Fire Of the Great War

by silmarlfan1

Summary

an unsuspecting Noldorean noble gets transported from Middle Earth to the barren landscape of No-Man's-Land and to the trenches of The western front of World War I and with the help of a Welsh lieutenant Fëanor must return home before it is too late. WIP.

Meanwhile in Middle Earth, the Finweion family morns the lost of their beloved prince.

Warning: Fëanor's not mine only borrowed for the context of this fic. this may not get Updated in a while. possible MPREG later

I have not updated this in forever and it is almost all hand written so be patient with me, I don't type real fast.

Notes

this story is hand written, so it may take a while to finish. this is part a a very large world in where Middle Earth and Arda is a separate world from ours but is connected by an inter-dimensional portal I call The Rift. I have a very vast world in which this is part of. this is only one of the stories of this verse. I may not write them all.

See the end of the work for more notes
From the grasses of Middle Earth

Chapter 1 part 1: From the grasses of Middle Earth

There was fire all around him and his eyes burned with hot tears as he was slowly suffocating. He coughed and fell to his knees. He heard what he thought was thunder all around him, a whistling sound and then a loud rumble. He was about to give up, just as his mother did, and flee to the Halls of Mandos, when he heard shouts and cries to his right. He forcefully opened his eyes and looked to his right. His eyes widened in wonder. There before him he saw hundreds of young men, clad in strange clothing, carrying strange spears, with a small dagger like tip. They were yelling in a strange language and the looks of terror were upon their faces. So many different faces. Some had long faces, some round, others had such fair faces that he knew they had to be youths, some barely into their majority. In fact, they were all young. Some caught his eye more than others. They had strong young faces and they had a certain rugged beauty to them.

The thunder was growing louder and louder as if Mandos was signaling to them that their time was about to end. Not more than a second later, a piece of ground, not more than ten feet from him, exploded in a bright flash of fire and light; sending rocks and dirt and debris flying into the air and covering him in a thin layer of dirt. Not wanting to stay there a moment longer, he scrambled to his feet and ran as fast as his legs would carry him. He caught up to the group and to a young man that was staggering at the rear with a wounded leg. The young man was very young indeed for he looked as if he was a boy barely passed his puberty. The boy stumbled and staggered for a few feet and then fell to his hands and knees. Not wanting to leave the boy behind to die, wrapping and arm around the fallen child he hoisted the boy to his feet. The boy was still clinging to his strange spear, which was fairly heavy. They followed the group of men to a trench, where they all leaped over strange wire bushes with barbs and thorns of metal on them. They followed the group over the wires and climbed into the trench. The young man in his arms cried out in pain, when he landed on his injured leg. One of the men yelled to another in a strange language.

“Sergeant, get a medic,” the man yelled out. There was authority in his voice so they knew there was some safety as the man ran up to them still carrying his strange weapon. When the man came up to them, he pointed the dagger end at them and again yelled in that strange language.

“Let him go!” the man yelled. But being a very protective fatherly person, he would not. The man pointed the tip at his throat, but he didn’t even flinch. The man shouted this time. “Let him go!” he still did not understand and cocked his head to one side in confusion. The Man lowered the strange spear and spoke again: “Can you understand me?” silence lengthened, “Sprechen Sie Deutsche?” he raised an eyebrow to the words the stranger spoke.

This time it was his turn to speak and confuse the man. The words came off his tongue like music and one of the men nearby, whom was welsh, shot a look of near recognition to the words the stranger spoke.

‘Please, he is hurt. He needs a healer.’

The Welsh lieutenant came up to his commander, and the strange young looking man holding a young private in his powerful looking arms.
“Colonel, Sir, the language he speaks is very similar to welsh. I might be able to communicate to him.”
The colonel nodded and said, “Do it.”

The lieutenant spoke, as clearly enunciated as he could, in his native language. The strange man looked at him with offence, when the lieutenant asked: A ydych yn iawn a byddech yn gadael i’r milwr yn mynd? ‘Are you alright and would you let the soldier go?’

The man spoke again, very curtly, and by his tone the lieutenant discerned that the stranger had insulted him, possibly because he insulted him first. The lieutenant shifted the grammar and the vowels and consonants more, and the stranger seemed to understand; for the way he spoke was kinder and was as if he was reassuring the lieutenant.

