

## Harry Potter Through the Multiverse

### Chapter 12

#### LOTR Arc

The closer he crept toward the Orcs of Moria, the more foul the air became. It was hard to describe the smell of the wretched beasts. Rotten carrion, stale piss, a fish tank that hadn't been cleaned in a long time ... those were all parts of the smell. There were hundreds more that added up to form something rank and vomit-inducing. Unfortunately, Harry could not use a Bubblehead Charm while still under his Disillusionment, so he was forced to suffer through it.

Stepping cautiously and quietly, Harry found a nice, secure perch that overlooked the scurrying pests. Just in that area alone, there were several thousand of them. In some spots, they were so densely packed that they were forced to crawl on top of each other, leading to many getting crushed or trampled by the horde.

Some of the Orcs were chipping away at the walls with pickaxes and other tools that the Dwarves had left behind. Some were using makeshift tools that were roughly hewn out of foul, blackened metal. The rest were scratching and clawing at the walls with their bare hands. He watched them carefully for a while. Every so often, an Orc would cry out in joy as it held aloft a piece of rock. He could see the barest of glimmer from the rock, and he knew that it contained a small amount of the precious metal. The Orc would then fight through the crowd as other Orcs snatched at the rock, trying to take it away. Once it broke free of the rabble, the Orc then ran down to the end of the hall and disappeared through a tunnel. That was where they were taking the Mithril ore, and if Harry wanted to deprive them of their stock, that's where he would need to go, as unpleasant as that thought was. With a sense of determination, Harry began to act.

Harry focused his magic while holding his wand firmly in his hand. Jabbing with his wand, he silently sent a tidal wave of fire hurdling toward the horde. Only a few were able to look up in time to see a wall of fire slam into them. The sound was horrific as thousands were set alight. The screeching of a thousand rats screaming in terror was the only way Harry would be able to describe it to someone who wasn't present to hear it themselves. The entire hall was bathed in light while the creatures scattered in every direction. Hundreds immediately dropped to the floor and began rolling around, instinctively trying to snuff the flames out. Many others just ran around blindly, tripping over rocks or the bodies of their fallen. Harry wasn't sure if the fire had improved the smell or not. The scent of cooked Orc flesh wasn't the most appealing smell that he had ever encountered.

Down below, Harry heard the thunderous sounds of an Orc army coming up to face whatever unknown adversary that had attacked them. Harry ignored the burning Orcs and waved his wand again. Broken stones and rocks all around them began morphing into creatures that were similar in appearance to the Orcs. His Transfigurations weren't perfect, but then again, they didn't need to be. The more misshapen they were the better. With another wave of his wand,

primitive-looking, metal swords appeared on the ground around them. His constructs picked them up and waited for the Orcs to arrive. The first to arrive poured out of the tunnel where the Mithril was taken. Several hundred exited the tunnel, screeching out a warcry when they saw their supposed enemies. With bloodlust overwhelming them, they didn't notice anything fishy about the magical creations. They certainly didn't stop to investigate closer when his constructs began hacking them to death. When no more Orcs exited the tunnel, Harry apparated close to the entrance and ducked in, ready to apparate out at a second's notice.

The smell was even worse in the tunnel, and it only got worse the longer he walked. He could tell that the tunnel was not created by the Dwarves. The walls were roughly mined and unfinished with jagged rocks sticking out in every direction. Had his tunic not been made by Elven hands, it likely would have been torn multiple times on his journey through the filthy tunnel. The tunnel led deeper into the mountain. He could tell by the gentle, downward slope pushing him forward. With every step, the temperature seemed to drop. Harry needed to be careful. While his body remained invisible, the mist from his warm breath hitting the bitter cold was easily seen and would instantly give away his position. Around a curve in the tunnel, he heard the sounds of feet clumsily rushing over the pebble-strewn floor. Harry pushed himself against the wall and pulled out the dagger that Argalad, the smith from Lothlorien, had gifted him for the journey. It was a beautiful dagger with an eight-inch blade that was etched with vines.

When the sound of pattering feet was close enough, Harry inhaled and held his breath. The walls were suddenly tinged with orange, flickering light, and there was a shadow being stretched out. As soon as the Orc came around the corner, Harry slammed the blade right into the creature's forehead. Its mouth fell open with a short, pained cry. The smell of its breath made Harry gag as its mouthful of sharp, rotten teeth was exposed. The Orc stood there for a moment, his body spasming before falling to the ground. As it did, the blade of his dagger slid from its skull. He used a bit of magic to clean the black, repulsive blood from his blade. The Orc spasmed a few more times before going still. Harry got his first real good look at the creature. Its skin was dark gray with unhealthy patches of lighter gray. Where the whites of its eyes should have been was a deep yellow. Its nose was flat and wide, and it had a low-sloping brow. Pointed ears that were so fetching on Galadriel were asymmetrical and misshapen on this monstrosity. Thin, crusty lips were pulled back revealing sharp, crooked front teeth sandwiched between two long, yellow canines. From what he could see, its tongue was bloated and purple. At first, he was intent on leaving the dead beast there in the tunnel, but after second thought, Harry Transfigured the dead body into a black marble and placed it in his bag. It could be useful to study, Harry told himself as he pushed on.

