

iRúnië Fiondilo: The Freeing of Fiondil



A Bilingual Story in Dialogue Form

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Illustration by David Wyatt

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Some of the persons and locations in the following story are loosely based on persons and locations described in Tolkien's works. This is for the purpose of atmosphere only and is not intended as a reinterpretation of Tolkien's works.

This story was originally written for the author's personal amusement as an attempt to better understand the Quenya language in all its beauty and complexity, but it is essentially a neo-Quenya text. The grammatical structure, syntax and vocabulary are mostly based on Thorsten Renk's *Quetin i lambë eldaiva*, and Helge Fauskanger's *Quenya Course*. Any divergence from this is based on my own interpretation of the language. Reconstructed words either from Sindarin or Common Eldarin not found in the usual wordlists are so noted.

For those who find neo-Quenya untenable, may I respectfully suggest you treat the language of the text as dialectical, since it is attested that there were dialectal differences between the three groups of Elves living in Valinor. And while Quenya was never spoken in Númenor as an everyday language, for purposes of this story, this is the language of choice among the various characters.

Due to the complexity of, and even uncertainty about, the Quenya pronomial system, certain editorial decisions were made. Thus, for purposes of this story, the following holds true:

The second person pronomial endings are:

-tyë/-t: familiar singular	-ccë/-l: familiar plural
-lyë/-l: polite singular	-llë/-l: polite plural

The third person singular pronomial endings are -ryë/-s for all genders.

The first person plural pronomial endings, based on Thorsten Renk's reasoning, are:

Exclusive We: -mmë/-m	Inclusive We: -lmë/-m
Dual We: -lvë/-m	

The independent first person plural subject pronoun remains *me* for both the Inclusive and Exclusive forms and *met* for the Dual, while the Accusative/Dative forms are *me/men*, respectively for both the Inclusive and Exclusive forms. The Dual Accusative/Dative forms are *met/ment*, respectively.

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wonderful illustrations.**

The events of this story take place in Númenor in the final years before the Downfall, when Isildur steals a seed of Nimloth, the White Tree of Númenor.

I: iYomenië

(The Meeting)

Mallenna Rómennassë, atta nildi omenta. [On a street in Rómenna, two friends meet.]

Vandiel: Aiya, Ercassë.
Hail Ercassë.

Ercassë: Aiya, Vandiel. Ahlárentyë?
Hail, Vandiel. Have you heard?

Vandiel: Mana?
What?

Ercassë: Hannonya*, Fiondil, avánië.
My brother, Fiondil, has disappeared.

Vandiel: Avánië? Manen? Manan?
Disappeared? How? Why?

Ercassë: Úquen hanya. Vannes tellarë apa i-sinyë meren. Atar rama; amil nyéna.
No one knows. He disappeared last night after the evening meal. Father shouts; mother weeps.

Vandiel: Ar tyë?
And you?

Ercassë: [Fírala.] Ni quant' angayassëo.
[Sighing.] I am full of misery.

Vandiel: A tirë! Tulë hannonya. Valandil!
Look! My brother comes. Valandil!

Valandil: Aiya, Nésa*, Ercassë.
Hail, Sister, Ercassë.

Vandiel: Valandil, Fiondil vannë tella lómë.
Valandil, Fiondil disappeared last night.

Valandil: Vannë? Úmin sana sië.
Disappeared? I do not think so.

Ercassë: Ma hanyatyë ma?
Do you know something?

Valandil: Ma policcë hepë fólë? Yúyo?
Can you keep a secret? Both of you?

Yúyo: Ná.
[Both]: Yes.

Valandil: Ce nyaruvan, mal ú-sinomë. Omentuvanyel lúmessë Ehtelessë iEldarion. A nyarë úquen.
I will tell you, but not here. I will meet you in an hour at the Fountain of the Elves. Tell no one.

Vandiel: Lúmessë. A tulë, Ercassë.
In an hour. Come Ercassë.

Vandiel ar Ercassë autar. Valandil vanta coanna Amandilwa. iCoandur suila Valandil. [Vandiel and Ercassë leave. Valandil walks to the house of Amandil. The House Steward greets Valandil.]

Hallatan: Aiya, heru Valandil. Manen polin le veuya?
Hail, Lord Valandil. How may I serve you?

Valandil: Aiya, Hallatan. Merin cenë Anárion.
Hail, Hallatan. I wish to see Anárion.

Hallatan: A mitta, nessa heru. Tultuvanyel sonna.
Enter, young lord. I will bring you to him.

Valandil: Hantalë.
Thank you.

Hallatan tulya Valandil i parmassenna. [Hallatan leads Valandil to the library.]

Hallatan: Heru Valandil le cenien herunya.
Lord Valandil to see you, my lord.

Anárion: Valandil, otoroninya, aiya.
Valandil, my [sworn] brother, hail.

Valandil: Aiya, otoroninya. Haryalvë tarayassë.*
Hail, my brother. We have a problem.

Anárion: Mana?
What?

Valandil: Fiondil.
Fiondil.

Anárion: Ma ahlárnietyë?
You have heard?

Valandil: Hlarnen. Nésarya maquetëa maquettar.
Yes. His sister is asking questions.

Anárion: Mana caruvatyë?
What will you do?

Valandil: Nyarnenyas omenta as ni lumessë.
I told her to meet with me in an hour.

Anárion: Massë?
Where?

Valandil: Sé Ehtelë iEldaron.
At the Fountain of the Elves.

Anárion: Mana nyaruvatyes?
What will you tell her?

Valandil: iAnwa, mal avaleryuvanyes fólen.
The truth, but I will bind her to secrecy.

Anárion: Ma tyë tanca?
Are you sure?

Valandil: Me úvas varta.
She will not betray us.

Anárion: Tan mára. A lelya. Úmit merë ná telwa.
That is good. Go. You do not want to be late.

Valandil: Hantalë, otoroninya. Namárië.
Thank you, my brother. Farewell.

Anárion: Namárië. iValar aselyë.
Farewell. The Valar be with you.

Valandil: Ar yando aselyë.
And also with you.

Valandil aut' ar vanta Ehtelessë iEldaron. Hires Vandiel ar Ercassë tanomë.
[Valandil leaves and goes towards the Fountain of the Elves. He finds Vandiel and Ercassë there.]

Vandiel: Tyë apatulda.
You are late.

Valandil: Ánin apsenë. Mauya nin cenë mo minya.
Forgive me. It was necessary for me to see someone first.

Ercassë: Mana hanyat, Valandil? Massë hannonya?
What do you know, Valandil? Where is my brother?

Valandil: Varna. Antan vanda sinan.
Safe. I give oath to this.

Ercassë: Mal, manna elendië Fiondil?
But, whither has Fiondil gone?

Valandil: So as Isildur. Avánientë Armenelosenna.
He is with Isildur. They have gone to Armenelos.

Vandiel: Manan?
Why?

Valandil: Lendent' etelehtien erdë Nimlothwa. Sauron selya usta iNinquialda. Isildur ar Fiondil avánier fólenen Armenelossenna. Úquen hanya, hequa Anárion ar ni ar sí eccë.
They went to save a seed of Nimloth. Sauron means to burn the White Tree. Isildur and Fiondil have gone with secrecy to Armenelos. No one knows, save Anárion and I and now you [two].

Ercassë: Umir hanya i heruvi Amandil ar Elendil?
Do not the Lords Amandil and Elendil know?

Valandil: Umintë. Umis mauya tien hanya. Ná arraxelínqua tien. iAran tirë i herur Andúnëo illumë.
They do not. It is not necessary for them to know. It is very dangerous for them. The King watches the lords of Andúnië always.

Ercassë: Ma lá raxëa hannonyan yando?
Is it not dangerous for my brother also?

Valandil: Ai mandaina ná. Selien sina, mauya tyen anta vanda moilëo variën hannolya ar Isildur.
If caught, yes. For this reason, it is necessary for you to give an oath of secrecy in order to protect your brother and Isildur.

Vandiel: Nauvammë, ma úvalvë, Ercassë?
We will, won't we, Ercassë?

Ercassë: Nauvalvë.
Yes, we will.

Valandil: Mára. Hepuvan eccë yúyo tanan.
Good. I will hold you both to that.

Vandiel: Mana carilvë sí?
What do we do now?

Valandil: Sí, lartalmë.*
Now, we wait.

Valandil ar Vandiel quetir “Namárië” Ercassen i entulë coaryanna. iOnóni lemyar i ehtelessë. [Valandil and Vandiel say “Farewell” to Ercassë who returns to her house. The twins remain at the fountain.]

Vandiel: Lá quetëat ilqua.
You are not saying everything.

Valandil: Hanyatyen acca mai.
You understand me too well.

Vandiel: Me onóni apa ilyë. Mana úvat quetë Ercassen?
We are twins after all. What would you not say to Ercassë?

Valandil: Isildur sellë lelya erya. Sananes acca rimbë lier i istaninë pá sin né cé raxëa ilquenen.
Isildur meant to go alone. He thought too many people who knew about this was perhaps dangerous for everybody.

Vandiel: Mal, Fiondil lendë yando... Ma quetëat Fiondil hilyanë Isildur ú-hanieryo?
But, Fiondil went also... Are you saying Fiondil followed Isildur without his knowing?

Valandil: Ná.
Yes.

Vandiel: Manen nolyanë Fiondil i selië Isilduro?
How did Fiondil learn of Isildur’s intention?

Valandil: Lá hanyan.
I don’t know.

Valandil: San, manen nolyanet etyë pá sin?
Then, how did even you learn of it?

Valandil: Fiondil nyarnë nyën. Úmenyes maquetë manen hanyanes pá sin.
Fiondil told me. I did not ask him how he knew about this.

Vandiel: Ar úmet carë ma?
And you did not do a thing?

Valandil: Ánen vandan’ yando.
I gave my oath also.

Vandiel: Mal, ma úmet varta vandatya as Ercassë ar ni?
But, did you not betray your oath with Ercassë and me?

Valandil: Ánen vandanya lá nyarë i heruvi Amandil ar Elendil.
I gave my oath not to tell the Lords Amandil and Elendil.

Vandiel: Mal er —
But still —

Valandil: Équentienyë len ar Ercassen leméné Anáriono.
I have spoken to you and Ercassë with Anárion's permission.

Vandiel: Ar sië, lartalvë.
And so, we wait.

Valandil: Ná, i assarda ma ilya ambaressë. A tulë, cé entuluvalvë márenna.
Yes, the hardest thing in all the world. Come, perhaps we should return home.

Vocabulary:

hanno (háno): brother, from VT 47, replacing *toron*, however, *otoron* “sworn brother” remains as is for there is no indication that Tolkien would have changed this to *ohanno*.

nésa (nettë): sister, from VT 47, replacing *seler*.

taryassë: lit. “troubling”, derived from Sindarin

larta-: Quenyanized form of Sindarin verb *dartha-*: “to wait

2: Heren iNinquialdo (The Order of the White Tree)

Autar neldë rí. iCoanna onónion, i coandur, Mardil, analelya Valandil. Ná sinyë.
[Three days pass. At the twins' house, the steward, Mardil, approaches Valandil. It is evening.]

Mardil: Heru, atan sinomë le cenien.
Lord, a man is here to see you.

Valandil: Man?
Who?

Mardil: Úmis quetë. Ánes nin sin len autien. Quentes hanyuvalyë.
He did not say. He gave me this to give to you. He said you would understand.

Mardil anta Valandil ninquë sar as alda túcina sanna. *[Mardil gives Valandil a small white stone with a tree drawn upon it.]*

Valandil: Cenuvanyes. A tulyatyes i parmassen' ar a tulta nésanya.
I will see him. Lead him to the library and fetch my sister.

Mardil: Ve merilyë, heru.
As you wish, lord.

Valandil mitta i parmassë. iNer tanomë. Colis collo ya nurta antarya. *[Valandil enters the library. The man is there. He wears a cloak that hides his face.]*

Valandil: Mernelyë nyë cenë?
You wished to see me?

Laurendil: Valandil Calamacilion?
Valandil son of Calamacil?

Valandil: Ná. Ar le?
Yes. And you?

Laurendil: *[Alafantala antarya.]* Ni Laurendil Rialcarion*. Tulin Tol Eressëallo.
[Unveiling his face.] I am Laurendil Rialcarion. I come from Tol Eressëa.

Valandil: Herunya. Ánin apsenë mal coandurinya úmë quetë nelyë quén Eldaron.
My lord. Forgive me, but my steward did not say you were one of the Eldar.

Laurendil: Úmen merë san ná istaina.
I did not wish for it to be known.

Valandil: Mana tulta quén Eldaron sinomë?
What brings one of the Eldar here?

Laurendil: Haryan len mai.
I have a message for you.

Valandil: Yallo?
From whom?

Laurendil: iMerirello len máravë.
From those who wish you well.

Valandil: Ar i menta?
And the message?

Epë Laurendil polë nanquetë, Vandiel mitta. *[Before Laurendil can answer, Vandiel enters.]*

Vandiel: Valandil, Mardil quentë mernet...Ai, ánin apsenë.
Valandil, Mardil said you wished...Oh, forgive me.

