

Harry Potter Through the Multiverse

Chapter 11

LOTR Arc

Caras Galadhon was a beautiful city ... if one could call it that. Only a few thousand feet from end to end, the circular city was more like a small village than anything else. Massive trees were used as homes for, what Harry had found out, were elves. These beings were certainly different from the elves Harry had met, he thought to himself as he dressed early one morning.

Galadriel brought him back to the small capital of these woods, which he learned was called Lorien, or Lothlorien. Once there, he was provided with a temporary home on the west side of the city, close to the only exit road. He was provided with food and clothing, though the food was mostly vegetarian, and the clothes were the same as all other male elves wore. Harry felt strange in them at first, but he slowly got used to wearing them. They were quite comfortable after all. Harry had barely pulled on his boots when there was a soft knock at the door. Quickly answering it, he was met with Galadriel's lovely face. Harry dipped his head in respect. He learned that the elven woman was held in the highest regard, not only in her woods but in Middle Earth as a whole.

Middle Earth ... Harry shook his head when he thought about the lessons that she had bestowed upon him. This world was a strange one. Much stranger than either version of Earth that he had already left. Though her description did fill him with a sense of wonder. The history alone was a long and incredible tale. Harry was happy to find out that there were wizards out there doing their thing. She did inform him that their magic was quite different from his. Even her own was very different. After some minor tests, they concluded that Galadriel's power dwarfed his, but his magic was much more versatile. He could do things with his magic that others could only dream of. Galadriel was very intrigued by his mode of transportation. When he tried to apparate within Lothlorien, he found that it was similar to swimming through molasses. Basically, you got nowhere fast. Galadriel explained that her magic protected these woods from harm or magical influence. She then said that other places would likely have similar protections. It didn't matter much since he couldn't just pop anywhere he wanted. He explained that he needed to visit the place first before he was able to apparate there. It was too dangerous otherwise.

Galadriel smiled at him, and her smile was quickly returned. "Take a walk with me?" she asked. Here in Lothlorien, her requests were more like commands, though they didn't feel that way to him. He wouldn't deny himself the pleasure of walking with this gorgeous creature. Harry didn't know what it was about her, but being in her presence made his magic churn and bubble.

"Of course," Harry replied. They left his tree home together, and he saw that many of the city's residents were already awake and were hard at work. He didn't know how many elves lived in the small city, but he guessed that it was no more than a few hundred. As they walked, the elves paid their respect to the Lady of the Woods, as they called her. Having only been there a short

time, the Silvan Elves were still cautious around him. Galadriel had apologized for it in private, but Harry waved her off. He didn't mind in the least. It was only natural considering the circumstances. Side by side they walked through the southwest gates, enjoying each other's company until they were finally alone in the golden woods.

"Tell me, Galadriel ... Doesn't your husband mind that we spend so much time together?" Harry asked her. Her voice tinkled with laughter.

"Celeborn does not mind. Long have we been together, and he has his own interests to keep him occupied. He understands that we all have a destiny, and he can no more sway mine than I can sway his. What our ultimate destinies are ... we are not meant to know such things, but we will find out in time. You are here for a purpose, and there is a reason why the mountain planted you at the step of my woods. You were meant to find me, or I you," she told him easily as the morning rays broke through the thin spots of the upper canopy.

"Why were we meant to find one another?" Harry asked her, curious about her opinion.

"Sadly, I do not know. The heavy burden of fate would be a much lighter load if we could only answer the question of why. The very same question plagues us all, Neth Gollor," she told him. He had asked her to call him Harry several times, but she kept calling him Neth Gollor, which she said roughly translates to young magician. Harry had a feeling that she was only doing it to tease him.

"Not knowing can be irksome," Harry said, bending down and picking up a thin, fallen branch. Galadriel laughed lightly again. Harry waved the dead branch around like a wand before tossing it back on the ground.

"With age, you will learn to tolerate such vexations. Patience is a difficult skill to learn," she smiled lightly. Harry looked at her as they crossed through a wide beam of morning light. Her hair lit his eyes with an explosion of color. Her hair flowed like a golden river shot with currents of shimmering silver. Her beauty transfixed him for a moment, but thankfully, he was able to pull himself together. It was difficult being in her presence when he hadn't yet become accustomed to her splendor.

