If the Men of Lake-town have no ill will against us, then why do they approach with weapons in hand? You make them sound as innocent bystanders who have no choice in this matter when it is their own decision to side with the Elves and stand against us. I will give nothing under the threat of force.

#ask #anonymous

4:45PM I miss the Shire. The harvest has been long-since gathered now, I imagine, and everyone is preparing their smials for winter, piling wood for fires and making cosy jumpers and quilts. I wonder if Holman is caring for my garden in the hopes of my return. I wonder if Hamfast and May are helping him.
Poor sweet May has probably written me so many letters that I cannot read.
#adventureblogging

4:50PM

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend with apples the moss’d cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o’er-brimm’d their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap’d furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

#poetry #to autumn by john keats

5 pm
Anonymous asked:
So with the Arkenstone in hand none of your decisions are debatable amongst your people?  
I'm not too knowledgeable about dwarven politics but are you essentially running a dictatorship?
I mean to run a Kingdom as the King. In that role, I’m responsible for my people and must make decisions for their future.

#ask #anonymous

5:30 pm
Anonymous asked:
I get that, but don't you have a council that weighs in on decision making? Can you still declare a war even if no one agrees with you? Genuinely curious, I'm not looking for a fight.
None of the company has disagreed with my decisions. Would you have me open the gates and welcome in this army that stands at my door? They mean to finish what the dragon began and I will not risk the treasure and home of my people.

#ask #anonymous #the company

6:15 pm
The company’s talked of nothing but the sound of song and smell of food from the Elvish army. It’s done nothing but increase the pain in my head.

#the quest #the company

6:32PM The music from the valley has not yet dwindled. Fires have sprung up, and with it the tantalising scent of food — much better food than cram, I suspect — and the lovely sound of laughter, which I have not heard amongst our Company for days. The winter chill seems almost chased away by the sound of Elvish laughter, and I can smell woodland blossoms blooming as if it were not late autumn already.

#adventureblogging #the company

6:50PM Ori and Kili have both expressed wishes that they could welcome the Elves and Men as friends, as Ori longs for warmth and cheer and Kili longs for Captain Tauriel, who surely must be in the valley with the Elves. But His Majesty would not be so swayed; his scowl only deepens more with each of Kili’s lovestruck sighs towards the valley.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #thing 2 #that asshole

7 pm
Kili is sighing over that Elf Captain once again, looking towards the Elvish army. How they can long for an enemy at our door, come to steal our homeland from us, I don’t understand.

#the quest #my sister children
7:30PM In order to placate His Majesty’s foul temper, the Company has brought out instruments from the hoard to play a song of Bo’s own composition. It is in Khuzdul, but Ori gave me a very nice translation:

Under the Mountain dark and tall
The King has come unto his hall!
His foe is dead, the Worm of Dread,
And ever so his foes shall fall.

The sword is sharp, the spear is long,
The arrow swift, the Gate is strong;
The heart is bold that looks on gold;
The dwarves no more shall suffer wrong.

The dwarves of yore made mighty spells,
While hammers fell like ringing bells
In places deep, where dark things sleep,
In hollow halls beneath the fells.

On silver necklaces they strung
The light of stars, on crowns they hung
The dragon-fire, from twisted wire
The melody of harps they wrung.

The mountain throne once more is freed!
O! wandering folk, the summons heed!
Come haste! Come haste! across the waste!
The king of friend and kin has need.

Now call we over mountains cold,
‘Come hack unto the caverns old?’
Here at the Gates the king awaits,
His hands are rich with gems and gold.

The king is come unto his hall
Under the Mountain dark and tall.
The Worm of Dread is slain and dead,
And ever so our foes shall fall!

It is cheerful, I suppose, as it did make His Majesty smile, and laugh, and start conversation about how quickly the Dwarves of the Iron Hills may come to our aid. But I dislike it. It is far too warlike for my tastes. But I do not think my opinion counts for much anymore, not when gold itself is such a skilled persuader.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #poetry #the company #scribedwarf #hatdwarf

7:50 pm

The company has put together a joyous song of our success in reclaiming the mountain from Smaug and how our foes will surely fall before us. It has given me hope that Dáin’s aid will come and that Erebor will return to the height of power that it once held.

#the quest #the company
8:15 pm
Anonymous asked:
I realise it's a very stressful time, but if the pain in your head has returned that's worrying. You'll need to be refreshed and have your wits about you for whatever might occur next. I'd recommend speaking to Oin if you can, or at least try to get a good night's rest tonight, eat and drink too. It wouldn't do to be unwell given the circumstances. Best of luck to you and I hope your headaches ease.
I have had these headaches on and off since we stood in the forest of Mirkwood. There is little Óin can do to calm them, though your concern is noted.
As for the recommendation of rest, I find that hard to do with the memory of the night terror still fresh in my mind.
#ask #anonymous

8:46 pm
Anonymous asked:
Love is love, perceived enemy or no. Kili is young, perhaps they don't see the Elves the same way you do. It might not be a bad thing, not all the Elves are cruel and wish you ill if the captain is any indication.
Kíli is indeed still young and that is why I worry. They are gazing with adoration towards the very Elf army that wishes to see us ripped from our home and treasure. And even if the Captain holds no ill will, she still stands with her people against us.
#ask #anonymous

9:22 PM Why must it come to war? To more bloodshed? Why must we die when we are so close to fulfilling the Quest? I must talk with Thorin, if I can pull Thorin away from His Majesty for even a brief moment. Surely some part of him does not wish to see more suffering. Surely some part of him still wishes for peace.
These thoughts are all that keeps sleep from claiming me, and I imagine I will not have much of that tonight.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

10 pm
Each time I attempt to sleep, I am reminded of the night terror from early this morning. I can still smell blood and feel the vibrations from the beast’s laughter. The sound of Bilbo’s dying breath is echoing in my ears and I do not think it will leave me anytime soon, despite his presence beside me.
#the quest #ghivashel

10:29PM
Anonymous asked:
Your opinion counts a great deal, were everyone in their right mind they'd see that. Just do the best you can for Thorin, you'll think of something to help him, I'm sure. Hopefully things won't look so bleak come morning, and maybe things will reach a peaceful conclusion with the Elves and Lake-town people with any luck.
I appreciate your kind words and will endeavour to talk with him, but I fear I may not be heard by him.
11:30PM
Anonymous asked:
That's a very good idea, Bilbo. I'm positive the Thorin you all care for is in there. I'm sorry you cannot find rest. Would it be better to simply wake Thorin (if he's asleep) and speak to him now rather than waiting? You might have more of a chance at privacy if the rest of the Company sleeps.
I don’t wish to wake Thorin as he has not had adequate sleep lately, and I would rather not deprive him of what little sleep he can muster.

November 7th, 2015
Thorin
2 am
Sleep is still out of my grasp, as the night terror continues to plague my thoughts. I feel as if the beast has followed me and that its gaze is upon me even now.

Bilbo
4:10AM Thorin is shifting in his sleep. I think he is in the grips of another night terror, or he is too busy trying to avoid sleep so that he may avoid such things. I wish I knew how to help.

4:45 am
Sleep came to me, briefly and brutally. I had the same vision of the bone white dragon, the beast, taunting me. The bodies of my kin were around its claws this time, all those who have been taken from me either through dragon fire or with their blood on a sword. If this is all that is to await me in sleep, then I believe it will be better to avoid it altogether.

6:01AM Kili, who had third watch, continues to look out towards the valley. I asked them if they had seen the Captain in the camp yet, and they shook their head, saying that she must be there, though, since she is one of the best fighters that the Elves have.

6:30 am
Kíli still looks towards the Elvish camp with longing in their eyes. I can see nothing but pain and heartbreak for them at the end of this road that they’re wishing to follow. An Elf. Of all that they could have fallen for, why one of our enemy who wishes us nothing but harm?

#the quest #my sister children

6:52AM His Majesty told Kíli to stop looking at the enemy camp. I told him not to scold Kíli for such harmless fancies. He snorted and said that any softening of the heart towards the enemy should be discouraged. I knew he hated Elves, but surely this is too much, even for him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #thing 2

7 am

Bilbo wished for me to allow Kíli peace in their lovesick sighs. Can he not see the danger there? The Elf will cut Kíli down as they’re proclaiming their love and if it’s not her, then it will be one of the other Elves. I’ll not watch one of my nanaddan fall because they were blinded from the truth right before them.

#the quest #ghivashel #my sister children

8:45 am

The company has returned to the treasury to continue the search for the Arkenstone. I feel as if the beast is watching me. Taunting me. As if it knows where the Arkenstone is and simply wishes to witness my struggle to find it.

#the quest #the company

9:20AM Another day of sorting and cataloguing and searching for the Arkenstone. Huzzah.

#adventureblogging

10 am

I’ve sent Óin, Dori, and Dwalin to keep watch at the Front Gate. If any Elves or Men approach, I’ve instructed them to find me so that I may speak with them. Kíli has joined the remaining company here in the treasury. They are somber in a way that I have rarely seen from them, but it is for the best. I wish to protect them, even if it must be from themself.

#the quest #ori #dori #dwalin #my sister children

11:18AM Dwalin, Óin, and Dori have been posted to the Gate, in case someone from the camp approaches us to parley. Apparently His Majesty wants Kíli in the hoard in case they try to communicate with the Elves or something.

#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #trumpetdwarf #winedwarf #thing 2 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

11:45 am
I can picture the Arkenstone’s shine so well in my mind. How it seemed to glow from within. It's more radiant than any other jewel and its absence tears at me.

#the quest

12:54PM I wonder what it’s like in the world of trees and leaves now. Beorn’s oaks dropped their acorns early, but I imagine the oak above Bag End has dropped its acorns by now, too. Has Holman swept them away, or will they all plant and sprout? I admit, part of me hopes to return to see an oak forest in the making, but I know it probably will violate some sort of housing regulation. Lobelia would have a field day.

#adventureblogging #spoon thief

1:24PM I haven’t had much time to check on the little pot that I’d planted Beorn’s acorn in, especially since I had it transferred to a small bag for better transport once we left Lake-town. I do hope it takes root, though I’d understand if it doesn’t — the poor thing has been through so much already.

#adventureblogging

1:25 pm

Bilbo had briefly departed to help Bombur with lunch. Now the company eats, yet Bilbo has not returned.

Where has he gone? Could something have caused him delay?

#the quest #ghivashel

2:04PM His Majesty came to find me, presumably because I hadn’t gone to lunch. He saw me holding my acorn in my hand and swiftly approached me to demand what I was looking at. I suppose he thought it was the Arkenstone.
I showed him the acorn and told him I picked it up in Beorn’s garden, and that I was thinking of planting it in the field below the Hill, where we usually have summer festivals and autumn bonfires and all sorts of birthday parties for residents of the Hill.
Thorin seemed surprised by its existence, and asked if I had really carried it all this way. I told him I had, and that I wanted to make sure it grows into a tree tall enough for me to sit under and ponder over all that has happened to me on this adventure, good or bad. Thorin laughed at that, and his voice and his smile seemed warmer this time, more genuine. I couldn’t help but smile myself, as I was glad to see Thorin again after so long with His Majesty.
Of course the moment could not last, and Dwalin’s interruption with the news about the arrival of the Lake-men and Wood-elves to parley with us sent Thorin crashing back into His Majesty once more. But it was good while it lasted, I guess.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:42PM The Lake-men, led by Bard, have asked for His Majesty to consider the suffering of the people of Esgaroth at the hands of the Dragon which we have set on them, despite all of the help they lent us to get us to the Mountain in time. Bard also brought up the fact that the riches of Dale were also mixed into the hoard of Erebor, and that the Lake-men would at the very least like to see that restored to them — including the necklace of Girion, sporting five hundred emeralds, which he gave in payment for a surcoat of mithril for his son.
But His Majesty would not listen, saying that he would not speak with the Lake-men as long as the
Elves were there and they were all geared for war. He said that he would not give “even a loaf’s worth” of gold while they stood armed before his gates as if they would force it out of us with violence.

Bard’s response was to give His Majesty more time to think over his words. Smart man.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

3:20 pm

Dwalin came to report spearmen marching up the valley towards the mountain. I followed him to the Gate and there stood a company with the banners of Thranduil and of the Lake. They stood before the wall of the Gate and I called out to them as I had before.

"Who are you that come armed for war to the gates of Thorin, Son of Thráin, King under the Mountain?"

One of the Men stood forward and I recognized him as Bard. His face was as grim as ever and he responded to my words.

"Hail Thorin! Why do you fence yourself like a robber in his hold?" As if that wasn't obvious - to keep the actual robbers out! "We are not yet foes, and we rejoice that you are alive beyond our hope." Doubtful. "We came expecting to find none living here!" All the easier it would have been for them to steal the treasures of my homeland. "Now that we are met there is a matter of a parley and a council."

"What would you parley?" I asked, though I knew already. The Men and Elves seek to drive us from Erebor and take the treasure from us.

Bard spoke, attempting to justify his askance of Erebor's gold, claiming that Smaug had also stolen Dale's gold and that it should be returned. He also asked for pay for the assistance we were allowed in Lake-town.

"The price of the goods and assistance that we received of the Lake-Men will be paid in due time. But I will give nothing under the threat of force. While an armed host lies before the doors of Erebor, we look at you as foes and thieves! Tell me, how much of their inheritance would you have paid to our kin, had you found the treasure unguarded and us slain?"

"You are not dead and we are not robbers," Bard tried to argue.

"I will say again that I will not parley with an armed host at my doors! Especially not with those who align themselves with the Elvenking. Now begone, ere our arrows fly! If you would wish to speak of this again, dismiss the Elvish host and return without weapons in hand."

"The Elvenking is my friend," Bard answered. "We will give you time to repent your words and will return!"

Bard and his company of spearmen departed then and I wished to send an arrow after them. It would seem that my fears were true and that the Men and Elves have nothing but war on their minds.

#the quest

4:31PM His Majesty really has outdone himself. Bard and the Lake-men have made him perfectly reasonable claims — one twelfth as both a reward to Bard for doing our job and slaying the Dragon in the first place, as well as a restoration of Dale’s riches to its descendants. From that, Bard will take a cut to help in the restoration of Esgaroth, but His Majesty was also advised to contribute a little more of the gold for the rest of Esgaroth’s repairs. I personally thought it all very fair, as we did impinge on their hospitality for a fortnight and were wined and dined to the best of their ability, and all we had given them in return was dragon-fire and ruin.

In response His Majesty, King Under Asshole Mountain, decided to shoot at the messengers, and the arrow hit one of the messenger’s shield. For this we are now under siege. None of us are allowed to leave the Mountain under pain of death,
and we are welcome to eat the gold to stave our hunger. I could wring his neck for such a rash decision, and I really do hope I’m not alone in thinking that.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating tactless and overall terrible asshole #we could have averted war #we could be eating more than just cram #i am so furious right now

5 pm

The Lake-Men returned with their demands. They have commanded that one twelfth of Erebor’s treasure be delivered to them.

If I was to agree to their terms, what would stop them from demanding more? If I was to do this, especially under their threat of force, what sort of King would I stand as? I will not give this, my people’s hard won home and treasure, to an army outside of my doors.

I sent an arrow as my reply to their demands and the Lake-Men have declared the mountain besieged. I do not worry, however. Dain will come, I know it. Erebor will stand strong again at the end of all of this.

#the quest

5:10PM Bomber seems particularly miserable about the siege. “They probably don’t have much to go around but I bet it’s better than cram,” he said to me as I helped him crumble cram into meal for cram dough ball soup. “I’d kill someone for a good ration of rice or noodles right now.”

I didn’t say anything in reply, but I’m glad I have at least one Company member openly on my side. The rest seem a bit too cowed by His Majesty’s show of force to protest his new policy.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #the company #that asshole

6:45PM

Anonymous asked:

Thorin should have considered his options more tactfully. However, from the look of things he really doesn't seem to be in his right mind at the moment. I wonder if Thorin is even aware of what he's doing? If the Thorin from a few weeks ago could see himself now, would he even agree with his own actions? It's understandable you're upset though as this is a dangerous situation, I really hope there's a peaceful solution to all this in the end.

I want to believe whatever is driving Thorin to these rash decisions can be subdued. I know the Thorin I knew — the Thorin I cleaved to — would not have done any of this. I just don’t know how to get him back.

#that asshole #that wonderful asshole #that worrisome asshole #anonymous #ask

7:32PM Kili is looking out into the valley once more, though this time they claim they have seen the Captain amongst the standard-bearers in the camp. They asked me if I could help them sneak out to visit her, but I told them it was inadvisable, as it would only make His Majesty angry.

“He has no right telling me who I’m allowed to love,” Kili replied angrily.

I know perfectly well what they meant by that.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole

8:15 pm

Another day of searching has revealed nothing. So far, the company has been sorting the treasure while keeping their eyes open for the Arkenstone. However, it’s time to dedicate the search to the Arkenstone only. It needs to be found. It must be.
9:14 PM What do you do when someone you care deeply about goes and does such a senseless and terrible thing over a shiny rock? What can you do, when they won’t listen to reason? I know I should not give up in trying to talk to Thorin, to try and pull him away from His Majesty, but every day it seems harder and harder to do, and every passing minute seems to take him farther and farther away from me.
What am I going to do when even words fail me?
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

10:30 pm
I tried to avoid sleep once again but it seems intent on claiming me. The beast appeared in my dream again. This time however, instead of the bodies of my kin or Bilbo or any other that I care for, it held something between its teeth.

The Arkenstone.

It shone as I remembered it and I could not stop myself from reaching for it. But the beast smirked at me. I could not move as I watched it crush the Arkenstone between its teeth. The shards rained down to the ground while the beast laughed.

Even though I am awake now, I can still hear its laughter in my ears.
#the quest

11:15 pm
The shaking in my hands caused by the dream has subsided and the pressure in my chest is lessening. The company sleeps around me and Bilbo is beside me. It is quiet, near peaceful, despite those who sit outside the mountain.

I find my mind drawn back to earlier today, before the demands for Erebor's treasures were made. I had gone to search for Bilbo, as he had not been present for lunch and I was worried as to what could have kept him.
When I found him, he was seated alone, staring at something out of my sight. For a brief moment, a suspicious voice in me wondered if it was perhaps the Arkenstone in his hand. But when I asked, Bilbo showed me an acorn.

He said that he had picked it up in Beorn's garden and just the mention of that place reminded me of the taste of honey. Of the sight of Bilbo with a crown of flowers atop his curls and the warmth of the sun upon us.

Though there was little light in the hall we stood in, Bilbo radiated his own glow. He is always surprising me, I find. His smile, his clever thoughts. How all he wished was to plant a tree in his garden to serve as a memory.

He is like sunlight, my One.
#the quest #ghivashel

November 8th, 2015

Bilbo
8:25AM Thorin was gone before I even woke up. Possibly gone back to the hoard to continue his search. I almost feel guilty for keeping the stone from him.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:42AM His Majesty has ordered all of us to contribute to the search for the Arkenstone. Balin and Dwalin at least exchanged worried glances, but I can’t tell the expressions on most of the rest of the Company.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #the company

Thorin

10 am

The company has been instructed that the Arkenstone is the first priority. I'll not rest until it's found. Until it sits in my hand. I can't shake the image from my mind of the beast, crushing the Arkenstone in its jaws. I swear that I can still hear it laughing at me.
#the quest #the company

11:21AM Dwalin says the gold gives him headaches and that he’d rather not see more of it, but he cannot tell Thorin that because of his unending love and loyalty to him. I wish I had the courage to follow Thorin into the dark like Dwalin can. It is madness, I know, but it is also bravery.
#adventureblogging #brawnsdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

11:43AM
Anonymous asked:
I can't really offer much advice, but I'm sure you'll find a way to help Thorin. You've been wonderful throughout this quest. You've faced and overcome obstacles that many would have shied away from. You care deeply for him and I believe in the end you'll manage to help him again with this problem too. The acorn seemed to do the trick briefly didn't it? What about trying that again or something similar, something to take his mind off the current problems and drag him back to himself for a bit?
I will see what I can do, but I do not trust my instinct with him anymore. The Thorin I once knew would not go back on his word like he did with the people of Lake-town.
#that asshole #that worrisome asshole #anonymous #ask

12:15 pm

Bilbo hasn't been searching. He stares across the vast treasure, though I don't see the same look of amazement that has been present on the company's expressions. Instead, he seems tired. It pains me to see him so weary. Perhaps the armies outside our gates is what's weighing on him. But aid will come. As long as the mountain still stands, there's hope. Our enemies won't bring about Erebor's ruin, especially once the Arkenstone is found.
#the quest #ghivashel
1:09 PM After our miserable lunch, His Majesty attempted to get me to join the search. I told him I knew nothing about gems, and he said that the Arkenstone was no ordinary gem, and that I would know what it was when I saw it. I maintained that I really had no eye for that, as all of the jewels in the hoard were extraordinary in my eyes.

His Majesty then decked me in more golden jewellery before placing a ruby the size of a goose egg in my hand and said it was his heart. I’m afraid he’s lying on that front — the Arkenstone is His Majesty’s heart, moreso than this ruby will ever be, and I don’t think he’ll take well to knowing that I have stolen it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

3:22 PM Balin encountered an old mithril diadem that had once belonged to Thorin’s mother. His Majesty took a look at it and set it to the side before returning to the hoard for the Arkenstone.

Even I had hoped for a better response than that to something so precious and sentimental.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

3:45 pm

Despite the gems that I’ve gifted him, Bilbo still seems unhappy. I would give much to see him smile once again, to see him glow. Yet even with my beads in his hair, he remains a mystery to me. What could I give him to bring him joy? Perhaps his gloom is similar to my own and tied into the continued missing state of the Arkenstone. When I find it, perhaps his smile will return.

#the quest #ghivashel

5:45PM I have tried all day, but I don’t think His Majesty wishes to speak with me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

6:15 pm

The beast is laughing once again. I can hear how its claws slide over the treasure, the weight of its steps causing tremors. Though it’s persistently at the corner of my eye, I swear that it’s gotten bigger. Growing larger, stronger.

I know why it taunts me. It’s finding amusement at my failure in finding the Arkenstone. It knows that without it, I’m not able to bring a smile to my One’s face, let alone restore my kingdom. That without the Arkenstone, the beast is free to prowl these halls as it pleases. But Erebor has already fallen once to a dragon. I’ll not see it fall to another. The Arkenstone will be found.

#the quest

7:48 pm

Anonymous asked:

Give him your company, what he values most are not gems, it is you, the person you used to be.

I’m still myself and my company would surely be little comfort with an army outside the gate. He deserves the reassurance of safety and I can’t give him that without the Arkenstone in hand.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

8:10PM The siege has made us all take watches again. The one in charge of said watch must keep a
post at the old watch-house at the top of the Front Gate. It is a cold and cheerless little room, but it serves the job and is very quiet. I may take a watch just to spend time up here.

#adventureblogging

**10:15PM** Thorin refuses to sleep. He takes first watch but — according to Dori and Balin, at least — continues to watch through the next shifts as well.

Tonight he is looking at the old boar he had taken from his childhood bedroom. It is dusty and dirty and ragged, but it has that look of being well-loved by a child at one time. I wonder if he can still remember himself that way — if he still knows, even under the layers of kingship, who he really is.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #that wonderful asshole #winedwarf #brainsdwarf
Hey, as per usual, please check the warnings - we're getting into the end of The Quest and also the worst of the Dragon Sickness and those tags are super relevant at this point.

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### November 9th, 2015

**Bilbo**

8:20AM I had such a wonderful dream of being back in my chair in Bag End, reading my books by the fire with a cup of tea. I also dreamt of answering the door to find Thorin on the step, his mind clearer than ever and his smile as sweet as honey, with an abundance of heart’s ease in his arms which he would give to me. I dreamt of loving in idleness and woke to the bitter winds of winter and the gnawing of my stomach for something better than cram.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

**Thorin**

9 am

I feel as if I’m floating.

The treasure stretches far and is stacked like waves of water. If one looked at it long enough, one could swear that it’s shifting and moving.

#the quest

9:11AM Kíli was a little ways away, at the entrance to the guardhouse. They were talking to a young raven preening on the battlements. When they came to breakfast, the raven took off and flew down towards the camp. I wonder what message Kíli had the raven deliver to the Men and the Elves.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

10:45 am

The company is still searching and the rumble of the beast is still present. I wonder if they can hear it as well, or if it’s kept its taunts to only myself. The click of its claws over coin seems to echo in my ears.

#the quest #the company

11:42AM Another day of searching has reached its midpoint. The rest of the Company seems content to toil on in the gold. Some, like Dori and Glóin, seem to revel in it. Others, like Nori and Bo, are simply enchanted. I can see it in their worried glances that they have concerns over His Majesty’s erratic behaviour, but are somehow incapable of informing him about it.
1:21PM Thorin is dozing into his cram. Balin says it is only natural, as he has not slept well, if at all, these past few days. Óin wishes he knew how to make a draught for dreamless sleep. I think we all could use some of that.

2:45PM His Majesty just stumbled into the hoard demanding why no one woke him after we had finished lunch. Óin said it was so that he could get some sleep. His Majesty snorted, as if he’d rather sleep when he’s dead. I’m sure he’ll get his wish sooner or later.

3:02 pm
Anonymous asked:
Thorin, I think Bilbo would appreciate your company no matter the situation outside of the mountain.

It sounds as if you believe that I’ve left, when I haven’t. Bilbo has my company.

4:04 pm
Anonymous asked:
Have you spent more than a few minutes with him outside of the treasury????
Besides the fact that we do in fact sleep next to one another, there’s a reason for our being in the treasury. Would you rather I take him for a walk along the Front Gate so that we can gaze at the army of Elves and Men?

4:37PM Now that I take a closer look at some of the treasures, there does seem to be slight variations in the skill of those who made some of the cups and swords and coins. The vast majority is finely-wrought and Dwarvish made, but there are some that bear the mark of Dale upon them. These are mostly some fantastic-looking toys and instruments, which have entranced Bo and Bifur, as apparently Dale had once manufactured the best toys in all of Middle-earth.

His Majesty doesn’t seem as impressed, and for each toy that Bo shows me, he returns with something of Erebor-make, and more ostentatious than the previous thing. He even handed me the cup of Thórór, a golden two-handled cup carved with jewelled birds and flowers.

The wealth I see before me never ceases to be staggering, and at this point I have seen so much of it that none of it matters to me anymore.

