A Handful of Stars

by Uniko

Summary

It had, appropriately, come to shock the residents of Imladris when in TA 2507 the Lady Celebrían—wife of the Lord Elrond—announced that she was with child, for the third time. This announcement was met with much cheer and partying for there had been no other elfling born since the Prince Legolas of the Green Wood almost 1,500 years ago.

Elfael Vanyaelen was the youngest son of Elrond and Celebrían. But when with his mother on her trip to Lothlórien their party is attacked by orcs, he is magicked away sent to another world, Earth. There he is adopted by Lily and James Potter and becomes their son, Harry. Living the life of an adult but still a child in mind, Harry is informed that he really wasn’t the biological son of those he thought were his parents. With the help of a great friend he finds his way back to Middle Earth to find his true parents.

Just one problem, he now looks like an 8 year old.

Notes
See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

All Stories have a Beginning.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had, appropriately, come to shock the residents of Imladris when in TA 2507 the Lady Celebrían—wife of the Lord Elrond—announced that she was with child, for the fourth time. This announcement was met with much cheer and partying for there had been no other elfling born since the Prince Legolas of the Green Wood almost 1,500 years ago.

And so with the announcement to their kin, missives about the announcement were also sent to all the major elfen settlements and kingdoms.

Arwen in particular was very excited over this development, because even though she was a full grown elf of close to 2,300 years old she would no longer be the eldest child and instead the elder and role model. She desperately hoped for another female—a sister to even the odds so to speak.

Elladan and Elrohir constantly teased their sister betting on a male child being born instead of a female (a bet that the Lord Glorfindel also participated in despite that fact that Erestor had glared at him whenever he spotted in times their work permitted them to cross paths). She had pouted at them and then betted that it would be female. They just smirked at her and walked away.

Elrond just looked on fondly at his family, happy that his children were very accepting and excited for the birth of their sibling. With them already full grown adult elves he thought they might see it as weird. But for Elrond, the birth of his child at this time was very worrying. Though it was not painfully obvious he could feel the beginning of a stirring of darkness and he worried.

And so, the months went on with Elrond doting on his beautiful wife, Celebrían herself positively glowing with her pregnancy and their children always helping their mother whenever she needed it. Imladris itself was even in a more cheerful and happier mood, its residents awaiting the birth of their youngest lord.

“Naneth? Have you thought of any names for the baby?” Arwen asked as she lounged on her parent’s bed as her mother rested, delicate pale hands working on sewing. Arwen knew it must have been outfits for her younger sibling, younger sibling! What a joy to be able to say such a thing!

“I have indeed, dear heart. Your father and I have thought long and hard about it. But I shall not tell you.” She said with a laugh as she spotted her daughters pout. “Come now, it is a surprise just like the gender of the babe something even I have to wait for.” Arwen sighed but then relented, it was true she supposed.

“Are the clothes for the babe Naneth?” Arwen questioned, though she knew the obvious answer to her query. Her Naneth just looked at her in amusement, her lips pinched in a smile as she drew some of her long silver hair behind her to present the article of clothing to her daughter.
Arwen took them and realized it was a small gown meant for a very young babe, cloths for her young sibling indeed. It was a very cute piece made out of cotton for comfort and little butterflies and flowers stitched into it in various shades of thread.

“It’s beautiful Naneth. I’m sure my younger sibling with love it.”

Celebrían’s lips just tugged up into an even higher smile, before laughing. “Arwen the babe won’t even notice what the gown will look like, never mind love it!”

Arwen’s cheeks turned red before she whined a little “Nana!”

“Are you betting again Glorfindel?” Erestor sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose as he looked up at the taller male-elf. Glorfindel just had the gall to laugh nervously.

“N-No, what makes you think that, love?”

Erestor raised one eyebrow before rolling his eyes. His arms were full of scrolls and books that needed to be transferred back into the library and Glorfindel immediately took some from his beloved’s arms to lessen the burden.

“Hey, you cannot say that you are not interested to learn what the gender of the child is Erestor. I know that you are as interested as any.”