Valandil: A mitta, nésanya. A lavë nin carë istaina tyen heru Laurendil Rialcarion Tol Eressëallo. Herunya, onónanya, Vandiel.
Enter, my sister. Allow me to make you known to Lord Laurendil Rialcarion from Tol Eressëa. My lord, my twin [sister], Vandiel.

Vandiel: Suiliantanyel, herunya.
I give you greeting, my lord.

Laurendil: Elen síla lúmmen' omentielvo, herinya.
A star shines upon the hour of our meeting, my lady.

Vandiel: Hantalë.
Thank you.

Valandil: *Mana quentelyë nin pá menta? Iquista, quetuvaly' epë nésanya.*
What were you saying to me about a message? Please, you may speak before my sister.

Laurendil: Heren iNinquëaldo ementië ni quetien ilyain Eldandilion Númenórëo. Herenemma rucir i lauyala turello Saurond' or aranella . Ëä tírima. Vanwa i tulië Eldaron nórenna sina, hequa maussë ar fólenen. *The Order of the White Tree has sent me to speak to all of the Elf-friends of Númenor. Our Order fears the growing power of Sauron over your king. Be watchful! No longer to be had the coming of the Elves to this land, save at need and in secret.*

Vandiel: Heren iNinquëaldo? Mana ná tana?
The Order of the White Tree? What is that?

Laurendil: Heren iNinquëaldo ná fólä heren imíca iEldandili ar iEldar Tol Eressëo. Merint' etelehta Númenórë Sauron ar Pharazônello, mal umin sana polë etelehtaina ná.

The Order of the White Tree is a secret order among the Elf-friends and the Eldar of Tol Eressëa. They desire to save Númenor from Sauron and Pharazôn, but I do not think it can be saved.

- Vandiel: Ar tyë hereno sina, hannonya?
And you are of this order, my brother?
- Valandil: Inyë. Sívë si tyë yando.
Even I. As now are you also.
- Laurendil: Umin equetië er as Anárion, mal istan Isildur enutúlië as erdë Nimlothwa.
I have not spoken yet with Anárion, but I know Isildur has returned with a seed of Nimloth.
- Vandiel: Enutúlies? Ar Fiondil?
He has returned? And Fiondil?
- Laurendil: Man Fiondil? Isildur entullë erya.
Who is Fiondil? Isildur returned alone.
- Vandiel: Erya? Massë Fiondil? Man' amartië Fiondilen?
Alone? Where is Fiondil? What has happened to Fiondil?
- Laurendil: Lá istan, hína. Isildur entull' erya ar caimassë laiwa urienen*. Tan ilya istan.
I do not know, child. Isildur returned alone and lies in bed ill with fever. That is all I know.
- Valandil: Sinë ulcë sinyar. Fiondil nildommë. Úquen imíca nosserya ista Fiondil vannë as Isildur Aremenelosenna, hequa nésarya, Ercassë.
These are evil tidings. Fiondil is our friend. No one among his family knows Fiondil went with Isildur to Aremenelos, except his sister, Ercassë.
- Laurendil: Cé Isildur quetuva rato ar nyaruva men pá Fiondilo umbar.
Perhaps Isildur will speak soon and he will tell us of Fiondil's fate.
- Vandiel: Mauya nin lelya Ercassenna. Mauya sen nolya man' amartië Fiondilen.
I must go to Ercassë. She must learn what has happened to Fiondil.
- Laurendil: Sérë, hinya. Minya men nol' ya istaina Isilduren. San selyvua i mauya carien.
Peace, my child. First we must learn that which Isildur knows. Then we will decide what needs doing.
- Valandil: Heru Laurendil quetë anwavë. Mal, a lelya Ercassenna ar a tulta se coanna heru Amandilwa.
Lord Laurendil speaks truly. But, go to Ercassë and bring her to Lord Amandil's house.

Laurendil: Mára. Hótuluvan* aselyë coanna heru Amandilwa. Áva rucë! Hiruvalmë vanwalla Fiondil.
Good. I will come with you to Lord Amandil's house. Fear not! We will find your lost Fiondil.

Valandil: A vanta moicavë, nettenya. Ettirnor* i arano nar ilnómë.*
Walk softly, my sister. The king's spies are everywhere.

Vandiel: Vantuva hánonya. Cenuvanyel coassë heru Amandilwa rato. Namárië.
I will. I will see you at Lord Amandil's house soon. Farewell.

Autantë i coa. Vandiel vanta terë i quildi maller Romenno i coassë Ardamirwa, atar Ercassë ar Fiondilo, ve Valandil ar Laurendil ratar tienta i coassë Amandilwa írë Isildur enutúlië laiwa ar ú-Fiondilo. [*They leave the house. Vandiel walks through the quiet streets of Romenna to the house of Ardamir, father of Ercassë and Fiondil, as Valandil and Laurendil make their way to the house of Amandil where Isildur has returned ill and without Fiondil.*]

Vocabulary:

Laurendil Rialcarion: A Noldorin Elf who followed Finrod to Middle-earth and returned to Tol Eressëa at the end of the First Age. The Sindarin form of his name would have been *Glorendil Riaglarion*. *Laurendil* = “gold-friend”, in reference to *Laurelin*, the Golden Tree of Valinor; *Rialcar* = *ría* + *alcar* “Glory-wreath”, and incidently the Eldarin form of the Czech *Vaclav* (*Wenceslas* in English).

urienen: lit. “with burning”; gerund of intr. *uyra-*: “to burn, to be on fire”.

hótul-: lit. “to come away”

ettirnor: plural of *ettirno*, derived from Sindarin *ethir* “spy”, lit. “one who looks out”.

ilnómë: cpd. *ilya* “every” + *nómë* “place”; cf. *ilquen* “everyone, everybody”.

3: Man' Amartië Fiondilen? (*What has happened to Fiondil?*)

Anatúlala i coassë Amandilwa, Laurendil ar Valandil omentainë Hallatanenen. [*Arriving at the house of Amandil, Laurendil and Valandil are met by Hallatan.*]

Valandil: Mára sinyë, Hallatan. Merimmë cenë heru Anárion.
Good evening, Hallatan. We wish to see Lord Anárion.

Hallatan: Ánin apsenë, heruinyar, mal heru Anárion lá merë cenë aiquen.
Forgive me, my lords, but Lord Anárion does not wish to see anyone.

Valandil: Iquista, ánta son sar sina. Sanan cenuvaryem.
Please, give him this stone. I think he will see us.

Valandil anta i ninquë sar Hallatanen. [*Valandil gives the white stone to Hallatan.*]

Hallatan: A larta sinomë, ai selyuval.
Wait here, if you will.

Rato, Hallatan entulë. [*Soon, Hallatan returns.*]

Hallatan: Herunya Anárion le cenuva. Iquista, a mitta.
My lord Anárion will see you. Please, enter.

Valandil: Hantalë.
Thank you.

Hallatan tulta Valandil ar Laurendil i parmassenna. Laurendil lemya fantaina. Anárion suila te ú-lassëo. [*Hallatan leads Valandil and Laurendil to the library. Laurendil remains cloaked. Anárion greets them without joy.*]

Anárion: Valandil, lú sina umë mára. Isildur...
Valandil, this time is not good. Isildur...

Valandil: Hanyan, otoroninya, mal man' amartië Fiondilen? Massë so?
I understand, my brother, but what has happened to Fiondil? Where is he?

Anárion: Lá istan. Isildur laiwa urienen.* Haryas rimbë harwi. Rucimmë cuileryallo.
I do not know. Isildur is ill with fever. He has many wounds. We fear for his life.

Laurendil: [Alafantala antarya.] Cé polin resta.
[Unveiling his face.] Perhaps I can help.

Anárion: Man naylë, heru?
Who are you, lord?

Valandil: So Laurendil Rialcarion Tol Eressëallo. Áson lave resta.
He is Laurendil Rialcarion from Tol Eressëa. Allow him to help.

Elendil mitta i parmassë ú-istiëo aikueno. *[Elendil enters the library without anyone knowing.]*

Elendil: Aiquen polë envinyata yonya, nauva quén Eldaron. Aiya, heru Laurendil. ni Elendil.
If anyone can heal my son, it will be one of the Eldar. Hail, Lord Laurendil, I am Elendil.

Laurendil: Aiya, heru Elendil. Met mai omentaina. Massë caita yondolya.
Hail, Lord Elendil. We are well met. Where lied your son?

Elendil: A tulë, tanuvanyel, Eldaheru.
Come, I will show you, Elf-lord.

Sivë Elendil ar Laurendil autëar i parmassë, Hallatan mitta as Vandiel ar Ercassë. *[As Elendil and Laurendil are leaving the library, Hallatan enters with Vandiel and Ercassë.]*

Hallatan: Heri Vandiel ar heri Ercassë, herunyar.
Lady Vandiel and Lady Ercassë, my lords.

Vandiel: Sulanyel heru Elendil, heru Laurendil.
I greet you, Lord Elendil, Lord Laurendil.

Elendil: Mai omentaina, herinyar, mal, manan le sinomë?
Well met, my ladies, but why are you here?

Valandil: Ánin apsenë, herunya. Maquenten nésanya tulta Ercassë sinomë nolien hannoryo umbar. Úmes entulë as Isildur Armenelosello. Hyamimmë Isildur harya sinyar.
Forgive me, my lord. I asked my sister to bring Ercassë here to learn her brother's fate. He did not return with Isildur from Aremenlos. We pray Isildur has news.

Anáron: Lá equéties pá Fiondil. Urierya antara ar harwinyar assarcë. Quetis pá uqua.
He has not spoken of Fiondil. His fever is very high and his wounds are very grave. He speaks of nothing.

Ercassë: Mal, man' amartië hannonyan? Massë so?
But, what has happened to my brother? Where is he?

Elendil: Hína, tenna sinyë sina, inyë lá istan Isildur autaina Rómennallo.
Child, until this evening, even I did not know Isildur was gone from Rómenna.

Laurendil: Lemënë elyo, herunya, á lavë heri Ercassë tulë asinyë cenien yondorya.
With your permission, my lord, allow Lady Ercassë to come with me to see your son.

Elendil: Nasië. Á tulë, hínnya, cenuvammë yonya.
So be it. Come, my child, we will see my son.

Valandil: Vandiel ar ni lemyuvar sinomë ai lavuvalmë.
Vandiel and I will remain here if you will allow us.

Elendil: Mára. Anárion, á cenë maurintain.
Good. Anárion, see to their needs.

Anárion: Ná, Atar. Massë Apatar*?
Yes, Father. Where is Grandfather?

Elendil: iLótenómessë*, rérala i erde Nimlothwa.
In the garden, planting Nimloth's seed.

Elendil, Laurendil ar Ercassë autar. [*Elendil, Laurendil and Ercassë leave.*]

Anárion: Manen omentanel iEldaheru?
How did you meet the Elf-lord?

Valandil: Tulles coammanna cólala i sar i Hereno. Haryanes nin menta: iEldar lá entuluvar Númenóreenna hequa mauressä ar fólenen. Rucintë i lauyala túrello Saurond' or i aran.
He came to our house bearing the stone of the Order. He had a message for me: The Elves will not come again to Númenor except at need and in secret. They fear the growing power of Sauron over the king.

Anárion: Rucen sinallo. Apatar equë ré sina cé tuluva.
I feared this. Grandfather said this day would perhaps come.

Amandil: [Vantëa i sambessë.] Ar sië utúlies, Inyo.
[Walking into the room.] And thus it has come, Grandson.

Anárion: Apatar! Úmemmë cenë mittal.
Grandfather! We did not see you come in.

Valandil ar Vandiel: [Suilatala Amandil.] Mára sinyë, Alatamilhanno *.
[Greeting Amandil.] Good evening, Great-uncle.

Amandil: Mára sinyë, hinyar. Ahláriel i sinyar?
Good evening, my children. You have heard the news?

Valandil: Ahláriemmë.
We have.

Vandiel: Alatamilhanno, Fiondil lendë as Isildur Armenelosenna, mal úmes entulë.
Great-uncle, Fiondil went with Isildur to Armenelos, but he did not return.

Amandil: Istan, hinya. Isildur sananë hepë lenderya fólë nillo, mal sintenyë, ar sintenyë Fiondil vannë asero.
I know, my child. Isildur thought to keep his journey a secret from me, but I knew, and I knew Fiondil went with him.

Vandiel: Manen?
How?

Amandil: An Fiondil quentë nin epë hilyala Isildur.
Because Fiondil spoke to me before following Isildur.

Valandil: Ar sí, Isildur caita harnaina ar Fiondil ce mandaina var...
And now, Isildur lies wounded and Fiondil is perhaps captured or...

Vandiel: Lá! Avaquetes! Fiondil cuina.
No! Do not speak it! Fiondil lives.

Amandil: Hyamuvalmes sië, hinya. Mal, ai so mandaina, lá cuinivas andavë.
We will pray it is so, child. But, if he was captured, he will not be alive long.

Vandiel: Mana selyal?
What do you mean?

Amandil: Hanyat mana i umbar iVorondion i mandainë Saurondenen, Vandiel.
You understand what is the fate of the Faithful who are captured by Sauron, Vandiel.

Vandiel: [Quildevë.] Hanyan.
[Quietly.] I understand.

Valandil: Mauya men carë ma, heru.
We must do something, lord.

Amandil: Ar caruvalmë, yonya, caruvalmë.
And we will, my son, we will.