5:15 pm
Bilbo had been inspecting the treasure around him and noticed the difference in some pieces. Balin was quick to explain the mark of Dale. Bilbo made mention of Bard’s demands for Dale’s treasure and suggested that it be returned.

I spoke against that. The treasure is within Erebor and thus is ours. Bilbo said nothing in response,
though his expression clouded and his movements turned sharp. His worries of the Lake-town Men stems from the kindness in him. However, my people have suffered years in exile and I'll not pass off their wealth at the simple demands of Men.

5:21PM His Majesty says the treasure from Dale now belongs to Erebor. That treasure most definitely doesn't belong to him; he has no claim over it. And yet he says it is Erebor's, as if the suffering of his people outweighs the suffering of the people of Lake-town!
How does this make us any different from Smaug, if we lay claim to things that are not ours?

6:08PM The young raven has returned to Kíli at suppertime. There was a whispered exchange which I heard nothing of, and then Kíli looked towards me with a resolute expression on their face. They are planning something, and I fear for them should His Majesty find out.

8:45PM I have offered to take first watch for the night. His Majesty wanted to take it with me, but I told him I needed time alone to think. He seemed disappointed. Is it wrong for me to feel encouraged at the sight of him looking disappointed?

9:05 pm
Bilbo has taken first watch and though I asked to join him, he declined. His expression is darkened in a way that pains me.
I want to join him despite his dismissal. He pulls at me, more so than any treasure.

10:21PM Smoke ring total: 7 perfect rings. The night is brisk in the guardhouse and the Company is asleep, and I am left with nothing but my thoughts and fears.
And the Arkenstone, bundled in my cloak next to me. Blasted stone.

November 10th, 2015
Bilbo

12:57AM Kíli is still up. I asked them what they were doing. They said they weren’t doing anything, but I saw a raven fly away as they said that.
I asked them if they were communicating with someone, and they looked back at the Company, as if trying to figure out who might be listening, before stepping closer and whispering the Captain’s name in my ear.
She is here, then, and Kíli wishes to see her. My only hope is that they will be able to do so without the interference of His Majesty or the Elvenking. This surely will not go well.

#adventureblogging #thing #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

3:08AM It is already the third watch and yet sleep does not come to me easily as it has before. Thorin is silent and still beside me, but based on the way his chest moves beneath my cheek he is as sleepless as I am.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

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Thorin

8:45 am

My eyes feel heavy and each movement seems excessive. Despite that, I’ve managed to avoid the grip of sleep. The beast continues to haunt me and even awake, I can feel its gaze on me.

#the quest

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9:21AM Once more into the hoard we go, for another day of searching. His Majesty wanders through the piles of gold and jewels silently, almost like a ghost. The furs trail behind him, further giving him the impression of floating.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

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9:30 am

Anonymous asked:

When was the last time you thought about something else besides the treasure or the Arkenstone for more than 1 hour?

Your question makes it sound as if you disapprove of my thoughts as of late. As if I'm not constantly thinking about the sake of my people and their future. As if my thoughts aren't focused on rebuilding my homeland and the army of Elves and Men outside my gates that wish to rip my home from me. I won't apologize for thinking on the treasure and on finding the Arkenstone. Also, I think of Bilbo quite often.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

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10AM

There was an old king on a high throne:
his white beard lay on knees of bone;
his mouth savoured neither meat nor drink,
nor his ears song; he could only think
of his huge chest with carven lid
where pale gems and gold lay hid
in secret treasury in the dark ground;
its strong doors were iron-bound.
The swords of his thanes were dull with rust,
his glory fallen, his rule unjust,
his halls hollow, and his bowers cold,
but king he was of elvish gold.
He heard not the horns in the mountain-pass,
I'd rather you take a walk with him literally anywhere else in Erebor. Perhaps you two could visit your family's old rooms again? I'm not entirely sure how visiting the rooms of my deceased kin will bring Bilbo cheer.

Thorin dozed off during lunch again. I have decided to use the chance to go explore Erebor again without the possibility of him trying to rope me back into the search. I need a change of scenery, a breath of fresh air.

I've apparently fallen asleep once again without meaning to. While I'm annoyed by my own body betraying me, I'm at least thankful that these brief rests have been dreamless.

The company left me to my sleep and has returned to searching except… Where's Bilbo?

I have wandered through all the levels of the city and wondered what it would be like to see them full of light and laughter and people. To imagine what it was like before the dragon came.

There's shouting coming from the hoard. Something has happened.

It's Thorin. He is digging frantically through the gold, shouting my name.

I've managed to convince Thorin that I am alive and well. He is clinging onto me, saying that I was drowning in the gold and he couldn't stop me. All I can do is tell him that I'm not — I'm here, comforting him.
5 pm

I feel as if my breath has been forcibly ripped out of me.

It had been so clear, so vivid in my mind. After I had woken up, when I failed to see Bilbo anywhere, all that went through my thoughts was that he was drowning. Pulled under the gold and treasure. I could even hear him, screaming, begging me, anyone, to help him.

I had thought that the beast’s taunts and threats had finally been made real and that it was taking Bilbo from me. It had been so obvious to me — the beast had slithered under the gold, like a snake, and had dragged Bilbo down through the coins and gems. He is here now, I can feel the warmth of his hands, but still my breath and body shake. I cannot lose him.

#the quest #ghivashel

6:25PM Thorin cannot seem to take his eyes off me at supper tonight. I have had to hold his hand to convince him that I am still with him.

#adventureblogging

7PM

Anonymous asked:

Thorin must really be suffering with sleep deprivation to have imagined you drowned in gold. I hope there is someway to persuade him to get some proper rest, he clearly needs it.

I want to help. I really do. But unless you have some method of getting him to sleep that does not involve knocking him about the head with a blunt object I do not think any methods will work.

#that asshole #that worrisome asshole #anonymous #ask

7:15 pm

Even though he sits next to me, safe and well, the sound of Bilbo’s screams still ring in my ears. He is here, whole, with a smile pulling at his lips, yet the image of him crushed and broken beneath the gold is still in my mind.

#the quest #ghivashel

8:04PM Once again I am taking the first watch. Thorin still seems shaken up by what happened this afternoon, as he insisted he take watch with me. I told him I could handle it on my own, and he said that he thought he lost me, and would not let me put myself in danger again.

I have let him take watch with me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8:24PM

Anonymous asked:

Probably best to let Thorin take the watch with you since it will ease his mind. Perhaps this might prove to be a chance to get him some much needed rest? I presume he is alone on watch with you, he might feel relaxed enough in your presence to let down his guard and rest. If you speak with him it may help soothe his worries too. You’re a good sort, Bilbo, and given the difficult circumstances you really are dealing with everything admirably.
I have let him take watch with me, but he is still alert and quiet. I do not know if he wishes to speak to me, and he does not seem relaxed enough to rest.

#that asshole #that worrisome asshole #anonymous #ask

8:25 pm

Bilbo volunteered to do the first watch again and I asked to join him. He seemed resistant to the idea but he agreed. I still feel as if he will disappear if I look away.

#the quest #ghivashel

9 pm

Anonymous asked:

Try not to panic yourself, Thorin. Bilbo is fine, but it seems as if you may not be. The lack of sleep is clearly causing you to imagine things that aren't true. The Beast will not get you, and if Bilbo is willing to stay close by, I'm certain your sleep will be more restful with less troubling dreams. Talk to him about it if you can, he cares for and worries about you, it's better the two of you share these thoughts rather than trying to muddle through alone.

You did not see what I did. It was so real, so vivid...

#the quest #ghivashel

9:21PM So far nothing has happened on the watch. Thorin is so warm against me, his touch so hesitant, as if he knows how much it has pained me to be with him these past few days. I do not doubt that this is the Thorin I remember, but I do not know if he will stay long.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