“Be that as I may I would rather not bet on a babe that is yet to be born, Fin.” Starting his long walk to the library, his lover made to follow, a large grin on his face as he kept up his pace with the shorter elf.

“Honestly Erestor, it is all in good fun! Do understand that.”

“Whatever you say, love.”

It was in the summer of TA 2508 that the youngest child of Elrond Peredhel and the Lady Celebrían was born. A male child with his mother’s hair, a silver that put even the most beautiful of stars to shame with his father’s grey eyes, though at the moment the young elfling’s eyes were the foggy blue of newborns. The child was named Elfael—Just Star—and his arrival brought much good cheer and happiness to his people.

But he meant much more to his family. Elladan and Elrohir had teased their sister over the fact that their baby brother was not born a sister and she childishly stuck her tongue out at them. Their mother was glad at least one of her children had inherited her silver hair and doted upon the newborn was the care and love only a mother could. Elrond was alike to his wife in that when he held his son in his arms for the first time he had lavished the young elfling with attention and love.

Celebrían’s mother, Galadriel had visited for the impending birth. When the child was finally passed to her for holding she remembered when she had looked into his future. She stilled, the other occupants watching her in worry.

“Naneth?” Celebrían questioned worriedly. She watched as a tear rolled down her cheek.

“What have you seen?” Elrond questioned, standing up quickly. For he knew she must have spied on the future of his child if she would cry so at holding him. This worried Elrond for what could be so bad in his child’s future to have her cry so?
“A life filled with many hardships of sadness and happiness.” She finally whispered, for that was all she knew. She had seen many events that she did not understand, many that maybe she never will.

Elladan looked at his twin in worry, for they would rather not have their youngest brother ever be sad. Arwen was of a similar thought and twisted her thumbs in slight worry.

“Do not worry.” Galadriel said at last as she ran a finger down Elfael’s cheek. The baby in turn snuffled as his hand latched onto his grandmothers own fingers. “It will all turn out all right.”

_Blood, so much blood, a castle in the background, Men laying around Elfael who was crying staring up at the ashy sky his eyes devoid of all feeling._

“Why…”

Galadriel tried to forget what she had seen.

“Ro’! Da!” Elfael called out as his hands made their way to his brother’s hair, tugging at the braids. “Ro’ Ro’! Da Da!” He giggled as his brothers hissed at the slight pain that this treatment gave them.

“Now Fae, that is not very nice.” Elladan chided the more parental of the two, told his brother. “It hurts you know. You wouldn’t like it very much is one of us did that to you right?” Elfael pouted as he just continued to pull.

Elrohir snickered at his brother as Elladan pouted.

“He is the absolute cutest, Fin!” Erestor gushed about the young lord Elfael. Glorfindel just rolled his eyes at his beloved. “Oh how I wish we could have an elfling ourselves, alas we are both male.”

That was one thing Glorfindel would bemoan the chance for an heir. But he could not deny his love with the dark haired elf of his who was scratching away as some parchment. Leaning over he raised an eyebrow at the drawing the other was creating.

“You are… drawing Elfael?”

Erestor blushed hotly before glaring at the other. “Lord Elrond tasked this of me! It is to go into the child’s portrait book. He has had one made for every one of his children, myself drawing their portraits.” Glorfindel just gave him a look at Erestor made to get up to push him out of the room.

Elrond sat in his seat at his desk, hand on quill, and his other arm around his 8 month old child as he babbled in his young child speech, hands on wooden toys. Every so often he would peer down at the child and reply with a “is that so?” to his child questions.

Elfael would just enthusiastically reply back in his baby babble. Elrond smiled lightly, content as he ran a hand through his child’s short chin length silver hair. He was delighted when he found out his youngest would have his mother’s beautiful silver hair.

And the child was so pretty, like the stars he was named after… he had heard some of the elves call him Vanyaelen. An elf so much like the stars he is a like to the Vala of stars her-self, Vanya. He supposed it was a very apt name to call his young son.