Anárion: Sinomenna tulir Atar ar heru Laurendil.
Here come Father and Lord Laurendil.

Elendil ar Laurendil mittar. Ercassë ú-asantëo . *[Elendil and Laurendil enter. Ercassë is not with them.]*

Anárion: Manen Isildur, Atar?
How is Isildur, Father?

Elendil: Heru Laurendil pollë carë urierya lanta, mal...
Lord Laurendil was able to bring his fever down, but...

Laurendil: Harwiryar assarcë. Er lúmë nyáruva.
His wounds are very grave. Only time will tell.

Amandil: Aiya, linyenwa meldo. Ná andavë ar andavë sa omentielvë.
Hail, old friend. It is long and long that we two have met.

Laurendil: [Raina, ve mapas i má Amandilo.] Andavë sivë Atani onotir sië, mal nin, er i
ré
epë tellarë.
*[Smiling, as he grasps Amandil's hand.] Long as Men reckon thus, but for me,
the day before yesterday.*

Vandiel: Mass' Ercassë?
Where is Ercassë?

Laurendil: As Isildur. Mernes hamë asero.
With Isildur. She wished to sit with him.

Valandil: Ma equéties pá Fiondil?
Has he spoken of Fiondil?

Elendil: Lá.
No.

Valandil: Lelyuvan Armenelosenna entarë hirien Fiondil var nolien ma pá umbarya.
I will go to Armenelos tomorrow to find Fiondil or learn something of his fate.

Vandiel: Ar ni yando.
And I also.

Valandil: Vandiel...
Vandiel...

Vandiel: Ni yando, Valandil.
I also, Valandil.

Ercassë: [Mittala i sambë.] Ar ni.
[Entering the room.] And I.

Valandil: Va, va! iLendë ná arraxëa. Úmiccë hanya ya maquetëaccë.
*No, no! The journey is very dangerous. You do not understand what you are
asking.*

Ercassë: Fiondil ná hannonya. Lelyuvan aselyë so etelehtien.
Fiondil is my brother. I will go with you to rescue him.

Vandiel: Ar lelyuvan hepien yúyo varnë.
And I will go to keep you both safe.

Laurendil: [Raina.] iYelder atanion nar astaldi*. Lá sanan haryat túrë sinomë., Valandil.
*[Smiling.] The daughters of Men are valiant. I do not think you have mastery
here, Valandil.*

Elendil: Selyalyë, te sanwelóra. Man maquetil únat, yendinyar. Valandil quetë anwa.
iLendë arraxëa.
*You mean, they are reckless. What you ask is impossible, my daughters.
Valandil speaks true. The journey is very dangerous.*

- Laurendil: E arraxëa, mal únat? Va, laumë.
Very dangerous indeed, but impossible? No, indeed not.
- Amandil: Mana quetëal, linyenwa meldo? Ma tancavë úmil sana wendi sinë lelyuvar Armenelosenna? Úquen Vorondion nar varnä tanomë.
What are you saying, old friend? Surely you do not think these maidens should travel to Armenelos? None of the Faithful is safe there
- Laurendil: Hanayan, mal sanan nauval saila lerta te lelya.
I understand, but I think you will be wise to allow them to go.
- Elendil: Mal, manan—?
But, why—?
- Laurendil: Órenya quetë nin mauya tien lelya Armenelosenn’ as Valandil.
My heart tells me it is necessary for them to go to Armenelos with Valandil.
- Amandil: San lelyuvantë. Estelyanyel, herunya, siv’ estelyan alarimb’* etyë*.
Then they will go. I trust you, my lord, as I trust few others.
- Anárion: Apatar, ma saila sina?
Grandfather, is this wise?
- Amandil: Írë quén Eldaron quetë, ammára lasta.
When one of the Eldar speaks, it is best to listen.
- Laurendil: Nal er saila, meldonya. Hyamin nólë tana etelehtuval yallo tulë.
You are still wise, my friend. I pray that wisdom will save you from what comes.
- Amandil: Hyamin quetel téravë. Entarë, ce neldë lelyuva Armenelosenna hirien Fiondil.
I pray you speak truly. Tomorrow, you three will go to Armenelos to find Fiondil.
- Laurendil: Ar inyë lelyuvan asentë. Tienya caita númenna.
And I too will go with them. My path lies westward.

Vocabulary:

urienen: lit. “with burning”

apatar: lit. “after-father/forefather”; cf. *apacen*: “foresight”; thus *apamil*: grandmother; *alatapatar*: great-grandfather; *alatapamil*: great-grandmother (*alat* > *alta*: “great”; in compounds where the second element begins with a vowel)

lótenómë: lit. “flower-place”

alatamitoron: lit. “great-mother’s-brother”, since Amandil is their maternal great-uncle

astaldi: fem. plural from masc. singular *Astaldo*, a title of the Vala Tulkas.

alarimbë: lit. “not many”

etyë: plural of *etya* “other”

4: Armenelosessë (In Armenelos)

Armenelos: i osto aranon, as Sauron arwa i arano. S' osto rimbi raxelion. Valandil, Laurendil ar i atta wendi analeyar i osto sinyessë. Vandiel ar Ercassë umir vor ecénië i osto, mal Laurendil ar Valandil mai hanyar Armenelos. Lelyar coanna Mallessë iTelypetanoron. [*Armenelos: the city of kings, with Sauron in control of the king. It is a city of many dangers. Valandil, Laurendil and the two maidens approach the city in the evening. Vandiel and Ercassë have never seen the city, but Laurendil and Valandil know Armenelos well. They go to a house on the Street of the Silversmiths.*]

Laurendil: Coa sina ná varna men. Ná i coa yo fólimavë Vorondiva.
This house is safe for us. It is the house of those who are secretly of the Faithful.

Vandiel: Manen polir lemya varnë sina otossë?
How can they remain safe in this city?

Laurendil: Tyalintë raxëa tyalië. Ai te túvinë, tulyuvar unqualennar tien ilyë.
They play a dangerous game. If they are discovered, it would lead to agonizing deaths for them all.

Valandil: Hyaminyë haryantë sinyar men pá Fiondil.
I pray they have news concerning Fiondil.

Laurendil: Cenuvammë.
We shall see.

Laurendil tamba i andonna. iAndo palui ar cenintë linyenwa nér i alacénala*. [*Laurendil knocks on the door. The door opens wide and they see an old man who is blind.*]

Boromir: Ná?
Yes?

Laurendil: Aiya, Boromir. Ná inyë, heru Laurendil, as meldor.
Hail, Boromir. It is even I, Lord Laurendil, with friends.

Boromir: Aiya, herunya, ar á mitta.
Hail, my lord, and enter.

Laurendil ar i nessi artar i fenda. Boromir te tulya alta sambenna. [*Laurendil and the youths cross the threshold. Boromir leads them into a large room.*]

Boromir: Herinya le cenuva rato. Ma mauya len ma?
My lady will see you soon. Do you need anything?

Laurendil: Hantalë, Boromir, mal lá. Emmë mai.
Thank you, Boromir, but no. We are well.

Boromir: Ammára, herunya.
Very good, my lord.

Boromir auta. [*Boromir leaves.*]

Ercassë: Man heri sina? Ma istammes?
Who is this lady? Do we know her?

Valandil: Úmit. Se estaina Ęarwen, anness' yeldë i heru Ęarnur Ciryatano.
You do not. She is named Ęarwen, youngest daughter of the Lord Ęarnur the Shipwright.

Vandiel: Heru Ęarnur? So firin, umis?
Lord Ęarnur? He is dead, is he not?

Valandil: Ciryarya vannë raumossë. Ilyë ner vanwa.
His ship disappeared in a storm. All were lost.

Laurendil: Quéñ equë i raumo ú-sanyo. Sanatë Sauron mentanes.
Some say the storm was not normal. They believe Sauron sent it.

Ęarwen: [Mittala.] Ar ma sanalyë, herunya Laurendil?
[*Entering.*] *And do you believe it, my Lord Laurendil?*

Yetantë ar cenentë nís i linyenwa mi nótië loaron i línen Númenórëo. [*They look and see a woman who is old in the counting of years by the people of Númenor.*]

Laurendil: Sauron tev' i ęar, an ná i arda Ulmo ar nar cotumor. Er, i ęari haimenen quildi lú tana ló. Lá sanan vor istuvalmë, herinya.
Sauron hates the sea, for it is the realm of Ulmo and they are enemies. Still, the seas are usually calm that time of year. I do not think we will ever know, my lady.

Ęarwen: Sanan haryal téra.
I think you are right.

Laurendil: Ánin lavë len carë istaina heru Valandil Calmacilion ar onónarya heri Vandiel Nossë Andúnieva, ar nildanta, heri Ercassë Ardamíriel.
Allow me to make known to you Lord Valandil Calmacil's son and his twin sister Lady Vandiel of the House of Andúnië, and their friend, Lady Ercassë Aradmír's daughter.

Ęarwen: Suilantanyel , melyanyar. Ni Ęarwen.
I give you greetings, my dears. I am Ęarwen.

Vandiel: Hantalë, herinya, lavien me sinomë.
Thank you. my lady, for allowing us to be here.

- Ēarwen: Laumë, hinya. Á tulë, ánin quetë manan ellë sinomë yassë arraxëa len ilyë.
Not at all, child. Come, tell me why you are here where it is exceedingly dangerous for you all.
- Ercassë: Hannonya, Fiondil, tullë as Isildur Armenelosenna, mal úmes entulë as Isildur ana Rómenna. Sanammë né mandaina iAtaninen Arano. Rucimmë ráson.
My brother, Fiondil, came with Isildur to Armenelos, but he did not return with Isildur to Rómenna. We think he was captured by the King's Men. We fear for him.
- Ēarwen: Ar mauya len harya sámeyya.
And you need my help.
- Ercassë: Iquista.
Please.
- Ēarwen: Mai, cenuvan ya polin ettuvë. Mal, á serë sinomë sí. Boromir tanuval sambelyar. Entarë cé haryuvan sinyar.
Well, I will see what I can find out. But, rest here for now. Boromir will show you your rooms. Tomorrow perhaps I will have news.
- Laurendil: Hantalë, Ēarnuriel. Ai atarelya né sinomë, haryanes alassë pá elyë.
Thank you, Ēarnur's daughter. If your father were here, he would be pleased with you.
- Ēarwen: Ma sintel atarinya mai, heru Laurendil? Lá enyalen le quétala pá atarinya.
Did you know my father well, Lord Laurendil? I do not recall you speaking about my father.
- Laurendil: Sinten atarelya mai írë so nessa, epë elyë nóna. So mára meldo.
I knew your father when he was young, before you were even born. He was a good friend.
- Ēarwen: Hantalë, herunya. Tenn' entarë.
Thank you, my lord. Until tomorrow.
- iAurë enta Ēarwen omenta as Laurendil ar i etyar.** [*The next day Ēarwen meets with Laurendil and the others.*]
- Ēarwen: Onólienyë massë Fiondil hempaina. So mapaina mandonna ar mentanë Morimindonna.
I have learned where Fiondil is being held. He was taken into custody and sent to Black Tower.
- Boromir: Úmëa nóme, herinya. Alarimbë vorir lúmenta tanomé.
An evil place, my lady. Few survive their time there.
- Ēarwen: Sivë mai istat, linyenwa meldo.
As well you know, old friend.

- Ercassë: Mana polim carë?
What can we do?
- Ëarwen: Ya polim. Istalyë nómë sina, heru Laurendil?
What we can. Do you know this place, Lord Laurendil?
- Laurendil: Er quettallon entyaiva*. iMindon lá engë i ressä ataryo.
Only by hearsay. The tower did not exist in your father's day.
- Ëarwen: Rimbë engwi lá engë i ressä atarinyo, herunya. Mai, cenuvam ya polim carë rúna hannonya, melinya.
Many things did not exist in my father's day, my lord. Well, we will see what we can do to free your brother, my dear.
- Valandil: Mauya men ista yassë i mindonessë Fiondil hépina.
We need to know where in the tower Fiondil is being held.
- Boromir: Polin sin ettuvé.
I can find this out.
- Ëarwen: Tyë, Boromir?
You, Boromir?
- Boromir: Er haryan meldor, herinya. Polintë nin nyarë i mauya men ista.
I still possess friends, my lady. They can tell me what we need to know.
- Valandil: Inyë, istan lië i ostossë i polir me resta. Maquetuvanyet.
I too, know people in the city who can help us. I will ask them.
- Ëarwen: San enyomenuvam írë haryam sinyar.
Then we will meet again when we have new.

Sinyë tana, i meldor enyomenar hlarien ya Valandil ar Boromir onólier. [*That evening, the friends meet again to hear what Valandil and Boromir have learned.*]

- Valandil: iSinyar úmë mára, mal sa lá faica. iMindon mai tirna, mal ná lúmë i arinyassë epë ára írë tirnor alarimbë. Ai selyalmë mitta i mindon ú-cenno, tana írë mauya men carita.
The news is not good, but it is not bad. The tower is well guarded, but there is a time in the early morning before dawn when the guards are few. If we intend to enter the tower unseen, that is when we must do it.
- Boromir: Írë mittam, mauya men vanta nún atta talami, yassen nauva hirna Fiondil.
When we enter, we need to go down two floors, wherein Fiondil will be found.
- Ëarwen: Me, linyenwa meldo? Ma selyat tulya híni sinë i mindonna?
Us, old friend? Do you intend to lead these children into the tower?