9:45 pm

Bilbo and I have been near silent thus far, with the wind as the only sound.

~~~

I admit that my gaze has not been focused on the area around us but on Bilbo. The vision from earlier was only just starting to fade enough for me to see past it, to see him properly. In the torchlight, the lines under his eyes were deep and there was a weariness in the set of his shoulders. We sat together without the presence of words, close enough for shared warmth but not for touch. I could sense his hesitance with me and I felt it lodge in my throat. I wanted him to be here, in my home, and enjoy it as much as I do, but it only seems to be draining him. A creature of the soil and sun, and I have trapped him within stone. I cannot help but wonder if he regrets this quest, regrets our choice in this relationship.

But Bilbo turned his eyes to meet my own and I do not know what it is he saw, but he reached a hand out and placed it against my arm. A simple touch, yet it shook through me. I reached forward and cupped his cheek as gently as I was able. His eyes closed and he leaned into the touch and my heart ached for him.

It was some time before we moved again but I pulled him close and he settled with his back against my chest and has rested there since. His hands are wrapped in my own and I find that I am still in awe of how they fit together.

#the quest #ghivashel #(read more)

10 pm

Anonymous asked:
Hows your feeling towards bilbo? How is he holding up??
My feeling towards Bilbo is as it frequently is — one of love. I know that he is strong and will be fine. For now, he is asleep.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

10:25 pm

Bilbo fell asleep in my arms and our watch has ended. I picked him up and have carried him to our bedrolls. I still do not feel the desire to sleep but I am more than content to hold him close.

#the quest #ghivashel

November 11th, 2015

Thorin

6:15 am

My sleep was disturbed yet again. This night terror was worse than the others. Bilbo was with me in a restored Erebor. He was dressed in fine silks and shining jewels and there was a smile on his face. His hand was in mine as we walked the relit halls. Yet we began to fall backwards and the walls around us seem to fade away like smoke until we were left floating together in nothingness.

My grip on his hand turned harsh and though I did not will it, my arm yanked him forward towards me. And then the darkness around us transformed into gold and we were both drowning in it and it was me dragging him down deeper. He tried to pull his hand away but my hold on him was harsh and soon the weight around us was too much. Bilbo is still asleep next to me, but I need to move. I do not want to leave him but I fear how much of a premonition my dream was.

#the quest #ghivashel

8 am

Anonymous asked:

Not all your kin is dead. What about Dis' old room?
I am still not sure how visiting the old rooms of my kin would be helpful now.

#ask #anonymous

Bilbo

8:10 AM I woke alone. The spot in the bedroll beside me has been cold for hours, I think. I suspect Thorin is back in the hoard.
Had last night been a dream?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:30 am

Anonymous asked:

I know it seems like everything is falling apart, but you're not doing yourself, or any members
of the company, any favours by fretting so much. Nothing you do right now will make anything that's about to happen happen any differently. It won't make Dain get to you any faster or make the Men and Elves in Dale go away, surely you could take some time away from the search and spend it somewhere more pleasant with Master Baggins.

You speak as if you have some knowledge of the future. If so, I ask you to keep your knowledge hidden, as knowing the future will most likely end in disaster. As for spending time somewhere more pleasant, where would you have us go? Erebor is still in ruins and there is any army outside keeping us in. Many of you are suggesting a change of scenery yet I believe that you fail to realize that there is nowhere else for us to go.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

10:10 am

Bilbo’s reluctance to go among the treasure is a relief, at least for now. I find myself looking towards him every few minutes, as though for the reassurance that he’s still there.

#the quest #ghivashel

10:35AM When I showed up in the room where the hoard is, Thorin would not let me near the treasure. Instead he had me sit on the bridge above and supervise. He still refuses to let me out of his sight, as if I’ll vanish the moment he looks away.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

11:23AM Thorin is trying to skip lunch. I argued against it, of course, but he sent me a glare so steely that I had no choice but to back down. I do not want to fight him. But I am worried about his lack of sleep all the same.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #that irritating asshole

12:30 pm

Despite being urged against it, I’ve skipped lunch to continue searching. I’d rather avoid falling asleep again, for as long as I’m able. My mind seems to wish to do nothing but plague me with disturbing visions.

#the quest

1:50PM

Anonymous asked:

Please don’t let His Majesty push you away. He can be grumpy, but he is lonely and sad and scared. You being near him helps him a lot, I bet.

It is hard to know what will help him when he does not seem open to my assistance, or my reassurance, or... anything, really. Anything except the pull of the hoard and the Arkenstone.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

2:42PM The gold is starting to blur together into one amorphous blob of gleaming yellow.

#adventureblogging

3:15 pm
I’ve noticed that Kili slips away from the treasury every so often, though they return soon enough. They seemed drawn to the ravens since we met with them and I’ve seen them speaking with them frequently lately. It’s good that they’ve befriended them so quickly, and they seem to be just as eager as I am in hearing a response from Dáin.

#the quest #my sister children

4 pm
Anonymous asked:

I have no knowledge of the future, that was just speculation given your circumstances, and my suggestion of a change of scenery wasn’t necessarily to go outside, just somewhere other than the treasury. Being surrounded by all that gold during the day could be the cause of your nightmares. Perhaps there is another room you could spend some time?
Even if it’s the cause of my nightmares, I have to stay in the treasury until the Arkenstone is found.
My loss of sleep is a small price to pay for Erebor’s restoration.

#ask #anonymous

4:08PM I am finding it difficult not to fall asleep myself, with absolutely nothing to do except to sit and watch the Company sift through the treasure for the Arkenstone. Even watching the grass on Bag End grow must be more interesting than this.

#adventureblogging #the company

4:10PM I miss Bag End.

#adventureblogging

4:20 pm
Anonymous asked:

Have you considered avoiding the treasure yourself? All this gold is clearly freaking you out. Maybe try to take a bit of time with Bilbo to explore together Erebor.
We’ve already explored it some and besides, I won’t let a few night terrors dictate how I’m to live, to rule. I can’t simply avoid the treasure for the rest of my life and the Arkenstone still needs to be found.

#ask #anonymous

4:50 pm
Anonymous asked:

I’m sure you could afford a couple of hours away from that place. A well rested King thinks better than one suffering from sleep deprivation. Just take some time and be with Bilbo away from the gold. Your Company will follow you regardless of the Arkenstone, they are loyal, they are your kin, is that not worth more than a stone?
The company may follow me but that doesn’t mean that the other Dwarven clans will. I need the Arkenstone.

#ask #anonymous #the company

5 pm
Anonymous asked:

Out of curiosity, are you still carrying your old stuffed boar around with you? I haven’t seen it mentioned in a while.
I still have it in my possession, yes.

#ask #anonymous

5:30PM I think the joy and fascination on Bo’s face has started to fade. Maybe he’s run out of toys to stare at. Most of the Company seem a little less enchanted by the gold today than they had been previously. Perhaps it’s because of the incident yesterday?

#adventureblogging #hattravels #the company

5:45 pm

Anonymous asked:

If you don’t mind my asking, do you have any fond memories involving your stuffed boar? If so, what are they?

I had honestly forgotten of the boar until I rediscovered it while exploring, so there aren’t defined memories of it. It was something that, during childhood, I held in my sleep for comfort.

#ask #anonymous

6 pm

Anonymous asked:

Do you recall how you originally got the boar plush? Like, who made it for you? Or who gifted it to you?

It was a gift to me from my cousin, Dáin. My family would visit the Iron Hills at times. During one of these visits, I was having trouble sleeping, as I did not enjoy being away from home. In an effort to calm me, Dáin presented me with one of his stuffed boar toys to hold. When I went to return it to him at our departure, he insisted that I keep it.

#ask #anonymous #dain

7:42PM Kíli would not stop staring at me throughout supper. I wonder if this has something to do with the raven circling the camps in the valley this morning.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

8 pm

I’ve assigned watch for the night and taken the first shift for myself. I asked Bilbo if he wished to join me but he declined.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:35PM As expected, Kíli came to me and asked if I could help them meet Captain Tauriel this evening. I told them I couldn’t help, that they would just have to be very quiet on their feet and use a lot of rope if they wished to escape. They asked if there was a spot on the ramparts that was harder for His Majesty to see. I shrugged and said I had no idea.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

10:50PM I am not taking watch tonight, but I managed to catch Kíli sneaking out towards the
ramparts all the same. I don’t think Dwarves understand the concept of being quiet.

#adventureblogging #thing 2

11:20PM What was already bad got worse when His Majesty caught us.
~~
He was enraged at the idea that Kíli would ever consider escaping, much less to see an elf. Even though Kíli pointed out that they would have returned by sunrise, Thorin refused to believe it was anything short of high treason. His shouting woke the rest of the Company (and probably some Elves and Men, too), and we had to watch His Majesty berate his own kin. There was even a moment when I thought His Majesty was going to strike them, but he relented at the last moment and turned his back on Kíli before walking back to our bedroll.

I cannot bear to look at Kíli’s disappointed face any longer. I need to talk with His Majesty now.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that irritating asshole #the company #(read more)

11:45PM I didn’t talk with His Majesty. I argued.
~~
I know it is my duty to comfort the King in times of need. I do. But the look on Kíli’s face would probably haunt me forever if I did not take their side, and take their side I did when I demanded why he had lost his temper at his own sister-child like that.

His Majesty snapped something about Kíli’s ‘traitorous and silly infatuation’ with Captain Tauriel, and I’m not sure what I said in reply, but I’m pretty sure it was something about how he of all people shouldn’t be denying anyone a chance to be near their One. And from there it rapidly turned back into the same argument we had at Lake-town, where he had conceded and told Kíli he would support them no matter what.

And once again, I threatened to hand back my beads, to end our engagement. I asked him if he would accept, if he would deny himself his One like he was denying Kíli of theirs. That seemed to shock him. He told me he would not be parted from me, and that he would try to control himself in the future.

Too bad I can no longer believe him on that.

#adventureblogging #(read more) #thing 2 #that asshole #that irritating asshole

11:55 pm

After everything that’s happened, despite the army at our gates, despite how the Elves turned away at our lowest, Kíli still wishes for the Captain, Tauriel. Despite all reason, they wanted to leave for this Elf, to betray their kin and homeland for this Elf.

Bilbo argued with me, saying that I should try to accept Kíli’s fascination with the Captain. Doesn’t he see? He tried to compare our relationship to theirs, even threatened to return his beads. I can't lose him, I won't, and relented. Still, the thought that one of my own nanaddan would go behind my back in such a way has anger burning in my throat.

#the quest #my sister children #ghivashel

November 12th, 2015

Thorin
6:30 am

Bilbo moved away from me.

I had laid next to him as usual and when I had rolled closer, he’d moved away. I tried to bring him closer and, though I believe he’s asleep, his elbow pushed me away. I feel cold.

#the quest #ghivashel

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Bilbo

7:34 AM I do not think I have ever felt more miserable. I have been unable to sleep for the past several hours, and the distance between His Majesty and me has become physical. The space between us is cold, but as long as he refuses to see reason, this is the only way in which I know how to affect him anymore.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #that irritating asshole

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Anonymous asked:

We have a famous tale, which has a similas Situation like Kili and the Elf Captain. Two clans at odd with each other and a young couple. It ends with the man in exile and the woman faking her death, so they can run away together. Due to miscommunication, the man thinks she really is dead and kill himself with poison on her corpse. Minutes later, she awakes and sees his corpses and kills herself. Do you want that to happen? No, I don’t want that to happen, which is why I’ve spoken against their relationship, so that it doesn’t end the sort of tragedy you’ve described. I’m not going to exile Kíli. Also, I don’t care for your attempt to sway my opinion with dramatic stories. This isn’t a story, but Kíli’s life and future.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

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9:10 AM I must keep watch in the hoard once more.

#adventureblogging #oh joy

---

10 am

The search continues. There’s still a time limit on finding the Arkenstone. It must be done before Dáin’s army arrives, as they’ll need proof of my right to rule.

#the quest

---

10:21 AM There is far too much gold. Ori will take years to record it all. He shall be as old and wrinkled as Balin by the time he finishes recording the last of these jewels, and by that time there will be even more jewels to record.

#adventureblogging #scribedwarf #brainsdwarf

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11:15 am
I can see Kíli wishing to leave the treasury, most likely to go reply to whatever message the ravens have brought to them. I’ve informed them that they are no longer allowed out of my sight, as they’ve lost my trust. This is for their own good.

12PM

Anonymous asked:
I’m so sorry to hear that. I really hope you can both sort this out once morning comes, and that Thorin can see reason. He has done before, to have him so stubbornly set against it now is worrying. I can understand that he’s upset due the elves threatening war, and worried that Kíli might be being used by Tauriel, but he cannot deny Kíli the same love that he has managed to find with you, it isn’t fair. Best of luck getting Thorin to see reason again and I wish you both happiness.

Balin says that His Majesty is sick, and I can see it now more clearly than ever. His ability to see reason has been poisoned, and I do not know the cure for it, as Balin and I both believe giving him the Arkenstone will only make things worse.

12:46PM His Majesty refused to let Kíli near the raven that has landed onto the ramparts. The expression on Kíli’s face was practically mutinous. Other members of the Company also seemed uncomfortable about the situation, notably Bo, whose usually cheery face was darkened with a very grim scowl.
And so, we unravel.

1:08PM His Majesty has made us all return to the hoard. He forbids me from sleeping, too, though I have nothing to do but sleep. Apparently if I wander off I’ll be in danger, if I fall asleep I’ll be in danger, and if I touch the treasure I’ll be in danger.
I don’t think there’s a single thing I can do that won’t cause him to fear about my life in such an overblown way.

2 pm

I’m still shaken that Kíli of all would try to betray me. One of my own nanaddan. I’ve felt an uneasy shifting under my skin around the company as of late; muffled conversations between them, their gazes on me when I’m not looking, and now this. If Kíli could go behind my back, what’s to stop the rest of them?

12:50 pm

There’s a raven perched at the gate, very obviously waiting for Kíli. They went to answer it but I’ve called them away from it. I’ll not have them talking with our enemy.

2 pm

I’m still shaken that Kíli of all would try to betray me. One of my own nanaddan. I’ve felt an uneasy shifting under my skin around the company as of late; muffled conversations between them, their gazes on me when I’m not looking, and now this. If Kíli could go behind my back, what’s to stop the rest of them?
2:30 pm
Anonymous asked:
Kili hasn’t betrayed you, Thorin. They’re in love, simple as that. No matter whom they love, you should support that. Wouldn’t you feel terrible if another dwarf came to you and denied your love for Bilbo was true? How would you feel if they berated you for it and told you a hobbit was not worthy and could never be a good match for you? Kili loves who they love, even though Tauriel is an elf, she seems like a good sort, please try and see it from their point of view, clearly Bilbo does.

It’s not comparable as Bilbo nor his people have ever done anything against my people. The Elves, however, sit outside my gates with an army, come to steal our treasure and homeland.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children #ghivashel

2:45 pm
Anonymous asked:
You love Bilbo, and he loves you, but you must see why he’s upset about you arguing with Kili. Despite everything, Kili is in love and happy, it's an encouraging thing to see with so much ill feeling around. Elf or no, Tauriel seems pleasant. Perhaps you can speak with Bilbo again when he wakes and both make amends. In the grand scheme of things, this is a foolish thing to argue over, and the both of you deserve to be content together.

“Elf or no,” as if she’s not part of the army outside that wishes to end our lives and steal our home and gold.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children #ghivashel

3 pm
Anonymous asked:
Although I disagree that keeping Kili away from their one is a good idea (it’s horrid actually) - I do think halting communication from between them right now is a good idea - just in case Thranduil intercepts the letters and uses whatever information Kili may have written against you or even themself. If Thranduil finds out about the relationship he MAY try to use Tauriel as a bargaining piece. Maybe you could explain this to the company, at least Kili and Bilbo who has a vested interest.

Finally, someone who sees the sense in what I’m doing. This is for Kili’s safety, as well as Erebor’s.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

4:25PM Kili might have been forbidden from leaving His Majesty’s sight (which, essentially, puts them in the same situation as me), but that doesn’t mean Fili could not go and take a message. At least one other person is taking Kili’s side.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that irritating asshole

5:11 pm
Anonymous asked:
But the elf Kili is in love with hasn't done anything bad to you or your people
She’s the Captain of Thranduil’s guard.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

5:19 pm
Anonymous asked:
Remember no matter what Bilbo does, its only because he cares for you. He's worried about you.
I know that Bilbo cares for me. That's why my beads are in his hair.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

5:50 pm
Anonymous asked:
The Company cares for and respects you. They are loyal, please do not doubt this. Kili is in love and cannot help who that is with. Thranduil may seem to be your enemy, but Tauriel is not; she cares deeply for them, that much is obvious. Do not let such twisted imaginings alienate you from your kin, you need them now more than ever. And if you really suspect them, at least listen to what Bilbo has to say on these matters, he’s been correct about many other things before during the Quest.
I’ve seen no evidence thus far that Tauriel ‘cares deeply’ for Kili. In fact, she’s trying to drag them away from kin and homeland which doesn’t sound like caring to me.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

6:11PM Fili spoke out against His Majesty at supper, in defence of his sibling. He told him that everyone was concerned about his uncharacteristic behaviour, and pleaded for him to call the Lake-men for a parley. He spoke at length about the oncoming winter and the dwindling supplies, and asked His Majesty if he was really going to allow his hatred for one Elf poison any relationships his other family members may form with other Elves.

It was bravely done, and well-spoken. Too bad I don’t think His Majesty listened to any of it.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #that asshole #that irritating asshole

6:20 pm
Fili informed me of his opinion that Kili should be allowed to pursue relations with the Elf Captain.
It’s kind of him to stand up for his sibling, though he and Kili are both still young and don’t seem to understand the problem with this situation as I do. Neither of them were there when our people were turned away by Thranduil.
I did notice, however, the expressions of the company during and after Fili’s speech. They seemed to agree with him and I could see nods motioned to Fili once he was seated again. So it was the rest of the company that led my nanaddan astray.

#the quest #my sister children #the company

7:28PM I told His Majesty that I wished for us to sleep in separate bedrolls. He tried to argue against it at first, but I told him I needed my space.
I don’t have it in me to tell him the truth, that I cannot help but wonder how differently His Majesty might have treated me had I not been myself. Not been a Hobbit, specifically. As I’ve pointed out to him before, if I were an Elf, would he love me the way he claims he does now?

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole

7:45 pm
Bilbo has instructed that I find somewhere else to sleep, as he wishes for space and time alone. What could have caused this? Could it be the company?

I recall him confessing that there was something weighing on him that he was worried about telling me. If it’s due to the company, as I feared that it was, then he would still feel unsafe, wishing to be away from them.

Yes, space alone. He’s right, that’s exactly what we need. Somewhere that we can be away from the company.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel

9:12PM
Anonymous asked:

As Balin said; Thorin is sick, I believe a lot of his behaviour of late is down to this. I can't presume to know, but personally I think that even if you were an elf, Thorin (the true Thorin) would love you dearly anyway. Love is love, he'd fall for you no matter what form you took, I'm certain. It's the sickness that guides his actions and is causing him to act this way. Please don't doubt his feelings for you, they're true and seem to be anchoring him even just a little, so they must be strong

Would he have even let me go on the Quest if I had not been a Hobbit?

#that asshole #that worrisome asshole #brainsdwarf #anonymous #ask

9:15 pm

I’m trying to locate a separate place for Bilbo and I to have, away from the company. My childhood room doesn’t have the space for the both of us and the gold in the treasury isn’t actually comfortable to lay on. Where else could we go?

#the quest #ghivashel

9:34PM

It is only in the absence of a familiar presence that you really do realise how much you miss them.
The fire we have built cannot possibly substitute for Thorin’s own reassuring warmth. I feel almost naked without him by me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #that worrisome asshole #i miss thorin

9:40 pm

They need to be cleaned, as there’s a thick layer of dust, but the rooms of my grandfather, Thrór, will do perfectly. After all, it’s the King’s quarters. And am I not the King?

#the quest

November 13th, 2015
Thorin

8:15 am

It’s taken the whole night, which I didn’t mind as I didn’t wish to sleep, but the rooms of my grandfather are now clean and useable. I fear I may look like a ghost with the amount of dust that has settled on me. But these rooms are now ready for Bilbo and I to stay in. I’m sure he’ll be quite relieved to have a more private and secure place to sleep.

#the quest #ghivashel

8:35 am

Anonymous asked:

You’re troubled, thorin. You should take a step back and examine everything

Don’t instruct me on what to do.

#ask #anonymous

9 am

Anonymous asked:

I don’t wish to pry into personal affairs, but I think you may be wrong. I don’t think it’s the Company that’s troubling Bilbo; I believe it’s your treatment of Kili and that it weighs heavily on his mind. He’s worrying about your regard for him too, that if he were an elf and not a hobbit as he is, that you would not feel for him as you do now. He’s scared for you as well, since circumstances since entering the mountain have changed you somewhat.

If you don’t wish to pry, then don’t.

#ask #anonymous

Bilbo

9AM His Majesty was not in his bedroll when I awoke. In fact it looks hardly touched at all.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:30 am

Anonymous asked:

Have you considered the benefits to Kili’s relationship with the Elf? There is a lesson from history among my people about a young monarch who married an outsider for love, even though many people distrusted the outsider’s heritage. However the outsider later came to be admired for honesty, diligence, and devotion to the monarch’s family and kingdom. Their love was the greatest the kingdom had ever seen and under them, the kingdom flourished, becoming an empire on which "the sun never set."

Interesting tale but no kingdom of Dwarves will submit to the rule of an Elf, especially after centuries of distrust and betrayal.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

10:15 am

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,

The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;

But then begins a journey in my head,

To work my mind, when body’s work’s expired:

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.
-Sonnet 27, William Shakespeare

10:21 AM When His Majesty asked me to join him down in the hoard, I reminded him that he had
 told me just two days ago that he wanted me to stay away from the treasure as it was dangerous. He
 frowned and said he doesn’t remember telling me that.
So I have now complied.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

10:45 AM While searching, I kept an eye on where Bilbo sat, above the treasure. He seemed quite lonesome
 up there and so I called him down to join me. He told me that I had instructed him to stay away from the
 treasure, lest he befall some danger, though I don’t recall ever saying such a thing. He’s since joined
 me and it’s much more pleasing to have him here at my side.

#the quest #ghivashel

11:30 AM

Bilbo stood among the treasure, the gold reflecting in his hair. He eventually began to examine what
 was around him, picking up an emerald that fit snuggly in his palm. He must have noticed my cheer
 at this and when he asked what the cause was, I explained that he reminded me of emeralds and of
 topaz. He didn’t seem to understand, so I explained that emeralds hold the meaning of balance and
 growth which were similar to what he meant to me. This made him smile, something I haven’t seen
 frequently as of late.

Then he asked why the topaz. I confessed that they reminded me of his eyes.

Bilbo located another nearby gem, a diamond twice the size of the emerald, and asked of its
 meaning. I told him that stood for purity and clarity and the smile returned. It delights me, how
 knowing these things brings him joy and that he’s taken an interest in the treasure.

#the quest #ghivashel

11:45 AM Thorin is explaining the meaning of certain gems in the hoard to me. It started when I
 picked up an emerald, and, seeing the smile on his face, I asked what had him in a good mood. He
 said that he often thought of me when he saw stones like emeralds and topazes, though he was not
 the gemcutter in the family (apparently his sister is). I asked him why, and he said that emeralds
 signify growth and balance. And that topazes remind him of my eyes.

I don’t think my cheeks have stopped flaring just yet.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
1 pm

Though I didn’t feel particularly hungry, I joined Bilbo for lunch. I’ve continued with my teachings of gem meanings. With each one that I list, I imagine how he would look draped in that particular jewel. So far, I haven’t found one that he wouldn’t shine in.

#the quest #ghivashel

1:09PM We have had our lunches delivered to us, as Thorin has spent our lunch period explaining more gems to me. I have not seen him this lively in a very long time.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

2:21PM Kíli continues to look upset about what transpired yesterday. Thorin still continues to try and talk to me about gems but I have found time to talk to Kíli and tell them that I support them. Kíli does not seem to be very comfortable around the hoard. Perhaps it is because of what transpired, but I imagine they may also be feeling overloaded by the vastness of it.

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

3:15 pm

Bilbo is no longer picking jewels up and asking about them, as there are many types spread out throughout the treasury. He also said that he wanted to hear my descriptions of them, so that he could better imagine them.

I spoke of garnet, deep red and signifying energy and bravery. I also told him of fire opals, named so because they looked to have fire trapped within. They held the meaning of protection against danger and, as fire can help or hinder, were know to magnify emotions in both good and bad ways.

#the quest #ghivashel

4:06 pm

Anonymous asked:

You are sick Thorin. It is not the company that Bilbo worries about, because it is you that he worries. That is why he doesn't tell you. You are not yourself, don't you see it.

I’m fine. And Bilbo wouldn’t keep things from me, of that I’m sure.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

4:08PM Thorin still has not ceased in his talk of gems. He is starting to bring back the same gems and tell me their meanings again. I wonder if he knows that he’s repeating.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4:20 pm

Anonymous asked:

We are worried for you. So very worried.

Thank you for your concern but it’s not needed.

#ask #anonymous
5:05 pm  
I’ve taught Bilbo more gem meanings. Black calcite, for restoring the body after trauma. Garnet, for bravery and energy. Chiastolite, which dissolves illusions and calms fears. Bilbo smiled at each explanation. He told me that the gems seemed like what flowers were to him - all so different, yet similar at first glance, and each type holds so much meaning.  
#the quest #ghivashel

6:29PM  All things considered, I think I managed to distract Thorin from the Arkenstone today. I don’t know if this will lead to him being more open-minded about our situation, but it is at least a start.  
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:25PM  
*Anonymous asked*

I think he also does not realize what he is doing, do you think talking to him and telling him is a wise idea?  
I don’t know. I don’t know if this good humour will last. I worry for him as much as I worry about how he has treated his sister-children.  
#that asshole #that worrisome asshole #thing 2 #anonymous #ask

8:15 pm  
After supper, I asked Bilbo to follow me. We left the company behind and I could see glances exchanged between them. I led him up to the royal chambers and presented our rooms to him. He seemed unsure and I assured him that he’d be safe from the company and their intentions here. After he looked around the room, he asked why the consort’s quarters weren’t cleaned as well. I explained that I didn’t want him to be far from my sight.  
#the quest #ghivashel

8:52PM  After supper, Thorin told me to follow him. I complied, and he led me through the halls until we arrived at his grandfather’s bedchambers. He said that this was the room of the King, and as he was the King, he and I would sleep in here until I felt safe around the Company once more. I don’t think I have ever expressed to him any sentiment of being in danger around the Company. And I also pointed out that he had not cleared the Consort’s adjoining quarters. He said that he did not wish to be parted from me by walls, as it would make me a target far too easily. I wonder if it truly is the Company he distrusts, or the shadows in his own mind.  
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

10PM  I cannot sleep. Thorin and I are in the same bed, but it is large enough that we could both sleep in it and have several feet of distance between us. This bed is hard and cold, and I do not think any King would wish to sleep in it.  
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
November 14th, 2015

Thorin

7:30 am

I avoided sleep once again. the last night-terror that I had, of pulling Bilbo under the gold, still lurks at the edge of my mind. there’s a chill in these rooms and Bilbo has rolled away in his sleep, yet I can still recall the heat that the treasure emanated.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

8:29 AM Thorin was up and gone before I woke, as the entire bed seems cold with only the whisper of his warmth from the night before. Every day I lose more of him, and I fear the day when I can look into his face and see nothing that I recognise.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:07 AM Thorin is asking me something, but his words aren’t coming out right, I think. It’s a bit slurred and half of it seems to be in Khuzdul. He clearly hasn’t been getting the sleep he needs. Or any sleep at all, actually.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:45 am

when we returned to the treasury, I asked Bilbo if he still wished to learn the meanings of various gems. it took several attempts, as my words didn’t seem to wish to cooperate properly, but he finally agreed.

#the quest #ghivashel

10:45 pm

Anonymous asked:
Brah, you need some sleep.
no i dont

#ask #anonymous

10:48AM

Anonymous asked:
I'm worried about Thorin too! Is there any way you could trick him into sleeping? Lull him to sleep playing w/ his hair or a massage? Get a draught from Óin for dreamless sleep? There might even be dried herbs in Erebor's stores that survived Smaug?
I will see what I can find.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #trumpetdwarf

10:48AM Eventually Thorin told me that he would like to tell me more jewel meanings, so I followed him to the hoard and he began to tell me about the gems. It was far less assured than yesterday, as he kept on nodding off and stumbling over his words, and repeated several gems from yesterday as well. I am seriously concerned about his mental state now.
I know you don't trust the Company right now, but surely you believe Fíli and Kíli would not let any harm come to Bilbo?? They are family and I'm sure see Bilbo as such. Couldn't they protect him/ensure his safety so you can sleep?

I know my nanaddadan woudl protect Bilbo but Kili wishes to side with the Elves and Fili will stand iwth his sibling. So no., I can’t hvae them watch Bilbo just so that i may sleep.

I presented Bilbo with a necklace that held an amethyst and waited until he laid the chain on his neck before I explained its meaning. I told of the belief that it provided clarity and sobriety, not just against drink but also against thoughts of a darker nature.