"Patience has never been a virtue of mine," he told her, shaking his head. Her hand suddenly touched his, and she lifted it up. With her free hand, she allowed her long fingers to lightly graze over his hot skin. Harry shuddered under her touch. She then ran her finger over the sleeve of his tunic until her fingertip touched the circular glass of his enchanted watch.

"Are you worried that I'll leave before you find out why I was brought here?" he teased her. Harry wasn't big on destiny since the whole prophecy thing really screwed him over, though if anyone had such bad luck, it would be him. He was, after all, fate's punching bag. Although, Harry *did* have to admit that lately, he may have brought a lot of this stuff on himself. Even so, it wasn't so bad. Truthfully, Harry was having a great time. Sure, the last world was kind of fucked,

but he had met some nice people and had bedded some sexy girls. It seemed that there were still plenty of adventures in his future. Whether he believed in a destiny or not was irrelevant. He was going to live his life the way he wanted, not caring about fate's plan for him. Galadriel, however, greatly believed in it.

"No, I am not worried," she smiled back. "Middle Earth holds many adventures for those who seek them. While we await fate's call, there is much for you to learn. These lessons will help you on your journey, both in Middle Earth ... and the worlds beyond."

Galadriel was the only one to whom Harry had confessed everything. She knew about him jumping between realities, and she knew about his watch. She knew that he would one day leave Middle Earth while she would sail to the West. Harry didn't, however, confess to his debaucherous behaviors. It was best not to spread that around to a bunch of suspicious elves.

"And what will you teach me?" Harry asked her as they continued their slow trek through the woods. A sparrow in the tree tops was chirping loudly and was quickly answered by the chirps of a dozen more.

"A bit of this and a little of that," she joked, causing him to chuckle lightly.

HPTTM

It had been several months since his arrival to Middle Earth, and Harry wasn't even close to being ready to leave. As Galadriel had stated, he had a lot to learn, and she was an excellent teacher.

"My bottom hurts," Harry complained as he squirmed in his wooden chair. She was teaching him to read and write Sindarin, the language of the Elves.

"The next time you fall from your horse, try landing on your head, then perhaps your bottom will not ache so much," she told him before continuing her lessons. Horse riding was the main form of transportation in Middle Earth. The first week of learning to ride was killer on the back and ass. It didn't help when his temperamental horse decided to buck him off.

"It's not my fault. My horse is not all there ... mentally that is," Harry told her, pressing his quill to paper and drawing the swooping lines of text.

"Rovenaur is as intelligent as you and I," Galadriel told him. "She is of the Mearas, a wild breed of near untameable horses with intelligence, strength, and speed that far surpass those of other horses."

"Near untameable?" Harry asked her, raising an eyebrow. "Did you really, with your thousands of years of wisdom, think it smart to give *me* a crazy, untameable horse?"

"Near untameable," she corrected him. "Rovenaur means wildfire. Her belly burns with the want and need for adventure. You will make a great pair ... in time," she added amusedly as she thought about the horse bucking him into a puddle of muddy water. Needless to say, Harry wasn't the most graceful while on horseback, but he was slowly learning.

Harry had to admit that Rovenaur was a great-looking horse. She was tall and strong with a sleek, chestnut coat that shimmered like polished copper in the sun and faded into the shadows at night. She was also very hardheaded and stubborn, and she looked to buck him off at the worst times. Harry turned his head and looked at Galadriel who was sitting in a chair next to him. She was rolling his Holly wand between her fingers. Though she had tried, she was unable to produce magic with it as Harry did. She suspected that Harry, likewise, would be unable to use a wizard's staff to perform his magic.

On their daily walks, Galadriel often regaled him with tales of the history of Middle Earth, from the Years of the Trees all the way to the Third Age, which they were currently in. She told him tales of adventure and war, of the sinking of Numenor, and even the slaying of beasts like Balrogs and dragons. Harry, however, found the stories of the Rings of Power and the One Ring the most intriguing. He had explained how similar it was to a Horcrux from his world.