- Boromir: Tanomë amarien epë, heri. Istan tienya mi, ve híni sinë avar.
In that place I have dwelt before, lady. I know my way within, as these children do not.
- Laurendil: Ar man estalyë “híni” sinomë?
And who do you call “children” here?
- Vandiel: Ná, man?
Yes, who?
- Ēarwen: Ánin apsenë, heru. Lá selyan le ehta*. An ni, te annessa.
Forgive me, lord. I did not intend to insult you. For me, they are very young.
- Laurendil: Sivë elyë nin, yeldë Ēarnuro.
As are even you to me, daughter of Ēarnur.
- Vandiel: Lá me híni, a sana ya sanuval.
Nor are we children, think what you will.
- Laurendil: Laumë, var lá sinomë nauvaccë.
Indeed not, or you would not be here.
- Ēarwen: Tan sanda, Vandiel. Mauya ácen apsenë i enwinë, an ú-enyalam lilúmi*
manen tenya ëala nessa.
That is true, Vandiel. You must forgive those who are old in years, for we often forget how it feels being young.
- Valandil: Sië elmë selyainë? Lelyuvam sina mindonna ar rúnuvam Fiondil silómë.
Then we are decided? We will go to this tower and we will free Fiondil tonight.
- Ercassë: Ná. Silómë hannonya nauva rúnaina. Nai tiruvantem ar varyuvantem iValar.
Yes. Tonight my brother will be freed. May the Valar guard and protect us.

Vocabulary:

alacénala: lit. “unseeing”

quettalon etyaiva: lit. “from the words of others”

ehta:- “to insult”, cf. Sindarin *eitha*:- “to mock, to scorn”

lilúmi: *li*- (multiplicative prefix) + *lúmi*: pl of *lúmë*: lit. “many times”

5: iMorimindon (The Black Tower)

Lómë Armenelossë. Laurendil ar iNúmenóri lelyar Morimindonna. Eä pitya ando halyaina morniessë. Laurendil tulyat. [*Night in Armenelos. Laurendil and the Númenóreans go to Black Tower. There is a small gate hidden in the darkness. Laurendil leads them.*]

Laurendil: Sinomë mittalmë folenen ar Boromir tulyuvammë i nómenna merim lelya. Á tiro! iTirnor alarimbë mal nar tanomë.
Here we enter in silence and Boromir will lead us to the place we wish to go. Be watchful! The guards are few but they are there.

Boromir: Á tulë. iTië undu sinomë.
Come. The way below is here.

Vandiel: Mana tana saura yololë, Valandil?
What is that foul stench, Valandil?

Valandil: Caurë... ar qualmë. Á lemya quildë sí. Umin merë i tirnor me tuvë.
Fear.. and death. Now be quiet. We do not want the guards to find us.

Eä pend' axa. iTië morna ar i rambar nendë. Lelyar lencavë. Hlarir yiamë háyallo. Penda lelyar mir mandulómi*. Teldavë, anatulir ando. [*There is a narrow downward path. The way is dark and the walls are wet. They walk slowly. They hear wailing from far off. Downward they go into hell-shadows. At last, they reach a door.*]

Boromir: Anyáries nin Fiondil caíta sambanna neldë andor sinomello foryanna.
One has told me Fiondil lies in a room three doors from here on the right.

Ercassë: Manen pantuvammes?
How will we open it?

Laurendil: Va rucë! Tië nauva túvina. Á lelyam!
Fear not! A way will be found. Let us go!

Boromir latya i ando. Tirnor lá cennë. Erinqua calma faina i etya mentë i mardëo, mal i andos ilya morniessë. Er Boromir ar iEldaheru lelyar veryavë i harë morniessë. Anatulir i neldë ando foryanna. [*Boromir opens the door. Guards are not seen. A single lamp lights the other end of the hall, but near the door, all is in darkness. Only Boromir and the Elf-lord walk boldly in the near darkness. They reach the third door on the right.*]

Laurendil: Aica lucë lumna sina andossë, mal poluvan ascates. Mauya nin ëa quildë.
A dire enchantment lies heavy upon this door, but I will be able to break it. I need silence.

Ilya lemyar quilder ve Laurendil quetë quettar túrëo mussë omanen. iMorna orta órentello ve iEldaheru yalë iValarennar restien. Ú-oriëo i ando palya. [*All remain silent*]

as Laurendil speaks words of power in a low voice. The gloom lifts from their hearts as the Elf-lord calls upon the Powers for aid. Suddenly (without warning), the door opens.]

Laurendil: Sinomë ëa alta túrë ulcun. Quettarinayanen anyárrienyet quén Eldaron lelya mardi sinë. Lintavë! Etérunuvammë hannolya ar autuvammë.
Here be a great power for evil. With my words I have told them one of the Eldar walks these halls. Quickly! Let us free your brother and depart!

Mittantë i mando. Laurendil tyarë cala calina ar cenintë nessë caitëa talamenna helda. So harna unqualinen. *[They enter the prison. Laurendil causes a light to shine and they see a youth lying on the floor naked. He is wounded by many tortures.]*

Ercassë: Ai, Fiondil! Mana acarientë cen?
Oh, Fiondil! What have they done to you?

Fiondil lá rúma. Laurendil ar Valandil so ortar. Laurendil rahta lipilen* ar antaryes Vandielen. *[Fiondil does not move. Laurendil and Valandil lift him up. Laurendil reaches for a phial and gives it to Vandiel.]*

Laurendil: Á anta son er atta var neldë limbar.
Give him only two or three drops.

Vandiel panta i lipil. iOlmë losilli, helinyetilli, nieninqui, asëa aranian ar yavannamírë* quatë i vista. Vandiel ulya i eldarinwa miruvorë návanna Fiondilwa. iNessë cuiva. Fiondil tihta hendurya ar cenë Vandiel. *[Vandiel opens the phial. The smell of roses, heartsease, snowdrops, kingsfoil and “jewel of Yavanna” fills the air. Vandiel pours the elvish cordial into Fiondil’s mouth. The youth awakens. Fiondil blinks his eyes and sees Vandiel.]*

Fiondil: V-vandiel? Mana caril sinomë? Ma amápientel yando?
V-vandiel? What are you doing here? Have they taken you also?

Laurendil: Farëa. Mauya men usë sinomello. Hlarin ómar i tirnoron. Túlantë.
Enough. We need to escape from here. I hear the voices of the guards. They are coming.

Valandil: [Quétala Fiondilen.] Polit lelya, nildonya?
[Speaking to Fiondil.] Can you walk, my friend?

Fiondil: Polin.
Yes, I can.

Valandil hapë Fiondilo heldassë collaryanen. Autantë. Boromir ar Laurendil te tulyar. Vandiel ar Ercassë restar Fiondil ar Valandil te hilya. Boromir lá tulya i andonna, mal i etya mentenna i mardëo. *[Valandil clothes Fiondil’s nakedness with his cloak. They leave. Boromir and Laurendil lead them. Vandiel and Ercassë help Fiondil and Valandil follows them. Boromir does not lead them to the door, but to the other end of the hall.]*

Ercassë: Boromir, manan hotulyalem* i andollo?
Boromir, why do you lead us away from the door?

Boromir: iTië or pahta ná, herinya. Quén polë mitta, quén lá polë eterata*. Mauya men hirë etya tië. Enyalin ety'ando ya tulya ettena. Mal, mauya men undulelya, lá amba.
The way above is shut, my lady. One can enter, one cannot go out. We need to find another road. I recall another door that leads outside. But, we must go down, not up.

Laurendil: Rámen tulya. Hilyuvammë.
Lead us. We will follow.

Boromir rata yanna tatya mardë sarë mardenta. Lelyaro hyaranna. Laurendil mapa i calma i rambas ar coliryes. Ómar i tirnoron tulir anharë. Boromir lá hauta, mal lelya veryavë sivë quén i cenë. Omentantë etya mardë ya i foryanna. iMentessë mardëo sina analelyantë telda ando. *[Boromir makes his way to where a second hall crosses their hall. He goes left. Laurendil seizes the lamp on the wall and carries it. The voices of the guards come nearer. Boromir does not halt, but walks boldly like one who sees. They meet another hall that is to the right. At the end of this hall they approach a final door.]*

Boromir: Sinomë i ando. Undulelyas hrotanna. iAxa ar arraxëa Írë tulel hrotanna, tiruval romenya. Mauya len rata hyaryanna. Á hilya i luini ondor.
Here is the door. It goes down into a cave. The way is a narrow path and very dangerous. When you come to the cave, you will look east. It is necessary for you to make a way south. Follow the blue stones.

Ercassë: Mal, manan sin nyarelem, Boromir? Ma uval me tulya?
But why do you tell us this, Boromir? Will you not lead us?

Boromir: Inyë lá oi avantië tië sina hendunyaten. Quén istan sa lendë asinyë. Er istan i tië nyarieryallo.
Even I have not ever walked this path with my eyes. Someone I know walked it with me. I only know the path from his telling.

Laurendil: Lá polim lenda. iTirnor harë.
We cannot linger. The guards are near.

Boromir palya i ando ar mittantë. Penda i tië, morna ar aistaina. Ulca olmë vistassë. iTië lá pasta ná. iCalma ya Laurendil colë er faina nécavë. Voryantë vanta lencavë. Lúmë auta. Lumba i ungwalello, Fiondil lanta. *[Boromir opens the door and they enter. The way slopes down, dark and dreadful. An evil smell is in the air. The way is not smooth. The lamp that Laurendil carries emits light only faintly. The continue walking slowly. Time passes. Weary from the torture, Fiondil falls.]*

Valandil: Mauya Fiondil serë. Sa lumba, ve elmë ilya nar.
Fiondil need to rest. He is weary, as are we all.

Laurendil [Antala Valandil i miruvorë.] Á anta son sin. Er atta limbar ar san á lavë sucë ilquen yando.
[Giving Valandil the cordial.] Give him this. Only two drops and then let everyone drink also.

Olmë i miruvorëo quatë i saura vista, etementala i ulca indo sámantallon. Ilyë tenyar calahonda ar estelinquë. Fiondil orta ú-restiëo *[The scent of the cordial fills the putrid air, banishing the evil mood from their minds. All feel lighthearted and hopeful. Fiondil rises without help.]*

Fiondil: Ni mai. Á lelyam.
I am well. Let us go.

Laurendil: iHrota harë. Á tulë. Martonen rato eteratuvalmë.
The cave is near. Come. With luck we will soon find a way out.

Ercassë: Sanan hlaren i lamma néno.
I think I hear the sound of water.

Boromir: Hlarel. Celussë usë i hrotallo ar oment' as iSiril undu Noirinan.
You do. A spring issues from the cave and meets with the Siril [river] below the Valley of Tombs.

Rato i tië telë ar cenintë alta hrota, i haira metta yo vanwa morniessë. Vantantë hyaryanna ar arto cenintë pelehtainë ondor — carni, luini, ar mori. iOndor termarir lintiessen nar halla lá iEldaheru. *[Soon the path ends and they see a large cave, the far end of which is lost in darkness. They walk south and soon see hewn stones — red, blue and black. The stones stand in many directions, taller than the Elf-lord.]*

Vandiel: Á hilya i luini ondor. Manna lelyar i carni ar mori ondor?
Follow the blue stones. Where do the red and black stones go?

Boromir: Man polë quietë? Lá istan uquen i avantië i etyë tier. Er hanyan i luini ondor.
Who can say? I do know know anyone who has walked the other paths. I only know about the blue stones.

Laurendil: Á hauta! Hlarin i tirnor i hilyar, mal yando hlarin i lamma atanion i me analelyëar.
Stop! I hear the guards who follow, but also I hear the sound of men who approach us.

Vandiel: Ma umë etya tië ettenna?
Is there not another way to the outside?

Boromir: Lá.
No.

Valandil: San mauya men mahta.
Then we must fight.

Fiondil: Únat. Atan i ucénala ar atta wendi, avaquetë inyë i helda ar ú-macilo?
Impossible. A man who is blind and two girls, not to mention even I who am naked and without a sword?

- Laruendil: San órë men vanta etya tië...carnë var morë?
Then it compels us to walk another path...red or black?
- Ercassë: Írë tirin carni ondonnar, orenya caurëa.
hen I look upon the red stones, my heart is fearful.
- Laurendil: Ar i mori ondor?
And the black stones?
- Ercassë: Lá. Orenya lemya senda.
No. My heart remains calm.
- Laurendil: Ma yando orelya caurëa írë tiril i carni ondonnar Vandiel? Valandil? Fiondil?
Is your heart also fearful when you look upon the red stones Vandiel? Valandil? Fiondil?
- Vandiel: Orenya umë ora nin pá carni ondor sinë.
My heart does not warn me concerning these red stones.
- Valandil: Umis ora nin yando.
It does not warn me either.
- Fiondil: Var nyë.
Or me.
- Ercassë: Umin hurë
I do not lie.
- Laurendil: Lá, umil. Orenya ora nin yando. Ratuvaam i mori ondoron.
No, you do not. My heart also warns me. We will take the path of the black stones.
- Boromir: iTirnor hilyuvar.
The guards will follow.
- Laurendil: Ai veryantë. Á tulë, ar nai me varyuvar iValar.
If they dare. Come, and may the Valar protect us.