The Stranger helped the soldier to his feet and handed him to the medics. The lieutenant’s eyes went wide, when the man stretched to his full and certainly awesome height; and he stared at him in wonder. And how could he not. He was tall, well over 6 foot; perhaps even closer to 7 than 6, and he had raven black hair cascading in a waterfall of plates and locks over his shoulders, around his face and down his back. The features of his face were hidden behind mud, blood, sweat, and soot, but his eyes; piercing, shining, silver blue, shown with a light all their own; a light that seemed to come from deep within him; The light in his eyes flickered and burned like a flame; hot and fierce, all consuming, and captivating. But then, as his eyes ran down this beautiful man, for there was no word other than this to describe him with, the lieutenant’s eyes rested upon his ears. The lieutenant’s eyes widened even further. The strange being’s ears looked normal at first but then upon closer examination he saw that they arched back to a delicate point; making a leaf shaped appearance to the ears and giving him an ethereal look. The Lieutenant then spoke, in the strange variation of Welsh, to the equally strange man, clad in what looked like medieval armor and clothes; his voice not as steady as it was a moment before.

“What is your name?” He asked, praying that the stranger understood, for he could easily fell him with one stroke of his long elegantly curved blade that he held at his waist in its scabbard for now. The strange man thought for a moment then answered, and though he said but one word, that one word was all that they needed. He said, “Fëanor.”

The doctor looked over every inch of the strange tall man, checking for any injuries. They had to remove his tunic and shirt only to have him be gawked at for his physical beauty. Shoulders muscled to perfection and arms that showed incredible physical strength. Strong perfectly chiseled chest muscles and a hard core abdomen; showing years of training and hard work to achieve this level of size and toning. His hands were long and strong, and calloused on the palms from the years of working with them. Some of the men even said that he might have been the model for the statue of David by Michelangelo. Jokingly of course.

After snapping out of their trance, the doctor and the medic’s took a wet cloth to Fëanor’s face to remove the dirt and grime. The doctor then stared in wonder, wide eyes running over the fair face before him. Fëanor’s face was long and was crowned with a strong noble brow. High wide cheeks and a strong jaw and chin framed his face. His nose was long and slightly upturned, and his lips were full and red; now curving slightly with an amused smile. The young Lieutenant
walked into the room, no more than a moment later, with a basin filled with water. His eyes
widened in wonder and he nearly dropped the basin, before recomposing himself but still staring
at the physical beauty of Fëanor; who was unclad to the waist.

“‘You are beautiful, Fëanor,’” the young lieutenant said, setting down the water basin. Fëanor’s
cheeks flushed rose and he looked at the lieutenant sheepishly.
“Are you ready, doctor?” the lieutenant spoke in English.

“Yes. Do you have the water?” the doctor asked. The Lieutenant nodded. “Good. Could you tell
him that we may need to cut his hair to treat the wound on his head?” the lieutenant nodded again
and translated what the doctor said. Fëanor’s eyes widened and he possessively clutched his hair.

‘‘Fëanor, we need to cut it.’’ Fëanor shook his head and clutched his hair tighter, ‘‘Fëanor, we
need to clean the wound on your head, and we can’t do that until we cut your hair. We will try to
save some of it, but most of it must go.’’ Fëanor looked at his hair then at the lieutenant with a
pained expression in his eyes.

‘‘Cut it,’’ Fëanor said coldly. The Lieutenant bound the mass of Raven black hair behind
Fëanor’s head with a piece of leather string. Fëanor watched as the lieutenant a pair of scissors and
brought them up to just above the binding. Fëanor tightly shut his eyes. He heard the metallic
scrape of the shears closing and felt the hairs, that were already cut, bounce up on his head until
the Lieutenant came back into view.

‘‘Fëanor,’’ the Lieutenant singsonged. Fëanor opened his eyes and saw the lieutenant holding
the ponytail of his cut hair before his eyes. Fëanor looked at the strands with a pained look.

‘‘See, that wasn’t so bad, was it?’’ The Lieutenant asked. Fëanor looked at the strands as if he
were about to cry. He had always prided himself on his hair and now all his hard work was
dangling in front of him. His lip began to quiver, and tears sprang into his eyes. The Lieutenant
saw them.