"Do you remember telling me the tale of Celebrimbor?" he suddenly asked her.

"Yes, I remember," she responded.

"Is that something I can learn?" Harry asked. "Not the creation of Rings of Power, but other things. The metalsmith here in Caras Galadhon, Argalad, has told me about great Elven weapons that were created long ago. He told me about things like the Palantiri and the Silmarils. He even told me about the sword I found, Ringil."

Harry had always been fascinated by magical creations. He had always wondered how the Vanishing Cabinets worked, or how Dumbledore was able to create his Deluminator. Galadriel ran her fingers through his messy hair. Harry closed his eyes and relished in the sensation of being touched by her.

"I will teach you all I know, but be warned, I am neither a master of forging nor smithing. Though I daresay Argalad will be pleased to teach you as well," she said, playing with several strands of his black hair.

"Argalad told me that you have created wondrous things that he could never hope to replicate," Harry countered as he reached out and took her other hand. He gently caressed the palm of her hand and the delicate skin of her wrist. Galadriel smiled humorously.

"He holds me in high regard, and therefore, his words are exaggerated. I will, however, do my very best to teach you all that you wish to know," she said with a sweet smile.

HPTTM

It was now 2998 of the Third Age, and Harry had lived with the Silvan Elves for over a year. During that time, the other inhabitants of the city had learned to trust the young wizard and had even grown used to him being there. Galadriel had especially grown close to him as she taught him all the things that she had learned over the years.

While it took him many long and painful months, he had learned to ride a horse with enough skill that he wouldn't kill himself during a long journey. His skill at speaking Sindarin was ever-growing. He still wasn't perfectly fluent, but he was getting closer by the day. This helped when it came to forging bonds with the other elves of the city. When it came to crafting and forging, Harry took to that like a duck to water. It was something that he greatly enjoyed. He found it calming and relaxing. On occasion, he found it irritating and tiresome when a difficult project didn't turn out as planned.

"Son of a ..." Harry stopped himself and took a deep breath. The piece of amber that he had been testing his magic on had cracked right down the middle. Harry examined the crack before tossing both ruined pieces back on his desk. He sighed and stood up. He bowed his back and grunted as his muscles stretched. A streak of gold flashed before his eyes, and with the skill of a Seeker, he snatched it out of the air. In his hand was a struggling Golden Snitch, its wings fluttering as fast as a hummingbird's. Harry opened his hand, and the Snitch immediately shot off and resumed flying around his room. The Snitch was one of the first things he made, not out of need but more out of curiosity. He wanted to see if he could actually make something. Harry had known some things about enchanting before leaving his original world. Once Galadriel began teaching him, he quickly attempted to marry the separate processes. To him, the Snitch was just proof that he could do it. It was a relic of his past. To the Elves of Lothlorien, however, it was utterly brilliant. They quickly took the Snitch and used it the way it was meant to be used. They used it to play a game. Harry didn't exactly know the rules, but two teams of Elves darted through the trees on horseback attempting to catch the Snitch with little handheld nets that resembled two-foot-long butterfly nets. Harry had watched a game. He was amazed at how the Elves would jump from their horses to enemy horses trying to catch the little golden ball before jumping back again before they could be pushed off by the original rider. Harry wasn't dumb enough to play that game. His horse would buck him off and probably happily trample him before the first points could be scored.

Harry wished that he could turn the Snitches into a way to transport letters quickly and safely between different parts of Middle Earth. That was out of reach for him. Harry had no idea what kind of magic that owls from his planet used, but here in Middle Earth, he would likely have to set a ward around the entire planet that tracked every living being. He didn't see that happening any time soon. So for the time being, the Golden Snitch remained a toy. The sound of bubbling caught his attention. Harry walked over to his makeshift potion station and stirred the contents of the bubbling cauldron. He had asked Argalad to create his tools for him. The merry elf was happy to lend a hand. Harry didn't actually make potions in his station. He didn't have access to any familiar magical ingredients, nor was he particularly skilled at potion-making while at

Hogwarts. Instead, he used it to try and create different alchemical substances that he could use in his magical crafting. Already he had created an incense that induced a deep and relaxing sleep, though he had done that by accident.