Sí Laurendil te tulya, mal umit lelya haira írë entë túvinë. iTirnor te roitala horyar yurë tennar rákala, macilinta sacainë. [*Laurendil now leads them, but they do not go far when they are found. The guards pursuing them begin suddenly to run towards them shouting, their swords drawn.*]

- Laurendil: Valandil, rátien tulya! Hautuvanyet hílyala. Ava nancenë!
Valandil, lead them! I will stop them from following. Do not look back!
- Valandil: [Sácala macilerya.] Mal, polin mahta.
[Drawing his sword.] But, I can fight.

Laurendil: Macili lá mára sinomé. Á mapa i calma ar voroyurë!
Swords are no use here. Take the lamp and keep running!

Valandil mapa i calma. Ercassë ar Vandiel mapa rancu Boromiro ar restantero yurien. Fiondil hilya. Ve autëantë, Laurendil lussa quettar lúcéo. Calima cala horya silë ar i talan rúma. iTirnor rámar caurenen, ar nar hortainë iEldaherullo. Tópa i hroto ruxa ar i ondor lantar. Rato, i cala fífirua ar iEldaheru cenë i loicor i tirnoron imíca i lantainë ondor. Apa lúmë ratas i Númenóreennar, te hírala lintavë calinanen i calmo. [Valandil takes the lamp. Ercassë and Vandiel take Boromir's arms and help him to run. Fiondil follows. As they are leaving, Laurendil whispers words of enchantment. A bright light suddenly begins to shine whitely and the ground heaves. The guards shout with fear, and are sent flying from the Elf-lord. The roof of the cave crumbles and the stones fall. Soon, the light slowly fades and the Elf-lord sees the corpses of the guards among the fallen stones. After a time he makes a way to the Númenóreans, finding them quickly by the light of the lamp.]

Laurendil: Me varnä lúmen. Valandil, á vorotulya. Tiruvan catarelma*.
We are safe for a time. Valandil, continue leading. I will watch our backs.

Ercassë: Man carital? iTalan rúmanë ar engë alta cala.
What did you do? The ground heaved and there was a great light.

Laurendil: Carnen ya mauya nin carë. Á lelya sí. Umin lerya er sinomello.
I did what was needed. Go now. We are not yet free from here.

Vandiel: Mal, ilyë ondor alantier. Manen eteratuvalmë?
But, all the stones have fallen. How will we find our way out?

Valandil: Lá ilyë ondor, Vandiel. Cenit? Entë ondor er termarëar. Er polim cenë tielma.
Not all the stones, Vandiel. Do you see? Those stones over there are still standing. We can yet see our path.

Vorovantëantë. Lúmë auta ar i lelië lenca. Fiondil lumba ar laiwa. Ringa i talmo heldë talluniryanna ar i harwi ungwaleryo tyarer son talta. Helmarya amparca ar saiwa. Ranyas ulcë olorissen. [They continue walking. Time passes and the going is slow. Fiondil is weary and ill. The cold of the ground on the naked soles of his feet and the wounds of his torture cause him to collapse. His skin is very dry and hot. He wanders in evil dreams.]

Ercassë: Mauya men resta hannonya.
We must help my brother.

Laurendil: Quamë sina han curunya envinyata. Umin harya i envinyatala olvar ya mauya nin.
This sickness is beyond my skill to heal. I do not possess the healing plants that I need.

Valandil: Lá polis rúma. So ammilya.
He cannot move. He is too weak.

Laurendil: San, coluvanyes.
Then, I will carry him.

iEldaheru colë i nessë rancuryatsë. Lá lelyantë haira írë Valandil ráma.

[The Elf-lord carries the youth in his arms. They do not go far when Valandil shouts.]

Valandil: Á tiro! Cenin calaurë*. Á lemya sinomë. Cenuvan ai i tië varna.
Look! I see daylight. Remain here. I will see if the way is safe.

Rato Valandil entulë ettirieryallo*. *[Valandil soon returns from his spying.]*

Valandil: iTië lata. Á tulë ar cenë i nómë yassë elmë nar.
The way is open. Come and see where we are.

Írë entulintë, cenintë utúlientë tumbassë yassë sírë sírëa hyaryanna. Ravar i sírëo teltainë tasarinen. Hisië tupa i nórë. Sindanoiri ortar et hisiello. Anar er lá ororttië.
[When they come out, they see they have come into a deep valley in which a river is flowing southward. The banks of the river are overshadowed by willows. A mist covers the land. Grey tombs rise from out of the mist. The sun has not yet risen.]

Ercassë: Man nómë sina? Aloï* epë ecénien nallë sina.
What is this place? I have never seen this valley before.

Vandiel: Istan nómë sina. Enta sírë iSiril ná ar nallë sina iNoirinan* yanna i arani ar i tárir Númenórëo caitainë sérenen lëossë Meneltarmo.
I know this place. That river over there is the Siril and this valley is the Valley of Tombs wither the kings and queens of Númenor are laid to rest in the shadow of the Meneltarma.

Laurendil: Elendientë haira iMorimindon ar Armenelosello.
We have traveled far from the Black Tower and Armenelos.

Boromir: Lá polim lenda sinomë. Nallë sina avaina naicalëa fírienna. Eä racco* ilyannar i tulir sina nómenna nu i aira oron.
We cannot linger here. This valley is forbidden upon painful death. There is a curse upon all who come to this place under the holy mountain.

Laurendil: Ai me rácinë, ëa titta carem. Mauya Fiondilen envinyatië. Caituvanyes nu alalmi sinë ar san sacuvammë envinyatala olvar te etelehtien.
If we are cursed, there is little we can do. Fiondil needs healing. I will lay him under these elm trees and then we will look for healing plants to save him.

Boromir: Manen i nessë?
How is the lad?

Laurendil: So cuivië-lancassë. Sanan ai lá hirim ya envinyatuvas.
He is on the brink of life. I think he will die if we do not find that which will heal him.

- Vandiel: San, orë men tirë lintavë. Cé ëa asëa aranion sinomë.
Then, we must look quickly. Perhaps there is athelas here.
- Ercassë: Sin námë fíriëo, lá cuilë. Massë hiruvam ya mauya hannonyan?
This is a place of death, not life. Where will we find that which my brother needs?
- Boromir: Avahehta estel, yeldë. Nómessë fíriëo, ëa cuilë yando ar cuilessë, estel.
Do not abandon hope, daughter. In a place of death, there is also life, and in life, hope.
- Valandil: Lá etelehtuvam Fiondil quéétalanen. Sacuvan i síres.
We will not save Fiondil by talking. I will search by the river.
- Boromir: Lemyuvan as Fiondil.
I will remain with Fiondil.
- Laurendil: San, á sacam ar lintavë. Fiondil harya titta lúmë.
Then, let us search and quickly. Fiondil has little time.

Vocabulary:

mandulómi: this is actually Qenya but I chose not to “update” it to LOTR-era Quenya, giving it an archaic sense.

lipil: lit. “little glass”; here used for “phial”.

helinyetilli: lit. “eyes of heartsease”, a name of the pansy.

yavannamírë: the name of an evergreen tree with scarlet fruit, brought to Númenor by the Eldar.

Author’s note: The selection of which plants would comprise the distillation of Laurendil’s cordial was necessarily limited by what Tolkien provided in the way of translation, but it was also deliberate. The plants used to create Laurendil’s cordial were chosen based primarily on their associative meanings and properties (or imagined meanings and properties for those plants with no real-world counterparts). Thus, the rose is a symbol of “love” and snowdrops symbolize “hope”. And while pansies generally have the meaning “thought”, a common name for them is indeed “heartsease”. Since *yavannamírë* was a type of evergreen, I have given it the meaning associated with fir trees, namely “time”. *Athelas*, or kingsfoil, has no real-world counterpart, but because of its healing properties, it’s possible Tolkien modeled this plant on the ubiquitous milfoil (*Achillea millefolium*), also called yarrow, which in many cultures throughout the world has been used as a general healing plant. Thus, the subliminal message of the mingled smells of this cordial might well be something like: ***The healing power of love brings hope and heartsease in the fullness of time*** — an appropriate sentiment in any Age. [*The Illuminated Language of Flowers*, Jean Marsh & Kate Greenway, eds., 1978.]

hotulya-: the verb *tulya-* normally takes the allative, but with the addition of the prefix *ho-*, this requires the ablative.

eterata-: lit. “to find a way out”. One might be tempted to use *etelelya-*, but this actually means “to go into exile”.

cata: lit. “back of place”; in (American) military parlance the phrase is “I have your six”.

calaurë: *cala* (light) + *aurë* (day).

ettir-: “to spy”, assuming a possible verb derived from the noun *ettirno* (see Chapter 3, **Vocabulary**).

Noirinan: The Valley of Tombs lies between the southeast and southwest ridges of the *Tarmansundar*, or “Roots of the Pillar”, that are the five ridges forming the roots of the *Meneltarma*. The one road leading to the top of the holy mountain lies along the southwest ridge.

aloi: *ala-* (not) + *oi* (ever); *ala-* is reduced to *al-* before a vowel.

racco “a curse” and *rac-* “to curse”: derived from Sindarin *rhach*, attested in *e-Rach* “of the Curse”.

6: iNoirinan (*The Valley of Tombs*)

Vandiel ar Valandil vantar i sírenna sívë Laurendil ar Ercassë sacar imíca i noiri. Lá hirintë asëa aranion, er oiosana* túpala i sarcar. Ercassë cenë minë noirë carna ve cirya. Cendala i tengwar i noireнна, yalis Laurendil. [*Vandiel and Valandil walk towards river as Laurendil and Ercassë search among the tombs. They do not find athelas, only evermind covering the graves. Ercassë sees one tomb carved like a ship. Reading the letters on the tomb, she summons Laurendil.*]

Ercassë: Heru Laurendil, a tiro! Sinomë i noirë Tar-Aldariono. Cenel? iNoirë carna ve cirya, cé iPalarran*. Aldarion nildo Tar-Elenalcar* Lindonórello ar heru Ciryatan* Sindalondello. Yando so haira nossë.

Lord Laurendil, look! Here is the tomb of Tar-Aldarion. Do you see? The tomb is fashioned like a ship, perhaps the Palarran. Aldarion was a friend of King Gil-galad of Lindon and Lord Círdan of the Grey Havens. He was also a remote kinsman.

Laurendil: Le hildë Aldariono? San, yando le ar hannolya nar i nossëo Elros Minyatur. *You are an heir of Aldarion? Then, you and your brother are also of the house of Elros Minyatur.*

Ercassë: Ná, mal lá arnaserceva. Hannonya ar ni nar i nossello Almielo, i annessa nésa Aldariono terë ataremma. Nossemma harya titta alma var túrë, mal enyalimmë yallo tullem. Enyalimmë vandammar iValain.

Yes, but not of royal blood. My brother and I are from the house of Almiel, the youngest sister of Aldarion through our father. Our house has little wealth or power, but we remember whence we came. We remember our oaths to the Valar.

Laurendil: Alma ar túrë umir ilqua, hina. Lemya voronda vandalyannar írë etyë umir ná mára lá ilya i malta ambaressë. Á enyalë i atari lielyo ar carintar — Bëor ar Húrin ar Beren.

Wealth and power are not everything, child. To remain faithful to your oaths when others do not is better than all the gold in the world. Recall the fathers of your people and their deeds — Bëor and Húrin and Beren.

Ercassë: Ar i amilli lienyo.
And the mothers of my people.

Laurendil: [Raina.] Ar i amilli.
[Smiling.] *And the mothers.*

Ercassë: Mana salpa tambina sina? Mana mi?
What is this copper bowl? What is within?

Laurendil: Salpa enyaliëo ná. Tan olwa tamuril. Umis parca. Mo er hilya yára haimi lielyo, racco var lá racco. Manan ëa racco sina tumbanna?

It is a bowl of remembering. This is a branch of yew. It is not dry. Someone still follows the ancient customs of your people, curse or no curse. Why is there a curse upon this valley?

Ercassë: Orenya quetë nin aran lá merë i lië enyalë fírimantassë. iAran rucë i enyaliello i yarë aranion i firner lérë nírantar. Umis merë fírië.
My heart tells me the king wishes not the people to recall their mortality. The king fears the memory of the ancient kings who died of their free wills. He does not wish to die.

Laurendil: Mauya ilyë Atanin firë. Ná indomë Ilúvataro ar annarya len. Sánan lúmë tuluva írë iValar, entë, nyénuvar ilfírinentassë epë Ambar-metta.
All Men must die. It is the will of Ilúvatar and his gift to you. I think a time will come when the Valar, even they, will lament their immortality before World's ending.

Ercassë: Ar iEldar?
And the Elves?

Laurendil: Ná, me Eldar yando. Á tulë. Cenin lá asëa aranion sinomë. Cé Vandiel ar Valandil haryaner már' alma sacientessë i síres. Á entulem hannolyanna.
Yes, we Elves also. Come. I see no athelas here. Perhaps Vandiel and Valandil had good fortune in their searching by the river. Let us return to your brother.