‘‘Don’t cry,’’ the Lieutenant said, ‘‘it will grow back.’’ Fëanor looked up at the Lieutenant
with pain filled eyes and forced a smile onto his face.
The doctor took a closer look at the wound on Fëanor’s head, and determined that it needed
stitches to heal nicely. The doctor told the Lieutenant the Fëanor would need stitches and the
Lieutenant translated.

Fëanor sighed. The thought that he would most likely have a scar did not please him very much,
especially since had had no physical scaring on his body; just smooth pristine skin and muscles.

The doctor sterilized the needle he had been using, to stitch up many boys over the past 2 years of
the most gruesome and bloody war he had ever seen, and pulled the surgical suture through the
skin on Fëanor’s scalp and made the first stitch. The doctor got done very rapidly and smiled to
himself.
‘There, now,’ the doctor thought to himself, ‘he will hardly have a scar.’ The doctor then bandaged the wound with some cloth and Fëanor slipped off the table he had been sitting on. Fëanor stood up to his full awesome height and smiled.

The lieutenant could not help but feel like he was in the presence of King George V; for so mighty was Fëanor’s appearance the he seemed like a great king of old. The whole bunker shook. Fëanor lost his precious balance and leaned against the table. He looked up at the ceiling in confusion and the bunker shook again. Fëanor grasped the table tightly and shut his eyes as another tremor shook the room around them. The sound of thunder could be heard outside. Men began shouting and the Colonel quickly stepped into the bunker. Fëanor looked up at the Lieutenant who was speaking to the Colonel. The Lieutenant turned and looked at Fëanor, who was looking at the ceiling again with fear growing on his face.

“‘They are shelling us again,’” said the young Welshman Lieutenant. Fëanor looked back down at the Lieutenant and nodded.

“‘Why are they doing this?’” Fëanor asked. The Lieutenant thought for a moment then took his time telling Fëanor what had been happening over the past two years of that gruesome war. Then he told him of how it had all began and How Britain had gotten involved in the war.

“‘I see,’” Fëanor said. “‘But why are they shelling us now?’”

“‘It is an artillery support for the German’s next attack. They are going to charge us soon and try to take this trench,’” The Lieutenant answered. “‘We are getting every available man ready to repel the German offensive charge.’” Fëanor nodded and looked at the Colonel holding some extra clothes in his arms.

“‘I take it those are for me.’” The Lieutenant turned and looked at the colonel holding the clothes, then nodded to Fëanor.

“He will look less out of place if we dress him like the rest of the men,” the Colonel answered the Lieutenant’s looks of questioning; “these are for him as well.” The colonel handed the lieutenant an English grammar book for a youth and a handbook of English words. “It would be vest if he knew how to speak English and didn’t have to depend on you from speaking to others.” the lieutenant nodded and handed the books to Fëanor and told him that he would need to know the common tongue of his people and would need to speak it so he could understand others around him. Fëanor nodded and opened the grammar book to the first page. Fëanor looked at the book with frustration and confusion.

“‘You don’t understand this, do you?’” The lieutenant asked. Fëanor shook his head. “‘Hmm, alright let’s try this another way.’” The Lieutenant picked up a notepad and a pencil, and handed them to Fëanor. “‘Alright, you write down the runes for the word meaning male to your people.’” Fëanor quickly wrote beautiful runes that looked very much like Irish Runes.

“Ellon” Fëanor said, “‘a male elf.’” The lieutenant looked at the runes and wrote the word ‘male’ next to the runes. Fëanor looked at the word.

“‘This means male,’” The lieutenant tapped the runes and then the English word, “‘this means the same… Understand?’” Fëanor smiled and nodded.

The next two hours were spent with Fëanor and the Lieutenant writing out words with the same rudimentary meaning, then the Lieutenant wrote down all the letters of the alphabet and sounded them out after he wrote them. Then after Fëanor got the basics, the lieutenant wrote out combinations that made different sounds together than they did apart. The sound a ‘r’ would make when with a vowel, the sound ‘th’ would make, things like that.

Fëanor caught on very quickly and by the colonel came to check on their progress, Fëanor spoke fluent English.
“Well, now, how is our student progressing, lieutenant?” the colonel asked upon entering the bunker.
“Very well, actually,” the lieutenant answered.
“Well, then how is his English?”
“My English is just fine, thank you,” Fëanor answered for the lieutenant, his accent still thick upon his tongue. The colonel lifted his eyebrows until they were no longer visible from under his bangs, and his eyes widened in surprise.

