

Welcome to Appendix B and the first supplemental story. It's not directly part of the movieverse narrative, but I couldn't just post it without it all being in some sort of order. I hope they are as good to read as they were fun to write. ~Bavand

The Candle Dance
by Bavand

(Fic 2 Appendix B- A fun little exercise that takes place in the Training Hall any time before the Battle. Thranduil/Feren/OC)

Thranduil cautiously crept into the candle room, carrying his two prized long swords and leaned slowly against the door to shut it without causing a draft. He surveyed the space and smirked at the challenge.

The entire room was filled with hundreds of candles of varying lengths and widths. They were placed on stands, pedestals and tables at differing heights so that some were barely several inches off the floor while several others were suspended above his head. The Sword Master had indeed created a complex course.

He put the swords down on a stand by the door and hung his heavy burgundy robe on a peg. This left him in a short, thin gray tunic and leggings with matching short boots to move about freely and unencumbered. The room was warm and the candles had suffused his skin and icy gray eyes with a soft shine before he had even begun the exercise.

He unsheathed the swords and stood by the first table. He twirled first one blade forward and backwards to flex his wrists and then the other as he brought them down to his sides. He took several deep breaths and started the kata.

He circled through the room in an elegant weave of whirling blades and measured breathing until he was back where he started. He surveyed the space again, pleased with his success. Satisfied, he sheathed the swords and donned the robe.

He carefully opened the door so that the candles continued to burn brightly and found all eyes in the Training Hall upon him. Still smiling, he smugly inclined his head once to acknowledge them and left.

Feren was first at the door which he left it open, allowing the others to file in and inspect the room. It had been awhile since the Elvenking had done the "candle dance", as they liked to call it, and everyone was excited to see the results.

Every single candle had been neatly sliced in half through its exact center without disturbing the flame. The elves also noted how the eggs were still in place as well. As part of this challenge, the Sword Master had placed several mirrors around the room in hopes of creating confusing reflections. Had the mirrors been struck by mistake, the eggs would have toppled to the floor.

Finally, the Sword Master himself entered, knowing what he would find. Eyes wide with amazement as well as smiles of appreciation and awe greeted him, as expected.

"Would anyone else like to try the candle dance?" The Sword Master asked with a twinkle in his eye. "No? Then do be kind and help me put out all these candles..."
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[No candles, eggs or extremely impressed elven guardsmen were harmed during the production of this story. The Elvenking's Sword Master used with permission (Society of Sword Masters, Middle Earth).

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 for a Woodland Realm workout & to see the candle dance for myself and not for profit. jk2017tyl]