Laurendil ar Ercassë entulir yanna Boromir hamë as Fiondil i fúmë ú-sérëo, sámarya ranyala. Ve avalelyantë cenintë Valandil ar Vandiel túlala tenna. Vandiel colë olvar rancuryastë. [*Laurendil and Ercassë return to where Boromir sits with Fiondil who sleeps without rest, his mind wandering. As they approach, they see Valandil and Vandiel coming towards them. Vandiel carries plants in her arms.*]

Vandiel: Hirnellë asëa aranion?
Did you find athelas?

Ercassë: Lá, er oiosána ar i noirë Tar-Aldarion, haira nossenya.
No, only evermind and the tomb of Tar-Aldarion, my remote kinsman.

Vandiel: Ihíriemmë nénuvar ar ela! “lórefen”*. Olvar sinë carnë ve miruvorë cé antuvar envinyatala lórë Fiondilen. Umintë mára lá asëa aranion, mal restuvantë. Mauya men carë nárë.
We have found a pool of lilies and behold! “sleep-reed”. These plants made as a cordial will perhaps give Fiondil healing sleep. They are not as good as athelas, but they will help. We need to make a fire.

Valandil: Polin carë nárë, mal manessë caruvat i miruvorë?
I can make a fire, but in what will you make the cordial?

Laruendil: Ercassë, i salpa.
Ercassë, the bowl.

Ercassë: Ná, i salpa. Entuluvan rato. Á horyat carië i nárëo.
Yes, the bowl. I will return soon. Begin the making of the fire.

Ercassë te auta lúmen ar írë entulis colis i salpa tambina i noirello Tar-Aldariono. Valandil acárië nárë turunen i alalmellon. [*Ercassë leaves them for a time and when she returns she carries the copper bowl from Tar-Aldarion's tomb. Valandil has made a fire with wood from the elm-trees.*]

Ercassë: Polim yuhta salpa sina. Aquátienyes as nén.
We can use this bowl. I have filled it with water.

Vandiel: Mára. Á panya i salpa nárenna. Írë i miruvorë carna antanuvalmes Fiondilen.
Good. Put the bowl on the fire. When the cordial is made we will give it to Fiondil.

Laurendil: Manan i nénur?
Why the water-lilies?

Vandiel: iNénu olva ya carë tulca i fëa. Yando estammes “poicahondalótë”, an quén i poica hondo polë vorona ilyë ulcar, yuyo i hroa ar i fëo.
The water-lily is a plant which makes strong the spirit. We also call it “pure-hearted flower”, for one who is pure of heart is able to endure all evils, both of the body and the spirit.

Laurendil: Ar i fengi? Lá ecénieny' epë nostalgë sina.
And the reeds? I have not seen this species before.

Vandiel: Sívë i fúmella, mal umë raxëa lá ta i hroanna. Tuias er Númenóressë ar túvina nénes
Like the poppy, but not as dangerous to the body. It grows only in Númenor and is found near water.

Laruendil: Le saila mí tier envinyatala, yeldë Atanion. Nolwelya etelehtuva nildolya.
You are wise in the ways of healing, daughter of Men. Your wisdom will save your friend.

Valandil: Anar orta ar i hisië vanyëa.
The sun rises and the mist is disappearing.

Vandiel: Mára. iUrë Anaro restuva Fiondil. iCarië i miruvorë telyaina. Ányë resta
antien son sucë. Lencavë...lencavë, lá merim son quorë. Mára...mára. Antuvan son ya lemya apa lúmë. Sí, lóruvas.
Good. The warming of the sun will help Fiondil. The making of the cordial is done. Help me to give him to drink. Slowly, slowly, I don't want him to choke. Good... good. I will give him the rest later [lit. “after a time”]. Now, he will sleep.

Laurendil: Le lumbar ilyë ar lá polim lelya tenna cuiva Fiondil, sië mauya len lórë yando.
You are all weary and we cannot leave until Fiondil awakes, so you must sleep also.

Vandiel: Ar le? Mana caruval ve lórim?
And you? What will you do as we sleep?

Laurendil: Ranyuvan nallë sina ar enyaluvan enwinë meldor.
I will wander this valley and remember old friends.

iNúmenóri caitar talamanna nu alalmi ar rato ilyë lornë. Laurendil ranya imíca i noiri lirala quildevë, hautala sinomë ar tanomë cendien essë ar enyalë lúmi vanwë. iAurë auta ar Anar nútëa Númenna írë Fiondil cuiva. Cenis iEldaheru i enutúlië yanna i etyë lórëar. *[The Númenóreans lie down upon the ground under the elm-trees and soon all are asleep. Laurendil wanders among the tombs singing quietly, stopping here and there to read a name and recall times past. The day passes and the Sun is sinking into the West when Fiondil awakes. He sees the Elf-lord who has returned to where the others are sleeping.]*

Fiondil: Le Elda.
You're an Elf.

Laurendil: Ni Laurendil Rialcarion Tol Eressëallo.
I am Laurendil son of Rialcar of Tol Eressëa.

Fiondil: Sananenyë ëa olos, mal úmes.
I thought it to be a dream, but it wasn't.

Laurendil: Úmes. Mal, ulcë olori ivílier as i mornië ar Anar sílëa. Á súya i poica vista ar ëa alassëa, an i meldë cen et mandollo utultier ar sí ce léra.
No, it was not. But, evil dreams have flow with the darkness and the Sun is shining. Breathe the pure air and be joyful, for those dear to you have brought you out of prison and now you are free.

Fiondil: Léra, mal lá varna. Massë elmë?
Free, but not safe. Where are we?

Laurendil: iNoirinanessë. Elendiemme sinomë sérien ar envinyatien. Ce sí mai?
In the Valley of Tombs. We have lingered here in order to rest and heal. Are you well now?

Fiondil: Ni mai. Yando ni helda.
I am well. I am also naked.

Laurendil: [Raina.] iHerir lá sener cenda.
[Smiling.] The ladies did not seem to notice.

Fiondil: V-vandiel!
V-vandiel!

Laurendil: Ar Ercassë.
And Ercassë.

Fiondil: Mardë ná ulca lá fírië.
A fate worse than death.

- Ercassë: [Cuivala.] Laumë, Fiondil. Anwavë, é neri lapsi.
[Awakening.] On the contrary, Fiondil. Truly, men are indeed babies.
- Fiondil: Mal, lá polin vanta terë Númenórë ú-vaino!
But, I cannot walk through Númenor unclad!
- Valandil: [Hlárala.] Han nallë sina, hyaryanna, ëa masto írë i tië Armenelosenna omenta i tië Meneltarmanna. Hiruvam ya mauya cen harya tanomë.
[Listening.] Beyond this valle, to the south, there is a village where the road to Armenelos meets the road to the Meneltarma. We will find what you need there.
- Vandiel: Ar san? Manna san?
And then? Whither then?
- Boromir: Lá polim entulë Armenelosenna ar mauya men lelya ter Armenelos tulien ana Rómenna.
We cannot return to Armenelos and we need to go through Armenelos in order to come to Rómenna.
- Vandiel: Númenna?
Westward?
- Laurendil: Lá. iTië tana len arraxëa. Mauya men leyla etya tië. Mauya men leyla hyaranna.
No. That road is very dangerous for you. We must go another way. We must go south.
- Ercassë: Hyaryanna? Manan?
South? Why?
- Laurendil: iCotumo úva sana saca tana tienen. Sanuvantë oantiem númenna oar Armenelosello.
The enemy will not think to search in that direction. They will think we have gone to the west away from Armenelos.
- Ercassë: Mal, mana hyaranna?
But, what is to the south?
- Vandiel: Nendanóri* ar i masto Nindamoso yassë marir i lingwihos*.
Wetlands and the village of Nindamos where live the fisher-folk.
- Valandil: Anar nútuva rato. Lemyan sinomë silómë*?
The Sun will set soon. Do we remain here tonight?
- Laurendil: Ámen auta nallë sina i vanwain. Orenya ora nin lemya sinomë raxëa ná.
Let us leave this valley to the dead. My heart warns me to remain here is dangerous.

- Valandil: Mauya men lelya hyaranna autien nallë sina. Tië rata ter i tavas. Omentas i tië Armenelosenna mí masto. Mal, cé mauya men lelya i síres Nindamosenna.
We need to go south to leave this valley. A path makes a way through the woodland. It meets the road to Armenelos within the village. Be we should maybe travel along the river to Nindamos.
- Ercassë: Manen hayassë Nindamosenna?
How far to Nindamos?
- Boromir: Lempecainen* lári, cé enquë rí ai martolma hepë.
Fifty leagues, perhaps six days if our luck holds.
- Fiondil: Tyaruvan ilyë len vanta lencavë.
I will slow you all down Valandil:
- Valandil: San, Nindamos háya otso rí, lá enquë.
Then, Nindamos is seven days away, not six.
- Boromir: Aiquen nauva lenca, quén tana ni. Cé lemyuvan sinomë.
If anyone will be slow, that person is me. Perhaps I should remain here.
- Vandiel: Lelyuvam ve lintavë ve i allenca ar anatuluvam írë anatulim ar lá lúm' epë.
We will travel as swiftly as the slowest and we will arrive when we arrive and not an hour before.
- Laurendil: Quetaina ve anwa yeldë Antanion.
Spoken like a true daughter of Men.

Vantantë i síres ar ter i tavas — i lassi aháhier liacallon carni ar lauriennar ve i loa yerya hrívenna. Súrë winta i lassi ve vantantë nu alamë, nornë ar neldorin. Rato i tavas tyelë ar cenintë i tië Armenelosenna ar masto ara i sírë. Yando cenintë ohtari tien lartala imbë i masto ar i tavas. Nurtantë can' alta nornë. *[They walk by the river and through the woodland — the leaves have changed from green to red and gold as the year grows towards winter. A wind scatters the leaves about as they walk under elm, oak and beech. Soon the woodland comes to an end and they see the road to Armenelos and a village beside the river. They also see warrior waiting for them between the village and the woodland. They hide behind a large oak tree.]*

- Fiondil: Umis mára.
This is not good.
- Valandil: Ni analassëa cen ëa sinomë antien men sinyar sinë.
I am very happy for you to be here for the purpose of giving us these tidings.
- Laurendil: Istantë mauya men tulë tië sina.
They know we must come this way.
- Vandiel: Sië, mana si caritam?
So, what do we do now?

- Fiondil: Mauya men lelya terë i masto.
We must go through the village.
- Laurendil: Lá. Mauya men auta i masto. Rato tuluva i lómë. iSiril lá sírë annúra sinomë, harë ehtelerya, mal cé polim er yuhta i sírë usien.
No. We need to pass the village. Soon will come the night. The Siril does not flow very deep here, near its source, but perhaps we can still use the river to escape.
- Ercassë: Manen?
How?
- Laurendil: Mauya men lotta ve turur celumenna.
We must float like logs on the stream.
- Vandiel: Lá cenuvatem er?
Will they not see us still?
- Laurendil: iRaxë nauva írë luttam ter i masto. Ai polim lemya haldë tenna me oantier i masto ilyë nauva mai.
The danger will be when we float through the village. If we can remain hidden until we have passed the village all will be well.
- Fiondil: Haldë ar quildi.
Hidden and quiet.
- Laurendil: Ná.
Yes.
- Boromir: Umin polë lotta. Lá harya i curu.
I cannot float. I do not possess the skill.
- Valandil: Polim le nuta -
We can tie you -
- Boromir: Laumë! Mauya i tirnorin lá cenital, sië, esélien i tirnor yétuvar ni ar lá yétuvar le.
On the contrary! It is necessary for the guards not to see you, therefore, I have decided the guards will look at me and will not look at you.
- Vandiel: Mal—
But—
- Boromir: Lá! Yeryëan. iLoar nessanyo avánier. Rato fíruvan. Orenya quetë nin pá sin, sië, ciluvan véra fírienya ellë ve mauya cilë írë tulë i lúmë. Ánin tulta i rénanna tavaso ar ánin nyarë manen vanta. Írë i tirnor quetëar nin san mauya len auta.
No! I am getting old. The years of my youth have passed. Soon I will die. My heart speaks to me of this, therefore, I will choose my own death, even as you

must choose when the time comes. Lead me to the edge of the woodlands and tell me how to walk. When the guards are talking to me then you must leave.

Laurendil: Ma tyë tanca?
Are you sure?

Boromir: Ná, ni tanca. Lá, wendë, umil nyénya. Á hepë nieryar Númenóren írë lantás.
Yes, I am sure. No, lass do not weep. Keep your tears for Númenor when she falls.

Ercassë: L-lanta?
F-falls?

Boromir: Ná. Ecénienyés i apacenyenen ya cé tulë yain harë fírië.
Yes. I have seen it in the foresight that may come to those who are near death.

Laurendil: Túla i lómë. Ai caruvammes, mauya men caritas sí.
Night is coming. If we are to do it, we need to do it now.

Valandil: Á mapa olwa sina tultien tielya.
Take this branch for the purpose of leading your way.

Laurendil: iTirnor termarir harevë nelcëacai rangar epë tyë. Á vanta tēassë. iNórë latina. Nai iValar aselyë. Namárië.
The guards stand nearly three hundred yards before you. Walk in a straight line. The land is open. May the Valar be with you. Farewell.

Boromir: Namárië. Á nyárë i herin i cilië véranya.
Farewell. Tell the lady the choice was my own.