“His capability for learning new languages is incredible, sir,” the lieutenant said, “I don’t bloody think any man could learn this bloody fast how to speak another language.” The colonel nodded, his hazel eyes fixed on the triumphantly smiling Fëanor.

Suddenly the bunker shook again, with such violence that some dirt fell off the ceiling and covered Fëanor’s head with a thin layer of dirt. Fëanor’s face went blank and his eyes narrowed and anger shown in his eyes slightly. Fëanor dusted off his head and shoulders, grumbling and cursing in Elvish the whole time about trying to keep himself clean when then blasted spawn of Morgoth kept making him dirty. The colonel and Lieutenant smiled, each one knowing what he was saying was probably not good; the lieutenant knowing exactly what he was saying smiled all the more.

Then the colonel listened to the shell impacts.
“Their shelling is getting closer,” the colonel said, “they are going to charge soon, Fëanor, I’m going to need you to get into those clothes and make ready to defend this trench with your life.” Fëanor nodded and grabbed the shirt. “Can you fight, Fëanor?” the colonel asked. Fëanor had finished putting on his new uniform and began putting on the boots. When he finished he, looked up at the colonel; raising his eyebrow in a you’re-kidding-me-right way, and said, “Yes, I can fight,” blankly as if he was almost insulted with just a hint of sarcasm.

The colonel didn’t seem to notice. All he heard was that a very strong young able-bodied man that he had just met could fight; it didn’t seem to faze him that the said man was not really a Man and was a bit insulted by his question.

“Good,” he said and smiled, “here,” the Colonel said as he handed him a rifle, “you’ll need this. Can you shoot a gun?” Fëanor looked it over in confusion and shook his head. The colonel gave an exasperated sigh and mumbled something like “I thought not,” and looked at the Lieutenant.
“Lieutenant, I need you to give Fëanor a crash course in rifle combat. Fëanor, can you at least use a bayonet?” Fëanor looked at the knife at the end of the rifle and gave a short nod.

“Yes, it is much like a spear,” Fëanor stated, then he looked back with a confident smile and said: “and I can use a spear.” The colonel looked at Fëanor’s arrogant smile, rolled his eyes and looked at the lieutenant; who nodded and grasped Fëanor’s arm.
“Come on, Fëanor.” The lieutenant said and Fëanor looked over at him, “I’ll show you how to shoot.”

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Rain continued to come down harder and harder, as a lone head capped in a green painted dish shaped helmet peaked up from behind the dirt walls of a waterlogged trench. Rats were in an abundance here as they ran up and down the walkways, spreading lice and disease among the young battle worn soldiers; who were soaked to the bone, shivering from both the cold and suffering what doctors called ‘Soldier’s Heart.’ Only one among these youths was not shivering fiercely in his wet clothes. It was a brilliant eyed corporal; whose eyes burned with the hot fire of his spirit, for which he was so aptly named.

He sat in the waterlogged trench, his feet under the filthy growing water. He clenched the bayonetted rifle in his hands with fierce anger so tightly that his knuckles turned white, his jaw’s
angular appearance gave his anger away. The water ripples beneath his feet, showing that the fighting and the battle was still raging on above them in No-Man’s-Land, and was signaling to him that the charge would happen soon to retake the next trench at all cost.

A young Welsh lieutenant came up to the brooding, young looking, and very handsome corporal, and sat his hand on the fair being’s muscular and strong shoulder. The corporal looked up at the young lieutenant with his shining silvery blue eyes, and immediately he knew the answer to the unspoken question. The corporal looked away and the shining of tears that would never fall sparkled in his brilliant eyes.

“When?” he asked anyway, his baritone voice still carrying his thick beautiful accent. The lieutenant shook his head and let it hang low so that his long uncut hair and helmet covered his sorrowful face. He knew morale was low and this was not new to them, morale had been low for months; sense long before Fëanor’s arrival into the camp of battered war-worn and tired soldiers. All he had done to keep his spirits and the spirits of the others high was to introduce the strange young man to them. Their spirit’s had lightened a little but it fell when they had failed to take the trench before them a third time. This would be the fifth.

