

Welcome to the start my Thranduil movieverse epic trilogy—"Feren's Report", "Aftermath" & "Elvish Medicine"—including appendices with references and supplemental stories (kind of like the books and especially the extras found in the extended version dvd releases).

I loved *The Hobbit Trilogy* movies, but really feel Thranduil got terribly short-changed in the resolutions department. Yes, I know the movies weren't about him, but still, what about:

*The huge change of heart, going from cold superiority to compassionate sympathy, and how did that it come about?

*And Legolas's mother? He tells Tauriel there's no grave & no memory?

*And what about Tauriel? Legolas is gone, but she's still around and some mean nasty things were said & done that need to be reconciled.

*And what about those gems—are they truly lost and forgotten?

I mean, really, they ended it there?! Just like that? So? Abruptly? He didn't even get to say good-bye to his new ally, Bard! And so this is my attempt to resolve some of these burning issues and tie up the loose ends. Oh and it is best to read them in order. Enjoy ~Bavand

Feren's Report by Bavand

(Fig 1- Bridges the scene from where Feren finds Legolas & Tauriel at the survivor's camp to Thranduil showing up at Dale with supplies.¹ Thranduil/Feren)

"My Lord Legolas, I bring word from your father. You are to return to him immediately." (Feren to Legolas)

"Come Tauriel."

"My Lord, Tauriel is banished..."²

"Where are they?" Thranduil asked pointedly without turning around. He did not want Feren to see his disappointment in hearing only one set of footsteps behind him.

Hand still on the bottle of wine, the Elvenking was at the small table and chair of his audience chamber. Close at hand was a small side board artfully carved into the rock and held a selection of nibbles and decanters. The room had become his personal haunt with its small serene pond full of exotic fish.

Company Commander Feren had been sent to find Legolas who had not returned after the allotted time to bring Tauriel back.³

"I found them at the Lake-town survivor's camp on the beach..." Feren hesitated unaccustomedly. He had always abided by the cardinal rule of all who worked a palace—never show judgment, opinion or emotion regarding the personal affairs of royalty. But having to tell the king his son did not want to come back proved to be more awkward than anticipated.

"And?" Thranduil prodded impatiently. "Tell me exactly what he said."

"Sire, my Lord Legolas said..." Feren cleared his throat, "You may tell my father, if there is no place for Tauriel, there is no place for me."⁴

Thranduil nodded once in acknowledgment. His son had indeed become very fond of her. "Are they still there?"

"No, Sire. Legolas asked her to go with him to Gundabar and they took the horse."

"Gundabar?" Thranduil questioned as he turned around, thinking through the implications of his son's actions. Legolas would not have done such a thing unless it was very important to find out what was there. It confirmed his suspicion that the arena of the Lonely Mountain was becoming much larger than anyone actually anticipated. All peoples, fair or foul, would be drawn to the lure of the treasure under the paltry protection of a mere handful of dwarves—especially now that they had resolved the problem of the dragon for everyone else.

"Are you sure that is where he said they were going?"

Feren nodded in confirmation.

Thranduil turned back to his wine bottle and opened it. The sparkle from a crystal platter on the side board caught his eye. Absentmindedly rolling the cork in his fingers, he surveyed the breads and cheeses as well as a several succulent bowls of fruits and vegetables. To him, the table represented a luxury he had always been accustomed to as king, but to others? Those without food and drink would fight for even a small bite of it stay alive.

"What of these survivors?"

"There were at least 6-to-800 that I could see and half that much looked to be wounded and dying." Feren factually reported, relieved to be off the subject of Legolas. "They were scouring the shore full of debris and salvaging whatever they could find useful."

"So they have no food or water... And the Town Master? Where was he? Does he not know how to lead his people in a means of survival?"

"Apparently he died in the fire, my Lord." Thranduil eyes widened in surprise at the unexpected news. "Bard the Dragon-slayer seems to be in charge and wants to take them to Dale for shelter. As it is, with the coming winter, the ruins there are their only hope now." Feren finished and waited for the orders he knew would come.

Thranduil turned back to the table and put the stopper back in the wine bottle as he rapidly weighed the information and all the possible outcomes from this turn of events. The dwarves had regained their homeland. He could just imagine them predictably rejoicing over their treasure trove, happily counting every coin and completely oblivious to the coming storm that was brewing...

A small spark of indignation ignited within Thranduil: I warned your grandfather of what his greed would summon, but he would not listen. You are just like him.⁵

He had no doubt Thorin would fall prey to the "dragon-sickness". It was only a matter of time, if it had not happened already. And then he could see the shock and grief the other dwarves will feel, particularly the wise one whose advice went unheeded and that brawny bull-headed lieutenant. His might would be useless against an adversary of the mind.

Unchecked, the resentment burst into flame. The hordes were coming, wanting to steal or rightfully reclaim what was theirs... and what was his. The Gems he had purchased and paid for in full only to have the lid slam down on his fingers.⁶ They were still there as well.

The fire spread until it consumed his whole being with ire as he imagined the box broken and recklessly flung aside. And then those precious gems of pure starlight would be trampled upon or gobbled up by greedy, grubby fingers.

He turned around again to face his commander. He spoke smoothly and calmly as always, but his icy

gray eyes burned with a fury that made even Feren flinch. "Muster the archers, several companies of the army and some supply wagons of provision."

"Yes, Sire," Feren bowed his head in compliance as smoke from the Elvenking's fire blew into his own soul and spread the flames of indignation to others.

"It is time to take back what is ours from that accursed Mountain of Dwarves... and to help a potential ally in need."

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"My lord Thranduil, we did not look to see you here." (Bard)

"I heard you needed aid."

Several wagon loads of supplies followed Thranduil into the town square, shocking the survivors who swarmed over the bounty with gusto.

"You have saved us. I do not know how to thank you."

*"Your gratitude is misplaced. I did not come on your behalf, I came to reclaim something of mine. There are gems in the mountain that I, too, desire. White gems of pure starlight..."^{*7}*

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Appendix A

*1. =B5A-8, "The Mark of Gundabad" & B5A-14, "The Elvenking's Aid".

*2 & *4. =B5A-8, "The Mark of Gundabad".

*3. =DOS-The Appendices Part 9 (extended release dvd), "The Halls of the Elvenking".

*5. =DOS-11, "The Woodland Realm".

*6. =AUJ-1, "Prologue: The Fall of Erebor".

*7 =B5A-14, "The Elvenking's Aid"—an extended scene!.

[No wine bottles, crystal platters or Feren were harmed during the production of this story.

Thranduil and the world of the Hobbit movies are the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment & MGM directly; Sir PJ indirectly and Mr Lee Pace embodimently because he is—oh my yes!—Thranduil. I was just visiting the Woodland Realm before it ended up on my Bucket List and not for profit. jk2017 ty]