Celebrimbor & Idril

Now it was common for the watchers of Eregion to ride out in search of the servants of Sauron, wishing always to keep their land free of his wretchedness. On occasion Celebrimbor, the lord of the Gwirth-i-Dain, would join the riders, remembering his valor and strength in arms during the First Age. This was well known to Sauron, and he greatly desired to take Celebrimbor’s company unawares for he had little love for the Princes of the Noldor. Thus it was that on a late Fall evening in the middle of the Watchful Peace, a large band of orcs issued forth from the Misty Mountains in anticipation of the ride of the Noldor. Hidden amongst the brush on the plains of Areth-Galen the orcs took the riders by surprise. At first it appeared that the designs of Sauron would be achieved for the Noldor were outnumbered five to one, and Celebrimbor was hemmed around by a score of foes. Dire indeed was the plight of the son of Curufin for though Narsil smoked with the blood of the orcs, he was tiring and with every foe that was slain it seemed that two came forward to take its stead. But even as the lord’s doom was at hand, a Noldo slight of build but with a deft blade hewed his way to Celebrimbor’s side and together the Eldalië slew all that came against them. When evening came, it saw a mound of uruks ten-high strewn around the Elven lord and his companion, and elsewhere a weary collection of Noldor, victorious but with a number reduced by half. After a proper burial for the fallen, Celebrimbor and the remainder of his host returned to Eregion. As the Noldorin soldiers returned to their families, Celebrimbor stayed his savior companion, asking him to remove his helmet such that proper renown and recompense could be bestowed upon him. With reluctance the Noldo complied. At the lifting of the mail, Celebrimbor stood in amazement for before him stood a maiden with beauty comparable only to the likeness of Luthien. The dark tresses that had formerly been hidden under her helm now cascaded down around a face that seemed to glow with the opalescence of the star of Eärendil. Now at this time the maidens of Eregion were forbidden to ride out to war because of the tremendous danger and treachery of the outlying lands; strict punishment was meted out to any who disobeyed. Yet so taken was Celebrimbor at the beauty of the maiden in front of him that he forgot utterly the command of his domain.

So enraged was he that he left Eregion and rode solo over the plains of Areth-Galen to the foot of the Misty Mountains. There he disembarked and entered into a labyrinth known to be a dwelling of the orcs. And so fey was he that he tried not to hide his presence but instead smote upon the walls, commanding any servant of Sauron to stand against him. And the uruks came, sensing that here indeed was a chance to end the House of Feanor. But they wrecked not of the fury of Celebrimbor and only as they fell upon him did they see the fire burning in the Noldo’s eyes. Then the son of Curufin slew the uruks in heaps; so great was the elf-lord’s skill in arms that the passage behind him was nigh blocked with the rotting corpses of his foes. Undismayed he pressed forward and downward into the roots of the mountains, knowing not what he sought, whether it be the blood of his enemies or even his own blood. Surely his heart bled with the seeming apathy of Idril, and he cared not whether he lived or died. And he passed even into the heart of the realm of Akh-bahd, Lord of the Orcs of the Misty Mountains, considered only behind the Nine in the ranks of Sauron. And there in a great hall fashioned by Dwarves in ages long past Celebrimbor met the orc-lord’s vanguard, two-score orcs of great size and strength. Bitter were the odds against the Noldorin prince, but it is said his doom was not yet upon him. Under the hall’s vaulted ceiling, Celebrimbor slew all who stood in his path, and he laughed with every fatal stroke of his blade. Then at last he came against Akh-bahd, and great terror was in the orc’s eyes for he sensed that no power in Aman, whether it be mortal, elven, or Vala could stay the wrath of Celebrimbor. And indeed short was their struggle, for with one stroke of Narsil, Celebrimbor clove the orc’s head from his neck. Then stooping down the son of Curufin watched the life depart from Akh-bahd’s eyes. Little satisfaction did the elf-lord feel, for the fulfillment of his blood-lust did little to fill the aching hole in his heart. Grieving, Celebrimbor departed from the Mountains, and he wandered for weeks in the cold and lifeless plains of Areth-Galen.

Woman #2

And as he mourned he passed ever into the northeast and upon a time he heard the sweet flow of waters and the sound of a soft voice singing. Then he drew out from the forest and beheld a maiden bathing on the shores of a like pierced with starlight. He understood not of what she sang for her tongue was different from any that he had yet heard. But it stirred his heart and the shadow that had haunted him was lifted. Yet even as he stood entranced by her song and surpassing beauty, a dread beast of the kin of Draugluin sprang forth from the dark boughs of the forest and fell upon her. Poor would have been her fare but for Celebrimbor, who hastening forward drew Narsil and clove the wolf's head from its shoulders. Then she saw Celebrimbor for the first time and she was struck by the radiance of his face and the majesty of his bearing for he belonged to the eldest line of the princes of the Noldor, and the light of the West was reflected in his visage.