“We are to get the orders to attack within the hour,” the lieutenant said as he looked up and into the tired corporal’s fiery eyes. “Fëanor,” he said as the corporal lowered his eyes, when he noticed that his penetrating gaze was making the Man uncomfortable, “I…” the lieutenant could not finish for he had not the heart to become attached to this creature before him, only to see him die before his very eyes.

“We will meet certain death out here, you know that,” Fëanor’s voice was hollow and emotionless as if someone had scooped out his soul and left him nothing but an empty shell, “some more than others. So many have died. When will it stop? When will it be enough? Huh? When? How many good young men will they have to tell the parents of that they had been killed in combat? How many before they decide that it is enough? Tell me that, lieutenant. …How many?” The lieutenant looked back with steely eyes just as devoid of emotion as Fëanor’s voice.

“As many as it takes, to take that next trench and hold it,” the lieutenant answered his face just as emotionless as his eyes, almost as if he had told it to himself and to someone who was about to die so many times, that he truly didn’t care anymore. Rather that he keeps following his orders and does as he is told; and he was told to take that next trench.

Fëanor looked back up at the lieutenant, stern resolution and determination written in his eyes and he nodded, just once and no more. Fëanor rose to his feet and looked up over the edge of the trench. His hand was tightly gripping the rifle in his hand his right foot rose and set on the first step of the ladder before him. Fëanor’s left foot rose slowly out of the dirty water and came down to rest on the step above his right. And there he stood, his whole body motionless as a stone statue, like a great and valiant battle horse poised on the brink awaiting the final signal to be released and that would propel him out into the dead and ruined fields to No-Man’s-Land. There was silence for a moment. It seemed as if the earth stood still and nothing sounded but the firing of giant guns. Then suddenly they slowed and in that same moment it came. From off to his right, Fëanor heard it; a single whistle blow and he knew it was time. A second whistle blast came and Fëanor heard the guns completely stop. No less than a second later he heard the men sound off a battle cry and leap over the edge of the trench. Fëanor took a deep breath and let out a terrifying battle cry, as he vaulted over the edge of the trench. In that one moment to the lieutenant he looked as if he had wings and that moment would be forever ingrained into his memory. Fëanor leaped over eight feet into the air, landed as gracefully as if he weighed nothing in No-Man’s-Land, and began running across the barren landscape with the swiftness of an eagle.

Fëanor’s feet carried him faster and faster across the dead and scarred ground. Bullets whizzed by
his head, arms, and legs, but he dodged them with unbelievable ease. He caught up with the rest
of the group of charging men within seconds and passed them with ease. The German gunman
saw Fëanor coming towards them, charging like a freight train, and began firing their machine
guns at him, knowing that if they didn't stop him they would be massacred; for they had seen him
fight like a man possessed with the spirit of death, and they did not want to be on the wrong end
of his bayonet. Fëanor Dropped to one knee and quickly fired off a single shot at the machine
gunner, and hit his mark; the man fell shot in the head. Fëanor rose to his feet quick as lightning
and ran again, charging for the gunner’s nest. Fëanor’s feet were carrying him like wings to the
very edge of the German lines. Fëanor dropped to one knee again, and fired a single shot at each
of his enemies the he deemed to pose the most threat to his fellow soldiers. Each bullet hit its mark
each time with the deadly accuracy that the Eldar possess, either in the heart or in the head.

Fëanor rose again and ran with lightning speed, dodging and swerving as bullets whizzed past. In
the mere moments that it had taken him to cross No-Man’s-Land, he had already killed 20
Germans, and was coming over the barbed wire, that protected the trenches behind. Fëanor
reached one of the machine gun nests that he had disarmed of its gunner, and turned the vicious
weapon upon its former masters. The Germans fell before the terror of the machine gun like wheat
before a scythe.

Fëanor’s face was etched with rage and determination. As the gun continued firing, Fëanor
opened his mouth and showed his perfect set of pearly white teeth gritted with fury, as a snarl
appeared on his lips.

Fëanor quickly ran out of ammunition for his new deadly weapon, and frustration gnawed at him
as he discarded the now useless hunk of metal; trading up for the more reliable and equally deadly
old rifle from the ground that he had discarded before firing the machine gun, he began using the
bayonet on the end to run through several young Germans; fighting them off as he waited for his
reinforcement to come.