I also explained black tourmaline too him and how it was also worn for protection and helped to turn negative thoughts around towards positive ones.

I told Thorin at lunch that he needed to take a rest. He said that he couldn’t, because then I would be in danger and he would have night terrors. I told him I would get Óin to try and barter the Lake-men for some valerian if he refused to try to take even just a short nap. He said that he would not be poisoned by Óin’s remedies.

Balin says that that’s the problem with this sickness. Sometimes it takes on a life of its own and convinces its host to prolong its grip upon their reason, insisting that all those who wished to help were actually wishing to harm.

Bilbo’s been attempting to convince me to eat nad rest. I told him that I didn’t wish to adn that I couldn’t risk him being in danger. I have to be sure that he’s protected.

If you will not sleep, I at least encourage you to close your eyes for a moment, and then continue your search. How could I continue the serach if my eyes are closed?

I must be sure to tell Bilbo about emeralds as they reminds meof him. they symbolize balance and growth, and the color makes me recall the green door of his house.
buddypal you arent doin yourself any favors here. go take a nap. outside the mountain.
No. There’s Elves outside the mountain. Are you seeking for me to fall into their hands? I’ll not be tricked by your false concern

#ask #linddzz

I'm sure Bilbo would be alright for a short time whilst you rested. If you stay together somewhere, he can easily wake you if something happens whilst you sleep. As it is, if you continue to deny yourself rest, your judgement will be impaired as will your reaction time and overall mental and physical abilities. It would be foolish to deny yourself rest when things are relatively safe, only to find later that you needed that rest in order to properly protect Bilbo.
I'm certain Bilbo would agree.
No
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

If Bilbo slept with you, would you consider having a rest? Because you really need it.
Even when I’ve had Bilbo beside me, I’ve still had night-terrors.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

The Arkenstone will not move from wherever it is. Bilbo is capable of protecting both you and himself. Please, get some rest, dear Thorin.
The Arkenstone? Do you know where it is? You speak as if you do.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

you go, thorin!
Go where?
#ask #anonymous

1:35PM Upon our return to the hoard, Thorin repeated himself about emeralds at least three times before his head dropped to his chest briefly. I wondered what was wrong, but he then seemed to snap out of it as if he had been in a trance, and wandered off into the gold.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

perhaps you should wear that amethyst necklace, seriously, Bilbo isn’t the one that needs clarity, it’s you.
No, I gave it to Bilbo. I want him to be protected
#ask #andalusa #ghivashel
Andalusa asked:
Bilbo is fine. You need to sleep before you do or say something stupid.
Im fine
#ask #andalusa #ghivashel

Anonymous asked:
Get some sleep you scruffy little kitty. You need more clarity sir.
Excuse me? Im not a kitten. Im a Dwarf
#ask #anonymous

Leienlawliet asked:
no but, hear me out on this. What if. what if someone of your company DOES have the arkenstone? Shouldnt it have appeared by now if it were in the vault somewhere?
You believe one of the company to be false? Yes, that would make sense. Hiding it from me, as they plan their betrayal all with the rest
#ask #leienlawliet #the company

Anonymous asked:
I hope you know that Bilbo thinks you're hot
Hot? I dont think im feverish at the momebt

Ladykatana4544 asked:
Have you had any luck yet in locating something within Erebor's walls that would help Thorin get any sleep?
No, unfortunately. We dont have any herbs stored and I would prefer not to knock him about the head.
#ask #ladykatana4544 #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4:22PM Thorin did not emerge from the gold for an hour or two, so I grew concerned. Upon asking Nori and Dwalin where he was, I found out that he had fallen asleep in the hoard again.
I have not the heart to wake him.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #pointydwarf #brawnsdwarf

5PM Bo asked me where I had been last night, and I told him that Thorin was now sleeping in his grandfather's room, and, because he thought the Company was menacing me, I had to be there with him. He told me to keep Thorin distracted. I asked him why. He shook his head and said he could not say.
Bo, my own best friend, cannot trust me because of my concern for Thorin. I do not wish to take sides, but I fear it may become inevitable.
#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

Anonymous asked:
Maybe when you are in your room you could tell Thorin a long story or poem and lull him to
Against my own wishes, I fell asleep. I believe it was the treasure. I can feel the heat coming off of the coins, surrounding me.

The company seems to have already departed from the treasury, though Bilbo’s still here with me.

Was it my exhaustion or his presence that prevented a night-terror from gripping me?

6:55 pm

Andalusa asked:

Clearly you are not. Come on Thorin... just rest for a couple of hours.

I’ve already slept, though I thank you for the concern.

7:02 pm

Anonymous asked:

SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP

I don’t see how yelling would have helped me to sleep.

7:10 pm

BuriedBilbo asked:

Just take a quick nap. The Arkenstone isn't going anywhere, and it's clear from your mispellings you could use it.

I’ve already rested. What do you know of the Arkenstone?

7:20 pm

Anonymous asked:

*bows* Your Majestic, what are your feelings for the halfling? Excuse me for being to curious.

Firstly, Bilbo’s not a ‘halfling,’ he’s a Hobbit. He’s also my One and I treasure him dearly.

7:31 pm

Anonymous asked:

What would you do, if someone would give Bilbo unwanted attention or if one would simply flirt with Bilbo?

If anyone was making unwanted advances towards my One, I would move to defend him. However, I believe it would be unneeded, as Bilbo’s quite capable of letting it be known when he’s displeased.
his grandfather’s bedchambers. He wanted to know what he had been doing in the afternoon, and I told him, but I do not know if he believes me.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8:11 pm
Anonymous asked:
My people have a tonic called "Red Bull" that keeps one awake & alert with great success. Brew a tea of passiflora + lemon balm (Bilbo can find them for you in Erebor’s stores or he can burgle it from Óin’s bag) + dash of alcohol to enhance effects.
I’m aware of the soporific effects of alcohol; don’t take me for a fool.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel #oin

8:13 pm
Ladykatana4544 asked:
You seem well rested now, my Lord. How are you feeling?
Better than I was this morning, thank you for asking.

#ask #ladykatana4544

8:20 pm
Bilbo and I have gone back to our rooms for the night. As we left, once again, I observed the company exchanging glances and low murmurs. I asked if he would let me lay with him as we have before, with my head upon his chest. He said that he wanted some space for a while, however.

#the quest #ghivashel

11:09PM I have relented, as I hope it will be beneficial to him, and have curled up tight against Thorin tonight. Perhaps if I am there to ground him in sleep, he will not be so easily lost to his night-terrors.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

11:40 pm
Bilbo, who seemed to be as far from sleep as I was, let loose a sigh and told me to move closer. I placed my head on his chest and the sound of his heartbeat is as comforting as his fingers in my hair.

#the quest #ghivashel

November 15th, 2015

Thorin

8:15 am
Bilbo’s presence helped me to find enough peace to sleep. However, a night-terror still came to me.
It was a familiar one that has haunted me for years. Smaug’s attack on Erebor, the flames and panic of my people as we were forced to flee our home. It’s the first time that it’s come to me since Smaug’s death but knowing that the dragon is no more and that I’m within my home once more is a feeling of relief that I’ve never had following that memory. It’s brought my thoughts back to the Arkenstone and the urgency in which it needs to be found. Erebor is reclaimed but not standing strong yet.

#the quest #ghivashel

9 am

Hells-finest-gentleman asked:

Hi, Thorin, sorry to bother you, I just wanted to let you know I know you’re trying your best, even though you aren’t feeling great, and that’s 110% awesome and I’m proud of you, and I want to let you know, no matter what, how you’re feeling, whatever, that things will work out, and you’ll get through it. No matter how things turn out, you did awesome, and you’re so great, and you did amazing. It’s hard to get through hard times and I’m proud of you for doing so. Sorry again. Have a nice day. ♥

I thank you for your support. Your words mean much to me and I appreciate your kindness. I hope that you find peace in your days as well.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman

10:30 am

Bilbo has joined me in the treasury, though I asked that he sit above the gold. I’ll not soon forget the dream I had of dragging him below the gold.

#the quest #ghivashel

11:15 am

Anonymous asked:

What a cute scruffy little majestic kitty you r.

Excuse me?

#ask #anonymous

12 pm

I’ve found more gems to show Bilbo, as he seemed interested in their meanings. Among the few that I’ll teach him about is garnet, a gem that held a deep red color, similar to blood, that spoke of bravery and energy. Another is serpentine, the green of serpents or algae at the edges of a pond. It’s said to help to protect against poisons and to assist in finding peace, both within and without.

#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

12:25 PM I am starting to miss the sight of the Company in the mornings. Thorin leaving early in the mornings leaves me alone in this too-big bed in this too-big, too-cold room. Thorin was in the hoard when I got there, though, looking once more for the Arkenstone. I asked him if he was feeling better. He said that we had been wasting time the past several days and that I should not distract him from the task at hand. Nevertheless, he didn’t want me helping him search; he wanted me safely away from the hoard.

After an hour Thorin returned to me and started explaining a couple more gems that he had found in the hoard. I suggested we go to lunch, and though he scowled, he did not protest.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company
After showing the stones to Bilbo, he requested that we attend lunch with the company. As much as I wished to decline his wishes, as I don’t hold any urge to eat nor be near treachery, I find that I can’t.

#the quest #the company #ghivashel

Anonymous asked:

Do you think you’ve changed from the beginning of the quest? Do you think Bilbo thinks you’ve changed?

Of course I’ve changed. No one can go on a quest and not change along the way. I’m sure Bilbo thinks differently of me than when we began this; I think quite differently of him.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

The Company has decided to spend the afternoon in the armoury. I can see Bo and Nori talking in hushed tones, though they certainly pretend not to know one another when I approach them.

#adventureblogging #the company #hatdwarf #pointydwarf

When I asked where the company was, as they certainly weren’t in the treasury as I told them to be, searching for the Arkenstone, Bilbo told me that they were within the armory. Finding weapons and armor for their upcoming betrayal, no doubt. For my own safety, I’m not concerned. But for Bilbo’s… I’m not always present. I need something that will ensure his safety.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

BuriedBilbo asked:

I believe the Arkenstone is much closer than you realise.

The name that you’ve chosen to identify yourself with along with your hinted at knowledge of the Arkenstone and its location… are you a company member, come to taunt me of your plans to take Bilbo from me? Have you been responsible for the Arkenstone’s disappearance all along?

#ask #BuriedBilbo

Thorin came up to me after being fitted into the King’s armour. He had something for me, something he called the first repayment for my services. A token of our partnership, so to speak. Too bad most tokens aren’t entire coats of mithril chains.

And while the gift itself was as magnificent as it was ridiculous (on me, at least), the words that followed struck more fear into me. His Majesty seems to think someone in the Company has betrayed us. Someone has taken the Arkenstone for themselves and may forment a rebellion. I told him that it was ridiculous to go around accusing people of such things, especially since the Quest was, in fact, fulfilled — we did retake the Mountain — and now we had to fulfil the promises we made to those who helped us. The Lake-men saw me give my word that Thorin Oakenshield would keep his promises, and as I am a Hobbit of my word, I have thus staked my honour upon this which he is now threatening to sully.
His Majesty merely informed me, with a draconian shake of his head and a slow drawing out of his voice until it rumbled more like the growls of a dragon than the voice of the Dwarf I respected and adored, that the gold was ours and ours alone, and that he would not part with a single coin of it.

I want no part of this.

4:45 pm

_Diskingoferebor asked:_

"Something that will ensure his safety." What did you have in mind?

You’ll soon see.

#ask #diskingoferebor

5:05 pm

Once I realized that Bilbo needed protection for when he’s out of my sight, I made my way back to the treasury. I knew of an object within that would do the job that I wished and after some brief searching I was able to locate it. If only the Arkenstone was so easily found.

I went to the armory where the company had been hiding all day and retrieved armor for myself. I could feel the side glances that they threw at me. Chest armor was the first piece that I had Dwalin place on me, though I watched to be sure that he did so properly, to protect my back.

When Bilbo appeared in the armory, I called him close and presented the object to him — a vest of sanzigil, silver steel that no blade could pierce. When he slipped it on, I moved to allow the company to see that their plans would not work. They grew quiet and Bilbo insisted that he looked ridiculous.

I assured him that it was a gift of our relationship.

I led him to the side and spoke to him of my suspicions of the company. He tried to argue against it, as I’m sure he doesn’t see the malevolence that has been in their actions of late. His kind heart even argued for the sake of the Lake-town Men but, by my life, I’ll not see a single coin in their hands.

Not one.

Erebor is ours, and ours alone.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company #dwalin

5:15 pm

_Anonymous asked:_

If someone were to betray you, it would certainly be... inadvisable, huh?

I swore that I would be avenged if anyone should betray me.

#ask #anonymous

5:30 pm

_BuriedBilbo asked:_

What would you do if one of the company members killed Bilbo?

IS THAT A THREAT?

#ask #buriedbilbo #ghivashel

5:45 pm

_Anonymous asked:_

I miss Thorin Oakenshield

I am still here.

#ask #anonymous

6:30 pm
BuriedBilbo asked:

IT'S NOT A THREAT I'M JUST HONESTLY CURIOUS
A likely excuse. Know that any harm that comes to Bilbo will be repeated ten fold on the culprit.

#ask #buriedbilbo #ghivashel

6:35PM His Majesty was silent during supper. He has not taken off his armour yet. I have. The chains may be of the lightest yet strongest steel I have ever felt, the shirt still feels as if I am being clenched in a fist and having my breath robbed with each step.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:05 pm
Anonymous asked:
I wouldn't trust that ask, I mean.. the url itself says Buried Bilbo! You must do SOMETHING THORIN. PROTECT YOUR ONE!
I don’t trust them, as they’re clearly taunting me with threats of harming Bilbo.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

7:15 pm
BuriedBilbo asked:
even if I was going to do harm to Bilbo, (which i'm NOT) you don't scare me, at all.
Then don’t make light of a matter that’s quite serious to me.

#ask #BuriedBilbo #ghivashel

7:25 pm
Anonymous asked:
I've heard whispers among the company of a possible plot w/ the elves 'n men to betray 'n kill someone.
I doubt they'd need to align themselves with the Elves and Men to overturn my rule. I don’t trust your words anymore than I trust them.

#ask #anonymous #the company

7:40 pm
Anonymous asked:
So if I were to, you know, casually behead Bilbo you'd get back at me how? You can hardly kill me multiple times and you don't look very threatening in your shiny, flashy armor, king under the mountain.
There are more ways to hurt someone than to simply kill them.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

7:55 pm
Anonymous asked:
Who said anythin' about you, scruffy lil kitty? Perhaps they meant Bilbo instead. Hand the little Hobbit over to the enemy 'n keep you from savin' yer One as they try to get all the infos from him.
What information would they want from Bilbo?

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel
8:05 pm
Leienlawliet asked:
I don't think anyone wants to kill Bilbo, I just think they are trying to get a reaction out of you! (As I did, if I'm honest here) You are really cute when you're protective of him. As a personal advice? go and show Bilbo some love! how long has it been since you last hugged him? :) good day my king!
This is in no way a joking matter and if your words are true, then I don’t appreciate the attempts to simply see me react. You make it sound as if I’ve not touched Bilbo in some time - I held him close last night while we slept.
#ask #leienlawliet #ghivashel

8:09 PM I informed His Majesty that I wished to take watch. He seemed upset about it, but would not argue the matter further when I promised to return to the King’s chambers after my shift. I am surprised he is allowing me this, but I should not complain.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8:35 pm
I’d noticed that Bilbo had removed the sanzigil vest and asked why he’d done so, as it had been given to him for protection. He’d said it was because he couldn’t breathe with it on. I didn’t think it was tight on him but he assured that it wasn’t but its purpose was what weighed on his chest. Bilbo then informed me that he was taking the first watch. I insisted that he wear the vest, as anything could happen on watch and it was important that he be protected as much as possible. He didn’t seem pleased but slid the vest on once again. I asked if he would return to me and he agreed to once the watch was done.
Despite his words, I’m more aware of the size of this room than ever before. What if something happens to him? What if this is when the company decides to take him from me? Though he does have his magic ring, sword, and the mithril shirt that I presented to him. He should do well against a threat, as he’s proven himself quite capable multiple times. Still, I worry.
#the quest #ghivashel #the company

8:45 pm
Ladykatana4544 asked:
Hail to you, my Lord. Do you mind terribly if I bother you with a question? How strong is that vest you gave to Bilbo for his protection? Is it one layer of silver steel or many layers?
The sanzigil vest is one layer but it’s the strongest known metal. It’s light as feathers yet as strong as dragon scales, and never tarnishes.
#ask #ladykatana4544 #ghivashel

8:55 pm
BuriedBilbo asked:
my apologies.
Don’t do it again.
#ask #buriedbilbo
9PM
“Nature’s first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf’s a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.”
#poetry #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

11:50PM Thorin was asleep by the time I returned, though his brows are furrowed and he is shifting in bed. I don’t know if he’s currently suffering a night-terror. I will keep watch over him, though.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
Second to last chapter of The Quest!!!!
VERY IMPORTANT: I know I warn about this a lot but BIG WARNING for this chapter!! This is the WORST of the Dragon Sickness and it does manifest into physical violence against the Company. The post in question is at 6:45 PM on November 20th, if you need to avoid it
Also the paranoia has reached an all time high so please read with caution!
And keep an eye on the character's tags on the 22nd for some interesting new tags owo

November 16th, 2015

Thorin

12:10 am
I woke when Bilbo returned from watch, much to my relief. He has agreed to once again let me sleep with my head rested on his chest. He is still slightly cold from his time outside and his hands in my hair continue to shock a shiver down my back.
#the quest #ghivashel

Bilbo

5:02AM I had a night-terror of my own, of Thorin slowly turning into a dragon while I could do nothing to help him. But when I saw him in the bed next to me I could see that his face, though lined with worry and age, was as smooth and covered in hairs as I remember it.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

5:10AM Thorin was woken by my own dream and asked me what the problem was. I said nothing, merely told him to go back to sleep. He asked if I had had a night-terror. I told him I was just restless.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:30 am
I was woken by a night-terror, but not my own. It was Bilbo's movement and cries under his breath that roused me, my heart quickening as I believed a knife to be nearing his throat. Instead, it was horrors in his mind. He says that he was simply restless but I've danced with night-terrors for years and know how they shake one awake.
It pains me that there are things that I can't protect him from.
#the quest #ghivashel

6:45 am
Anonymous asked:
What is your definition of "betrayal"? If a dwarfling receives a knife—an heirloom passed down from his late father—and the dwarfling is incapable of wielding it, is the mother betraying her child for keeping it from his reach until he is worthy?

You speak in riddle — this is about the Arkenstone, is it not? Know well that I’m no dwarfling incapable of ruling my kingdom. Those who keep the Arkenstone from me are betraying me, betraying Erebor, and will face the consequences for it.

7:30 am
Anonymous asked:

Don’t trust the anons that speak of betrayal and the Arkenstone! They are whispers of Smaug. A curse left by that fell beast! Trust Bilbo. Trust the Company that has stood by you against orcs and through hardship. Tharkûn will come. At this point, I don’t trust any of you. There’s only one that I trust and that’s Bilbo. I know that I can trust Bilbo.

8 am

I’ve been unable to reclaim sleep again, though I’m pleased that Bilbo has. I itch to return to the treasury and continue the search but I’m pulled to stay near Bilbo, lest anything happen to him while I’m away. He removed the vest of sanzigil before coming to bed last night and the moments when he’s without it worry me greatly.

8:25AM Thorin was waiting for me this time when I woke. I asked him why he hadn’t left to go search the hoard and he said that my safety was more important.

He says that now, but I fear the gold and the Arkenstone may still call to him. It surprises me that he still hasn’t questioned why I keep my pack and bedroll rolled up so tightly these days.

9:45 am

The search continues and I’m keeping an eye on the actions of all of the company, should they try anything. I’ve separated them out amongst the treasure to search and also to keep them from being too near each other, so that they may not exchange any more talk of rebellion.

I’m watching Kíli closely. There have been more ravens lately, no doubt from the Elf that seeks to lead them astray, though I’ve made sure that none get to them.

10:30AM There apparently had been a commotion at the Front Gate this morning. Though, arguably, commotion is a strong term for some messengers from Lake-town approaching the Front Gate, looking up at it, and then departing. His Majesty seems furious at their lack of response to anything that he may yell at them. Balin keeps telling him not to call them back so that he may taunt them a second time, but His Majesty remains absolute. He must tell them of our resolve against their plan to rob us, after all.
10:40 am

I was alerted that Men were approaching the Gate and swiftly made my way there. I was more than prepared to deny their demands once more. However, the Men simply rode to the Front Gate, looked to find myself waiting for them, and then turned away to ride back.

The sheer insolence.

#the quest

11:49 AM We are having lunch, though I notice the Company afraid to even look in each other’s direction now. His Majesty had ordered all of them to different parts of the treasure, so removed from one another that they could not converse in low voices to one another. He then spent the morning glaring at all of them as if trying to catch them signing in Iglishmêk at each other.

I thought encouraging him to talk about gem meanings would have helped distract him. Now he seems more determined than ever to find that accursed stone.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

12:45 pm

With the thoughts of the threatening messages I received yesterday, I made sure to instruct Bilbo to wear the sanzigil vest at all times. It’s for his own protection, yet he argues against it. He’s blind to the true intentions of the company, insisting that they mean no harm. But I know what I’ve seen - there’s no loyalty among them.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

1PM His Majesty says I’m to wear my mithril shirt at all times. I told him it was a ridiculous idea, as none of the Company would harm me. His expression got dark and he said that he had proof that they were plotting against us, and that my life was in danger. I demanded to know what proof, and he said something vague about receiving threats yesterday.

I have not seen any evidence of these threats, and so I worry that perhaps his mind is still tired and playing tricks on him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

2:10PM The Company is once again placed far from one another, and His Majesty watches all of them like a hawk, the Raven Crown sitting heavy on his brows and his frame drowning in furs. If there were a throne in this room, I suspect he would have sat on it.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #that irritating asshole

2:50 pm

If one of the company is in fact hiding the Arkenstone from me, as I believe them to be, would it not be a simple thing to search their belongings for it? I’d prefer to do it unseen, however, as my discovery of the Arkenstone could prompt them to attack early. Bilbo’s magic ring could be of use to me.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company
Anonymous asked:
There have definitely been some threatening messages. I think the anons are trying to drive Thorin (more) mad. I would be wary and keep an eye on your possessions...
I shall try. Thank you for the warning.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #why must they do that #he suffers so much already

4:26 PM His Majesty insisted I stand next to him while he watched the Company, and after a moment I had the sneaking suspicion that his hand was heading for my jacket pocket. However, he suddenly gave a startle and a shout and then retracted his hand as if burned. I asked him what he was doing, and he flushed bright red and said nothing.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4:45 pm
There’s evil in that magic ring that Bilbo has. I called him closer and attempted to sneak the ring from his pocket that I knew he kept it in. I would have simply asked for it, but in this, Bilbo’s resistant to the idea of anyone but him touching it. But for the sake of the Arkenstone, I need it. My hand moved towards his pocket and I kept my gaze lowered. However, as soon as I grew close to it, I felt a bone-shaking shudder as a clawed paw placed itself before us. I looked up into the eyes of the beast. It stood before us, larger than it had ever been and its skin was rippling with fire. The flames covering the beast seemed to have a life of its own, and I could feel something evil gazing at me.

I gave a shout and backed away from the beast and the fire around it and between one blink and the next, the beast was gone. Bilbo asked what was wrong, though the beast had been inches from his face. I said that it was nothing — no need for him to know of my hauntings.

The smell of fire is still clinging to me.

#the quest #ghivashel #does he know what it is he holds

5:15 pm
Anonymous asked:
Careful Oakenshield, it may be that this 'Buried Bilbo' is has revealed themself only to distract you from the true threat, perhaps one closer to home.

I don’t trust any message that I receive anymore. You all seem to wish to distract me.

#ask #anonymous

6 pm
Anonymous asked:
Thorin, forgive me for asking; but what proof have you that the Company is disloyal? They've done nothing but follow your command. In times such as these, it's important to keep one's friends close. Bilbo is a wonderful person to have by your side, but you have other companions who are loyal to you as well, I'm certain of it.

I know what I’ve seen.

#ask #anonymous #the company

7:12 PM The glares at supper have been more mutinous than before. If there hadn’t been a plot to overthrow His Majesty, there is one now.
Can’t say I blame them, though. His Majesty has not shown them any of the trust that Thorin has before. If there is to be revolt, it would be for His Majesty’s own good.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that irritating asshole

7:30 pm

Supper had a tense silence about it. I don’t know when the company will strike but I feel that it’ll be soon.

#the quest #the company

7:59PM

Anonymous asked:
#why must they do that#he suffers so much already If I were to hazard a guess, it would be that maybe they are trying to 'snap Thorin out of it'. A foolish and ill thought out plan I should think, if that is the case. All goading him will do is probably cause him to feel justified in his fears and retreat all the more. You're doing wonderfully, Bilbo. I dearly hope that Thorin behaves more like himself soon and that you can both afford to relax again.
I am worried that their goading will make his behaviour worse. Already they seem to have turned him against his own Company, though I cannot help but wonder if he had already had his misgivings prior to this entire debacle.

#ask #anonymous #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8:09 pm

Anonymous asked:

you need to be sprayed with a squirt bottle. immediately.

What in Mahal’s beard is a squirt bottle?
#ask #anonymous

8:10 pm

Anonymous asked:

If you had to leave and intrust your beloved with one of the other Dwarves of the company, who would you choose?

Why would I leave? And if I were to do so, why would I leave Bilbo behind?
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel #the company

8:18 pm

Anonymous asked:

it's a device used to squirt water on unruly cats. you are acting like an unruly cat right now, therefore you need to be squirted.

I’m not a cat. I’m a Dwarf.
#ask #anonymous

8:43 pm

Anonymous asked:

if your a dwarf, then ACT like it. christ you're acting like thranduil right now with you jewel obsession. what next? you're going to shove the arkenstone up your ass?
Unlike that weed-eating elk-shagger, I’m not trying to steal something that isn’t mine.

#ask #anonymous

8:58 pm
Anonymous asked:
would you ever threaten to kill bilbo?
Of course not. He’s my One.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

9:01 pm
Anonymous asked:
They're gonna getcha. They're gonna getcha. The beast and your enemies want everything you hold dear. Includin' dear sweet Bilbo.
This wasn’t humorous before, and isn’t humorous now.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

9:24 pm
Anonymous asked:
"elk-shagger" is pretty hypocritical since u want to have sex with a rock
I think you’ve completely misconstrued the meaning of the term “like stone”.
#ask #anonymous

9:26 pm
Anonymous asked:
Look up "bagginsshield" when you cant sleep.
I don’t think I want to know. Does it have something to do with those wagers from the earlier part of the quest?
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel #the company

9:38PM
Anonymous asked:
Do you think it would truly make things worse if you gave the Arkenstone to Thorin? I know Balin said as much, but what if he's mistaken and having the stone only eases Thorin's mind and calms him? I don't wish to make you doubt your decision, but if it would in fact do Thorin no further harm, maybe it would stop his paranoid wonderings about his kin if he had it returned to him.
I trust Balin’s judgement. He said the Arkenstone is the centre of His Majesty’s dragon sickness, and giving it to him may make his obsession worse. I imagine it would be similar to those who overindulge in drink — nothing else in the world will matter other than drink, or, for His Majesty, the Arkenstone.
#ask #anonymous #brainsdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:40 pm
Bilbo wanted to take another watch alone but I forbid it. There’s too much of a chance that he could be attacked when alone and I can’t lose him.
#the quest #ghivashel
I am forbidden from taking watches by myself. It is starting to irritate me how tight a leash His Majesty has attached to me. I know he cares and he worries, and it is because he cares and he worries that he is curtailing my freedom. Had this been Thorin, I would have accepted it, as he would have a good reason to keep me close by him. But I cannot, not with this… this version of Thorin, who is so excessively grim and dour that no one dare speak against him. I cannot be expected to serve someone who does not care for his people. This siege must end, and Thorin’s madness must break, or it will all be to our ruin.

10PM
Anonymous asked:

are you worried that thorin wants to cheat on you with the arkenstone?
I don’t see how he can deceive me with the Arkenstone if he doesn’t have it.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

10:06PM
Anonymous asked:

cheat=have an affair with
I don’t think the Arkenstone is capable of consenting to any sort of relationship.
#ask #anonymous

November 17th, 2015

Thorin

7:15 am
I dreamed again of fire, but not of the dragon fire that destroyed Erebor. Instead, it was of the beast, as I’d viewed it yesterday with its skin rippling with flames. It didn’t speak, instead just gazed at me.
I woke with a sense of unease in my chest.
#the quest

7:45 am
Anonymous asked:

That ring of Bilbo's does not sound like a harmless trinket... Could he be in danger from it? It worries me too. Is there any way you could learn more about it? Erebor records? Send a raven to Tharkûn? Or to dwarven loremasters? Be wary. Stay safe.
That ring does worry me and I’ll speak with him about it. But any research on it will have to wait until Erebor is secured. He’s had it for months and it’s done nothing but help him; a few months more most likely won’t hurt. But it will be seen to.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

Bilbo

8:14 AM I woke to His Majesty holding me close, and I couldn’t help but remember back to the days...
when such a gesture made me feel safe and cared for. Now all it does is send something cold and nasty to my stomach.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9 am

We’ve returned to the treasury and the search continues. There were fists clenched in anger and dark looks when I separated the company to different areas of the treasury; more signs of their no doubt soon-to-be betrayal.

#the quest #the company

9:32 AM The Company has been split once more, to grumbles and glares from all involved. His Majesty insists I stand by his side through it all and not lift a finger to help the Company, though honestly, the least I can do is help Ori. But I guess His Majesty can’t even trust sweet little Ori anymore.