Noticing he had stopped writing and that his son had commandeered his hand and fingers from him he chuckled lightly.
Arwen sat down on the floors of her bed chambers as she played a hand game with her young brother, laughing whenever Elfael would miss her hands completely then stare at his hands in the anger only young babies and children could achieve.

“Now now, little brother. There is nothing to get so angry about. Let us try again yes? And if you cannot then let us journey to the gardens and I shall show you some flowers I’m sure you will love.”

Putting her hands up again Elfael tried, and successfully, slapped her hands with his own. Laughing gently, the two kept up their game, smiling the while time.

“Are you sure you should be bringing Elfael, dearest?” Elrond questioned as Celebrían made her way through their chambers packing as she did so. Turning on heels she raised an eyebrow at her husband.

“I’m taking this trip because of Elfael, husband. Naneth wants to see him and look more closely at his future. Also, I want my son to see my father and Lothlórien.” She glared at him, as if daring him to forbid this of her.

Elrond gave a sigh as he pinched the bridge of his nose knowing already that he lost the fight. “Please at least take five guards just in case. I don’t want to lose you or Elfael.” Celebrían’s glare lessened as he moved over to her husband putting both of her pale hands over his darker ones.

“Oh, my love, do not worry. Everything will turn out well. Nothing shall befall us. You worry needlessly.” Leaning in, she captured his lips with her own. When she backed away she pulled him into a hug. “Everything will be alright.”

And so, on TA 2509 Celebrían Wife of Lord Elrond of Imladris and her young son Elfael left Rivendell to visit her parents in Lothlórien.

How could this have happened? Celebrían wants to wail and beat her fists on the ground but unfortunately she had no chance to. They were ambushed as they were going through a mountain pass by orcs, and her poor Elfael.

She wanted to cry, her son… her son was gone. The orcs had gotten a hold of him and when he started crying there was a sudden flash of light and he was gone out of the hands of the orcs and hers as well even if she didn’t survive this.

Her husband would hate her, her children would hate her, her baby was dead. She wanted to die, atone for this sin. She should have listened to her husband.

Her guards were also dead, herself being the only one still alive—and not for long she theorized.

She looked up at the orc who was striding closer to her, her dress ripped cuts and blood on her body dripping and falling around her body in steady rivers.

And then, even though she was not as skilled in foresight as her mother, she had a vision.

* A red haired woman, a black haired man… magic, Elfael looking like one of the Men, Death and destruction, and then… Elfael older now looking like himself smiling with long silver hair plaited with braids with a flower crown upon his head, a bright smile on his face and he smiled up at a man whose visage was blurred.*
“Elfael…” She cried before she passed out, the last thing she saw was the image of two identical elves storming into the orc camp.

When she came to she was back in Imladris, her husband was at her bedside tear tracks on his cheeks her hand in his.

“Elrond…” She whispered, and he looked up quickly.

“Celebrían…” He whispered hoarsely. She started to tear up, ripping her hand from his as she held her hands to her face.

“I couldn’t protect him, he’s gone, I couldn’t…I’m a horrible mother, the… the orcs and I… I!…” She screamed in agitation her minds flashing back painfully to when she was tortured and her son taken away by son foreign magic.

“Hes gone, hes gone, hes gone.” She was having a panic attack she knew but her harsh breathing was all she could focus on, not even hearing her husband trying to calm her down.

And so, it came to be that the Lady Celebrían who was able to heal in body but not in mind traveled to Valinor to heal, but she knew she would never be able to for her son Elfael was still gone from her and this plagued her thoughts day after day.

Chapter End Notes

1. I tried to come up with a good elf name for harry and I hope it makes sense? even if it doesn't mean exactly what I put. El - Star Fael - Just and a bunch of other meanings

2. So pairing for Elfael (Harry). I'm torn between Aragorn and Boromir. If it is Boromir it is a Boromir lives story, obviously. Vote for who you want.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Elfael arrives on Earth and meets his new parents. And Albus Dumbledore feels guilty.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Elrond gave a long mournful sigh as he hid his face in his hands. Since his wife left for the Undying Lands, and his youngest lost to him, he found himself wishing to follow his wife—his grief was just that great. The only reason he had not done so was his other children.
Ah, his other children. They had not taken their mothers torture or their brother’s death (or what the believed to be his death at any rate) well. Arwen, who was very close to her younger brother left Imladris to go live with her grandmother, taking comfort in her Naneth’s people. He could not fault that, nor forbid her. He knew how close she was to her mother.