‘Surely,’ he thought, ‘I had given them enough time.’ But he did not need to contemplate this
before the British soldiers overran the trench and drove the Germans back to the previous ones.
Fëanor smiled and raised his rifle above his head with both hands before he let loose a cry of
triumph and a fey laugh as he threw back his still quite long mane of Raven black silk hair. And
before the retreating Germans were out of the range of hearing, he called out to them, laughing
feyly as he did so.

“To the Eternal Darkness with you and all of your kin. Hear me and know this: beware, your
accursed people shall become fractured and you shall not be united ere this century ends. You
shall suffer greatly for your sins, those that you have done, and have yet to do.” Fëanor spoke in
fluent German and all of his fellow men that heard him and knew German, sent up a cheer of
triumph at the Doom he had placed on the Germans; and some just cheered anyway. Fëanor
turned to them and cried out in English Britain’s Latin name, “FOR BRITANNIA!” and the men
cheered it back to him like he was some great Lord of old.

“FOR BRITANNIA!”

Fëanor leaped out of the nest and marched up to the welsh lieutenant, whose mouth was almost
hanging open in shock. He stared at Fëanor in disbelief as Fëanor gave him a smile and clasped
the lieutenant’s shoulder.

“You were heroic, Fëanor,” the lieutenant said when he finally found his voice. Fëanor smiled
warmly at the compliment. “I’m going to send recommendations that you be given a commission,
Fëanor. You have a natural sense of leadership; it’s as if you were born to it.” Fëanor grinned.
Fëanor’s charming smile was enough to warm the hearts of many battle worn soldiers. But the fact
of it was he had not been on leave and his bright smile was being flashed less and less, and the
lieutenant thought it prudent that he be sent away from the trenches for a while so that he might return to his men happy, refreshed and a source of hope for the men.

Less than two days later the lieutenant got his wish and Fëanor was going to be going to London, England where he would be given a commission as a lieutenant and where the king himself was going to knight Fëanor for his astounding courage in battle. The lieutenant couldn't be any prouder of him if he had been his own son.

“You’ll be alright, Fëanor,” he said as he waited with Fëanor for the train to arrive, to take him to the docks and to England. “You’ll love London. You will get to meet the king and his family; and you will be knighted. Sir Fëanor Noldorean, knight of Wales.” Fëanor smiled and blushed slightly. The lieutenant looked him over one last time. Silky, black, jaw, length hair, pulled away from his chiseled face with hair clips but still covering his leaf shaped ears; broad shoulders, slim, yet muscular physique, and long powerful limbs; all of is features were accented by the sharp dark blue uniform he wore. Oh God, he is so beautiful, the lieutenant thought; he could truly even be an angel.

Just then Fëanor and the lieutenant heard the sharp piercing sound of the train whistle as it arrived. Fëanor calmly waited for the train to stop and begin loading its passengers heading for the docks. The train whistle let out another long blast as the conductor yelled: “All aboard!”

“Well, that’s my queue,” Fëanor said as he turned back to the Lieutenant, “the next time you see me, I’ll be a knight, lieutenant.” The Welshman smiled and laughed. “And an officer,” he added with genuine mirth, “a lieutenant, like me. So you might want to not call me lieutenant all the time.”

“Then what do I call you?” Fëanor asked and chuckled as his friend smiled. “Joshua,” he said, a brilliant smile on his kind face.

“Joshua,” Fëanor said and smiled. The train whistled again, and Fëanor quickly turned back to the train and stepped onto then steps. As he turned to wave good-bye, the train suddenly lurched forward, causing Fëanor to clutch the railing in the doorway to keep from falling. As the train slowly moved out of the station, Fëanor walked into the passenger rail car and sat down in a comfortable seat. Fëanor looked out the window back at Joshua, as he disappeared in the steam from the engines. Fëanor smiled to himself and turned around. He took a small leather bound book out of his bag and a fountain pen out of his pocket and turned to a blank page, and began to write in his precious rune language.

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End of part 1
Chapter 1 part 2: To the Trenches of the Western Front

Chapter Summary

Maedhros and his brothers contemplate their father's disappearance. Fingolfin's host meets the Fëanárion host and gets an unexpected shock.

Chapter Notes

sorry for the wait. I finally got the time to finish this chapter. I hope you all like it.