#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that irritating asshole #scribedwarf

9:30 am

Anonymous asked:

does bilbo know you’re cheating on him with the arkenstone? #thorinkinstone2k15

I don’t understand your words but I sense that you're making some sort of jest. It's not appreciated.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

10 AM

Anonymous asked:

I think you're right to not give him the Arkenstone. It is cursed. Smaug may be dead, but his evil still taints that gem. The further from Thorin, the weaker the curse. I would advise throwing it down a chasm, but I think only Gandalf can help now.

I do not know where Gandalf is. He said that we were to wait for him, but he still has not appeared, or sent any notification that he was finished with his business. In the meantime, I do not wish to do anything with the Arkenstone without Gandalf’s advice.

#ask #anonymous #meddling wizard

10:15 am

Anonymous asked:

do you and thranduil have a love/hate relationship going on?

There’s no love between Thranduil and I. At all.

#ask #anonymous #i hate him

11:40 am

Despite the ravens that continue to bring messages, none have appeared with news from Dáin. Will he come or will Erebor fall once more? If he does come, will he stand with Erebor if I don’t have the Arkenstone in my hand?
11:48AM His Majesty is as eager for ravens with news about Dáin as Kíli is for correspondence with the Captain in the camp outside. Too bad His Majesty thinks only he should be allowed to answer incoming birds.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #thing 2

12:20 pm

Anonymous asked:

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I wish it hadn't come to this for you. I wish this sickness had spared you. I'm sorry for how distressed you must be, how much it must weigh on your mind, these thoughts of betrayal, the fear for Bilbo's life, for Erebor's future. I wish you could rest. I wish you could find peace. I'm sorry for everything. Despite the apologies, your words are very troubling. I'm not sick, I'm fine. Simply trying to see my kingdom brought back from the ashes.

I wish for peace as well, but if war is what will restore Erebor, then so be it.

#ask #anonymous

1:30 pm

Though I didn’t eat with them, lunch was as tense and silent among the company as it’s been the past few days. I could see tensed jaws and glances exchanged with unspoken words between them. Even with Bilbo wearing his sanzigil vest and my armor, I still feel the need to check at my back for an approaching knife.

#the quest #ghivashel #the company

1:56PM Whatever we are waiting for — be it death from winter or death from battle — I sometimes find myself wishing it would come sooner. The sooner the clouds burst, the better. They already block out the sun.

#adventureblogging

2PM Hey, it’s us again! It’s too dangerous to steal Indâd’s account, but Mr Boggins left his lying around, and we thought we’d like to use it to tell you what’s really going on. More on this in a bit.

#we're hiding #mr boggins #indâd

2:15 pm

Ladykatana4544 asked:

Do you think Bilbo might have an idea of what he carries in his pocket? If not, would you find some way to tell him that he carries a trinket with evil intents on his person?

I plan to speak with him about it.

#ask #ladykatana4544 #ghivashel
2:36PM All right. We’re sure you want to know exactly what’s going on, as Indâd isn’t in his right mind and Mr Boggins isn’t likely to talk about anything that might make him or Indâd look bad. But there’s something rotten in the Lonely Mountain, and it isn’t all the Dwarf corpses in each corner. We had thought, for so much of our lives, that Indâd and Amad hung the stars and the moon, that they were always right and always brave and always wise. But Indâd hasn’t been himself, and is refusing to see things from multiple points of view. He has no idea how much this new rejection of Captain Tauriel has hurt Kee, and he has no idea how much Mr Boggins is hurt and worried about him daily.

Finding out that he’s not as perfect as we’d always imagined him to be has been harder on us than we’d thought.

#we're hiding #amad #mr boggins #kee #captain tauriel #indâd

3:33PM Indâd has made us search for the Arkenstone in separate piles again. We can tell he no longer trusts any member of the Company that isn’t Mr Boggins, which is unfair as many of us are also his kin.

There’s talk of telling him to his face that he no longer has the mark of a compassionate and wise leader which he had been for so much of the Quest. But there’s also talk of potential retribution, that he may not be so understanding of the situation, and that anything with the faintest hint of being ‘spoken against him’ is an abject betrayal punishable by whatever sentence he determines.

We shouldn’t have to face our fears in order to face our family, but Indâd isn’t making it any simpler for us to tell him so.

#we're hiding #mr boggins #the company #indâd

3:55PM There is a raven for Kee, but as Indâd has forbade them from answering, I have had to do it for them. I think the elf Kee is talking to understands the situation.

#we're hiding #kee #captain tauriel #indâd

4 pm

I spoke with Bilbo about his magic ring and the evil I sensed in it. When I told him, however, he asked how I had come to think that. I described my vision of the beast and the fire that surrounded it, and the feeling of a gaze on me. He was quiet for a few moments before suggesting that I get more rest.

#the quest #ghivashel

4:08PM Fee is the one who brings me notes from Tauriel now, now that Indâd has banned me from even thinking about ravens. She is as worried about our plight as we are, but that is one of the best things about her. I have no place to tell the world of how much she means to me without fear of mockery, except here. And hopefully Mr Boggins will understand.

~~

Tauriel Nestadeth Sídhien is a jewel among the stars in my life. I had thought for a long time that it would just be my brother, who supports me and takes care of me when I cannot find it in me to carry on myself, who would be the brightest star that I have ever known, but when Tauriel healed me from the spider’s poison — when she continued to risk her job by taking me out into the woods and talking with me as an equal — when she strove to understand me like no one else could — I knew I had found another. My life is full of constellations of support, each one someone whom I have worked hard to befriend. We don’t always understand each other. No one is ever going to truly understand me other than Mahal Himself, I think. But I try, and all of the stars in my life have tried, and Tauriel tries the hardest of them all.
Indâd wants to understand, I think. And I want him to try harder at it. He apologised in Lake-town for his behaviour when he first found out, but then he had been himself. Now it is clear that the Dwarf that wears Thorin Oakenshield’s skin is not Indâd. We all know it, and Mr Boggins knows it best of all.

4:25PM Food supplies remain low, and morale lower. Ori seems the most content out of the rest of us, as he has an entire library to work through. But we can’t eat letters, and with each passing day Bombur’s grumbles about the lack of food grow louder and louder. Pretty soon even Indâd will notice that Bombur has been trying to contact the people of Lake-town with offers of treasure for food provisions in return.

5:01PM Anonymous asked: Fili, Kili, please stay safe <3 From what I've seen I'm certain it is a sickness making your uncle act in such a way. He may dislike elves, but he'd never do something so callous as to reject one if it would hurt Kili. It seems as if since entering the mountain, Thorin has changed. It's a shame he can't be taken outside and away from whatever is causing this change in him. You are both fine, brave dwarves who have done wonderfully on this Quest, I wish you both the best of luck.

We thank you for your reassurances! Unfortunately Mr Boggins wants his account back, so we must leave for now. We're still hoping for our own in the future, perhaps when Indâd has returned to himself.

5:10PM It gets dark out so easily these days. I have noticed that Fíli and Kíli have borrowed my account to make some statements, but I do not have the heart to erase them. It is too much of a look into the Company’s current state for me to delete.

6:12 pm Anonymous asked: If you had to choose between the Arkenston and Bilbo, which would you choose? As I’ve stated before, my people’s future is more important than my own happiness. I’m a King and thus must choose the Arkenstone, for the sake of Erebor and for my people.

6:52PM I spend some days hoping for word from Gandalf. Now I wonder if he survived whatever business he had in the South. If I do not proceed to figure out a way to get rid of the Arkenstone, and soon, I may do something rash like throw the Arkenstone down a mine shaft.

7:15 pm I noticed that even though I spoke with him a few hours ago about it, Bilbo hasn’t stopped fiddling
with his pocket where he holds his magic ring. Perhaps my words struck him more than he let on.

#the quest #ghivashel

8:09PM There must be some way out of here.
#adventureblogging

9:30 pm
I find that even with Bilbo near me, there’s a chill in these rooms that I can’t shake. It’s quite the opposite of the treasury, which holds a heat that nearly reminds me of the forges when the fires were lit.
#the quest #ghivashel

9:33PM
Anonymous asked:
Mr. Baggins, I hear that Thorin has warned you about evil in your ring. Don’t write it off as another symptom of madness. No magick is free. I do not wish to deprive you of your property, but use it with caution until you can seek Gandalf’s council.
His Majesty has seen the beast only when he lacks sleep, though the addition of the flames is new. I will ask Gandalf about it when I see him.
#anonymous #ask #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #meddling wizard

9:42PM
Anonymous asked:
COULD TAURIEL FIND GANDALF FOR YOU? Or maybe you could use the Ravens to send word to Elrond?? He might know where the wizard is?
I wouldn’t know how to do any of that. FiÍi and Kíli might, but then I would have to tell them what I know, and I do not want to tell them what I know.
#anonymous #ask #meddling wizard #thing 1 #thing 2

November 18th, 2015

Bilbo

7:08AM I woke earlier this morning from a dream where Thorin lay beside me cold and pale, red blossoming from his chest like lurid roses. Thankfully he was not actually like that, though I wonder if it is just the light making his hair seem greyer than ever.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

Thorin
8:15 am
I had a dream, if it can be called that.
I stood before an oak tree, strong and tall, with its leaves green and alive in the sun’s heat. However, as I watched, the tree began to wither. The leaves shrunk to wrinkled grey and fell from the drooping branches. Something oozed from the bark of the tree, black like blood. It pooled among the exposed roots, darkening the soil as more and more spilled out. The cracking of broken branches echoed around me.
Poison. Something had poisoned the tree.
The blood eventually stopped flowing, reduced to a slow, thick drip. The grand tree had become a black, shriveled husk with no sign of life to be had.
#the quest

9:25 AM His Majesty is oddly quiet this morning. I asked him if he was feeling okay and he shrugged, saying that he had a strange dream. I asked him if it was a night terror. He made a face, but shook his head all the same.
I have no idea what that means.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:45 am
The image of the tree. It won’t leave me. Even without the ability to, I could hear its pain. Its cry as it died. I could smell the harshness of the blood that had come from it. I was able to tell that there was something wrong. With the blood. It was too thick, too foul smelling.
Poison had been put in it.
Betrayal had killed the oak tree.
#the quest

12 pm
I’m aware of each stab the company — no, the conspirators, as that’s what they’ve become — make into their lunch. The force behind it. How their eyes look to me as they do. I know. And they know I do. They’re waiting, biding their time. Waiting for me to make a mistake.
The cry of the crows feels like a warning.
#the quest #the conspirators

12:18PM His Majesty seems to be gripping his utensils very roughly and looking about him at the rest of the Company, as if he will find a knife in his back the moment he lets down his guard. The call of the carrion birds still gathered in the valley causes his face to turn (if possible) even more ashen than before. It is a marvel that there is still blood in his face, the way he has looked all morning.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

1:30 pm
I know they’re hiding something. The Arkenstone, I assume. Plans of their rebellion, too. They whisper at night of bringing me down. Taking my throne, my kingdom, my treasure from me.
Hoarding their packs that are no doubt full of knives, of my gold.
There are far too many ravens taking flight lately.

#the quest #the conspirators #ghivashel

1:57PM His Majesty is demanding that some Company members — notably Nori — empty their belongings in front of him so that he may ensure that the Arkenstone is not in their belongings.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company #pointydwarf

2:01PM Evidently even his kin is not exempt from this new demand. Kili looks on the verge of tears and is fiddling with their ring almost incessantly. Fili had to take them to the side to try and soothe them.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #that worrisome asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

2:40 pm

It wasn’t there. They must’ve known my plan. Moved the Arkenstone somewhere else. It’s nearby, I know it. I can feel it just as surely as I feel their glares on my back. Most likely trying to find the best place to stick their knives.

#the quest #the conspirators

2:45PM What if His Majesty decides to search through my belongings? He has not yet, nor will I suggest it to him. I do not fear him, but I do fear the consequences of his discovery.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #that irritating asshole

3:15PM Sometimes, there is no warmth in his eyes. He may smile and touch me softly and press lingering kisses to my skin but there is no warmth in his eyes like there used to be and I want to grab him by the shoulders and shake him and demand where the real Thorin is and how dare whoever this is take him from me.

Give him back. Please give him back.

#please #adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

3:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

If you had to choose between your company and the arkenstone, would you still choose the arkenstone?

They aren’t my company. They’re conspirators. Hoping to see me brought low.

#ask #anonymous #the conspirators

4:07PM Bo has suggested, when he walked past me, that I try to linger behind with the Company after supper tonight. I asked him why. He shook his head and jerked his head towards His Majesty and wouldn’t say anything more.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
I’ve made sure to remind the conspirators that whoever hides the Arkenstone from me will be punished. Severely. The same will happen to those who are proven to be conspiring against me. I’ll not see my kingdom fall due to disloyalty.

#the quest #the conspirators

Fíli and Kíli are sitting beside me during supper, evidently directly disobeying their uncle, who seems irritated at their new display of rebellion. I had no idea that this was some sort of prior arrangement. Knowing about it only makes me feel stifled. I want to know what Bo wants me to hear.

#adventureblogging #thing 1 #thing 2 #hatdwarf

Fíli and Kíli have trapped Bilbo between them. Neither of them will look me in the eye. It confirms that they know exactly what they’re doing. There’s nothing written against their sitting there. Yet it tears at me all the same. My own nanaddan, their hearts turned against me by the other conspirators.

#the quest #the conspirators #my sister children #ghivashel

It has not been easy to convince His Majesty to leave me alone with the Company, but I told him I was wearing the mithril vest and that I would go to him immediately after. He relented, though he glared down the rest of the Company as if daring them to try and harm me behind his back. I doubt he has gone very far from where the Company camps.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

My treasure lead me to the side after supper. He asked to stay around the fire for a while longer. I refused, as I didn’t wish for him to be near the conspirators, especially without me. He insisted, quite firmly. Still I refused. He showed me that his sanzigil vest was on and ring in his pocket. He swore that he’d return to me. That he was too clever to be caught in any trap that I worried would ensnare him. I relented and allowed him to stay, but I’ve also stayed close. Not to the fire, but close enough that I can see their movements, though they can’t easily spot me.

#the quest #the conspirators #ghivashel

Do you not remember the words you spoke in Bag End? "I would take these dwarves over an army from the Iron Hills. For when I called upon them, they answered." Do not forget that they followed you through many perils, that they suffered trolls and giant spiders and goblins.

Only to be mistrusted by their leader at the journey's end?

Things have changed since my foolishness in the Shire. Now, these conspirators seek to take that which is mine.

#ask #indigoire #the conspirators
7:10 pm
Anonymous asked:
I do not know the future but I pray that whatever happens you’ll survive what is coming. I think you’re a great dwarf and I would like to see you happy. I would rather see Erebor restored than myself happy. But thank you.
#ask #anonymous

7:35 pm
Anonymous asked:
you've gone cray cray
I haven’t gone anywhere.
#ask #anonymous

8 pm
Anonymous asked:
If Bilbo and the Arkenstone were hanging over the fires of Mordor, which would you save?
I can’t choose between my treasures. It’s a cruel person that would try to make me.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

8:14 pm
Anonymous asked:
A shiny rock is equal to your beloved in your eyes???
The Arkenstone is a symbol of my people restored and the power with which they will be restored. My treasure is no less precious than the homeland that I’ve worked my entire life to reclaim.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

8:15 pm
Anonymous asked:
Nothing good ever comes of a king whom becomes obsessed with jewels and begins to distrust his own kin.
No good ever came of a king who failed to see the vipers in his courtier’s smiles before their knives were in his back.
#ask #anonymous #the conspirators

8:19 pm
Anonymous asked:
You believe the arkenstone to be an equal against bilbo? The arkenstone has never saved your life. Infact, it has only caused you trouble.
Under the Arkenstone, the Kingdom Under the Mountain prospered for over five hundred years. It was Mahal’s blessing to the Line of Durin and I won’t have it be lost to us forever.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

8:22 PM So it is true. Bombur has been trying to contact the Lake-men with reparations in exchange for food. And Bo and Ori have been drafting a list of complaints to make against His Majesty’s recent behaviour. They are hoping that this will bring him to his senses, though a part of me highly doubts that that will be the case.
I cannot deny them their efforts at communication, however, and I admire their bravery in approaching His Majesty when he is like this, especially with criticisms in hand.
#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #hatdwarf #scribedwarf #that asshole #that irritating asshole #that worrisome asshole
8:25 pm

Anonymous asked:
Your company is loyal to you, thorin. You are just being paranoid and want an easy solution to why you haven't found the Arkenstone. I would bet myself and everything I love that none of those dwarves hold the "kings jewel". Realize that all of those men followed you even without your possession of the Arkenstone. And think, what reason would they have to conspire against you? You've risked your life to get back there kingdom. And as have they, thorin. Right behind you.

I don't know you nor the things that you love, so why would I believe your word about those conspirators?

#ask #anonymous #the conspirators

9:15 pm

My treasure actually returned to me, though the eyes of the conspirators followed us. We returned to our rooms. I asked what he and the conspirators spoke of. He assured that little had been talked about.

The lines under his eyes seem deeper.

#the quest #ghivashel

9:21PM The possibility of His Majesty finding the Arkenstone in my belongings is eating at me. I cannot sleep, and, judging by the restlessness beside me, neither can he.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

9:30 pm

Andalusa asked:
Do you have any definitive proof of the company, YOUR company, YOUR kin, conspiring against you other than your own voice whispering to you in the back of your mind?

I know what I've seen with my own eyes.

#ask #andalusa #the conspirators

November 19th, 2015

Bilbo

2:32AM The shifting from His Majesty's side of the bed has calmed down, as if he is finally slipping into sleep. I think I can breathe easy at last.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4:21AM I can only hear the sound of my breathing and the frantic beating of my heart.

#adventureblogging
5:49AM I should sleep.
#adventureblogging

Thorin

8:15 am

When I awoke, I saw that my treasure was awake already. Judging by the red of his eyes and the yawn that dragged out him, I don’t think he found any sleep last night. What could have pulled and weighed on him so much throughout the night? What did he actually speak with the conspirators about?

#the quest #ghivashel

8:30 am

Anonymous asked:

Hey hay what would you do if Smaug ate the arkenstone? I mean it's a possibility, I would do so if I were a big ass dragon and wanted to annoy you.
As far as I’m aware, dragons don’t eat the treasure that they guard.

#ask #anonymous

8:55 am

Anonymous asked:

Don’t worry so much about backstabbing conspirators. You or Bilbo would see it coming. "A true friend stabs you in the front."
You sound as if you have knowledge of the future and I insist that you inform me of what you know.

#ask #anonymous #the conspirators #ghivashel #(reminder: no actual spoilers please)

9:34AM When we arrived at the Front Gate we were just in time to see the departure of the banners of the Lake and the Wood-elves. His Majesty demanded to know who was talking to the Lake-men but no one stepped forth to claim responsibility. Fíli said that no words had been exchanged but I suspect he’s lying.
This will not end well.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #thing 1

9:45 am

I knew them to be plotting behind my back. I knew. Yet I found myself shocked to find the conspirators having spoken with the Lake-Men and Elves. I demanded to know what had been said.
None of them stood forward to speak. Cowards, the lot of them. Hiding and sneaking behind my back. Plotting things in whispers and with Elves.

Fíli swears that nothing was said to the Elves. But I know him and I know that only lies slipped through his teeth. Most of the conspirators only looked away or down. The few who met my eye had anger boiling there.
Which of them will deliver the final blow?
#the quest #the conspirators #my sister children

10:10AM His Majesty storms the hoard in a huff, glaring at all of us as if trying to figure out who is
hiding the Arkenstone. Yesterday he went through most of the Company’s belongings. I fear today more searches of the Company will be made.

10:15 am
Striving-artist asked:
I am certain that your forefathers are ashamed of you and your appalling behavior of late. No respectable dwarf, and certainly no king would treat their kin and company as you have done. Whatever you are becoming, it is not the King the Company followed to Erebor; you are are nothing compared to that dwarf. I only hope you will be able to salvage some scrap of your honor before you lose everything, sir.

You say that I’m not respectable but those conspirators are the ones with no respect. They work to tear their King from his throne and barter with Men and Elves.
And no, I’m not the same Dwarf as before. My eyes have been opened and I see those around me for what they truly are.

10:50 am
This search feels pointless. I know one of them has it. Hiding it away from me. They believe me to be unworthy of possessing it. Unworthy of the throne. They’ve always thought so, but only now do I see it. Only now are my eyes open.

11:25 am
Anonymous asked:
Perhaps the Arkenstone is back with Mahal. You don’t need it anymore so he is keeping it safe in the great stone halls of your fathers.
I’m not entirely sure how Mahal would recall the Arkenstone.

12:08 PM During lunch, His Majesty refused to eat. I would have allowed this — not pleased to, as our rations are meagre as it is and I know even Dwarves cannot eat stone, but still allowed as he is an adult and can do what he pleases — but then he decided to knock my food from my plate as well, and declare that it was poison and that I should not eat it.
I told him he was ridiculous but he refused to listen and stormed back into the Mountain. Bombur, though his expression was clouded with grief and anger in equal measure, handed me a replacement serving, and I tried to console him as best as I could.

12:20 pm
As we sat for lunch, I knew that something was wrong. I could feel it. See it in the way that Bombur wouldn’t look at me with anything but guilt in his eyes.
The image of the tree returned to me, oozing black blood.
Poison.
I dropped the food that I held and also hit away what Bilbo held. So this is how they were to do it? Not with knives but with sneaking treachery? Bilbo demanded to know what was wrong and I told
him. The conspirators had set out to poison us, to do away with us. There were no denials from those around us. Only clenched teeth and eyebrows drawn together in anger. Anger at their plans being seen through. I’ll not give them the satisfaction of dying so easily.

#the quest #the conspirators #ghivashel #bombur

2:25PM After lunch, His Majesty ordered another search through the Company’s belongings, as if the Arkenstone would appear in packs he’s already searched when his back is turned. The search yielded nothing, of course, except more sullen mutters and dark glances. I want to tell the Company that it’s not helping their cause if they play into His Majesty’s twisted fantasy that they’re all out to kill him, but I also cannot ask them to smile and play falsely, either, as His Majesty will twist anything to suit the narrative in his head. I have seen it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #the company

2:45 pm

Where could they be hiding it? I’ve had their packs and bedrolls searched twice now, to be sure, though I know one of them holds it from me. Their glares proved it to me that I’m close to finding it. To foiling whatever they plan to do with it.

#the quest #the conspirators

3:40 pm

Generalstallion asked:

Yo, man, at first I wasn't gonna say anything cause it's not really my business, but I feel like it's my responsibility to say something. I overheard Dwalin and Balin saying they were gonna off you in the night. Be careful, man. Keep a knife handy.

Are you another who wishes to pull a reaction from me for your own amusement? I’m not here to be poked at for jests. Take your words and leave me be — I’ve far more important things to deal with.

#ask #generalstallion #dwalin #balin

4:06PM Does he really not see the pain on his sister-child’s face? The worry in Ori’s eyes? Does he not see that the anger of the Company is not one of murderous intent but rather one of reminding him who he was before the dragon sickness took him over? Even if he is blind to the plight of his kin, can he not see the fear and concern and worry in me?

#adventureblogging #thing 2 #scribedwarf #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

4:25 pm

Anonymous asked:

If you have searched their belongings twice over and found nothing, then surely they cannot have it with them. I'd imagine the glares are simply anger over your distrust for them. They've been nothing but loyal, yet now you don't trust them; it's bound to have upset and offended them. Try to think rationally, before you came to Erebor did even one of them show the smallest hint of betrayal? Fairly sure the answer there is no, why would that change when they care for you and Bilbo still?

I know what I have seen. These conspirators, on the way to the Mountain, have repeatedly denied
my requests to cease wagers between myself and my treasure. They treated me as if I were not their King.

No more. I won’t be deceived any more.

#ask #anonymous #the conspirators #ghivahesh

4:39PM
Anonymous asked:
I think he sees it, but he misunderstands it, as you said. To him the Company showing any negative emotion is a sign of their betrayal. It's awful that this extends to his sister-children too. Though he may not see so clearly your upset, I'm sure he's more likely to listen to you; perhaps you could try to talk with him about it again. It's difficult, but you seem like the best person for it, all you can really do is keep trying. Hopefully he may yet see what has happened to him.
I have tried to talk to him. Sometimes the words seize up in my throat and I cannot say them, or they make it out but he does not seem to hear.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

4:39 pm
Anonymous asked:
I dont think they were mad because you saw through "their plan". I think they were mad because you dont trust them. And it hurts them.

None who are false deserve my trust.

#ask #anonymous #the conspirators

4:43 pm
Anonymous asked:
Your beloved may not be able to sleep because of all the pressure youve placed on him. Maybe you should talk to him
When I ask him, he says he’s fine. I haven’t been making him search with me because he doesn’t want to search. I don’t know why he would be losing sleep then.

#ask #anonymous #ghivahesh

4:55PM His Majesty has just been startled by thin air. I asked him what he saw, as it had made his expression grow ashen, and he shook his head and said nothing.
I saw that his hand was bleeding. He must have cut it on something in the hoard when he was not watching. I told him to go seek Óín, but he refused, so I told him to stay put while I found supplies to clean and wrap his wounds with.
He would not take his eyes off me as I worked, and I was reminded of happier days in the sunshine of the Carrock and the laughter of the Company in the water near our camp.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #trumpetdwarf

4:59 pm
Anonymous asked:
Unfortunately, I am no seer. You will have to seek a Wizard or an Elf for that knowledge. The phrase is just a piece of wisdom from my people that some have attributed to a man of great wit, named Mr. Wilde.

The fact that you have chosen that specific quote suggests you know more than you let on.

#ask #anonymous

5 pm

It was the rattle of the gold that drew my attention first. We’d returned to the treasury to continue the search when I felt the shaking. It began faint but grew harsh enough to threaten my balance. Coins jumped and clicked against each other. It was more powerful than I’d ever felt it, but I know the footsteps of the beast.

It drew closer to my back, approaching ever nearer. Yet when I finally turned to face it, there was nothing there. The coins had shifted and some of them looked to be red, as if blood had dripped onto them.

When I turned forward again, the beast was before me. I gave a shout and it merely grinned at me. It was larger than I’d ever seen it. I could see cloth and hair and blood lining its teeth and the rumble of its laugh blew hot air over me.

“You’re so busy looking for me,” the beast laughed, “that you don’t see them approaching your back.”

I looked behind me and found their stares. The conspirators, all looking at me, anger and plans in their eyes. When I caught them staring, however, they turned their heads away and returned to searching. I looked back to the beast, but it had disappeared. Only drips of blood showed that it had been there at all.

#the quest #the conspirators

5:15 pm

Anonymous asked:

the fact that you suspect your nephews-- the same nephews who idolise you, who looked to you in awe when you told them tales of the mountain-- of treachery speaks volumes of how mad you are. you are exactly like your grandfather. this hoard will be your death.

My sister-children, as Kíli prefers to referred to as ‘they,’ have been swept up in the treacherous words of the rest of the conspirators, along with the Elvish Captain. Don’t speak to me of things you know nothing about.

#ask #anonymous #my sister children

5:42PM Once again His Majesty refused to eat supper, and refused to let me eat supper, too. I had to put my foot down and tell him he had no control over what I wanted or didn’t want to do, or else I would return his beads to him, and he stormed off in a huff. Serves him right.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole

5:55 pm

Anonymous asked:

Bilbo is not a thing. He is not yours. He is not a belonging or something to be hoarded and coddled. He’d be better off without you at this point. You're lucky he still cares.

Ifsilk zars.

#(go dick a tree) #ask #anonymous #ghivashel
I refused the poisoned food that was handed to me and told Bilbo to refuse his as well. He spoke against that, wishing to eat. I tried to explain but he threatened to remove his beads. How does he not see the danger around us?

#the quest #the conspirators #ghivashel

7:19PM
Anonymous asked:
I think he's trying to protect you, though it is utterly misguided and unneeded. He simply can't see it due to whatever has caused his mind unrest. Still, he has no right to demand you do anything, you're capable of looking after yourself after all, so I can see why you're irritated. I know his mind, or the Beast, or whatever, is telling him that the Company is false to him. I do not know how to cure it, or if it can be cured at all. All I can do is make sure he doesn't make things worse by refusing to sleep or eat.
#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:29PM I brought supper to His Majesty. As cross as I am with him, I would rather not see him starve. He initially refused to eat what I gave him, but I said I had prepared the meal. That caused him to eat it. Even when he is not himself he does not stop trusting me. Why? Why me? I am not his kin, nor am I his subject. Is it because I am not beholden to the fortunes of the Dwarves that he, even in the depths of his paranoia, thinks I am trustworthy? I do not deserve this.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #that irritating asshole

7:45 pm
My treasure brought food to our rooms for me, though I initially turned it down. He swore that he had prepared it himself and even took a bite from it. I trust him above all else and so accepted the plate. It quieted the previously ignored complaints in my stomach and I was sure to thank him. Even in the darkened room, my treasure shines. I can see the twist of his curls, the tip of his nose, feel the soft curve of his cheek. Among all the bitter tension building in the mountain, his kiss is a breath of sweetness.
#the quest #ghivashel

8:10 pm
Anonymous asked:
You dont deserve Mr. Baggins if you find him equal to a shiny sparkly rock.
All of you assume that I find him equal due to my inability to choose between them but you’re wrong. I treasure Bilbo deeply — he’s my One, my treasure, my betrothed. But the Arkenstone will help my people, my homeland. We both discussed this early on, that my entire kingdom and those who reside within it is more important than our relationship. So condemn me for being a King and choosing my people. Your words only show how little you know.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

8:35 pm
Anonymous asked:
I understand that you might mean it simply as a term of endearment, but the way you refer to
Bilbo as "my treasure" sounds a bit like you view him as a possession?
I don’t see why calling him that is in any way wrong. I treasure him dearly. He’s as much mine as I