His twin sons, on the other hand, were rarely home. Instead they decided that revenge against the orcs was the best way to go. Revenge, that they saw as warranted. Elrond was very tempted himself to go with them on occasion. He knew their thoughts of revenge worried other elves other than himself, like their lover Lindir.

His eyes started to tear up as he gazed around spotting toys that were in his office from when Elfael would play while he worked. His tears turned to sobs as he heard another lament about his son playing through the halls of his home and valley.

‘Oh fair Elfael,
How the stars weep for thee
Never was a day as cold,
As the day our Star was lost to we’

Lily Potter wanted to cry. Ever since she and her husband James Potter had gotten married, she had dreamed of a large and happy family. She and James had agreed to wait a bit, though, because of the war.

The Blood War of Wizarding Britain. Ever since they had graduated from Hogwarts they had been recruited to join Albus Dumbledore’s, their ex-headmaster, rebel group The Order of the Phoenix. She and her husband immediately joined up, eager to help and prove themselves. This fight had an extra meaning to her-self, being a muggleborn herself.

It was on a raid that a Death Eater had shot an unknown spell at her. At first, she didn’t see anything different from herself and shrugged it off until she could go see a Healer to make sure nothing was wrong with her.

What she had found out though… She was barren. She could not have a child of her own. The spell that the unknown death eater shot at her made her barren. She felt worthless, not worthy of her husband or even of her life. Her husband and her-self would never have children of their own of their flesh.

It was only her husband’s support along with their good friends that kept her from doing anything rash and unreversable.

Lily Potter wanted to cry.

It was a folly of man to do whatever was possible to help save those who they care about. The same could be said of one Albus Dumbledore, victor over Gellert Grindlewald, and Leader of the Light and The Order of the Phoenix. He cared about the people of Wizarding Britain immensely, but was rather skewed in his views on what needs to be done for the greater good, which is how he found himself in the hidden ritual room of Hogwarts—which had been used back before Rituals of the kind he was attempting were outlawed by the Ministry of Magic.
He knew what he was doing was wrong, very wrong. For once the Ministry had been correct to ban and outlaw this specific ritual. But was it so wrong, if the result would turn the tide of the war? Help the Light prevail over the Dark.

The Wizarding World had been at war for years, wizards and witches afraid to even come out of their homes now. Fewer children were born year after year, the parents not wanting to bring children into a war so clearly at war with no end in sight.

This was for the greater good.

With that thought in mind, the old man walked to center of the ritual circle, dagger in hand and a live chicken in the other. Many candles stood around the room, their light casting an early glow around the room.

Blood sacrifices… how archaic.

Quickly slitting the chicken’s throat he drew the ritual circle in its blood, the room starting to glow a faint blue color. Taking a deep breath and exhaling, he started the incantation.

“O magnum. Lumen ad mittere te postulo vincere patrocinium est in tenebras super terram!” With the end of the final word, a giant gust of wind started and he was blown back. With a bang the wind blew out the candles and no sound traveled through the room.

In the dark Dumbledore felt his heart clench in fear. Had it not worked? It had to have this was his only chance.

A sudden wail pierced the silence and he immediately created a light to see. There in the circle of blood was a baby who’s skin was glowing, the glow started to dim though, as if that light had ceased to work. The baby’s ears were tapered at a point and his hair was beautiful silver. When the baby’s eyes opened, they were like silver and star light mixed together.

A… baby. Oh Merlin what had he done? He had taken a child, kidnapped him from somewhere. The ritual and spell was designed to take a strong individual from another world when the caster was in greatest need. He had expected a hardened warrior, but not… a baby.

