Crowning Glory Chapter 1

by lindahoyland

Notes

Title: The Ordeal
Author: Linda Hoyland
Characters/Pairing: Eldarion, OFC
Rating: PG
Warnings: none
Word count: 100
Book/Source: LOTR book-verse
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"No, please no!" he begged. "It hurts!"

The woman smiled grimly. "It is nothing more than you deserve," she said, setting to work with relish.

Eldarion closed his eyes. She must stop soon. She must! He tried to pretend he was a bold Ranger defending a village from a band of Orcs.

The pain grew worse.

Eldarion screamed.

"All done now, Master Eldarion," the nurse said, replacing the comb on the dressing table. "To think a big boy like you should make such a fuss over having his hair tidied!"
Eldarion nibbled at his jam encrusted slice of bread then discarded the crust on the side of his plate.

"Eat your crusts, Master Eldarion," said his nanny.

"I don't like crusts!"

"They are good for you," she persisted.
"Why?" asked Eldarion.

"They make your hair curl," she replied.

"I don't want curls," Eldarion retorted. "They hurt to comb, and in any case, ada said I would grow up to be like him and he doesn't have curls. Rangers with curls would look silly like girls!"

The nanny tried a different approach. "Only boys who eat their crusts get any cake."

Eldarion ate them.
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Eldarion watched intently while his father polished Andúril. He reached a tentative finger towards the bright steel.

"Be careful," Aragorn cautioned. "The blade is very sharp. It could hurt you."

"Have you cut enemies heads off with it?" Eldarion asked eagerly.

"I have indeed," Aragorn replied."This blade has been stained scarlet with their blood! Andúril has triumphed in many a battle."

"Estel!" Arwen chided. "You will frighten the child with such gory tales. He will have nightmares."

"I want to hear more," begged Eldarion. "I won't have bad dreams."

"But I will, ion nîn" Aragorn said gravely, sheathing the blade.
Aragorn was in a reflective mood as he left the Houses of Healing. He had congratulated the proud parents of a newborn babe, tended an infant's cough and bound up a toddler's knee. He had chided the schoolboy who had stolen apples, while bandaging his leg, and sighed over the foolish young drunkard who had knocked himself unconscious. He had reassured the farm labourer that his broken arm would heal, and given a grandmother herbs to ease her arthritis. He had sat by an old man as he departed. Joy and sorrow: birth and death. Such was the human condition.
Faramir thinks that plaits look delightful on his daughter, or the King's little girl, or even adorning the head of a kitchen maid, or the tavern wench who usually serves his ale.

With his wife, though, it is a different matter.

He yearns to run his hands though her golden tresses and feel her silky locks tickling his bare skin. He pleads with her to loose her hair at bedtime.

Éowyn frowns. "It will tangle and take too long to comb on the morrow," she says.

Faramir heartily dislikes plaits. He buys pretty combs for Éowyn and lives in hope.
"Please, Éowyn," Faramir begged. "Unbind your lovely hair. I love to feel it between my fingers."

"No," Éowyn replied, deftly securing her plait. "I must be up early tomorrow. I have no time to comb out tangles. My mare is about to foal and I must tend her."

"You hair looks like a horse's tail plaited so tightly!" Faramir cried in exasperation.

"You really think so?" Éowyn beamed. Her lips met his in a passionate kiss.

Faramir returned it. As their bodies entwined, his fingers stealthily moved behind her head. A shower of gold was poured into his waiting hands.
Faramir reluctantly prepared to depart on the morrow. His duties required him to spend several weeks in the City.

Éowyn was already in bed when he reached their chamber, her unbound hair spread across the pillow like a pool of gold glistening in the candle light.

Entranced, Faramir ran his fingers through her silken locks."

"I want you to remember me like this while we are apart," said Éowyn. "Keep this close to your heart," She snipped a lock from her tresses.

"Éowyn!"

Her kisses silenced him while her hair caressed his face. It smelled of violets and of hay.

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