Summer Sports

by lindahoyland

Summary

A series of drabbles written for the "Tolkien Weekly" "Summer Sports" Challenge.

Title: Escape
Author: Linda Hoyland
Characters/Pairing: Aragorn, Faramir
Rating: PG
Warnings: none
Word count: 100
Book/Source: LOTR book-verse
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Aragorn and Faramir crept out, furtive as schoolboys playing truant, anxious not to alert their guards and determined that none save their ladies should mark their departure.

Their horses saddled, they rode across sun-drenched fields seeking out a favourite secluded spot, sheltered by a clump of willows where none would disturb their solitude and once there, swiftly removed their clothes.

King and Steward plunged into the river's inviting coolness, sighing blissfully at this respite from the July heat. With steady strokes they swam, watched only by a duck and her brood. Rank meant nothing here; they were simply contented swimmers.

Title: The Rivals
Author: Linda Hoyland
Characters/Pairing: Aragorn, Faramir, Arwen
Rating: G
Warnings: none
Word count: 100
The arrows flew thick and fast towards the target. Both men struggled to gain advantage, the arrows of both landing but a fraction from the bull's eye. King and Steward scowled at their bows.

"You should declare a draw," Arwen suggested when she came to see how the men folk were faring.

"Another few shots should settle it," said Faramir.

"I am loth to yield." Aragorn grimly nocked another arrow.

"Foolish men!" Arwen took up her bow and loosed an arrow. It landed in the centre of the target between those of Aragorn and Faramir. The contest was decided.

A/n You can see this story with a lovely illustration by Rachel on my website.

http://lindahoyland.yolasite.com/the-rivals.php

"Why does Éomer call you Wingfoot?" Faramir asked Aragorn soon after a visit from his wife's brother.

"Because of the speed at which Legolas, Gimli and I ran in pursuit of Merry and Pippin when they were captured," Aragorn explained.

"I wish I could have seen you then," said Faramir.

"You can, I will race you to yonder oak."

"But it was years ago when you raced across Rohan!"

"You think I am too old?"

"No, but..."

"Come then!"

The two men sprinted towards the oak, the older man easily outpacing the younger by a length. Wingfoot still had wings.
Steel clashed against steel. Neither man was willing to yield an inch as the deadly dance continued.

Sweat poured down their faces, but neither dared pause to wipe his brow. Expert swordsmen both, they were evenly matched.

Their wives watched, unable to take their eyes from the combatants.

Éowyn gasped as her husband narrowly avoided a thrust.

The contest continued, thrust and parry, weave, duck and then strike!

Arwen beamed as Aragorn finally overcame his opponent's defences.

"I concede. Andúril has bested me!"

"It was a close match, well fought, my friend."

King and Steward sheathed their swords and embraced.

"It is my turn to take the oars," said Faramir. "It is not fair to let you do all the hard work. I like rowing," said Aragorn. "It reminds me of when I beheld the Argonath. It helps me concentrate when I have an oar in my hand. Now where were we?"

"We had decided to lower trade tariffs with Khand."

"And increase the levies on furs. What better place than here on the river to evade prying eyes and ears when we discuss affairs of state?"

"While the Council think we are laggards idling the day away!" Faramir laughed.
"What a strange sport!" Faramir remarked as he observed the wrestlers at the fair.

"It is indeed," Aragorn replied. "I would liefer go swimming or practise with sword or bow when I desire exercise. I have studied unarmed combat, but never wrestling."

"Is it true that Elves wrestle without clothing?" Faramir enquired.

"On occasion they do,"

Faramir shuddered. "A curious pastime indeed!" The two men applauded as one of the wrestlers emerged the victor. Aragorn presented a prize to the winner.

"Let us go and watch the archery now," said the King. "That is far more to my liking."

You can read more about Elven wrestling in "The Elven Way" also on this site.

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