A Red-haired tall elf sat down inside a large tent and heaved a heavy sigh. The darkness fell over everything so swiftly and now darkness was falling over him and his family. His 6 younger brothers looked so tired and, in fact, they all were tired. Food was growing scarce and many were getting hungry. His brothers had gone on hunting trips and had brought back enough to sustain the loyal people they had brought with them for a while but it was growing thin again and now Morgoth had the nerve to want to negotiate for them to leave.

Leave? How could they just leave? They had risked enough by just coming to Middle Earth and now that foolish, fallen Vala wanted them to leave and in exchange he said he would give them one of the Silmarils. Maitimo had to admit it was tempting, but he expected foul play and decided to take more men with him than agreed upon.

Things had gone so far wrong since they had arrived. First his father burned the ships, and then he ran too far ahead and might have gotten himself captured, or, worse still, killed. Now Maitimo was king, and had to rule his people. He was hoping to get some news about his father from Morgoth, but, of course, he was denying that he even had him. But it was doubtless that he would bring Fëanor as Leverage over Maitimo to make him leave without the Silmaril.

Maitimo's blood was boiling and he could not even imagine what Morgoth could be doing to his father. Ever Anon Morgoth had desired Fëanor for his bight spirit. Maitimo growled under his
breath as his brother, Macalaurë came into the spacious tent. Macalaurë's dark hair was in complete contrast to Maitimo's fiery red. Macalaurë walked up to Maitimo and rested a hand on his shoulder. Maitimo jumped a little and turned his head.

“Oh, Brother, it's you,” Maitimo breathed in relief.

“How are things, dear brother?” Macalaurë asked his lovely tenor voice resonating like music in his elder brother's ears.

Maitimo shook his head and was about to speak, when a young captain came into the tent.

“Sorry to interrupt, Sire, but it is time,” the dark haired elf said, saluted and left.

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Fingolfin's People stayed on the North side of Lake Mithrim while Fingolfin, his sons, and Finrod and Galadriel went to the other side to see Fëanor's people and meet with Fëanor and his sons. Fingon's deep blue eyes scanned the crowd for the flaming red locks of his cousin Maedhros. He wasn't there. Fingon tried to be as inconspicuous as possible in his search for his dearest friend. He tried not to look to or feel disappointed.

“Findekáno,” Fingolfin snapped, “keep up!” Fingon quickened his pace and walked beside his father.

Fingolfin looked at his eldest son's face and sighed.

“Why do you look for him?” Fingolfin asked, “He is the son of Fëanáro and they left us behind to freeze on the ice.” Fingon kept his eyes ahead and didn't look at his father.

“He didn't want to leave me behind,” Fingon said aloud almost to himself.

“What?” Fingolfin looked over at his son.

“Maitimo said he would send a ship back for me,” Fingon said, “I know he would not have forgotten me. He would have tried to stop it.” They now stood in front of one of the Fëanárion tents; only six tents.

_Mayhap the twins are sharing a tent._ Fingon thought. Maglor then exited the tent and his eyes instantly sat on Fingon's face. Maglor paled considerably but walked up to Fingolfin with the same confident stride as his father. Fingon's eyes scanned over Maglor's face before resting on the crown on his brow. It was the High King's crown. Fingon forgot all affairs of court protocol and interrupted his father.

“Where is Maitimo?” Fingon blurted out.

“Findekáno,” Fingolfin said sharply, “manners!” Fingon did not hear him as his cold blue eyes stared into Maglor's silvery blue ones. Maglor did not answer and Fingon's tanned face suddenly began to go as white as a sheet. Maglor fell to his knees and began to cry.

“I'm so sorry, Káno,” Maglor cried, “we tried so hard, but he was captured by Morgoth. He says he will keep him until we forsake this war.” Fingon stood for a long moment, staring into nothing. His face was white from fear and as blank as it could be as the shock of this revelation began to
Fingon slowly sank to his knees; all the while shaking his head slowly trying to deny what his heart already knew. Slowly he bent his head to the ground, tears flowing down his cheeks. His lips parted as his head rose and he let out an anguished scream. His fists pounded the ground as hot tears of despair rolled down his face. Fingolfin knelt down by his son and held him close to his body, rocking him as Fingon cried; his face wrought with pain as he clung desperately to his father's tunic.