Tirintë ve Boromir et tuvas vantallo salquenórennar epë i masto. iMorniessë so rato vanwa cenyen. Laurendil lossa fírimain ta hilien i sírenna. Quildevë mittantë i néni — Laurendil minya, san i wendí, as Fiondil ar Valandil teldë. Ve luttantë undu i sírë polintë hlarë Boromir ar quén tirnoron quétala. *[They watch as Boromir walks out of the woodlands and into the grasslands before the village. In the darkness he is soon lost to sight. Laurendil whispers to the mortals to follow him to the river. Quietly they enter the waters — Laurendil first, then the maidens, with Fiondil and Valandil last. As they float down the river they can hear Boromir and one of the guards speaking.]*

Tirno: Manna i etyë enwina nér?
Where are the others, old man?

Boromir: Ambalelyëantë* i númenya Tarmasunda*. Sintentë cé lartëal tien
They are climbing the western slope. They knew you were perhaps waiting for them.

Tirno: Ar umit asentë. Manan?
And you are not with them. Why?

Boromir: Lá polim ambalelya. Ni alacénala ar anyerna.
I cannot climb. I am blind and very old.

Tirno: Yando tyë firië, an i axan alalavë* i mittar rácina nallë tana cuina.
You are also dead, for the law does not allow those who enter that cursed valley to live.

Sívë Laurendil ar i etyë autar i nómë yassë Boromir ar i tirno quetëar, hlarintë yello Boromirello ve i tirno macitas. San, hlarintë i tirno rámala ar i rimbë néryon yurëa. Rato i lammar i tirnoron sintar. Ilyë quildë hequa i moica nyényier i atta wendion. [*As Laurendil and the others pass the place where Boromir and the guard are speaking, they hear a cry from Boromir as the guard kills him. Then, they hear the guard shouting and the host of men running. Soon the sounds of the guards fade. All is quiet save for the soft weeping of the two maidens.*]

Laurendil: Ava nyénya, wendi. Boromir firnë ve mernes, veuyala iCala. Valar valuvar.
Do not weep, maidens. Boromir died as he wished, serving the Light. The will of the Valar will be done.

Luttantë undu iSiril tenna i masto vanwa. San autantë i sírë yassë aldar teltar i ravar, te nurtala hendillon cotumoron. Laurendil horya carë nárë. Lá fumintë, mal írë entë lauca ar parca, vorolelyëantë leliemmanna, vantala tenn' ára. Fëantar tumnë ar lá cenintë i vanima i nórëo ter' ya vantantë. Sívë i vinyar fírimar caitar nu tamurilli, fúmenta quanta ulcar lórion. Laurendil tirë te, órerya lunga nyéryenen, sánala pá Boromir. Ettires nómentallo nurtalo hyaryanna yassë iSiril sirë mir i helwa hayassë. Nindamos er lilauri lelyala.

[They float down the Siril until the village is gone. Then they leave the river where trees overshadow the banks, hiding them from the eyes of their enemies. Laurendil begins to make a fire. They do not sleep, but when they are warm and dry, they continue on their journey, walking until dawn. Their spirits are low and they see not the beauty of the land through which they walk. As the young mortals lie down under some yew trees, their sleep is full of evil dreams. Laurendil watches over them, his heart heavy with sorrow, thinking of Boromir. He looks out from their hidden camp to the south where the Siril flows into the pale blue distance. Nindamos is still many days traveling.]

Vocabulary:

oiosana: “evermind”, Quenya form of Rohirric *simbelmynë*.

Palarran: “Far-wanderer”, name of Aldarion’s ship.

Tar-Elenalcar: Quenya form of *Gil-galad*, meaning “Star of Radiance”: *elen* (star) + *alcar* (radiance).

Ciryatan: Quenya form of *Círdan*.

nénu: yellow water-lily. In the *Illuminated Language of Flowers*, water-lilies symbolize “purity of heart”.

lórefen: “sleep-reed”, an (invented) herb which grows near water and, when distilled and taken internally, acts as a sedative, bringing healing sleep to one who has been sick or wounded.

nandenóri: lit. “watery lands”; a region of marshes surrounding the mouth of the Siril. The principal village is Nindamos.

lingwihos: lit. “fish-folk”; cf. *lingwilókë* “fish-dragon, sea-serpent”.

silómë: “this night, tonight”; cf. *síra* “this day, today”.

lempecainen: derived and adapted to LOTR-style Quenya from the Early Qenya Grammar (PM 12), allowing for the fact that the Númenóreans would have used a decimal counting system rather than the Elvish duodecimal system. Also *nelcëacai* below.

ambalelya-: lit. “up-go”.

alalavë: negative past participle of *lav-*: “allow, grant”

Tarmasunda: lit. “Root of the Pillar”. The slopes of the mountain of *Meneltarma* “Pillar of Heaven” are known, collectively, as the *Tarmansundar* “the Roots of the Pillar”.

7: iMetta Harë Ná (The End Is Near)

An canta lómi lelyantë, hautala áranna lorien, rúcala roitië, mal lá tulis. Lá cenintë mastor ar matintë er yávi ar piuccar, an lá haryar quingar ar pilindi i roimen. Métimavë, arinya i lempëa auressë, tullentë harë i nandar i etsiressë iSirilo. Halatiri ar maiwi te suilantar. *[For four nights they travel, stopping at dawn to sleep, fearing pursuit, but it does not come. They see no villages and eat only fruits and berries, for they have no bows and arrows for the hunt. Finally, early on the fifth day, they come near to the water-meads at the mouth of the Siril. Kingfishers and gulls greet them.]*

Laurendil: Analelyëam Nindamos ya cé lár sinomello.
We are approaching Nindamos which is perhaps a league from here.

Valandil: Cé erya lelyuvan i mastonna ar mancuvan yan mauya men ar hlaruvan sinyarin.
Perhaps I should go into the village alone and trade for what we need and listen for news.

Laurendil: Á vanta moica. Lá istam ya amartië i nóressë.
Walk softly. We do not know what has happened in the land.

Valandil: Entuluvan andúnessë.
I will return by sunset.

Fiondil: Iquista, á entulë as ma ya polin colë.
Please, return with something that I can wear.

Vandiel: Ar sananen senet vëa cólala er collo.
And I thought you looked manly wearing only a cloak.

iEtyë lalar. Fiondil carnë antassë quettarenen Vandielo, mal yando lalas. Ve Valandil auta, Laurendil, Fiondil ar i wendi hirir námë yassë polintë nurta imíca i lisci ar fengi nandaron. iAurë quildë hequ' an i yellor maiwion. Lorintë tenna taranar, san lartar entulië Valandilo. *[The others laugh. Fiondil is red in the face at Vandiel's words, but he laughs as well. As Valandil leaves, Laurendil, Fiondil and the maidens find a place where they can hide among the sedges and reeds of the water-meads. The day is quiet except for the cries of the gulls. They sleep until noon, then await the return of Valandil.]*

Ercassë: Merin apsan. Lá haryan alassë yávin ar piuccain.
I wish for cooked meat. I have no joy for fruits and berries.

Vandiel: Ar poicë hampi* hroanyas!
And clean clothes next to my body!

Laurendil: Selyal, lá haryal alassë yuriën ar nurtien cuileyain ar matien er i yávi i nórëo? Lorien ily' aurë ar vantien ilya lómë? iYeldi Atanion nar milyë lá saniënya.
You mean, you do not have joy for running and hiding for your lives and

*eating only the fruits of the land? For sleeping all day and walking all night?
The daughters of Men are weaker than I thought.*

Ercassë: [Lussala Vandielenna, mal lá ammoicavë.] Ma macimmes sí var lartammë tenna mornië?
[Whispering to Vandiel, but not too softly.] Do we kill him now or wait until dark?

Fiondil: [Muilë ómanen] Mal merin tirë, sië arië ná mára lá lómë.
[In a whining voice.] But I want to watch, so daytime is better than nighttime.

Laurendil: [Lálala.] Le ilyë anulcë híni! Hecal! Nai avartuvar le iValar.
[Laughing.] You are all very wicked children! Be gone! May the Valar forsake you.

Valandil: [Analelylala alacenna.] Sí, sí. Umis mauya len costa, hinyar. Atar anatulë as annar.
[Approaching unseen.] Now, now. There is no need for you to quarrel, my children. Father arrives with gifts.

iWendi ar Fiondil capir, captainë i analelienen Valandilo. Laurendil enlala. *[The maidens and Fiondil jump, startled by Valandil's approach. Laurendil laughs again.]*

Laurendil: As rimbë annar, cendan. Mana sinyar?
With many gifts, I notice. What news?

Valandil: Sacantë men er, mal lá assarda. Sanan i aran ar Sauron haryar etyë tarsier iLingwihos Nindamoso hlarir titta sinyar pá etyë nóri Númenóreo. Umintë iVorondaron, mal yando lá melentë i aran var tirnonyar. Sanan me varnä sinomë lúmen.
They hunt for us still, but not very hard. I think the king and Sauron have other troubles. The fisher-folk of Nindamos hear little news about other regions of Númenor. They are not of the Faithful, but also they do not love the king or his guards. I think we are safe here for a time.

Fiondil: Ná, mal manan andavë? Ar manna lelyam sinomello?
Yes, but for how long? And where do we go from here?

Valandil: [Yétëa Laurendil.] Eä etya nat...
[Looking at Laurendil.] There is another thing...

Laurendil: Mana, Valandil? Á quetë, lastëammë.
What, Valandil? Speak, we are listening.

Valandil: iLingwihos quetir ciryo. Sinda ciryo. Sa lá tulë i hópanna, mal sa lemya eäressë. Lartala, equet.
The fisher-folk speak of a ship. A grey ship. It does not come to the harbor, but it remains at sea. Waiting, they say.

- Vandiel: Lartala manan?
Waiting for what?
- Laurendil: Lá mana, man.
Not what, who.
- Ercassë: Lá hanyan.
I don't understand.
- Laurendil: iCiryá estaina *Elemmírë**, an siv' i ranyar* tana essëo, se lintë tieryassen.
The ship is called Elemmírë, for like the planet of that name, she is swift in her courses.
- Ercassë: Ciryalya.
Your ship.
- Laurendil: Ciryanya.
My ship.
- Vandiel: Manen sintentë tulë sinomë?
How did they know to come here?
- Laurendil: Yallenyet.
I summoned them.
- Fiondil: Manen? Malúmë?
How? When?
- Laurendil: iEldar haryar i anta sanwë-mento. Mauressä, polimmë yalë sámammainen. Írë me Noirenanessä er, yallen torninyan i ciryassë tulë etsiren iSirilo yallo i ciryá nurtala hópassë númenya Númenóressë.
The Elves possess the gift of thought-sending. At need, we can call to others with our minds. When we were still in the Valley of Tombs, I called to my brother on the ship to come to the mouth of the Siril from where the ship was hiding in a harbor in western Númenor.
- Fiondil: Sintel mauya nin lelya tië sina epë sellem hilya i sírë.
You knew we must go this way before we decided to follow the river.
- Laurendil: Sinten.
Yes, I knew.
- Valandil: Manen rahtam i ciryá? Lá sanan i lingwihos me restuvar.
How do we reach the ship? I do not think the fisher-folk will help us.
- Laurendil: Hannonya me hiruva. Mauya men rata i falassanna rómen Nindamoso. Tanomë i ciryá me omentuva.
My brother will find us. We must make a way to the shore east of Nindamos. There the ship will meet us.

- Vandiel: Ar írë tulim i ciryanna, mana san? Lá sanan polim entulë nossemmain.
And when we come to the ship, what then? I do not think we can return to our families.
- Laurendil: Fiondil lá polë, mal ce, Ercassë ar Valandil polil, si meril. Lá sanan i cotumo ista man restainë Fiondil usë.
Fiondil cannot, but you, Ercassë and Valandil can, if you wish. I do not think the enemy knows who helped Fiondil to escape.
- Ercassë: Mal istantë man Fiondil ná.
But they know who Fiondil is.
- Laurendil: Istantë? Nyaretyat essetya, Fiondil?
Do they? Did you tell them you name, Fiondil?
- Fiondil: Umin. Ar lá nyarenyet pá Isildur var manen me tanomë. Tana fólë varna. Istantë er ni quén iVorondaron mandaina alalávina* nómessë. Sendentë nin usta.
No. And I did not tell them about Isildur or why we were there. That secret is safe. They know only that I am one of the Faithful caught in a forbidden place. They intended for me to burn.
- Valandil: Sië, lá istantë essetya, mal istantë antatya.
So, they do not know your name, but they know your face.
- Laurendil: Ala námë Númenóressë varna cen. Mauya cen auta ar lá entulë.
No place in Númenor is safe for you. You must leave and not return.
- Fiondil: Manen? Lá polin lelya as le Tol Eressëanna. Manna lelyuvan ar manen anatuluvan?
How? I cannot go with you to Tol Eressëa. Where will I go and how will I arrive?
- Laurendil: Mínya, mauya men rahta i cirya. San selyuvam nati sinë.
First, we need to reach the ship. Then we will decide these things.
- Ercassë: Polim arta i nandar i morniessë?
Can we cross the water-meads in the darkness?
- Laurendil: Me lá haryam i cilië. Mauya men rahta i ciryanna silómë. Hannonya lá polë larta andavë lúmessë pella.
We are without choice. We must reach the ship tonight. My brother cannot wait any longer.
- Valandil: Tië rata ter' i nandar i mastonna, mal epë i masto etya tië rata rómenna.
A path makes its way through the water-meads towards the village, but before the village another path makes its way eastward.
- Laurendil: Hilyuvammet, Valandil. Istat i tië.
We will follow you, Valandil. You know the way.