“Oh little one, I am so sorry. You are needed here, but more needed at home. Please forgive an old man for his follies.” Walking closer to the child, he went to kneel down. The child tilted his head.

“Mi??” The baby said, his voice was like bells—Dumbledore mused.

“So sorry.” Casting a quick and powerful glamor, he picked the child up. If he remembered correct, Lily and James Potter where unable to have children. The least Dumbledore could do to atone for his supposed sin was to give him to a family who would love him and lavish him with attention.

With that though in mind, Albus Dumbledore made his way out of the hidden ritual room with a baby who now looked like James and Lily Potter and had no hint at all of his non-human heritage.

When Dumbledore arrived at the Potters house, baby asleep, he quickly knocked on the door. Shifting the child in his arm he marveled at the fact that the child trusted him enough to fall asleep in his arms. He supposed he must have known someone who looked like him back at his original home. This fact just hurt him more.

When the door opened to show James Potter, the other looked shocked as he spotted his old head master.
“Albus! What are you doing here so late at night?”

Right, it was 11 pm. Maybe he should have waited until the morning, but Albus for all that he was the headmaster of a school of young children and adults had no skill with child care. At all.

“James, I have something important to ask of you and your wife. May I come in?” He asked, as his ex-student nodded his head opening the door more widely for the elderly wizard.

“Thank you.” Holding the child tight, he walked into the main hall of the potter home, the child making a soft whine in the back of his throat.

“Hush young one.” He murmured.

“Oh! Albus, what are you doing here?” Lily exclaimed as she made her way out of the kitchen that attached to the hall. Albus examined her with sadness. Dark circles under her eyes, evidence of sleepless nights. She fidgeted slightly when she saw the baby in his arms.

“Lily. How nice it is to see you dear. I hope everything is alright?” He was concerned, this wasn’t the young fire cracker witch he saw grow up in the halls of his school and that dug deep into his heart.

She gave a sigh looking at the child mournfully.

“I’m fine. Why do you have a child with you Albus?”

“Now that is a curious question.” He chuckled. Quickly running his mind through the made up back story he had created for the young tyke he started his tale. “This young man is an orphan whose parents were killed by death eaters. I know you two have been wanting children for a while and I couldn’t think of any one better suited to care for him.” Lily’s eyes gleamed at what the elder wizard told her finally registered.

James moved over to his wife looking at the baby in awe.

“Are you being serious right now Albus?” He choked out.

“Very, would you like to hold him?” Lily nodded her head as she opened her arms out for the child which Albus carefully transferred.

“What is his name?” Lily asked breathlessly.

“Harry.” Common name, as he didn’t know who the babe really was.

“Welcome little Harry.” James cooed as he went to pet the child’s black messy hair. A family… they were a family.

Albus gazed at the family, guilt still with him but happier all the same due to the family finally getting what they wanted.

After the headmaster left, James and Lily looked towards each other and then at the baby that was in their arms. Joy filled their hearts as Lily brushed a stray hair from the baby. Harry was absolutely beautiful, his features all seemed perfect.

Harry made a soft whining sound before his eyes opened, Emerald a different shade then Lily’s own grass colored eyes, and he blinked looking at the two with confusion. “Ada? Nana? Ro… Dan? ‘Wen?” Scrunching his nose up in confusion he started to quiver before tears started to make their
way down his pudgy cheeks.

“Shush, little one. You’re family has gone away. Do not worry; we will take care of you.” Lily stated gently as she started to sing a lullaby she remembered from her own childhood. The baby cooed a little before going back to sleep.

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“I hate being cooped up like this,” James whined. Lily just rolled her eyes fore continuing to play with Harry, who had now been with them for 2 months. The baby still occasionally called for the people in his past but came to love them as well, for that they were grateful.

Harry giggled, and then abruptly stopped causing Lily took look at him in concern.

“Fo!” He said, pointing at the home phone Lily made James buy so that she would have a way to contact her parents and few relatives she liked.