Fingon was finally able to stand again and stood sobbing as his brothers and sister held close; all of them gripped with sudden grief at knowing that Maedhros may never come back from that Hell.

“Calm down, Káno,” Aredhel said, “it will be alright.”

“Findekáno, you should know,” Maglor said as he rose to his feet and set his hand on Fingon's shoulder. “Maitimo tried to get father to send a ship back for you.”

Fingon whimpered and set his head on Maglor's shoulder and silently cried. Maglor's face was wet with his tears of shame and sorrow, as he slowly wrapped his arms around Fingon's shivering form.

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Years passed, Fingon Bravely went out in search for Maedhros, and brought him back from the ashen Hell of Angband. Maedhros began to regain some of his former strength. But the shadow of Angband was ever on his heart, and the Oath loomed over him every day; and believing himself as unfit to rule, and not wanting to impose the burden of ruling a feuding race on his brother Maglor, he chose to abdicate the throne to his uncle; knowing that his other bothers were not the type to rule, nor did he trust them wholly after all they had done.

After the abdication, on Fingolfin’s begetting day, Maedhros told his uncle that his father had gone missing, and they had not been able to find him.

“So, what is his status, Russandal?” Fingolfin asked, as he thought about his elder brother and wondered what had become of his body. Maedhros sighed and turned his eyes away from his uncle. Maedhros sat in his seat and fidgeted with his clothing.

“Missing in action,” Maedhros said paused and then grimly added, “presumed dead.” A shadowed look passed over Fingolfin’s face and he thought for a moment about his elder brother, who had once been so kind to him when he was a child. Fëanáro’s bright smile, his fiery eyes echoing his spirit; the way he would smile in their father’s presence; not the tight forced smile but the bright whole body smile, where his eyes would laugh and shine with joy. A tear welled up in Fingolfin’s eyes and threatened to run down his face, when he thought about his brother’s body lying somewhere rotting away; his noble features being scavenged by wolves and slowly being crushed into the earth to be forgotten as if he never was.

“We can’t let him be just forgotten like that,” Fingolfin said, his voice being choked by emotion. He turned to his nephew. “What can we do, Russandal?” Maedhros lowered his eyes and let out a long sigh; tears beginning to prickle at his eyes.

“There is not much I can do,” Maedhros answered trying to push back the tears in his eyes. Fingolfin looked up from his thoughts and set his jaw.

“Yes there is,” Fingolfin said; his face set with determination.

Maedhros looked back at his uncle with a quizzical look on his face. Fingolfin smiled.
“Fëanáro’s begetting day is in a few days. I think it would be prudent that we give a memorial service for him. I will commission an artist to create a grave marker for his tomb, perhaps someone who knew your father personally would do a good job,” Fingolfin said absently to himself, and then he nodded. “Yes, I think that will do.” Maedhros looks up at his uncle and worry passes over his visage.

“Uncle,” he said, “Many of your people have no love for my father and will not like honoring him.” Fingolfin looked back at Maedhros and compassion and mourning shadowed his face.

“He was still my brother, and I don’t want him to be forgotten like a piece of carrion left to the vultures,” Fingolfin said as he whipped away a rebellious tear. He swallowed past the lump in his throat and pressed on. “The tomb may be empty but at least those who will see it in the future will know who the tomb belongs to and what he looked like.” Maedhros thought for a moment and smiled he looked up at his uncle who was still valiantly holding back his sorrow while he smiled with misty eyes. Maedhros liked the idea that his father would be remembered as they knew him and not just as the half insane, sadistic, murderer that some were now portraying him as, but as the loving father and devoted son that he once was.

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Over the next few months Maedhros and his brothers spent time with the young and talented artist, Laurëlë, who spent night and day sculpting the perfect likeness of the infamous Fëanor. Fëanor was portrayed to many as an insane murderer, out for blood revenge, but in his new grave marker he was simply smiling in his fatherly manner and holding an outstretched hand in friendship.

Maedhros looked at the grave marker with teary eyes. This was the father he knew; the one that loved him and held him through his firsts of many things. But the joy at seeing this visage was marred by the sorrow in his heart.

_They will forget him_, he thought. _No matter what happens, he will be forgotten and the great works that he has done will be lost to time_. A tear ran down the length of Maedhros’ face, _He will be lost to time._

End of Chapter 1

End Notes

I would love to know what you think. so write a small review.

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