am his.
#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

9 pm
Anonymous asked:
you literally have no chill whatsoever
Parts of the mountain, especially outside as snow has begun to fall, is in fact cold, but most of the
time I'm quite warm.
#ask #anonymous

9:30 pm
Where else could they be hiding the Arkenstone? Their packs were too obvious a place. It must be
somewhere that they can watch but wouldn’t be immediately obvious as a hiding place. Some place
that they can check often to be sure that it remains in their possession but can still be hidden easily.
Somewhere that they don’t believe I would search.
#the quest #the conspirators

9:57PM There must be a solution. The oncoming winter will kill us if the siege does not. There is
still no word from the Iron Hills. Something must be done before we all die of our own follies.
#adventureblogging

10:06PM
Anonymous asked:
Has His Majesty made any... erm... advances on you since he has not become himself? Does he
take refusal well?
He has not yet tested our agreement since the last time we were in his childhood room. He listens to
that much, at least.
#anonymous #ask #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

10:20PM My mother often negotiated disputes in her family when she was younger, having been an
eloquent speaker and writer and collector of tales throughout her life. In fact, most of the books in
Bag End are from her personal collection.
The point is, though, Mum used to say that the first step in any sort of peace talk, be it squabbling
cousins or sieging kingdoms, must be in creating incentives to convince both sides to ‘come to the
table’ to parley. Mum used to sit squabbling cousins down at the kitchen table and do this. I have no
kitchen table. But I do have something His Majesty values above all else.
It’s a mad plan, I'm afraid. His Majesty would see it as a betrayal on my part. But if his behaviour
towards the Company gets any worse, it may be the only plan that may work.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

November 20th, 2015
Bilbo

3:45AM I think I might need Óin to get a look at my left eye in the morning. Thorin was thrashing in his sleep; I think he might have been struggling in his night-terror? In any case, I made the mistake of trying to wake him up and just got punched in the face for my troubles. He managed to wake when I cried out, though, and has been apologising since.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

3:50AM It's not his fault. He was lashing out in some kind of dream. It was an accident. It hurts, and someone’s going to comment on it in the morning, but it wasn't his fault.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

Thorin

4 am

It had felt so real.

The beast had stood before me and the taste of iron was thick in the air. Blood dripped steadily from the beast's claws and teeth, though none belonged to it. It had never done anything but circle me before, taunting me with words and images. This time, it advanced in a rush.

My back was pressed against the floor and pain shot through my chest as the beast's claws dug through flesh. It laughed at my struggle against it and became to speak, it's voice shifting from one conspirator to the next.

"You're unworthy of your crown," it said, Dwalin's voice slipping out of its jaws. "Of your throne."
"You've become just like your grandfather," mocked Balin.
"Erebor will fall by your hand," Fíli told me.
"Unworthy of your One," said Kíli.
"You don't deserve him," Glóin growled.
"You're going to hurt him," Bofur warned.

And I woke when the beast cried out in Bilbo's voice. I woke to see that I had hurt him, just as the beast said I would. He's insisted that he's fine but I hurt him, my One. I swore to him that I'd sooner cut off my own hand that strike him yet here he sits with a mark upon him caused by my hand.

The beast knew. It knew. How much else of what it said will ring true?

#the quest #ghivashel #the conspirators #my sister children

4:10 am

Anonymous asked:

It didn't know, Thorin. What happened was an accident brought about by your night terror, Bilbo will understand that. You would never intentionally harm him would you. Intentionally or not, he sits before me with a wound that I dealt him. I hurt him, just as I was warned I would.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

4:20 am

Anonymous asked:

Oh Thorin, why can't you see it? You ended up just like your grandfather Just leave me be.

#ask #anonymous
**4:30 am**

Anonymous asked:
I hope your eye feels better, it must have been one heck of a night terror for him to react like that! Any point in asking him to talk about it with you? It might help. Hopefully Óin can sort out your eye quickly :)
Thank you, though I hope that the swelling goes down and Óin will not be needed. I have tried asking Thorin about his night-terror but all he said was something about the Beast and then refused to speak of it again.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #trumpetdwarf

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**4:40 am**

Skyhealer asked:

Some things are outside our control, majesty. You cannot blame yourself for what you did in the grasp of a nightmare. Please do not take this too on your shoulders, I beg of you.
It was a trick of the beast and I fell for it. It attacked me and knew I would lash out against it. Night-terror or not, my treasure is hurt by my hand.

#ask #skyhealer #ghivashel

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**5 am**

Anonymous asked:

Yes, you may have hurt him, but there is a vast difference between intentional and accidental.
So long as you are sorry for it and know you'll never harm him on purpose, and so long as Bilbo knows this too, there is no reason to torture yourself with it. Speak to Bilbo of your fears and troubles, you make a fine team and sharing these things with one another is healthy. I hope you feel better soon and that Bilbo is okay too.

All of you seem to wish to comfort but you speak to me as if I’m a child to be lectured. I ask again, just leave me be.

#ask #anonymous

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**5:08 AM** I have tried to make the swelling go down but I don’t have anything cold enough on me.

#adventureblogging

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**5:15 am**

He’s tried to keep quiet, but I can hear every hiss under Bilbo’s breath as he presses his fingers to his bruised eye. Each one feels like a rake against my skin.

#the quest #ghivashel

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**7:48 AM** In the morning light my left eye looks a lot less horrible than it feels. I should see if the willow-bark tea — if Óin has any left — will help matters.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf
Bilbo asked how his eye looked, now that there’s more light to see. His eye can still open, though the injury is obvious. There’s dark bruising around the eye. A shadow across honey-colored skin.

I feel sick.

#the quest #ghivashel

**8 am**

**Anonymous asked:**

If you find it reassuring, I have come across some useful lore about the children of Yavanna. Hobbits are rather impervious to poison (something about their metabolism and eating so many meals a day), and even harder than the children of Mahal in this regard. I would not recommend experimentation, but you may ask Bilbo if this knowledge is accurate. Perhaps it will help you sleep and your One will not have to threaten removing his beads over food (most important to Hobbits).

I’m fairly certain that Kaminzabdûna wasn’t the creator of the Hobbits so I can’t trust this ‘useful lore’ of yours. I’ve seen Bilbo recover from food poisoning before, though I don’t wish to risk that again.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

**9:29AM** The Company was horrified to see my injury at breakfast. Bo demanded if he needed to have words with His Majesty, but I told him it was an accident. A dark expression passed over Nori’s face and he said that sounded likely in a tone that clearly suggested he didn’t believe me at all. I had to insist it was an accident, over and over again, until all of the Company members whose hands had leapt to the nearest sharp implement had eased up on them. His Majesty must have seen it all. I can imagine what it must look like to him. Maybe he will start doubting me, too.

#adventureblogging #the company #hatdwarf #pointydwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

**9:45 am**

If it had not been for my treasure’s words against it, the conspirators would have gladly coated their blades in my blood. I feel terribly for hurting Bilbo, despite it being by accident, yet to the conspirators, it seems enough to attack me. Perhaps that’s simply all they’re waiting for — something to justify their actions. A reason that will stand later as to why their King lay dead by their hands.

#the quest #ghivashel #the conspirators

**11:16AM** Óin has given me the last of the willow-bark tea, saying that he doesn’t know if it will make the swelling go down, but it was at least worth a try. We are searching through the hoard in absolute silence, punctuated only by the clink of golden coins.

#adventureblogging #trumpetdwarf

**12:30 pm**

I’ve no stomach for food. My heart sits too heavily in my chest and the conspirators’ blades are too readily held.

#the quest #the conspirators
1:02PM His Majesty refused lunch once more. I don’t have the heart to stop him.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

2 pm

The Arkenstone may not be in their packs but I know that they have it. Hiding it away from me. Do they enjoy watching me worry? Watching Erebor continue to stand in ruins?

Where could they have hidden it?

Somewhere that they think I wouldn’t search. Most likely in plain sight, right before me!

#the quest #the conspirators

3:20PM I don’t think I have seen Bo smile at all for the past week or so. He has been almost as grim as Thorin and when he does try to smile it looks like his moustache is twitching but the mirth has left. I know he has grievances for His Majesty but I wonder if he will ever air them.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole

4:40 pm

Generalstallion asked:

I'll get that Arkenstone for you if you sacrifice the halfling to me. That seems like a pretty fair trade (quite a deal actually considering you junked up his face last night) so what do ya say?

Shake on it? No take-backs!

This jest isn’t humourous in the slightest and I ask that you stop and leave me be.

#ask #generalstallion #ghivashel

4:50 pm

Anonymous asked:

What if the conspirators pass the stone from person to person to lessen the chances of you finding it on them? There are a lot of them after all. One day it could be with Gloin the next it could be with Bombur and you would never know it. I know you've been keeping a close eye on them but all it would take is a swift pass of a hand and the Arkenstone will have changed place. Unless... they’ve placed it somewhere you would never search. Have you searched EVERYONE’S things?

I have an idea on where it may have been hidden away.

#ask #anonymous #the conspirators

5:29PM His Majesty has, for lack of a better word, snapped. Not that he has not already taken leave of his senses, but this really takes the cake, so to speak. He has somehow become convinced that the Arkenstone has been stored in the food supplies, and in searching for it has more or less ruined the rest of our meagre provisions.

Bombur and I have salvaged as much as we can, which isn’t overly difficult considering most of it was cram, but some of the remaining grains he spilled out onto the rocks and there is no getting that back.

The fact that even quiet, sweet Bombur was shaking with anger at this shows that His Majesty’s
callousness has thoroughly affected everyone. This cannot continue.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #bigdwarf

5:50 pm
I knew betrayal lived in their hearts.

I’ve searched the food storage, though they must have known that I had figured out where the Arkenstone was hidden and had moved it beforehand. It had made sense. A hiding spot in plain sight, the tension and guilt on their faces during each meal, some place that could be checked on multiple times daily without suspicion. But the Arkenstone wasn’t there yet their betrayal has come to light.

Bombur wasn’t the one I expected to speak. But his words were lined with the anger I’ve seen in all of their eyes as of late. He said I wasn’t fit to be King, that crown or not on my brow, I had no right to treat them as I was.

He spoke to me as if I’m not Thorin, *King Under the Mountain*, Ruler of Erebor. He spoke as if we were still in the mud and muck on the road, as if this wasn’t my *kingdom* that he stands in.

But Erebor is indeed mine. And I won’t allow such betrayal in my kingdom.

#the quest #bombur #the conspirators

6:18PM I do not believe I have ever been so upset with His Majesty.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that horrible asshole

6:30 pm
Anonymous asked:

Brilliant, Your Highness. Now you've destroyed your own food stores. Perhaps you and your "treasure" can live off of rock and stone instead.
I don’t recall asking for advice on how to rule my kingdom.

#ask #anonymous

6:45 pm
Anonymous asked:

I think you have it backwards thorin. I think he does see you as the king of Erebor. The sicknessed king that once held place. That you called your grandfather. And he wishes that he could still see you as you were when you were stuck in the mud and muck. You were a better dwarf then. You've changed Thorin, as you know. And it's not for the better.
Begone with you and your judgments. I haven’t the time nor patience for it.

#ask #anonymous

6:45PM I have tried to collect my thoughts on what transpired after the food was searched, and I am still shaken about it.

~~

His Majesty ordered for Bombur to be lashed after he and Bo started airing the Company’s grievances with him. Bo, being a good brother, tried to intercede and demand that he take half of the lashes, but His Majesty would not be swayed. He wanted Bombur to be an example of the consequences that come to those who would question his right to be King.
Dwalin was reluctant in dealing out the punishment and did it very hesitantly and apologetically, and the look on his face clearly said he, too, wished to have words with his friend and his King. Yet as mutinous as the looks on the rest of the Company were, none would dare voice their complaints to His Majesty after Bombur was released.

I had so many words of my own, so many fiery words that I had chosen in the hopes of waking Thorin up from the madness His Majesty has locked him in, but they all withered in my throat the moment His Majesty demanded that Bombur be punished for dissent.

Surely dwarves would not follow an usurper! Arkenstone or no. A snake cannot hide behind finery and a crown does not make a king. Perhaps some slinking creature from the Misty Mountains has followed you...taken it in a desperate bid to sow strife. Another theory on the Arkenstone’s location! Have none of you anything better to do with your time?

He spoke to you EXACTLY as Thorin, King Under the Mountain, should be spoken to! Only a loyal subject as Bombur has proved himself would give you council where others may follow blindly. Do you not wish Thrór had been counseled against Azanulbizar? Your words prove how little you know.

The irony doesn’t escape me that the only person that I can trust within this Dwarven kingdom is a Hobbit. My own kin has betrayed me, held their weapons against me. Seek to strike me down. But my treasure still stands with me. I know that there is at least one that I can depend on.
8:17 pm

Anonymous asked:
Oh my god, are you serious? Excuse my language but what the actual fuck is wrong with Thorin? I think I'm going to be sick. How is Bombur faring?
What is wrong with Thorin is none of your business. He is unwell and acting unlike himself. As for Bombur, he is shaken but Óin and I are caring for him.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #bigdwarf #trumpetdwarf

8:25 pm

Anonymous asked:
You are destroying your connection to your kin and friends who have followed you through hel and back all in the name of a rock. The arkenstone does not make a true king Thorin Oakinshield. Only wisdom and respect can and you've seem to have lost both. All for what? A stone that is destroying you and it is not even in your sights! Your kin love you, and you are losing them, and you will lose your dear Bilbo as well if you continue on this path.
I’m tired of arguing the importance of the Arkenstone with you faceless pests. I’silk zars.

#ask #anonymous #go dick a tree

8:35 pm

Anonymous asked:
I know you seek no counsel so consider this a well-meaning piece of advice: don't do anything rash.
You’re correct — I’m not seeking any counsel. I’ll do as I wish.

#ask #anonymous

8:40 pm

Anonymous asked:
what would you do if Bilbo was the one hiding the arkenstone from you. Don’t be absurd. Bilbo is my One — he wouldn’t lie to me in such a way, especially not about the Arkenstone.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel #to even suggest such a thing!

8:45 pm

Anonymous asked:
I know this is the last thing you want to hear rn, not after what he did. I know that was just too much. But please, remember he's not being himself. Your thorin would have never done that. Your thorin would have never treated his own kin, his friends, his company, the way he has been doing it the last few days. He's really sick, almost as good as possessed. Don't blame him for things he doesn't have any control of, don't be too hard on him about this. Blame the sickness, but not him, please.
I believe I am justified in my anger towards him for mistreating Bombur, but I have a suspicion that if he had not been driven mad by whatever was tormenting him then things might not have ended this way. I know something has troubled him deeply based on his sudden rapid descent into tyranny, but
I do not know what it was. Ultimately I believe the situation was beyond His Majesty’s control and he merely grasped at the first show of power he could get.

8:50 pm

Hells-finest-gentleman asked:

Perhaps they worry the stone will make you feel worse. Despite that they seem upset, they still love you and worry for you. Perhaps you should calmly assure them their worries are unfounded, and you believe your current state of worry/frustration/suspicion is due to the fact that a precious family heirloom of yours is missing (and though you love them it could’ve only been them), and no consequence will come of it’s return. They may not believe it, but if someone does have it, they may return it.

Just a good thing to keep in mind: You're right to be mad at whoever took the Arkenstone, no matter what their reasons are for keeping it from you. But the others who didn't take it don't deserve that angry just because you don't know who did. To them, you're just treating them badly when they've done nothing wrong. If you treat all of them kindly then they'll stop seeing you as the bad guy here. They'll see you're hurting, and everyone will think ill of the person who is hiding the stone.

On the other hand, Though care about you and would hate to upset you, I feel it’s very important to consider that perhaps maybe it's possible... Smaug swallowed it before leaving to spite you?

They plot treason behind my back yet you believe I should accept this. It’s a soft King that’s so easily ripped from his throne. I’ll not have betrayers go without consequence. And as I’ve already stated before, I doubt that Smaug would have swallowed any piece of what he believed to be his treasure.

9 pm

Anonymous asked:

Your kin are NOT betraying you King Thorin. They would never do that. They are scared and worried for you because you are no longer the dwarf they pledged to follow and be loyal to. You are seeing shadows and snakes where there are none. It is all in your mind can’t you see that? They love you. They would never betray you.

They pledged to follow Thorin, son of Thráin, son of Thrór, did they not? Yet that’s who they’re plotting against. I don’t know how your culture works, but when plots are made against one’s King, it’s known as treason, as betrayal.

9:07PM It is dark and the only thing that fills my head is the kitchen table plan. If His Majesty will not go of his own volition, then I must make him do it. I know I have something that will make him listen, but it will mean little in my hands. I must give to someone who can truly use it to barter for our peace. I will think of a way out of the Mountain tomorrow.
9:20 pm

Generalstallion asked:

Man, what does a guy have to do to get taken seriously around here? Give someone 30 lashes??? Didn't seem to work for you and your underlings... Aaaaannyways, if you change you're mind I'll be waiting. Inside your head! With all your other demons! There'll come a time in the future where I think you'll wish you had listened to me. You’ve obviously taken leave of your senses and I’ve more important things to do than to argue with the mad.

#ask #generalstallion

11:42PM
Anonymous asked:

Master Baggins, I have complete faith in your ability to handle this. Your affection for Thorin and the Company, your willingness to stand by them despite hardship--you will do right by them no matter your decision. It does not seem as though it will be easy, but Gandalf chose you as the lucky number for a reason. Nai tiruvantel ar varyuvantel i Valar tielyanna. Your words give me some solace in this troubling time. I do not speak Quenya just yet — I am still learning Sindarin, but I fear that I have fallen out of practice since Rivendell — but I can at least say this: Nai tielyar nauvar laice ar laurie!

#(May your ways be green and golden) #ask #anonymous

November 21st, 2015

Thorin

6:40 am
Anonymous asked:

I don't know whose actions I am more shocked by: yours or Dwalin's. But I suppose he cannot be blamed. Why should two of your Company be groundlessly punished. To ask thus of your friends? You are not the king I thought you were. Mahal have mercy. Why should Dwalin’s actions shock you? Despite his other treacherous actions with the rest of the conspirators, he actually listened to his King’s commands.

#ask #anonymous #dwalin #the conspirators

7:15 am

The Arkenstone wasn't within their packs or the nearby supplies. Perhaps when they found it and chose to hide it away, they left it hidden in the treasury. Somewhere they'd be able to remember and find again. What better place to hide a gem then with other treasure? And with all of those conspirators working together, they could have been moving it around the treasury this entire time. Being sure that it had no chance of falling within my sight. Their anger at being separated while searching makes even more sense to me now.

#the quest #the conspirators
7:46AM The bed is so cold. His Majesty must have gone to the hoard already.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

7:55 am

I’ve informed the conspirators that they are no longer allowed in the treasury and any who enter it will face the consequences. Their shocked silence was proof enough of their guilt and my suspicions of the Arkenstone’s location ring all the truer in my mind.
#the quest #the conspirators

8:30 am

Anonymous asked:
I think you have confused the words ken and kin? Don’t worry! Happens to the best of us. KEN is your mind/knowledge/understanding. KIN are your family. You’ve been betrayed by your KEN, not your KIN.
I know what I meant to say. It’s not my mind that’s threatened to take my kingdom from me.
#ask #anonymous

9:15 am

Anonymous asked:
You know not what you do, my smol son.
I’m quite aware of what I’m doing. And while I don’t know what you mean by ‘smol,’ I know that I’m not your son.
#ask #anonymous

9:28AM The Company is banned from the hoard. They are all sullenly sitting in camp and refusing to even look His Majesty’s way.
#adventureblogging #the company #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

11:25 am

Roäc has appeared and he says that he brings news from Dáin, at last!
#the quest #dain

11:37AM Roäc has brought us tidings: Dáin, Lord of the Iron Hills, is coming to our aid with more than five hundred Dwarves. They come from the North-East and are within two days’ march of Dale. His Majesty insists that this is good news, despite Roäc warning that the Iron Hills dwarves will not make it to Erebor unmarked and do not have the numbers to defeat the host of Elves and Men between us and them, should it come to battle. His Majesty insists that, since the winter comes swiftly behind them, the cold and harshness of winter here will soften the Men’s hearts to parley with us on more favourable terms.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
12 pm

Dáin has brought an army of more than five hundred! They’re hurrying from the Iron Hills to come to our aid. Roäc reports that they’re to reach Dale within two days. Roäc said that Dáin’s forces won’t be enough to defeat the enemies that surround us. He asked how I planned to be fed without the cooperation of the Elves and Men. I proclaimed for him to cast aside his doubts, as winter and Dain’s presence will turn the hearts of the Men and Elves and make them more willing to rethink the terms of a parley with us.

I can already feel victory in my chest.

#the quest #dain

12:08PM I expressed worries that His Majesty may be allowing the Dwarves from the Iron Hills to march to their deaths, as surely a new host in the valley will incite war and incur loss. His Majesty told me not to underestimate Dwarves. He seems confident that Dáin will be able to triumph over the Elves and Men. In fact, he’s probably counting on it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

12:45 pm

I’ve had Roäc deliver a map of the mountain to Dáin, where I’ve indicated the armies of the Men and Elves. A plan has begun to form in my mind and when Dáin agrees with it, this siege of our enemies will backfire on the Elves and Men.

I’ve not lost my hope for Erebor’s recovery. It’ll stand strong again, I know.

#the quest #dain

2:30 pm

Dáin’s reply has come and he’s asked what caused the armies of the Elves and Men to station themselves outside of the mountain as they have. I explained the terms that they presented at the Gate, knowing that Dáin would find them as ridiculous as I did.

“They come to the doors of our homeland with weapons and malice,” I relayed to Dáin, “and demand that we give up our hard won home and treasure to them. But I’ll not hand Erebor over without a fight.”

#the quest #dain

2:42PM Bo wants to know why I still wear those beads in my hair. I said that Thorin, not His Majesty, gave me those beads, and that I still have hope that there is a way to get Thorin back. But as the days pass that hope fades from me bit by bit. It is so hard to cling to, and just watching His Majesty answer each raven makes me wonder if I will ever find Thorin again.

#adventureblogging #hatdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

3:09PM His Majesty believes we will survive the winter because Dáin has provisions for us to last for weeks. Too bad that an army of Elves and Men lie between us and them.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
Dáin has replied and he’s agreed that Erebor should and will be defended against those that seek to take it from us. He assured earlier that provisions had been brought that would last throughout the winter. The Men and Elves are most likely less prepared in that aspect. Dáin also asked of the Arkenstone and if it had been found. I regrettably informed him that it’s still hidden, though I’m confident that it will be secured soon. I can feel its absence even more sharply than before.

#the quest #dain

4:55PM We argued again.
~~
In my last attempt to coax some sanity out of His Majesty I asked him if all of this was necessary. If he really was willing to gamble our survival on the performance of Dáin and the Iron Hills Dwarves in battle, if he really was willing to wage war for the sake of the Arkenstone. I asked him if it had been necessary to punish Bombur for daring to voice his thoughts, or to force the Company to toil in the hoard while simultaneously distrusting their every intention. His expression grew dark and said that he was trying to protect me from their treachery, to protect Erebor itself from destruction.
I told him the Arkenstone, while culturally significant, only held as much power as the people who saw it believed it to hold. Owning it would not make any of these problems outside the Mountain disappear.
His Majesty said that I spoke like the Company — the conspirators, as he called it — and like the numerous messages he had received over the past days that had proven the treachery of the Company. He warned me not to follow that path, not to betray him as well.
My heart is racing and my stomach feels sick.

#(read more) #adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #bigdwarf #the company

5:15 pm

Bilbo spoke with me, voicing his doubts about Dáin and the plans that we were developing. He questioned my punishment of Bombur and mistrust of the conspirators. He’d seen their betrayal for himself, yet he didn’t support my actions? Can he not see? I told him that all that I’ve done has been to protect him and Erebor.
Bilbo then insisted that while he understood the value of the Arkenstone, that it held as much power as we believed it to. That the armies outside of the mountain wouldn’t simply disappear once it was found.
Could the conspirators and those who have been taunting me behind their grey, nameless faces have convinced my treasure of all of this? Could they have swayed his heart against me? I asked that he not betray me as well, that he not abandon me as the others have. I couldn’t stand the thought.

#the quest #ghivashel #dain

5:19PM If I were to press my ear to his chest, would I hear his heart, or just a gaping hole that the Arkenstone is meant to fill? Whatever the case, I know that it is no longer mine, and though he may insist otherwise with his words and his touches and his too-insistent kisses I must say, if this is the sort of heart he would give me, then I do not want it.

#adventureblogging #that asshole
5:30 pm
Anonymous asked:

WAIT. So you're worried your Company--those who followed you when no one else would, who fought and suffered with you--has taken the Arkenstone, but you're not worried Dain would take it???? HE'S the one with an army and followers!!

I don’t see how Dáin would have been able to take the Arkenstone, given that him and his followers haven’t even arrived from the Iron Hills yet. Or do you believe he snuck in, took it, returned it to the Iron Hills, and is now coming to our aid simply for the joys of war?

#ask #anonymous #dain

5:35PM I was right all those months ago. It is not wrong for him to think his people and his kingdom more important than me, and the Arkenstone symbolises that. My heart beats all the more painfully in my chest, because I care too much now to back away.

I’ve made up my mind. I must force his hand.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

6 pm
Dáin has said that while the Arkenstone’s missing presence is troubling, he and his army will stand with us against the Elves and Men. He suggested that more Dwarves be summoned, as once the Elves and Men are outnumbered, they’ll become the ones besieged. He did warn that the other Dwarves may not be so understanding of my asking for their aid without the Arkenstone in hand and that he wished me luck in locating it quickly.

I’ve sent my thanks to him for the aid that he’s brought. Night has fallen so I assume that Dáin has had his army stop for the night. While they rest, I’ve gone back to the treasury. Dáin’s right — the Arkenstone must be found quickly.

#the quest #dain

6:10 pm
Anonymous asked:

I hope you break out of this awful mental state you are in, Bilbo and the Company are much more valuable than the Arkenstone and it breaks my heart that you believe them all to be traitors and less than the most loyal people in the whole world to you.

How many more times will you repeat yourself to me before you realize that your words do nothing but anger me? Begone.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel #the conspirators

6:15PM
Anonymous asked:

Good luck, Master Baggins, with whatever you decide to. You have the support of everyone that has read the accounts of your journey and, whatever happens, here we will remain. Stay safe, Master Baggins. We believe in you.

Thank you for your well-wishes and kind words.

#ask #anonymous

6:28PM I have found a knife sharp enough to cut the braids from my head and the beads with them.
I do not wish for the mithril to be robbed from me, and as His Majesty is not the one to whom I have cleaved, I do not wish to go to the Men and the Elves with the impression that I am.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

**6:45 pm**

Bilbo’s informed me that he wishes for time alone tonight. I asked if he was feeling well but he insisted that he simply needed space. Time to think. His smile didn’t shine as I’ve seen it do before and when I pressed a hand to his cheek, he didn’t turn towards it. “Have you come to doubt me as well?” I asked. “Don’t let the words of those conspirators turn your heart.”

Bilbo didn’t reply, other than to sigh and bid me a good night.

I must locate the Arkenstone swiftly. Not just for the sake of Erebor, but for Bilbo as well. So that he may see that I’m still to be believed in.

#the quest #ghivashel

**6:50 PM**

*Anonymous asked:*

I hope whatever you choose to do ends well. Good luck Mister Bilbo.

Thank you.

#ask #anonymous

**7:27PM** I am putting my plan into action.

~~

His Majesty had left me alone for the night, as I informed him that I needed my space. I then went up to the ramparts, where Bombur was keeping first watch. He was, though recovering swiftly from his injuries the night before, very exhausted and eager to sleep, so I offered to cover his watch for him so that he may sleep in the guardhouse.

I then snuck down one of the ropes along the wall. I am now walking along the path to the changed river course. It is unfamiliar to me because of the modifications. I dislike it immensely.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #bigdwarf

**11:30PM**

*Anonymous asked:*

Though it pains me to say it, I worry for you and all the others at this point. Thorin has become ill, it is quite obvious, and though it is not his fault he is becoming dangerous, and will only grow worse as time passes. I dread what will occur if he should find what you hold... You should leave Bilbo. Leave and do not look back. I fear for your safety and for the safety of the company. Escape. Please.

And would you ask the same of the other Company members? I am one of the Company now. I cannot desert them in their time of need. Besides, I need to wake Bombur at midnight so he doesn’t get in trouble for sleeping on the job, despite the fact that he needs the rest.

#ask #anonymous #the company #bigdwarf #that asshole

**11:49PM** I have done the deed.

~~

I was caught fording the river by some Elves. They took me to see the Elvenking and Bard, who were meeting in a tent with — and I could not believe it when I first saw him — Gandalf. It was
about time that blasted Wizard showed up again. I could not ask Gandalf of his own doings in the South as I had a mission and only until midnight to perform it. So I got to the point and informed the Elvenking and Bard of Dáin’s approach and of His Majesty’s intent to wait and starve. I told them that parleying would be their safest option, if they wished to avoid war.

“Nothing will convince Thorin Oakenshield to parley,” Bard said sourly.

“This might,” I said, and produced the Arkenstone from the rags I had stored it in. They were suitably entranced by it, especially when I informed them that it was His Majesty’s heart, and it would undoubtedly aid them in forcing him to the table before bloodshed can occur. Bard then wondered if it was mine to give, and I told them that I was willing to let it rest against my claim to the rest of the treasure. I may be a thief, but at least I have good intentions.