The incident was quite funny, though Galadriel would disagree if asked. Harry had been experimenting with dried sap that was pulled from the outer bark of the Mallorn trees within and around the city. Harry made sure to not damage a single one, lest he earn Galadriel's ire. After using his new instruments to process the sap over and over until all the impurities were gone, he was left with a small stone that looked similar to an uncut ruby. Harry, of course, ran many tests on the dried lump of purified sap. When it came to lighting it on fire, Harry found that it burned evenly and very slowly. A small pebble could burn for several hours. He also discovered that it produced a pleasant fragrance, almost like the scent of Galadriel's hair. Within a couple of minutes of inhaling the intoxicating aroma, Harry became drowsy and fell asleep in his chair. When the scent drifted out of his home, other elves came in one by one while attempting to discover the source. By the end, there was a pile of happily sleeping elves scattered throughout his home. Galadriel made him promise to be more careful next time, hoping against hope that he wouldn't accidentally turn his home into a toxic gas chamber.

It was a pleasant accident though, and after more experimentation, Harry discovered that you could dilute the strength of the sap by powdering it and mixing it with beeswax taken from hives that live in the trees throughout Lothlorien. Harry then turned that wax into candles. When burned, it gave off the same pleasant scent, but the sleep-inducing effect wasn't nearly as potent. Harry burned the candles at night and always woke up feeling like he had the best sleep of his life. He doubted that there was an elf in the city who didn't use his candles at night as well. Some of the potent, purified sap was kept by the elves for medicinal and experimental purposes.

Inside his cauldron, Harry found a less-than-pleasant sight. He had been trying to extract the essence from the sap so that he could turn it into a wonderful-smelling perfume. Instead, he found a blackened lump of tar that looked foul and didn't smell all that wonderful. Harry sighed, scooped the lump out, and placed it in a jar to study it later. While he was doubtful, it could still hold some type of useful property. More studies were needed.

HPTTM

"I would ask you to take heed of my warnings, but I doubt it will make any difference," Galadriel stated as Harry packed a bag with extra clothes and a hearty stock of Lembas that was wrapped in Mallorn leaves. Lembas was a very nutritious, thinly baked bread that tasted sweetly pleasant and remained fresh for months. A small stock could keep a man going for weeks.

"I'll try not to take any unnecessary risks, but unfortunately, bad luck seems to hover over my head like a specter. Even so, my natural good luck always balances things out," Harry joked while Galadriel sighed. Harry pulled the leather straps of his bag closed and walked over to his

friend. Harry wrapped his arms around her thin waist and hugged her tightly. Galadriel returned his hug.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be back in a few weeks,” he promised. Galadriel rested her forehead against his. He could feel her warm, pleasant breath against his lips. Her lips pulled into a small smile.

“Of course, you will. I have foreseen it,” she teased him. Harry, however, wasn’t paying much attention. As always, being so physically close to her had his senses in overload. Her scent filled his nose, and the tingle of magic raced up and down his spine. He couldn’t control himself when he was in her arms. Harry’s eyes closed, and he brushed his lips against hers. Galadriel slightly turned her head so that his lips lightly grazed her cheek. Her head lowered, and he found his nose buried in her sweet hair. He could feel her heart beating against his chest. Thankfully, he was able to overcome his temporary stupor. He kissed the top of her head and stepped back. She released her grip but continued to smile softly at him.

Harry smiled back at her. “I’ll bring you back something nice,” he joked again. Galadriel took his hand in hers.

“Just return whole, and that will be enough to please me,” she told him before letting go of his hand and leaving his home. Harry watched her gracefully walk through his door. His chest constricted as he thought about not seeing her for at least several weeks. On the other hand, his heart burst with excitement as he was going out on his first real adventure since joining the Elves of Lothlorien.