Vandiel: Minya matuvam ar cenin utúliet hampi Fiondilen.
First we must eat and I see you have brought clothes for Fiondil.

Fiondil: iValar laitainë!
The Valar be praised!

Laurendil: San matuvam ar Fiondil haryuva hampi teldavë, mal lá polim lenda.
Then we will eat and Fiondil will have clothes at last, but we cannot linger.

Rato telyantë matië ar hilyantë Valandil, tervantala i nandar sivë Anar nútëa. Quanta mornië utúlië írë analelyantë i falas. iEleni mirilyar or te mal Isil lá er orortüë. Ar vóronala rámen ná luntë— ar Eldar. Laurendil suilat. [*Soon they finish eating and follow Valandil, traversing the water-meads as the sun is setting. Full dark has come when they approach the shore. The stars glitter over them but the moon is not yet risen. And awaiting them is a boat—and Elves. Laurendil greets them.*]

Laurendil: Voronwë, hannonya, manen yuir i ëari?
Voronwë, my brother, how runs the seas?

Voronwë: Yúrantë pastavë silómë. Mernet cirë Isilmenen, Laurendil? Ar man meldotyar?
They are running smoothly tonight. Did you desire to sail by moonlight, Laurendil? And who are your friends?

Laurendil: Ánin lavë tyen carë istaina Valandil, Vandiel, Fiondil ar Ercassë.
Allow me to make known to you Valandil, Vandiel, Fiondil and Ercassë.

Voronwë: Elen síla lúmenn' omentielvo. Á tulë, entuluvam i ciryanna.
A star shines on the hour of our meeting. Come, we will return to the ship.

Mittantë i luntë arë rato amlelyëantë i ciryanna yasse poldë rancur te restar. iNúmenóri cenir hallë Eldaciryamor, yúyo néri ar nissi, mókala i ciryassë. Ilyë i Eldar suilar Laurendil moicavë lírala ómantenin ar i atani nolyar sa Laurendil hesto i ciryo ar Voronwë minya cánorya*. Laurendil anta túri i ciryamoin arë rato i cirya cirëa rómenna. [*They enter the boat and soon they are climbing into the ship where strong arms help them. The Númenóreans see tall Elven sailors, both men and women, working on the ship. All the Elves greet Laurendil softly in their lilting voices and the humans learn that Laurendil is the captain of the ship and Voronwë is his first mate. Laurendil give orders to the sailors and soon the ship is sailing eastward.*]

Valandil: Manna cirëam?
Whither are we sailing?

Laurendil: Cirim hópanna formen Rómennallo ya lá lilúmi yuhtaina lielyanen. Tanomë heru Amandil haryuva cirya ya ciruva Endoreнна as Fiondil. Ce ar Vandiel ar Ercassë varnë Númenóressë, var ce nauvar varnë lá Fiondil, ai er lúmen.
We sail to a harbor north of Rómenna that is not often used by your people. There Lord Amandil will have a ship that will sail to Middle-earth with Fiondil. You and Vandiel and Ercassë are safe in Númenor, or you will be safer than Fiondil, if only for a time.

- Fiondil: Manen ista heru Amandil harya cirya sina hópassë?
How does Lord Amandil know to have a ship in this harbor?
- Laurendil: Quentemmë, so ar ni, epë oäntemmë Rómenna. Sintem ai Fiondil rúnaina, úmes polë lemya Númenóressë, ar sië, sellemmë cirya lartuva halda hópassë tultien Fiondil Endoreenna.
We spoke, he and I, before we left Rómenna. We knew if Fiondil were freed, he could not remain in Númenor, and so, we decided a ship would wait in a concealed harbor to bring Fiondil to Middle-earth.
- Valandil: Malúmë rahtuvam hópa sina?
When will we reach this harbor?
- Voronwë: Mauya men cirë rómen ar formen ve ai círam Endoreenna sië lá omentuvam ciryar i arano ar san entuluvam númenna. Tuluvam i hópanna entarë lómë harë perilómë.
We must sail east and north as if we are sailing to Middle-earth so we will not meet ships of the king and then we will return westward. We will come to the harbor tomorrow night near midnight.

Ar sië, cirintë i lómenna ar tirintë Anar orta i eärello arinessë. iFírimar lá polir carë nat hequa tírir i falmar ar i maiwi. Harë taranar Laurendil canë i cirya entulë númenna. iNúmenóri hamir ar quetir imíca entë. Lúmessen, Laurendil tulë ar quetë entenna mal lá andavë. Nútenna cenir nórë arë rato istantë tuluvam i hópanna ar i cirya ya ciruva as Fiondil Endoreenna. Fiondil ar Ercassë quetir aquapahtinessë ar ya quéntina imbë te lá istaina. Laurendil canë calar ve mornië lanta. Harë perilómë cirintë i hopanna ar cenir erya cirya. Laurendil analelya i nessë Númenóri.

[And so, they sail into the night and watch the sun rise from the ocean at dawn. The mortals cannot do anything except watch the waves and the gulls. Near noon Laurendil orders the ship to return westward. The Númenóreans sit and talk among themselves. At times, Laurendil comes and speaks to them but not for long. Towards sunset they see land and soon they know they will come to the harbor and the ship that will sail with Fiondil to Middle-earth. Fiondil and Ercassë speak in private and that which is spoken between them is not known. Laurendil order lights as darkness falls. Near midnight they sail into the harbor and they see a single ship. Laurendil approaches the young Númenóreans.]

- Laurendil: Lelyuvam falassenna ar omentuvam heru Amandil. Polit quetë namárielya sonna Fiondil ar quetuvas cen ontaretyannar.
We will go ashore and meet Lord Amandil. You can speak your farewell to him Fiondil and he will speak to your parents for you.
- Fiondil: Lá merin etelelya. Merin lemya sinomé ar mahta.
I do not want to go into exile. I want to remain here and fight.
- Laurendil: Lá sanan nauva mahtië. Namin i auri tulëar írë er cilië nauva rucë i tulië atalantiello. Mauya cen Endoreenna carien nómë yan tyë-hilyuvar. iCirya tylyuvat Lindonna, i aranienna Elenalcaro. Mapuvat menta sonna nillo ar restuvaryet. Áva rucë! Cuiletya lá carna, er ahyaina. Á tulë, sí lelyuvam falassenna.

I do not think there will be fighting. I deem the days are coming when the only choice will be to flee from the coming downfall. You must go to Middle-earth to make a place for those who will follow you. The ship will bring you to Lindon, to the kingdom of Gil-galad. You will take a message to him from me and he will help you. Fear not! Your life is not done, only changed. Come, we will go ashore now.

Írë tulir falassenna, Amandil te suila. [*When they come ashore, Amandil greets them.*]

Amandil: Aiya, heru Laurendil. Cenin ihíriel i vanwa. Le mai hinyar?
Hail, Lord Laurendil. I see you have found the one who was lost. You are well my children?

Valandil: Mai, herunya, hantalë.
Well, my lord, thank you.

Amandil: Ni alassëa cenë tyë mai, Fiondil.
I am glad to see you well, Fiondil.

Fiondil: Hantalë, herunya. Ma Isildur mai? Valandil nin nyáranë Isildur laiwa.
Thank you, my lord. Is Isildur well? Valandil told me Isildur was ill.

Amandil: Indonya er lá mai, mal cuivas ar haryan estel envinyatuvas rato. Sí, mauya cen lelya sina ciryassë, yonya, ar auta Númenóre ilya lúmen. iArano Atani er tirir cen. Tirintë iVorondi ar maquetentem. Ná mai istantë uqua pá lendietya Armenelossena var ya carnet tanomë. Sí á antat nésatya ar meldotyar namárietya.
My grandson is still not well, but he lives and I have hope he will heal soon. Now, you must go on this ship, my son, and leave Númenor for all time. The King's Men still look for you. They watch the Faithful and question us. It is well they know nothing of your journey to Armenelos or what you did there. Now give your sister and your friends your farewell.

Fiondil: Merin polin lemya sinomë, var ilyë polil tulë asinyë.
I wish I could remain here, or you could all come with me.

Valandil: Men lelya asetyë tultuva raxë nosselvannar, mal sanan lúmë tuluva írë yando mauya men auta Númenóre.
For us to go with you will bring danger to our families, but I think a time will come when we also must leave Númenor.

Vandiel: Mauya cen auta Fiondil, mal lá ernessë. Tuluvan asetyë.
You must depart Fiondil, but not alone. I will come with you.

Valandil: Vandiel, mana quetëat?
Vandiel, what are you saying?

Vandiel: Melin Fiondil ar autuvan asero. Mauya cen ar Ercassë lemya sinomë variën nosselvar i aranello mal lá mauya nin lemya, sië autuvan as Fiondil.
I love Fiondil and I will go with him. You and Ercassë need to remain here to

protect our families from the king but it is not necessary for me to remain, so I will depart with Fiondil.

Amandil: Ai autat, yeldenya, nauvat hetaina ilyello ya melit.
If you leave, my daughter, you will be exiled from all that you love.

Vandiel: [Mápala má Fiondilo.] Al'ilyë, heru Amandil.
[Grasping Fiondil's hand.] Not all, Lord Amandil.

Valandil: Ma sintet mana nésanya sellë, Fiondil?
Did you know what my sister intended, Fiondil?

Fiondil: Er sina lúmessë, mal ai meris tulë asinyë lá váquetuvanyes.
Just now, but if she wishes to come with me I will not refuse her.

Valandil: Sin sanda íretya, nettë?
This is your abiding desire, sister?

Vandiel: Ná.
Yes.

Valandil: San haryat almiyenya, mal lá istan ya ontanilma quetuvar.
Then you have my blessing, but I do not know what our parents will say.

Ercassë: Quetuvantë ya quetuvantë mal i carië nauva carna. Haryat almiyenya yando Vandiel, ar sí ananta polinyet esta Nettë.
They will say what they will say but the deed will be done. You have my blessing also Vandiel, and now I can truly call you Sister.

Laurendil: Cilmetya mára, Vandiel, an yúyo. Nai aistuvantel iValar sí ar tenn' aurilya-metta. Namárië. Lá enomentuvalva.
Your choice is good, Vandiel, for you both. May the Valar bless you now and to the end of your days. Farewell. We will not meet again.

Fiondil: Namárië, Eldaheru ar hantalë ránin restalyan.
Farewell, Elf-lord and thank you for your help on my behalf.

Amandil: iLúmë sinomë len auta. Namárië, híninyar. Nai nauvar quanta alassëo cuilelyar. Sí mauya men yando auta.
The time is here for you to leave. Farewell, my children. May your lives be full of joy. Now we too must go.

Ilyë autar, iEldaheru ciryaryanna ar Fiondil ar Vandiel ciryantanna. Rato, i ciryat cirir i lómenna ar i lírala Eldaron polë hlaraina or i falmar. Queni falassenna tirir lúmen tenna i calar ciryato ar i lírala firir i hayassenna. *[All depart, the Elf-lord to his ship and Fiondil and Vandiel to theirs. Soon the two ships sail into the night and the singing of the Elves can be heard over the waves. Those on shore watch for a time until the lights of the two ships and the singing fade into the distance.]*

Amandil: Sí mauya men yando auta. Utultienyë roccor an lendemma. Á tulë, i lúmë men utúlië entulë mardenna.
Now we must also leave. I have brought horses for our journey. Come, the time for us has come to return home.

iQuentastallon Lindono:

Tatya Randa 5133: Sina loassë nóna yeldë iEldandilin, heru Fiondil Aradmirion ar herirya Vandiel Calmaciel, ar esserya Laurendilmë. Nai aistantes iValar....

Tatya Randa 9133: Sina loassë ciryar Númenórelo iAtalantië anatuller Lindonessë cólala Elendil, heru Andúniëo. Asero tuller atta i milyainë heru Fiondil ar herirya Vandielinen — heru Valandil ar herirya Ercassë, ar asentë utúlië yondonta, Boromir. iAlassë omentiento tyarnë Tar-Elenalcar insë nyéna.

From the Chronicles of Lindon:

Second Age 3315: In this year was born a daughter to the Elf-friends, Lord Fiondil son of Aradmir and his lady Vandiel daughter of Calmacil, and her name is Laurendilmë. May the Valar bless her...

Second Age 3319: In this year ships from Númenor the Downfallen arrived in Lindon bearing Elendil, Lord of Andúnië. With him came two who were longed-for by Lord Fiondil and his lady Vandiel — Lord Valandil and his lady Ercassë, and with them has come their son, Boromir. The joy of their meeting caused King Gil-galad himself to weep.

Vocabulary:

hampi: pl. of *hampë* (garment), derived from *hap-* “to clothe, to enfold”

Elemmírë: “Star-Jewel”, name of the planet Mercury

ranyar: “wanderer”, literal meaning of the Greek *planet*

alalávina: negative past participle of *lav-*, lit. “not allowed”

minya cáno: lit. “first commander”

iMetta