Any Dream Will Do

by Elizabeth (anghraine)
The night of her betrothal, Lothíriel dreamed again of Númenor. It was not Atalantë, the Fallen, but a brighter, greener Westernesse, in the days of its glory before the waning of the Kings. She walked a hill, heard a man and a woman quarrelling in an angry blend of Sindarin and Adûnaic. She turned and saw a child, a lovely girl with wings of black hair and bright grey-green eyes, weeping into her pillow.

“Lady Ancalimē,” a maid said, walking through Lothíriel’s body, “you must sleep, you do not want your father to remember you with swollen eyes and wet cheeks, do you?”

There was a flash of light, the colours faded into darkness, and Lothíriel was left alone. Already the light dimmed and the dream too; she lay in the strange Rohirren bed and thought,

What have I done?
“Just like that?—we simply say, ‘we shall go to Europe,’ and go?”

“Yes, now that the war is over. Paris, Rome, Vienna -- have you never dreamed of seeing any of them in person?”

Elizabeth laughed giddily. “Oh, yes, but how do I choose?”

He simply smiled, and neatly signed a letter to his steward. “Close your eyes and point your finger at a map,” he said pragmatically. “Any dream will do.”

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