The woods of Lothlorien could only provide him with so many materials to experiment with, so Harry decided to explore the areas around the woods to see if he could harvest anything useful. His first stop would be the mines of Moria. With everything done, Harry grabbed his sack and mounted his temperamental horse. Soon after, he was flying down the road at breakneck speed. Rovenaur didn’t like to go slow. She only had one speed ... blindingly fast. Harry wasn’t complaining. It reminded him of being back on his old Firebolt, only the Firebolt wouldn’t buck him off at a moment’s notice. At that speed, it was only a few hours until he broke free of the woods and was back following the river into the mountain valley.

Once night had come, Harry camped out near the river’s bank and slept until morning. When he woke, he continued his journey until he came upon the path that led to the East Gate of Moria. Harry dismounted his horse and said to the proud creature, “Return to Lothlorien. From here, I go alone.”

Before he could even finish, the horse had bolted in the opposite direction, heading straight for home. Harry’s eyes narrowed into slits. “Fuck,” he whispered under his breath. Harry had no idea where he was going to go from here, but he was certain Moria was no place for a horse. With his bag over his shoulder, Harry began the slow climb up to the mine’s entrance.

HPTTM

Harry barely had to touch his wand when a Disillusionment covered his entire body. Galadriel had been teaching him more than just Sindarin. She had been teaching him how to shape and mold his magic without the use of a wand. Incantations and wand motions weren't strictly necessary when it came to casting magic. They were just shortcuts. Incantations were the instructions and wand motions were used to help focus the magic. Galadriel had taught him how to feel his magic and how to bend it without twisting it into something foul. It was easier said than done, however. At times it felt like trying to redirect a raging river while at other times it felt much more manageable.

The mines were dark and cold, and the air was stale. As he walked the once-hallowed tunnels and traversed the great halls, Harry could tell that the name, Khazad-dum was once a fitting name for it. Dwarven Mansion, Harry thought. It was more of a festering breeding ground for Orcs than anything else. He could hear the excited scurrying of the Orcs in the lower levels of the mine. They were distant, but he could hear them. The Elves had been worried about this. Without the fear of Durin's Bane, the Orcs could run wild and breed. That was only the beginning. Deep down, Harry could hear the smashing of stone. The Orcs were mining Mithril.

Mithril was the reason he had come. It was the reason all had come to Moria. Beyond priceless, the wondrous silver metal was worth even more than that to him. Harry needed it for his experimentation. He had heard of all the fantastic things that had been created with the light metal, and yet, he had none to experiment with. The Orcs wanted it for different reasons. The foul and scabbed creatures lusted after the treasures of men. They reaped all things shiny, and in the days of old, they would present them to their master, Sauron. Sauron prized Mithril above all else.

Upon his arrival, a hole had been punched directly through the middle of the mountain. As Harry delved deeper, he came upon the destroyed section of the mine. From there, he could hear the scurrying of the Orcs down below, like cockroaches once the lights went out. Harry moved around the side to try and get a better view down to the bottom, but it was of no use. The light from above only went down so far before becoming dim. At least this had a positive effect. Because of this, the Orcs would no longer venture into the upper levels of the mine. Before doing anything stupid, Harry attempted apparition. With the softest of pops, he reappeared ten feet to his left. 'Brilliant!' Harry told himself happily. If Moria ever had their versions of wards, then either the magic faded or his arrival destroyed them. Either way, it was a boon for him. He looked down into the broken chasm and found what looked like a safe place to land one level down. Harry apparated as quietly as possible. He landed on a large, flat chunk of what once was a wall. The Elves had been trying to teach him how they move and walk, but Harry just couldn't do it. He couldn't stand up perfectly straight on the back of a sprinting horse. He couldn't walk across a field of dead leaves without creating a sound, and he certainly couldn't walk across snow without sinking into it. That was a form of magic that intrinsically belonged to the Elves.

Lower and lower Harry went until he could see thousands of Orcs on the level below. To say that this was a community was being generous. In the few moments that he studied them, he saw at least three Orcs get ripped apart by their own before their limbs and torso were devoured by the hungry mob. Harry pulled back from the edge so that he wasn't seen. He quickly made a plan and decided to enact it before the voice in his head that sounded very much like Galadriel talked him out of it. After all, fortune favored the bold.