“Phone, Harry? What about the pho..?” And then it started to ring. Looking at the phone and then back the baby, she looked towards James who had the same look of shock on his face.

Standing up to pick up the phone, Harry just continued to giggle.

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“Aww look at the little prongslet, surprisingly he looks a lot like you two for being adopted.” Sirius Black, said as he tickled the baby. This was his godson, they had chosen him to be his godfather—he couldn’t be any happier.

Never let it be said that Sirius Black was an idiot. While Lily and James were disillusioned to what was going on, so happy that they finally had a son, Sirius was a pureblood from a dark family. He knew the feel of complex glamor spells when he felt them. Sirius couldn’t help but be worried. What was so different and wrong that their ex-headmaster had to cover this child (who was barely a year old!) in glamor spells so complex and thorough that it made Mad Eye Moody paranoia when working seem tame.

“Don’t worry little one I’ll always protect you.”

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All good things must end, it was a universal truth. And that end came on October 31st. For while Harry, or Elfael as he was once known, was not of this world the prophecy pertaining to the downfall of the Dark Lord Voldemort claiming a child born at the end of July would be his end attached to him once he crossed the boundaries of the worlds. For Elfael was born nearing the end of the summer in Imladris.

Elfael’s Eldar spirit was not able to manifest in this world. For there was no way true immortals could live. Fake immortality through separation of the soul was wrong, and not immortality at all, and the immortality of creatures such as the Vampires came through death and thus, not the true immortality at all. Immortality through life was not possible on Earth.

But his Eldar spirit had to go somewhere, and thus his Eldar spirit imitated those he had found himself surround as soon as he came here. It turned to magic, power magic at that as Elfael was an Elf. But because of this transfer of power and where they resided he found himself as mortal as his Men ancestors.
But it was due to this Magic now flowing through his blood that he was able to cast his first accidental magic when Voldemort came knocking on his home with his new Ada and Nana.

Elfael, Harry, was looking at the dead body of his new Nana in sadness, understanding what happened. Elfling’s were pretty smart at any age.

Looking up into the eyes of the Dark Lord, Harry only thought about how much he didn’t want to die, how he wanted to see his real Ada and Nana again.

All he knew was white and screaming as he welcomed the darkness that was closely closing in, feeling his memories of his life in his old home fly away.

When he woke up next it was to the screaming of a woman as he lay on her porch step.

He did not remember anything of his previous life as an elf, though in the future he would see people in flash like visions of people he did not know but felt he should.

Chapter End Notes

Notes from FFNET:

1. Regarding pairings. Thanks for sending in who you guys would like to see. Tbh I just wanted to see what everyone’s opinions were I was always going to make the final decision myself after thinking it through. I have decided to go with the pairing Elfael (Harry)/Boromir. I am VERY open though to writing one-shots pairing him with other characters once I get to a certain part of the story.
2. Regarding whom others would want to see and why I’m not pairing him with others. Cliché’s. I’m dead serious here. Harry/Legolas is such a cliché pairing though I like it. To the person who wanted to see him with Thranduil, I’m sorry there is just no way to make it work with how I see the plot going, though I am willing to write a one shot with the two.
3. Pairings at the moment are Elrond/Celebrían, Glorfindel/Erestor, Elladan/Lindir/Elrohir, Future Aragorn/Arwen and Future Harry/Boromir
4. Please forgive my terrible poem making skills as shown above.
5. Also, yes Dumbledore feels guilty. He expected a big buff warrior dude to come and save them not a baby lol. Though he doesn’t know it, and probably never will the fact that he performed the ritual at that moment saved Elfael’s life for if not he would have been killed by the Orcs. Also yes, everyone does believe him to be dead in Imladris. Sad.

AO3 Notes:

Thanks for those who read and commented! Its much appreciated. C: If you guys are interested in the one shots of different pairings later on let me know!!
1. I tried to come up with a good elf name for harry and I hope it makes sense? even if it
doesnt mean exactly what I put. El - Star Fael - Just and a bunch of other meanings

2. (updated) I have expanded on the summary for the story.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!