Hues of Middleearth

by lindahoyland

Summary

A Rainbow of Drabbles. With thanks to Raksha for editorial assistance and Wormwood for the title.

Notes

Title – Cherry Ripe
The bowl of cherries stood in the centre of the table, each fruit almost glowing with ripe, juicy sweetness.

Eldarion eyed the fruit longingly. He had been told not to eat them, but they looked so tasty! How could he resist?

"Surely no one would miss just one?" the little boy asked himself.

Soon the bowl was filled only with stones while Eldarion's fingers and mouth were crimson with the juice of the forbidden fruit.

"Eldarion!" cried his mother accusingly. "Those cherries were meant for us all to share for dessert."

Eldarion's face turned as red as the purloined cherries.
Mewing loudly, the orange cat rubbed against Aragorn's legs as he paused to speak to some children near the Citadel.

"That's Marmalade," a little girl informed him. "He follows me everywhere!"

Aragorn smiled at the child and stroked her pet. The cat was a magnificent feline. It reclined on the warm stones as if it owned them, the sun gleaming on its tawny fur.

"You are like Marmalade," said the little girl.

Aragorn was about to protest when the cat stretched and regarded him with a regal air.

Whether cat or King was more lordly would be difficult to say!
Faramir had dreamed of the wave again last night. Was Middle-earth doomed to be destroyed like Númenor of old?

The Steward wandered through the gardens trying to dispel his dark thoughts. A single primrose bloom caught his eye. Every year without fail, the dainty yellow flowers blossomed as heralds of spring's return. His spirits rose.

"My Lord?"

Faramir turned and saw the Warden with a stranger. His head spun, while his heart soared. Never had he beheld a maiden so fair! The darkness, could not, would not prevail; not now a maid with sun bright hair had stolen his heart!
Singing softly to himself, Estel, or Aragorn, as he now knew his true name to be, wandered through Imladris' leafy glades. The woods were ever fair, but never more so than in their fresh spring garb of verdant hue. The trees sang too, as the breeze rippled through their branches.

A maiden danced beneath the birches, moving gracefully in time to their music.

Aragorn gazed enthralled. Fairer than the Evening Star, she was both young and ancient of days. He stood abashed: young and green as a fresh sapling buffeted by the wind.

She smiled, and his heart was forever lost.
Adorned with Stars

Chapter Notes

Title Adorned with Stars – Blue

Author: Linda Hoyland

Characters/Pairing: Faramir/Éowyn

Rating: G

Warnings: none

Book/Source: LOTR book-verse

With grateful thanks to Raksha

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Faramir carefully opened the chest, hesitating before he unwrapped its contents. He lifted the cloak and held it in his arms with something like reverence.

Sometimes he fancied he could still smell his mother's perfume on the soft blue folds, which remained unfaded, and untouched by moth, even after three long decades.

If only she could have remained by his side! Alas, his mother was as far away as the stars adorning the robe's throat and hem.

He had met another lady, fair as the stars but closer, worthy of this mantle.

Faramir smiled. Surely Finduilas would have blessed him.

A/N. I know Tolkien says that Faramir sent for the cloak. Here, I imagine it was brought to his rooms in a chest, so am not attempting an AU drabble.
A loud scream emanated from the King's private apartments. The guards drew their swords and raced to the rescue. Whatever could be wrong? Had an intruder assaulted their lord?

Aragorn stood in the centre of his chamber, clad only in breeches, boots, a half finished shirt, and a deep scowl.

"Do stand still, Estel!" chided the Queen, brandishing a pincushion.

"You might stick another pin in me!" growled Aragorn. To think that the Haradrim had bested him, not with the sword, but with indigo silk!

Seeing their lord's fierce look, the guards hastily left the room, suppressing their laughter.
"The irises are especially beautiful this year," said Éowyn proudly as she escorted the Queen around her garden in Ithilien. "Faramir had corms for some rare varieties sent from Harad."

Arwen, though, seemed oblivious to the gaudy purple and yellow blooms. Her attention was caught by a patch of delicate flowers under the shade of a large oak. "I love these!" she exclaimed. "They are so pretty!"

"You prefer violets? But violets are as common as weeds. I only grow them for medicinal use."

"They remind me of the flowers of my homeland," said Arwen. "Small, hidden and most fair."
The storm had raged fiercely all day, the torrential rain, thunder and lightening mirroring the turmoil within Arwen's heart.

She sensed that today would either see her beloved triumph, or destroy her hopes of happiness forever, together with all that was good in Middle-earth.

Suddenly the tumult ceased. Imladris was bathed in brilliant sunlight. Sunbeams danced between the still gently falling raindrops.

Arwen laughed for sheer joy as her heart felt the darkness lift. She caught sight of a perfect rainbow resplendent in the jewel-like hues had never seemed so fair. The darkness was past. Hope had endured.

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