I was invited to stay in the camp, as His Majesty certainly would not take the news of my betrayal — for what is this but a betrayal? — lightly. But I have no heart in me to run away. His Majesty may do with me as he will when he finds out I have given the Arkenstone to Bard and the Elvenking, but I will at least go to whatever punishment he may have for me knowing that I did what I could. Gandalf at least seems impressed by me as he walked me back towards the Mountain. I cannot believe that I miss him at all, let alone how much.

I must wake Bombur now and return to His Majesty’s side. It will be my last night of peace and I hope not to be troubled by my dreams tonight.

Giver grant me strength.

#(read more) #adventureblogging #that asshole #meddling wizard

**11:56PM**

> “I’ll go no more:
> I am afraid to think what I have done;
> Look on’t again I dare not.”
> — William Shakespeare, Macbeth

#poetry

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**November 22nd, 2015**

**Bilbo**

**7:12AM** I woke from dreams of eggs and bacon to the smell of Bombur trying to find another new way to prepare cram. As much as I miss the smells and sounds of the Company, I do not think I will ever miss the taste of cram.

#adventureblogging #bigdwarf #the company

**7:34AM** There have been trumpets sounding in the camp below. Balin has spied a messenger heading towards us. Dwalin has gone to wake His Majesty.

#adventureblogging #brainsdwarf #brawnsdwarf #that asshole

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**Thorin**

**7:40 am**

Dwalin’s appeared to rouse me from sleep. He says that there’s a lone messenger approaching the
8AM

Anonymous asked:

Bravo, Bilbo. The Company will be spared. Though I fear the consequences... I do not think your beads will protect you now. I would give his majesty a kiss goodbye before fleeing the mountain. You did the right thing, but he cannot see reason.
Do you presume me to be some coward who will flee at the first sign of danger? I will not desert my friends, even if it means that harm will come to me. I do not fear His Majesty, changed though he is.

#ask #anonymous #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #the company

8:10 am

Anonymous asked:

If you had to choose between bilbo and the Arkenstone, which would you choose?
I’ve already answered this numerous times.

#ask #anonymous #ghivashel

8:34AM His Majesty has arrived and spoke with the messenger, saying that he will only talk with a small, weaponless company. He seems gleeful, saying that the Men and Elves are sure to reconsider their negotiation terms because of Dáin’s presence.
I feel sick with foreboding.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole

8:45 am

The messenger has called for a meeting, as matters have changed and new tidings had come to hand. That will be Dáin's presence, no doubt. The Men and Elves have caught wind of his approach and the news has swayed their minds.

“Bid them come few in numbers and weaponless, and I will listen,” I called to the messenger. When he turned away and rode back towards the camps, I commanded the others that they find armor. “They may choose to attack, now that Dáin approaches. Be prepared for battle.”
They may be conspirators, but the mountain must be defended.

#the quest #the conspirators

9:12AM His Majesty has not yet noticed the lack of beads in my hair. I have stashed them in the same pouch that I had stored the acorn in prior to planting it. I wonder if I will ever be able to put them back in my hair again.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole
The others have returned with armor on and their weapons ready. I've my eye on them but my focus is drawn more towards the movement I can see in the camp of the Elves and Men.

#the quest #the conspirators

11:19AM The sick twist in my stomach has only grown worse. It almost seems to have hardened into a knot. I can barely look His Majesty in the eye.

#adventureblogging #that asshole

12:05 pm

A small company is approaching, with the flags of the Forest and the Lake above them. They’ve stopped to lay their weapons down and I can see Bard and Thranduil leading at the front. Whether by war or by their surrender, I can feel that an end is approaching.

#the quest

12:10PM Bard and the Elvenking have arrived as part of a small company of twenty. They laid down their swords and spears upon approaching the path to the Gate, though the banners of both the Forest and the Lake continued to fly. In front of Bard and the Elvenking is an old man, cloaked and hooded, carrying a large casket of iron-bound wood. I don’t need to be one of the Wise to know what’s in that casket, and it only makes the knot in my stomach worse.

#adventureblogging

12:39PM

Anonymous asked:

You have great courage and a keen intellect, I think. I hope your gamble pays off for you and everyone involved!

Thank you for your kind words of encouragement. I feel sick at heart but I have hope that this confrontation won’t end in bloodshed.

#ask #anonymous

1:49PM

“Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack, he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask’d him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven’s sun staineth.”

— William Shakespeare, “Sonnet XXXIII”

#poetry #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #come back to me
Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all; 
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before? 
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call; 
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more. 

Then if for my love thou my love receivest, 
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest; 
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest 
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest. 

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief, 
Although thou steal thee all my poverty; 
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief 
To bear love’s wrong than hate’s known injury. 

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows, 
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes. 

-Sonnet 40, William Shakespeare

#the quest #gentle thief #poetry

2PM I do not think I have any more tears left in me.  
#adventureblogging

2:05 pm  
Anonymous asked:  
Bilbo loves you! Please, please go to him before it is too late. He will not betray you, he needs you to shake off the gold sickness and come back to him.  
It's already too late and you're wrong — he can and has betrayed me.  
#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

2:15 pm  
Anonymous asked:  
Oh, Thorin. Have you not listened to anything Bilbo's said? He loves you just as you are (were). You don't need the Arkenstone in his eyes. You've never needed it. It is BECAUSE of the gem--and your actions in its name--he is driven away.  
No, it was due to his betrayal that he was driven away. He knew what his actions meant, he knew what the Arkenstone meant to Erebor, to my people, to me. Yet he traded it away to Men and Elves.  
I see no love in his actions. Only lies.  
#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

2:30 pm  
I seem to be surrounded by only thieves and betrayers.  
Bard and Thranduil approached the Front Gate, an old man between them that carried a wooden chest. Bard called out to me and asked if my mind had changed, if there was nothing for which I would yield any of my gold. I should've suspected then that something was amiss but how was I to know of the coming betrayal? And so I answered that there was nothing that he nor his Elvish friends could offer to me.  
The old man beside Bard opened the chest that he carried and held aloft the Arkenstone, bright and
shining white in the morning light, the heirloom of my line.

“What of the Arkenstone of Thráin?” Bard asked in a casual tone, as if bartering the day’s catch instead of a priceless symbol of power to my people.

I admit to having been struck speechless at the sight of the Arkenstone. After so many days of searching for it and there it was. Yet I couldn’t believe that it had somehow found its way out of the mountain, into their hands, and called out against it.

“The Arkenstone is in this mountain! It is a trick!”

“It isn’t a trick,” came a voice behind me. “The stone is real. I gave it to them.”

I turned to see Bilbo. I noticed that only his hair caught the sunlight, that the shine of mithril was missing from his curls, before his words fell over me.

He tried to explain why he’d given the Arkenstone away, as if he hadn’t been in the treasury each day with me as I searched, as if he didn’t know how important it was that it be found. He’d hidden it away, hidden it from me, had lied to me each day.

Gandalf had revealed his presence at Thranduil’s side when I set about banishing Bilbo from my sight. Of course the wizard had seen fit to side with the Elves. He asked for his burglar back and I returned him. Let the liars and betrayers have each other for company.

#the quest #the wizard #gentle thief

2:42PM It has been an hour since I left the Mountain. I think now I have the words to retell what happened earlier.

~~

Bard and the Elvenking wished to parley with His Majesty again, but His Majesty stated that he had not changed his mind, especially while the Elf-host continues to remain on the Mountain’s doorstep. Bard asked him if there was nothing that would convince him to give any of the gold away, and His Majesty insisted that they had nothing to offer him.

And then the Arkenstone was revealed, and briefly His Majesty stood there, dumbstruck, before insisting that it was a trick, and the Arkenstone was, in fact, within the Mountain.

I stepped forward then and told him it was not. I confessed. And for my confession he called me a miserable rat, that I had no claim over him, and that I was to be thrown from the ramparts.

I told him then that I was going to give it to him. I had wanted to, I really had. But then he’d changed. He was no longer the Dwarf I had met in Bag End. Thorin would not have doubted his kin or punished his subjects for perceived slights or refused to listen to reason so completely and so adamantly — and more importantly, he would not have gone back on his word. His Majesty seemed to reel from my words, briefly.

But then he was trying to force Fíli to throw me over the wall, and Fíli refused to comply. Even Dwalin, torn by his loyalty as always, would not agree to this task. Finally His Majesty seized me himself and hurled me upon the wall, his hands at my neck and his expression gripped by rage and grief in equal measure.

It was Gandalf — the figure holding the casket, of course — who came to my aid and insisted that His Majesty return me to him safely. His Majesty let me go, insisting he would never again have dealings with Wizards or ‘Shire-rats’, and that no friendship of his was to go with me. Bo hurried me over to the rope I had used just last night, and His Majesty told Bard and the Elvenking that he would give a fourteenth of the share as was promised to me and no more, in payment for the Arkenstone. Before we departed, Bard informed His Majesty that they would return tomorrow for the exchange and, if it is honestly done, then the Elves will depart for their Forest and trouble the Dwarves no more.

But I suspect His Majesty will already be plotting to secure the Arkenstone with Dáin’s help so that he may not even part with a fourteenth share.

#(Read more) #adventureblogging #meddling wizard #thing 1 #brainsdwarf #hatdwarf #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #i wish i could have saved him
Anonymous asked:

Did Bilbo not ensure you would have the Arkenstone? Did Bilbo not give up HIS treasure for your lives and mountain? He did not want you to go to war. He did not want you to die in battle. So he gave up his gold for his greatest treasure: YOU.

Bilbo’s actions now force me to trade my birthright for another — the Arkenstone for gold. He stole the Arkenstone, that which was never his to take, and gave it away. You say that he did this to avoid war? Interesting, as that’s what this is leading to.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

But let’s be honest. Would you have let Bilbo just give away his whole share of the gold to the men of Laketown? You know how tender-hearted he was for the starving children. Would you still have forbade him from doing what he wished with his share?

I never forbade Bilbo his wishes for his share of the treasure. What I did forbid was that the Arkenstone be kept from me, as it’s not something that can be claimed. It’s of importance to my people and culture and yet he took it as if it were some token to be traded away. You come here rebuking me of my anger yet you don’t understand the reason for it.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

I think your feelings on this whole mess are absolutely understandable. It took me quite a while to even somewhat understand what the Arkenstone means to your people and to have all faith betrayed by the one person you trusted... I understand Bilbos reasoning, but your feelings are valid. For what it’s worth, I am sorry it came to this.

Thank you for working to understand why I ache with betrayal. I believed him to be true, yet he’s revealed to be just as false as the rest.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

Oh Bilbo, I'm sorry for how things have turned out. I hope Thorin's words and actions on the ramparts don't make you doubt your decision to try and trade the Arkenstone for your share of the treasure. You did the right thing.

No, I do not regret my actions. Any more delay and we would have had bloodshed. I mean even now there may still be war when Dáin arrives, but at least His Majesty knows that the rest of his
Company had not been false to him.
His actions have just hurt me a little more than I had anticipated.

3:15 pm

The mountain is better without his thieving self in its halls, though the bitter taste of his betrayal hasn’t left my tongue.

#the quest #gentle thief

3:16PM
Anonymous asked:
Thorin loves you, Bilbo. He will remember it before the end.
I hope the end does not come and that he realises it far before then.

3:40 pm
How long did he have the Arkenstone in his possession? He said that he’d wanted to give it to me, yet he never did. He hid it from me, watched me suffer without it.

How dare he?

Wretched creature, I should’ve thrown him from the ramparts.

He betrayed me, has been twisting the knife into my back this entire time now! Has lied to my face over and over.

How dare he.

#the quest #gentle thief #ghivashel

3:48PM
Anonymous asked:
You've been put into such a terrible position and there isn't even one thing to single out and blame for it. Convoluted issues like this one are the worst in my experience. I wish you all the best. How are you holding up?
Life rarely only ever has one person or thing to blame.
I am fine, as fine as I can be in this situation.

3:55 pm
How could he?

He says I am not myself, yet he is the one who has been lying.

How did this happen?

How could he have betrayed me?

#the quest #gentle thief #amrâlimê

4:10 pm
He should be destroyed, just as the rest who stand against me will be.

He’s mine, how dare he go against my orders. He knew the importance of the Arkenstone, yet it’s now in the hands of my enemies! He claimed to have wanted to help me take my home back and yet he’s only helped to doom it!

#the quest #gentle thief #ghivashel

4:18PM The Elves and Men are winning and dining me as well as they can with their provisions, which at least do not consist of yet another iteration of cram. I am tempted to get deep into the Elvenking’s Dorwinion supply but I am sure that will only make matters worse.

#adventureblogging

4:20 pm

But he is my One. Yet he has done this. He says that I am not the same Dwarf as before. But I am… Where could I have gone?

I am the same as when I braided beads into his hair. Beads that were missing from his curls, his braids sliced away.

Did he cut them away? He must have been the one to. Have I lost even his love? Did he ever love me? Never once did he say that he did, though I could have sworn I saw it in him. Yet why else would he have done this? Why else would he have betrayed me?

#the quest #gentle thief #amrâlimê

4:35 pm

It’s all been lies, hasn’t it? How am I to know?

Were any of his moments real? How far back does his betrayal stretch?

When he was pressing honey to my lips, was he also holding back lies behind his teeth? He’s made claims since the beginning that he’s no burglar, yet here I stand with the Arkenstone and my very breath stolen away from me.

#the quest #gentle thief #ghivashel

4:50 pm

Has he been laughing at me this whole time?

All this time, I’ve confessed to him of my doubts of my company, my kin, while he’s lied to me, day after day. He kept silent as I saw shadows build around me and did nothing but guide me further from the light.

I trusted him, him above all others around me. He knew that and still, he betrayed me.

#the quest #gentle thief #ghivashel

4:59PM

Anonymous asked:

My kind regards to you, Master Baggins. You have been very brave through all of this and I pray that you and the company will be safe in the battle ahead.

Perhaps there is still chance we may avoid war. I hope Thorin comes to his senses and gives the Lake-men their just repayment, even if it is only one fourteenth of the share as what might have been apportioned to me. I had only hoped that the Arkenstone would make the repayment happen faster and done with less bloodshed.
5 pm

Anonymous asked:
'I should’ve thrown him from the ramparts' Truly? The one you love, the one you swore to never harm and 'may Mahal strike me down' if you ever did!? You would cast him to the stone despite your oath? He did not want to hurt you, nor betray you. He wanted to HELP. He saw war on the horizon and did what he thought would prevent it. It was misguided yes, but what he did was with the best intentions and with only love for you and the others in his mind.

You claim he didn't wish to hurt me, yet he sat by for days, for weeks, while I searched for the Arkenstone. He kept quiet while I turned my trust away from even my own kin, yet he just wished to help. That doesn't sound like his 'best intentions' to me.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

5:05PM

Anonymous asked:
You are a good person Master Baggins, and also the most respectable hobbit I have ever come across. May the Valar be with you.
I thank you for your kind words.
#anonymous #ask

5:15 pm

Anonymous asked:
So, Bilbo was the one who hid the Arkenstone? It looks like your suspicions about the Company were false. Will you trust them now, or do you still suspect treason among them? They may not have been the ones to take the Arkenstone but my trust has been stolen from me and I'll not be swift to return it to any.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief #the company

5:20PM

Anonymous asked:
You are brave, Mr Baggins. You did very well today, though the plan might not have been the best one and had an upsetting outcome, it was the best anyone could have done given the circumstances. You are a good person, a wonderful hobbit, and a very caring friend and beloved to Thorin, even if he can't see it right now. I hope things go more smoothly from now on, and that Thorin might go back to his old self soon.
I hope my words have startled some sense into him. That is all that matters. The real Thorin would not go to war and would not seek to prolong the suffering of others with Winter already howling at our doorsteps.

#that asshole #that worrisome asshole #anonymous #ask
Anonymous asked:

Bilbo does not belong to you! He was never some object you could lay claim to, as though he were a slave or worse! Your claim of ownership over things that were never yours to lock away has only pushed you further into this situation. Bilbo was mine as I was his. A courtship does, in fact, go both ways. Yet instead of me giving him my heart and he giving his, he's only taken mine and refused to give his in return.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

I understand your feelings of betrayal and loss, I know why you are asking all these questions, but please know that he did it for you. He was trying to help avoid bloodshed. His intentions and motives were true even if his actions weren't. So because his intentions were true, I should forgive his actions? I should overlook that he's traded away an important piece of my people's culture in an attempt to avoid a war that was already in the process of being avoided? It's his actions that I'm angered by, for those are what have consequences to them.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

Thorin he LOVES you! There was never a lie there. He only lied about the Arkenstone out of fear of the influence it may have on you, he cared so much he was willing to risk your wrath to keep you safe, or so he thought. From what I've heard he only removed the braids and beads so that he would not draw attention to his relationship with you whilst in Dale, I doubt very much he would remove them for any other reason. He didn't just remove his braids — he sliced them out of his hair. If he wished to avoid attention, he needed to only unravel the braids and remove the beads. His actions — those are acts of mourning. He knows what he's done and knows that grim events are now to follow.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

You promised him you would never hurt him. Thorin, you promised...

Yes, and look where that's led me.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

He did it because he loves you. I'm positive that it destroyed him to hide it but he was worried about you and wanted to save his friends from war. Think about the effect the gold had on your grandfather- he forgot about his kin. Think about what Bilbo said to you at the gate. None of your experiences together were lies Master Oakenshield, they were real. As real as Bilbo's love for you, so do not grieve. He was scared that you were going gold-sick. You are always his One.

How do you know what he really thinks, what he truly feels? How are you so certain he hasn’t been lying to you as he has been lying to me?

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief
I've sent a raven to Dáin, explaining all that has happened — Bilbo's betrayal and the new demands of the Elves and Men.

If it's war that they wish for, then it's war that they shall get.

#the quest #dain #gentle thief

Anxiety-junkie asked:

You will rue this day, Oakenshield.

The only thing that I rue about this day is that I didn’t see through his deception sooner.

#ask #anxiety-junkie #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

'He kept quiet while I turned my trust away from even my own kin' He wasn't sure what else to do. He didn't wish for you to lose faith in your companions, but he felt he had to keep the stone from you in case it changed you further. It's all a mess that's true, but I believe he truly did only want to help you. He cares, and so to do your kin, they don't wish for you to get hurt.

Even if his motives were as honest as you say they were, it still doesn’t justify the fact that he betrayed my trust. My trust is not easily given and harder regained, and this only proves that I should’ve never allowed myself to trust so blindly as I have done with him.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

he didn’t told you anything because he saw how you were going crazy about that shiny stone.

I wouldn’t have been driven to such desperation if he hadn’t withheld the Arkenstone from me.

#the quest #ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

Someone's best intentions may not always be the most sensible. But they WERE his best intentions Thorin. He could have stolen the stone and run away with it, never to come back. Instead he found a way to give it to you while also attempting to keep you from starting a war with the men and elves. He stayed by your side afterwards, to try to explain why he did what he did. It was.. a bad plan. I will not deny. But he loves you. Sometimes the people who love us hurt us while trying to help.

There’s no love in one who will smile at you and kiss you and yet conceal from you the only thing you wished to have. He’s a liar and a thief and I should’ve seen it sooner.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

Anonymous asked:

Soo.. are you going to apologize to your kin for treating them so badly these past few weeks and thinking them traitors when they did no wrong?

I’d hardly say aiding and abetting Bilbo’s betrayal is doing ‘no wrong’.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief #the company
7:10PM Captain Tauriel approached me, her lovely features lined with grief. She knelt down and wrapped me in her arms for a long time, and though she said nothing I understood everything.

#adventureblogging

7:44pm

Anonymous asked:

The only thing you want... hm. I'd assume that if Bilbo is not the only thing you want, but you rather prefer the Arkenstone over him, he's, logically, not your one, but the Arkenstone is.

That true? You love the Arkenstone more than him?

How many times must I explain this? The only thing within the hoard that I wanted – nay, needed – was the Arkenstone, as only under the Arkenstone would the other Houses of the Dwarves rally to help us renew Erebor. As much as I care for him, Bilbo wouldn’t have done the same. They’re both precious to me in equal measures, for different reasons. How dare you insinuate anything different.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

8:05 pm

Ladykatana4544 asked:

I do not know how well my words will be received or will appear as empty to your eyes. But I do wish to say that I am sorry that you are feeling so deeply betrayed right now by the one being you had cared most deeply about

Thank you for your words of understanding.

#ask #ladykatana4544

8:05PM

Anonymous asked:

Do you still love him?

With all that is left of me, yes.

#anonymous #ask #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

8:30 pm

Anonymous asked:

Do you still love him?

He turned out to have been too good of a thief.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

9:58PM Gandalf has found me again and shown me to a tent in the camp where I may sleep. There is a small fire burning just outside, a feeble attempt to drive away the winter chill. My very bones seem to ache with a weariness that echoes in my soul, and I have turned the pouch with the beads over and over in my hand, but I cannot bear to throw it in the fire.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard
10:04PM I wonder if he misses my presence.
Or perhaps the gold keeps him better company than I ever could have.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that worrisome asshole #i miss him
LAST CHAPTER!!!!!!
The grand ending of The Quest is finally here!! And boy, it sure QUITE an end. But don't worry, there's going to be more when we get to The Restoration! We decided to split it into two stories as Thorin has two separate blogs, one for the quest itself and one for the reclamation while Bilbo's stays the same for the entire journey.

The next part posted will actually be a non-Liveblog canonical set of posts for if Thorin, Fili, and Kili has perished (as per book/movie canon) in the Battle of Fives Armies. Lily and I hadn't known what the ending would be until the very last day and had written both endings to be safe. The sad ending of their deaths was NEVER POSTED but will soon be available for all the angst :3c

But thank you all so much for being so kind and patient for these postings! I know it's been well over a year waiting for this to finish and I'm so very happy to have this finished. Now, on to the last chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

November 23rd, 2015

Bilbo

4:07AM I don’t think the events of yesterday really had a chance to sink in until I woke from a dream in which Thorin and I had been back at Beorn’s, and the fire was warm, the hay was soft, and the honey exceedingly sweet.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

Thorin

5:50 am

Dwalin woke me to inform me that a raven had arrived from Dáin. I sent him away to allow me to catch my breath, as a night-terror had tried to suffocate me. It had started in a familiar way. Bilbo had been with me in a restored Erebor. He was draped in fine silks and shining jewels, his beads and braids returned to his hair. His hand was warm in mine as we walked the relit halls of our home.

Our course stopped, however, when I noticed a growth on Bilbo’s hand. It looked to be scales that seemed to be bleached of any color, turning his skin an unnatural pale. When I asked if he was well, we began to fall backwards and the walls around us seemed to fade away like smoke until we were left floating together in nothingness.

Then his grip on my hand turned harsh and he yanked me closer towards him. In our shared hold, more white scales appeared, this time on my own hand as well. They crept up our arms with frightening speed and I could not fight it, as my body felt frozen. The darkness around us transformed into gold and we both began drowning in it as he dragged me further under. I woke as the scales covered his face, his smile turning sharp and his claws digging
into my hand.

I am unsure which is worse — the night-terror or waking and remembering why he is not here beside me.

#the quest #dwalin #gentle thief

6:15 am

The raven from Dáin reported that he and his company have marched through the night to hasten to our aid. They’re approaching from the eastern spur of the mountain, though the Men and Elves stand between them and Erebor.

Dáin's company brings with them a great store of supplies, enough that we would be able to stand a siege for weeks. In that time, more Dwarven Houses can be summoned to aid us. The besiegers have neither the numbers nor supplies to encircle the entire mountain, especially not with winter biting at their heels.

#the quest #dain

6:30 am

Anonymous asked:

Bilbo removed his braids so the Elves and Men could not steal his beads. Why did he cut them? Bilbo knew he betrayed your trust. It tore him up inside every night. He did not think you could love him after what he’d done. And he grieved for that loss. Because he cares more for your happiness than his own. He would rather YOU be alive and happy in your home you have always wanted. He could have fled, but against all good counsel he faced you! Those are acts of love--of sacrifice!--not treachery.

You say he cared more for my happiness, yet he betrayed me. He wished me to be happy in my home, yet gave away the Arkenstone, despite that being what’s needed to restore Erebor? He knew what he was doing just as surely as he understood what cutting his braids meant.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

6:45 am

Anonymous asked:

'Bilbo's actions now force me to trade my birthright for another--the Arkenstone for gold.' You trade away nothing which was yours. BILBO's share of the gold will be paid toward recovering the Arkenstone. And you say 'this is leading to [war]'? You called Dáin long before Bilbo gave up the stone. War was upon you. Bilbo knew that. You have not lost your birthright. Only your One whom you drove away with your own hands.

You rebuke me for driving him away, yet I stayed honest with him and trusted him. It was he that lied and deceived me each day.

#ask #anonymous #gentle thief

7:05 am

I can see movement in the camp of the Elves and Men. Those who stand against me, against Erebor, all gathered together. What plans are they developing? What new deception are they discussing? Are they laughing while the Arkenstone passes between their hands?

#the quest

7:30 am

How much of this had been planned out? How far do the lies stretch? Gandalf now stands at Thranduil’s side. Could that have been his intention all along? To assist the Elvenking in stealing the Arkenstone and gold of Erebor?

#the quest #the wizard
7:35AM Dáin and his host from the Iron Hills have arrived in Dale. They must have hurried on through the night so as to have the element of surprise in arriving earlier than expected. Bard and I are going out to meet them.

#adventureblogging

7:45 am

Appearing with the way into Erebor, insisting on a certain burglar, disappearing at times with little or no explanation. His luck at returning just in time to save the company from the trolls. Everything that forced us into Rivendell, then into the Misty Mountains, and into Thranduil’s grip once we had reached Mirkwood.

Was all of this just a way for that blasted wizard to deliver Erebor into the Elves’ hands?

#the quest #the wizard

8:24AM The messengers from Dáin said that they were merely trying to meet with their kin, as the Kingdom Under the Mountain has been renewed. But it is pretty obvious that they want to know what we are doing here and that they view the Elves and Men as foes, and would fight with us to secure passage to the Mountain. Bard has refused to let them pass, at least not until the Lake-men receive their share of the treasure.

#adventureblogging

8:45 am

The ravens have reported that while Dáin and his army are close to Erebor, the Men and Elves are restricting their passage. They nearly made it to the mountain without the need for conflict, though now war is what there shall be.

#the quest #dain

9:10 am

Messengers from the Men and Elves are approaching the Front Gate, no doubt demanding again that Erebor’s hard won gold be given to them. I’ve plenty of arrows to send a response with.

#the quest

9:29AM Messengers have been sent to Erebor to demand payment but only received arrows. It is as I feared: His Majesty never intended to give the payment but would rather wait to see if Dáin is successful in retaking the Arkenstone by force.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that irritating asshole #that worrisome asshole

11:49AM The Elvenking and Bard have met to discuss strategy once more. Bard said that the Dwarves were probably unfamiliar with war aboveground, though I fear he is sorely mistaken on that front. The Elvenking, despite having marched all this way with an armed host to attempt to claim some of the hoard, insists he will not start a war over the gold. The Elves and Men have larger numbers and can still monitor all movements between the Dwarves, not to mention prevent Dáin from delivering supplies to the besieged in Erebor. The Elvenking, oddly enough, hopes still for
reconciliation when even I suspect there may be none.

#adventureblogging

12:24 PM Skirmishes between the Elves and Men against the Dwarves of the Iron Hills have begun, as some of Dáin’s soldiers have attacked us while we deliberated. So it comes to war after all.

#adventureblogging

12:30 pm

Roäc reports that while the Men and Elves sat and talked of their plans, Dáin’s army has taken them by surprise and have begun battling their way towards the mountain.

#the quest #dain

12:43 PM The battle has turned. The sun has been blotted out by a great Darkness and the armies of Bolg are upon us. Dáin has come to our side and we must all defend the Mountain against the Wargs and Orcs and Goblins.

#adventureblogging

12:50 pm

The company says that outside, a darkness has fallen. What was minutes ago just a battle has escalated into a war before their eyes. Dwalin says that it’s Bolg and his armies — Wargs, Goblins, and Orcs. Even without seeing it, the sounds of the battle can be heard. It echoes off these stone walls, surrounding me.

Will the end of this day see Erebor fall once again?

#the quest #dwalin #the company

1 pm

There are halls beneath halls within this mountain. Places that can be fortified and defended, places that no Orc or Goblin or Elf will ever see. The battle outside is as good as lost, but Erebor doesn’t have to fall as well.

#the quest

1:09 PM Gandalf had known that the Goblins and Orcs were amassing in the Mountains since the death of the Great Goblin all those months ago. He had known they had come from Mount Gundabad, and that they had only arrived upon Dáin’s heels, though even the Ravens had not seen their movements until they were out in the open. We must now try to lure them into the valley between the arms of the Mountain and so hem them in and kill them all. The only issue is, their numbers may be too great, and we may be overrun.

#adventureblogging #meddling wizard

1:15 pm

Dwalin came and spoke with me.

He said they were dying. The armies outside. As if I can’t hear it for myself. As if I wasn’t well aware of my kingdom’s future crumbling around me.
Dying, he said.

One company of thirteen won’t save them. We must focus on Erebor, save our homeland and its treasure.

Slaughtered, was how he described it.

Am I not King? A King defends his kingdom and that’s what I’m doing. Protecting Erebor, making sure that it will continue on.

#the quest #dwalin

1:25 pm

There are still bones from when Erebor first fell. How many more will join them when this battle is over?

Is Erebor to be a kingdom of corpses?

What does that make me?

#the quest

1:40 pm

I’ve seen the beast. It’s sliding among the halls, its claw dragging against stone. There’s a rumble as it walks, the force of each step quivering through Erebor. It looked to be heading somewhere, perhaps searching for something.

#the quest

1:50 pm

I’ve followed the beast, its pale form turning grey in the low light. It looks as if it’s a shade and will disappear in a blink, yet I can see claw marks on the ground, trailing after it.

#the quest

1:55 pm

The beast has led me to the Hall of Kings. The golden floor still shines oddly to my eyes. I’ve stood on it before, yet it feels as if it may suddenly shift to swallow up any who walk across it.

Where has the beast gone?

#the quest

1:58PM The Elves have charged.

#adventureblogging

2 pm

Anonymous asked:

You really should look in a mirror to see what you’ve become

What is it that I’m meant to have become?

#ask #anonymous

2:35 pm

I could feel the beast’s presence, but could not see it. Its voice still rang in my ear as if it were right beside me. Its slithering words taunted me, calling me Oakenshield, calling me weak and unworthy of my crown.

“I’m Thorin, son of Thráin, son of Thrór, King under the Mountain,” I proclaimed against its words.

“No,” came its voice, sharp and clear behind me. “I am.”

I turned and faced the beast. Except, in its place stood a vision of myself. It had the same armour and
braid in its hair, yet everything was coated in the white scales of the beast, even the crown and furs
that it wore.

Its clawed hand shot out and took a hold of my wrist in a punishing grip.

“This gold is ours,” the beast said in my own voice, “and ours alone.”

The claws dug into my skin until blood began to paint the beast’s hand red.

“Oh our life,” it continued, “we’ll not part with a single coin of it.”

_You are changed, Thorin._

“Oh not piece of it.”

The beast smiled and I watched as it shifted to appear as my grandfather, though the white scales
remained.

_A sickness which drove your grandfather mad._

I am not my grandfather.

Though I had not spoken aloud, something shifted on the beast’s face. Anger curled its lip.

“Are you not the son of Thráin, son of Thrór?”

“I am not my grandfather,” I told the beast and it sneered at me.

“Then who are you? Certainly not a _King._”

“No,” I agreed. I turned my hand so that the beast’s wrist was caught in my grip. “I am Thorin
Oakenshield.”

Something akin to horror spread across the beast’s face as I drew the sword from the sheath at my
side.

“And I am _not my grandfather._”

The sword went through the beast’s chest as it would flesh and a silence stretched for several
moments. Then, between one blink and the next, the beast had disappeared. My sword clattered to
the floor and the crown I wore soon joined it.

The gold floor still shines oddly around me and I can hear the sounds of battle echoing from outside,
yet I feel as if, for the first time in weeks, I can breathe.

#the quest

2:50 pm

My limbs feel as if they are awakening from a fog, yet my mind is as fully aware of what is around
me. I have been so blind, turned by greed into something I was warned I would become.

I doubt there is a way to forgive or make up for all the wrongs that I have done, but I know that I
must try.

#the quest

3:04 pm

Anonymous asked:

My hearts breaks for you, my king. That Bilbo would believe the inferences of that accursed
wyrm over your words makes my soul weep. The beast told him that the stone would drive
you mad and he seeks to protect you, but does not see the harm he causes. Can you find it in
yourself to forgive his foolishness born of love?:

Though I still do not agree with the actions he took, I do now understand his intentions. To forgive
him would not change what has happened nor the hurt he caused but to deny him forgiveness would
be hypocritical of me. After all, have I not also done foolish things out of love?

#ask #anonymous #amrâlimê

3:08 pm

Anonymous asked:

We believe in you Thorin Oakenshield. Welcome back.

Thank you, truly.

#ask #anonymous
This question was asked of me some time ago and I am sorry for the wait in answering. It has taken me a long while to understand it myself and I fear my answer may not be the one you seek. A life is worth what is made of it. There is potential in everything, in everyone. Even things that seem small, such as an acorn found in a garden, can be priceless in the eyes of one who knows where to look. With help and care, it can grow and become something grand that possibly even it did not know that it could.

#ask #anonymous

Good luck, Master Baggins. Stay safe out there.

Thank you for your kind words.

#anonymous #ask

Stay as safe as you are able to, Bilbo. I hope the battle turns in your favour and things will work out well for you and all those involved whom you call friend.

Thank you for your encouragement. I am currently defending the Elvenking atop Ravenhill – if you call being hidden away defending, that is. But I am fine.

#anonymous #ask

There is much that I must make amends for and I ask for more forgiveness than I can possibly hope to receive.

Though I do not deserve their loyalty, especially after having doubted them and hurt them as I did, my company, my kin, have agreed to fight at my side. Many of you have also expressed your joy at my return and I thank you for your kind words. I apologize for having allowed my heart and mind to have been taken as they were. As with any battle, any day faced, there is no guarantee of return. If I do return, then the apologizes that are due will be given then. And if I do not, then they will still appear in time. I am sorry for every wrong that I have done in these past weeks. Each one weighs heavily on my heart. And I thank you, each of you, for following me through this quest.

#the quest #the company

Thorin has emerged from the Mountain. I saw him from afar the fortified Gate falling down and the blaring of the trumpets, and how Thorin, despite only being in the most humble armour he could find — none of the golden things he wore as His Majesty — seemed to shine in the slowly dying light of the afternoon sun.

His rallying cry was like a horn all all its own, and all who heard it seemed to rally to him. This is the Thorin I once knew. This is the Thorin I would still follow.

#adventureblogging
4PM I don’t know how any of us will get out of this alive. Thorin’s troops are being hemmed in and we have suffered so many losses, but the Goblins and Orcs keep coming. We are being outnumbered, slowly and surely, and then the Goblins will win the Gate and all will be lost.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

4:25PM The Eagles are coming.

#adventureblogging

November 24th, 2015

Bilbo

1:08AM Bolg is dead and the battle has been won, but at such heavy cost. Thorin, Fíli, and Kíli have been taken to the healers. Fíli and Kíli were escorted hours before their uncle, badly wounded in an ambush by Bolg’s bodyguards. I got Thorin to the medic’s tents after we killed Bolg.
I am exhausted yet unable to sleep. I will tell more of what happened in a moment.

#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

1:10AM
Anonymous asked:
Mr. Baggins are you alright? I worry for you and your company.
I am alright, though a little knocked about the head and very exhausted. Others in the Company have suffered minor injuries, though, and Thorin and his sister-children have all been grievously wounded. More in a bit.

#ask #anonymous #the company #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2

1:34AM I was knocked out shortly after my last post yesterday, and when I awoke it was night, but I did not know the time. I had been struck by a rock while on Ravenhill with the Elvenking, though I was well-hidden. And when I awoke, the Elves were no longer there, and the voices I could hear belonged to Goblins and Orcs.
It seemed like interminable ages before I heard new voices, and it made my blood freeze to hear them. It was Thorin, Dwalin, Fíli, and Kíli. They had come out to Ravenhill in search of Bolg. I came out of hiding. I tried to warn them. But we were ambushed all the same. And though the Elves were timely in coming to our help and getting the wounded Fíli and Kíli to the healers’ tents — I imagine the Captain had a hand in that — we still were outnumbered by what seemed to be Bolg’s and the Goblins’ last stand.
Ultimately, it was Thorin who killed Bolg, though I did help him by stabbing Bolg in the leg, buying Thorin some time to regather his strength and decapitate Bolg like Dáin had done to his father Azog years ago at Azanulbizar. But Thorin did not manage to escape the confrontation without wounds of his own. Bolg had managed to stab him in the gut and he lost a lot of blood on Ravenhill. The healers aren’t sure if Thorin or his sister-children will survive as their injuries are grievous, but they are doing the best they can.
I am not one to pray, usually, but I find myself praying to the Giver, and Mahal, and Eru, and all of those Lords of the West that the Elves do revere so much, hoping that Thorin and his sister-children will survive.
2:21AM  
*ExiledDurin asked:*  
Bilbo, I know that you will likely not wish to speak of or to me again, but this is the only way I can be sure to tell you how sorry I am for the things that have happened. We both hurt one another, though mine was due to my own weakness while yours was done with love in mind. I called you thief when what you had of mine had been given freely to you months ago. I pray that you are safe and well, amrâlimê, and that our paths cross again.  
If these are to be the last words that you may see from me, know that I have loved you more and more with every hour that we have had together. From the softness of your smile, the true goodness of your heart and its tenderness to me, the wonders of your face and person to the courage and sense which preface your actions, my heart aches from the love it holds for you. I would give much to be near you in this moment, if only to feel your hand in mine once again.  
My dearest Thorin,  
I know you sent this to me ere you joined the battle (I think?), and I apologise that I did not have the time to respond in a timely manner. But even then, I suppose you would not have been able to see it then.  
All I can say is this:  
How dare you. How dare you be so noble and self-sacrificing and honourable. How dare you try to fight Bolg on your own despite having had no time to eat or sleep. And how dare you not wake up and tell me all of this in person.  
Wake up, Thorin, I beg you. For me, please.  
I love you.  
Bilbo  
#ask #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #exileddurin  

3:10AM  
*Anonymous asked:*  
Don't lose hope Bilbo!  
I am trying not to. Hope is all I have left.  
#ask #anonymous  

8:05AM  
*Hells-finest-gentleman asked:*  
I have great faith in Fili, and Kili, and Thorin, and even the healers, that everything will be okay. They can get through this, Mr. Baggins. You'll see them soon, I'm sure. I hope you can bring yourself not to fret. ♥  
I hope that is the case. The injuries are severe and our supplies are few, however. And even though the Elvenking himself is assisting Óin and the other healers tending to the Durins, I still wish Lord Elrond was here!  
#ask #hells-finest-gentleman #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 2 #thing 1 #trumpetdwarf  

3:57PM  
*Fishfingersandscarves asked:*  
I pray for Thorin, Fili, and Kili. If hope is all that we must have left then hold onto your hope with all your might.  
I thank you for your kind words.  
#fishfingersandscarves #ask #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2
5PM

Anonymous asked:
Perhaps it's a bit childish to say so, but I believe the combined love and hope of your blog's following will help pull the Durin's through.
My mother taught me to believe in the magic of words and the miracles of love and I only hope that this time it will be enough.
#ask #anonymous #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole

6:21PM Thorin has awoken, though his injuries are still grave, and he is asking for me. I must go, though I do not know what news will await me.
#adventureblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole
November 30th, 2015

No posts found

December 1st, 2015

Bilbo

8PM
Tell me where is the road I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost, so long ago.
All these years I have wondered, oh when will I know,
There’s a way, there’s a road that will lead me home.
After wind, After rain, when the dark is done,
As I wake from a dream, in the gold of day,
Through the air there’s a calling from far away,
There’s a voice I can hear that will lead me home.
Rise up, follow me, come away is the call
With the love in your heart as the only song
There is no such beauty as where you belong
Rise up, follow me, I will lead you home.
— Stephen Paulus, “The Road Home”
#the road home #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #poetry #amrâlimê

Thorin

12 pm
If this has posted, then I have gone to the Halls of Waiting to sit beside my fathers, until the world is renewed.
While I do not deserve it, I ask for forgiveness for how I have acted of late. I say that I am not my grandfather but it would seem that I am similar enough to him that my heart and mind were overrun with the dragon sickness. If not for the love and belief that my company and kin had for me, I would most likely still be lost.
I feel as if I have woken from a sleep, though I am well aware of everything that I did. Looking back, I can see where the whispers of the sickness began to twist my thoughts and actions. It pains me that I allowed myself to listen to such whispers and let it change me from who I am. There are many apologies to be made and I must say them now, for if this posts, it means that I have lost all chance to say them later.
So, to the company: I cannot begin to say how proud and happy I am to have had each of you by my side during this quest. I could not have chosen finer companions to see this quest completed and am so grateful for the loyalty that you all hold. I know that it is because of that loyalty that you joined me in what seemed to be an impossible task. It is not enough to simply say that I am sorry for how I acted and treated all of you but please know that it pains me deeply, looking back, to see how I doubted and harmed you. I only ask for your forgiveness and for you to know that, if not for the sickness upon my mind, I would never have thought nor done such horrid things. You are each near to my heart and I hope that each of you finds happiness and long lives.
To my nanaddan: Kíli — You have grown so much during this quest and I am proud of how far you have come. The same sorrow that I feel in doubting the company, I feel when I think of how I doubted you. Not just in Erebor but in your love for Tauriel. It was wrong of me to speak against your love and I feel such shame in trying to prevent it. I hope and wish that the two of you find happiness in one another.

Fíli — Seeing as how this will only post if I have passed on, then that means that you, as my first heir, now sit as King of Erebor. I can think of no one finer for the role. Your heart is pure and true in a way that mine was not and I know that the sickness will find no place in you. Please do not take it as an insult when I say that you remind me of myself in that you deeply wish and strive for our people’s happiness and safety. I know that the same love for our people is within you and I know that they will be protected under your rule.

Both of you, please know that I love you both deeply. I have seen you both grow up to become Dwarves that have made me, and your mother, so very proud of you. I know that both of you looked up to me and I did nothing but cruelly tear your visions down. I cannot begin to say how sorry I am for that. Please, take care of each other and find happiness in the rest of your days.

To those of you reading this: All of you who have followed me throughout this quest, I say thank you. You have been by my side, not in presence, but in spirit. You have given me advice and have tried to shake me from the dark places that my mind has strayed. You have sent words of comfort when it was needed and I cannot be more grateful for those words. I am sorry that you had to witness my recent spiral into madness and appreciate all of your efforts to pull me out of it. I say to each of you — Fight for what you believe in but do not allow your focus to become so narrow that you ignore the fire around you. Remember the power in your words and do not be afraid to ask for help from those that love you. Do not be a mountain unto yourself.

Lastly, to Bilbo. My One. Amrâlimê. I cannot apologize to you enough for every peril that I have lead you through. I look back at my words and deeds at the Front Gate and my heart aches with regret. You did what only a true friend would do and you did it with love and honor in your heart. You stood by me in sickness and in health. Please know that your words helped during my madness, they truly did. I heard your voice and it reminded me of who I am — Thorin Oakenshield, the Dwarf that you vouched for in Lake-town, that you stood against a Warg for, that you chose to follow and love. I would hold no blame against you if you no longer hold love in your heart for me, as my actions against you were terrible. But know that I will love you for the rest of my days here and every day I spend in the Halls of Waiting. You are my One and while I wish that we had had more time to spend it together in happiness, please know that I am grateful to have had those few months with you. You brought me cheer and light where I thought I did not need it. You saw me and believed in me and cared for me in a way that I did not think anyone could besides my kin. Even now, your lullaby plays in my head and calms me. There is no way that I can thank you enough for everything that you have risked and done for me, for my kin and people, for Erebor. I love you, Bilbo, please know. So I ask that you return to your home, as I know how it tears one apart to be away from their home. Go back to your comforts and your life. Plant your trees and live to watch them grow. If this is where we must part, then I leave you with this: Thank you. I am sorry. Goodbye, best of loves and best of Hobbits.

It has always been my hope to see Erebor restored to life. Since the day it fell, I wanted nothing more than to see it rise once more and stand strong as it had. Perhaps I grew too focused on this dream, but it is because of the need to see my people happy and whole in their homeland. Though I may not survive this battle, I pray that it ends in victory and that light returns to the halls of Erebor. Light and song and life, flowing from the mountain as I remember it.

I must go now, as Dáin and my people need me. The company stands at my side, as they have from the beginning. I can think of none finer to stand with, here at the end.

I thank each of you for your kindness and wish you peace in your days.

At your service,

Thorin Oakenshield

Dwarven blacksmith who has found his home
12:15PM Thorin is awake, after I notified him that his last will and testament seems to have automatically posted on his account. He is going to rectify the situation shortly. The worst of his injuries are on the mend, which is a relief. The same can also be said of Fíli and Kíli — they are younger and have recovered enough to help the healers. Most of the time they keep Thorin company, though, as they can’t overexert themselves. Thorin seems agitated by bed rest, though it’s for his own good.

#recoveryblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #thing 1 #thing 2 #sorry for the scare #amrâlimê

12:30 pm

I apologize for any panic I may have caused with my most recent post. Bilbo informed me that it had been posted (he did so by rushing into my tent, waking me, and claiming that I had nearly given him a heart attack). I have only just recently regained consciousness from the sleep I had fallen in after the battle, so I was unsure of the exact day and had forgotten that I had set my last will to post.

I will not take it down, however. The words that I wrote are true. I am deeply sorry for the wrongs that I did within the mountain. There is no way to take back my actions but I will work to fix what I have done and see that peace comes to Erebor.

#the quest #amrâlimê

12:45PM

“*What the heart wants is to follow its true passion,*
*to lie down with it near the reeds beside the river,*
*to devour it in the caves between the desert dunes,*
*to sing its notes into the morning sky until even the angels wake up and take notice and look around for their beloved.*”

— Dorothy Walters “Until Even the Angels”

#poetry #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #amrâlimê

1 pm

I recall that I awoke just after the battle and, once I was reassured that my nanaddan and the company were all safe and being seen to, I asked for Bilbo. He was swiftly found and soon appeared at my side. I remember that the relief at seeing him alive and well was nearly enough to steal away the little breath that remained in my chest.

I begged him to forgive me for the wrongs I had done to him, though I do not deserve it. But he did,
saying that the perils he had faced at my side were more than he deserved. If I had had the strength in me to, I could have wept at his words. I asked him to please return to his home, as I could not bear for my quest to have robbed someone of their home, especially Bilbo who has done so much to help reclaim Erebor. But he refused, saying that he would stay at my side until I was healed, that he would not leave until I was on my feet once again. He said that he loved me. It was the first time that he had spoken it aloud, though I had known it to be true long before then. But to hear him say it was a declaration that I had had no hope of hearing, especially after what I had done.

Bilbo tells me that I fell into a deep, healing sleep for several days following our conversation. There was doubt that I would awaken again but through what has been claimed to be a miracle, I have returned to the living, though it will be some time before I can walk among them again, given my wounds.

When I woke from my healing sleep, it was to a roar so loud, I believed that I had woken in the middle of battle. However, it proved to have been a cheer from the company, gathered around my cot. Once I had shown signs of waking, they had all rushed to my side. I was in a state of disbelief for a long time, and I can feel it clinging to me even now, that not only were they all there but that they seemed happy to see me awake. After my actions against them, I would have not blamed them for bitterly speaking my name from then on and turning their heads at the sight of me. Yet they only seemed to hold relief and concern in their hearts. It was a reunion of sorts and a tearful one, I will admit. I begged forgiveness from each other them to which they simply asked that I finish healing. They continually show their loyalty and I am continually grateful for their presence.

My nanaddan, despite their attempts similar to own at entering the Halls of Waiting, awoke before me and have since been recovering. They are able to walk around, unlike myself, though they are both warned to rest often and to not strain themselves, lest they open healing wounds. They had been with the company to see me wake, but once the company had departed, they had greeted me again. I held them close for as long as they would let me, which was quite some time though I had no complaints. As they are only allowed to leave the tent we are in for very short amounts of time, Fíli and Kíli have both been at my side frequently in the past few days. I have been given this chance to right my wrongs and to actually restore Erebor, as I have wished for so long. It feels, as the healers said, like a miracle.

I do not know if you will ever see this, Thorin. But know that it has been the greatest of honors to follow you and your Company through this quest, and a wonderful sight to see you return to us. If you survive this, then may your beard ever grow longer, and if you do not, may your memory never fade. Farewell, Uzbadé - I hope you have many happy years to come.

I thank you very much for your kind words. I believe that it was the support and care that you and Bilbo and my kin all gave that pulled me away from the Halls of Waiting and back into this world.

I have survived wounds that should have killed me, my One is still speaking with me despite my horrid acts against him, and my homeland is reclaimed and in the beginning processes of being
rebuilt. The day is going quite well.

2:20 pm
Anonymous asked:
Is Bilbo okay? We haven't heard much of him in last few days.
Bilbo is fine, though he has a wound on his head from the battle, one that apparently caused him to be unconscious for a length of time. But the healers have checked on him and say that he is well and healing. He is not limited to the tent, however, so he is helping around the camp where he can, which is why I believe he is not posting much.

2:35 pm
Anonymous asked:
While this quest may be over, you still have the quest of rebuilding your home.
I am happy to still be here to have it.

2:50 pm
Anonymous asked:
Though it may be useless to write this; I do hope you wake to see it. You are a brave warrior, and will make a fine king. Fili and Kili too are wonderful dwarves, and all of you deserve to be safe, well, and happy. I sincerely wish all of you recover and you are able to read this some time.
Your kinds words are well appreciated, though I do not agree with your assessment of my kingship. I have already proved that I am a weak king.
I am overwhelmingly relieved that my nanaddan are safe and recovering. They are both still so young and it would have been of the highest tragedy if they had passed before they had been able to explore the futures before them.

3 pm
Anonymous asked:
How do you feel about your previous decisions now that you can think clearly? Specifically concerning what happened to Bombur and the scene at the ramparts. Also, how do you feel about Bilbo cutting his braids out? And may I ask exactly what that means?
I feel deep shame for how I hurt Bombur and the company, both with my actions and suspicions against them. They have said that they knew I was influenced by the sickness, but I feel that I have lost whatever trust they had in me and I would not blame them if they chose to never grant me forgiveness.
As for how I treated Bilbo on the ramparts... I have already apologized to him (he has told me to stop several times), but it continues to weigh heavily in my chest. I swore I would never hurt him, my One, and that I attempted to and wished to... It brings the taste of bile to my mouth. Nothing brings home just how twisted I had become in my madness than the sheared parts of Bilbo's hair where my braids once were. His cutting of his braids was a sign of mourning — for the Dwarf I had been, before my mind fell to madness. He had believed me to be equal to dead.

3:10PM
Thorin, I told you my reasons for cutting the braids. It was all spur-of-the-moment; I had no time to think properly.

#recoveryblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #amrâlimê

Yes, you did tell me that but I can read the true reasons behind your actions. I hurt you and abandoned you in a way and I know that I do not deserve to see my beads in your hair again.

#the quest #amrâlimê

If you’re going to be such a child about it, just let me come by later with the beads and you can braid them back onto my head yourself.

#recoveryblogging #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #amrâlimê

My king, I'm so relieved that you and your sister-children are well and on the mend. I wish you all quick recovery <3

Thank you for your kind words. It is heartening to see how many of you were concerned on our behalf.

#ask #filinprinsessa #my sister children

I am glad you have your health, and of course the love of your friends and family (and One). You are a very good person, and I hope you find yourself happy all your days. ♥ I believe you see me in a light better than I deserve but I thank you for your kindness.

#ask #hells-finest-gentleman

Thorin, I am glad to see you recovering! All of us were very worried for you, Fili, and Kili. Please try to relax and take your time in getting better. As to the issue with the beads and braids, perhaps you should just take Bilbo's word as truth in this instance. I really do think he's being sincere when he says that it was just a spur of the moment thing. And just personal opinion here; but I do believe you deserve your beads in his hair. If Bilbo wants them then all is well, I should think.

I thank you for your concern, especially for my nanaddan. It brings me relief, knowing that there are those who wish for their happiness and well-being.
I know that Bilbo says it was a sudden thing, but I also know that if I had not allowed myself to fall under the spell of the gold, the situation would not have come to pass.

6:49PM I have been sent to all the corners of this camp today on errands for the healers. Dáin has been placed in charge of Erebor and its treasure while Thorin recovers, and has, over the past couple of days, paid the Lake-men their reparations and returned the treasures of Dale to Bard. He also gave the White Gems of Lasgalen to the Elvenking.
The Arkenstone has been sealed back into the box Gandalf had carried prior to battle. I do not know of the plans for it, but I can imagine it will be safely stowed where it cannot tempt anyone.

7 pm
Ladykatana4544 asked:
How are you, Master Baggins? I'm guessing that you have been rather busy since the ending of that battle.
I have been. I have been running around everywhere helping carry supplies between all the different healers' tents, and when I am not doing that I am helping distribute food and other provisions. It is starting to snow now, so a majority of the refugees have been moved from Dale into the Mountain itself. I believe Dwalin and some of the Iron Hills Dwarves have started up the forges for extra heat.

7:31 pm
Anonymous asked:
Can I ask what Thranduil, Bard and Gandalf were doing while Thorin and his sister-children were... comatose...?
The Elvenking has been an excellent healer, tending to the fallen men and Elves as well as Thorin and his sister-children. I am glad of his and the Wood-elves’ assistance, though I don’t imagine Thorin would readily agree. Old habits die hard, after all.
Bard has been managing the Lake-town refugees, which have all moved into the Mountain for the winter. Many of them are helping the Dwarves clear out the rubble and the corpses so that there’s enough room for everyone once winter properly sets in.
And as for that meddling Wizard, he says that he will leave with the Elves and Beorn, and head out on business of his own. He invited me to join, but I said I would remain until Thorin is healed, and if Winter settles in before then, I will leave for Bag End in the spring to tend to my things and make sure Lobelia hasn’t made off with absolutely everything.

7:52PM
Anonymous asked:
Make sure Thorin eats his vegetables, Bilbo! They’re very important for a healthy dwarf (as much as he would deny it).
What vegetables we do have are all pickled, which means they do make for very good toppings on otherwise bland porridge. Thorin’s fare has been tasteless thus far; I think he’ll take to having more flavour in his diet from here on out.

8:08PM
Anonymous asked:
I'm so glad to hear that Thorin, Fili, and Kili are doing well and have all survived =) How are you faring, Bilbo? I hope any restoration you're helping to take part in is not too tiring for you. And I wish you and Thorin every happiness from here on out <3
I am faring well. My labour is not as strenuous as others’, but I find it to be my duty as someone who did not suffer greatly from the battle to help tend to those who have. I thank you for your well-wishes.

8:19PM
Anonymous asked:
If ever you find the time, perhaps you should send a letter to the Thain to assure him that you live. And perhaps some instructions regarding taking care of Bag-end? It would be a shame if Lobelia claimed it while you are taking care of Thorin…
Hopefully Holman and the Gamgees are keeping Lobelia out of Bag End. I do not think the Thain knowing of my continued existence is going to do me much good, as the Thain holds very little actual power outside of mustering the Hobbitry-in-arms, which would do me very little good as few Hobbits are actually trained in warfare these days. I’d have better luck sending a letter to the Mayor, if it doesn’t get lost in the post between Mirkwood and Rivendell!

8:25PM
I have taken my usual nighttime post at Thorin’s bedside. This has become regular, I think, since the first time he woke after the battle and asked after me.
For a while we were sure he was going to die. He had taken the time to apologise to me for his actions at the Gate and beg my forgiveness, and even suggested I return to the Shire, to my books and my armchair, and to plant my acorn. But I said I was not going anywhere until he was properly on the mend, because I loved him.
I don’t want to attribute his recovery to miracles alone but perhaps that was all he needed to hear to keep fighting, and I’ll believe in that if that’s what it takes.
Still, I refuse to share a bed with him. He is covered in more bandages than even when he fought Bolg in the Misty Mountains, and I am scared I will complicate things if I join him in bed.

8:30 pm
I was once asked if I would find a different title for this documentation of the quest and I said that once Erebor was reclaimed, I would create a new place to tell of my homeland’s rebirth. I have now done so and, starting tomorrow, will begin posting at a new location. If you wish to continue reading of my activities, please refer to this location. Thank you.

8:39PM
Anonymous asked:
this is probably beyond ridiculous of me but i’m legitimately sick from crying. i hope they survive.
They have. Thank you for your concern.

9:21PM
Anonymous asked:
Your story is an inspiration to me in so many ways, Bilbo. Thank you for telling it. I'm sending all the love and hope I can muster to you and the Company. Fili, Kili and Thorin have to be okay. They just have to.
Thank you so much. It has been your support, I think, that has helped them pull through.
#ask #Anonymous #the company #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #amrâlimê

9:52PM
Anonymous asked:
I'll keep Thorin, Fili, and Kili in my thoughts and wish them a speedy recovery. I sincerely hope they will all survive. Stay strong, Bilbo. You've been wonderfully brave; not just during the battle but over the course of the entire Quest. Luck willing, everything will turn out well.
Thank you. I am glad for your support.
#ask #Anonymous #thing 1 #thing 2 #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #amrâlimê

10PM
Anonymous asked:
WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH YOU TWO IDIOTS. HAVE YOU KISSED AND MADE UP YET.
Yes.
#ask #Anonymous #that asshole #that wonderful asshole #amrâlimê

Chapter End Notes

And that's it!! The Quest is done! Now onto the Reclamation! I should be able to continue my posting schedule, about one a week, since I'm working on it between breaks and lunches at work and I'm actually excited to get through the Reclamation. Again, there is going to be a never before posted part with if Thorin, Fili, and Kili had died but I'll wait to post that on Monday since it's late and I'm past my work hours lmao (so if you notice any errors, typos, etc, PLS lemme know because this chapter was edited VERY quickly)
Thank you all again for all your support!!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!