Finally exiting the end of the passage, Harry pointed his wand at the tunnel and the stone seemed to become liquid. It swirled and churned before running together. Once the exit was sealed, the liquid became solid again. Now, no Orcs would be coming back through. Quietly, Harry moved off to the side and looked around. He was in what appeared to be a natural cavern. Almost instantly, his throat began to burn, and his eyes started to sting. The reason why was easy to see. At the far end of the cavern, several massive Cave Trolls were lined up along

an iron anvil that was at least five times as long as Harry was tall. The anvil was wide as well, possibly six or so feet. Harry didn't even want to guess how much that thing weighed. Each troll had a sledgehammer whose head probably weighed as much as a car, Harry thought. A long line of Orcs then carried buckets full of ore over and spread it out along the anvil. Then the mighty trolls raised the hammers up and brought them down with a thunderous strike. The ores shattered, sending razor-sharp splinters of stone flying in every direction. At least one Orc squealed in pain when it was hit by a piece. The sound was deafening, and Harry could feel the vibration all the way to the bone. Over and over they struck the ore until it was crushed into a fine powder. Greedy Orcs came rushing in and quickly picked through the gravel, pebbles, and powder and pulled out anything shiny and metal. They then took them over to the fires and tossed them into the Dwarven crucibles. Harry wondered how the entire cavern wasn't completely filled with smoke and toxic gases. Then he noticed the smoke being sucked through a ventilation shaft up near the ceiling. 'These Orcs are smarter than I gave them credit for,' Harry thought.

He watched an Orc pour molten Mithril into a metal mold where it solidified within minutes. The mold was then tossed into a wooden trough of water where it sizzled menacingly. It was then pulled out, and the silver bar was knocked free of the mold. The Orc choked out, "Ssshiny!"

It was the first words that he had heard their kind speak. It was an unpleasant sound, like a metal fork scratching against a ceramic dinner plate. The Orc held it firmly and ran through another passage that was hidden behind an outcrop in the wall. That was the only other exit. Harry crept over and magically closed that passage as well, marking it so that he could easily find it again. Turning back toward the Orcs, he noticed one of the trolls drinking from their own water troughs. With a devious smile, Harry fired off a very powerful Piercing Hex. He watched gleefully as the colorful spell streaked through the air at a blinding speed. It hit the troll right in the buttcheek. The troll's hide must have been incredibly thick and tough because only a baseball-sized chunk of greenish-gray flesh was blown out of his ass.

Harry flinched back as the pained and angered roar made dust and pebbles fall from the ceiling. The Orcs flinched as well and scooted away from the angered troll. In response to the attack, the troll lifted his hammer and brought it down right on top of the troll standing next to him. Its head cracked open with a sickening crunch. The large troll tittered for a second before crashing to the ground. The third troll roared in anger as well, hefting his own hammer. Before long, the cavern was filled with two trolls rolling around, hitting, and punching one another. The Orcs screeched in panic as they attempted to constantly keep away from the brawling beasts. More than one troll was rolled over and crushed as they beat on each other. Harry took the opportunity to fling a Cutter at them. The wide curse lopped off the heads of half a dozen Orcs. Unfortunately, he was finally spotted. An Orc pointed and barked in anger. Harry suddenly became visible and smiled at the ugly creature. Harry then lifted up his hand and flipped him the bird. As if the creature instinctively knew the gesture was rude, it bellowed in rage and ran right for him, quickly followed by his fellow Orcs.

He flung out his hand and unleashed a Banishing Charm. The Orcs were knocked head over heels and landed directly in the fires. Ash and cinders billowed out in every direction, and glowing coals were scattered across the ground. The trolls didn't seem to mind. Their huge, toeless feet just trampled them into dust as they fist-fought around the cavern. The Orc cried out, yelling things like, "BURNS!"

Concentrating just as Galadriel had been teaching him, Harry held out his hand and molded his magic to do his bidding. All the Orcs were lifted out of the fires and into the air. They were writhing in pain just as Harry slammed them into the stone ground. A sick, meaty thunk echoed off the walls as bones were broken and necks were snapped. He twitched his hand, and the Orcs were sent sprawling into a corner. All that was left were the two battling trolls. The troll with the damaged ass was definitely on the losing end. Black blood poured from severe wounds and smoked as it hit the ground. He definitely wanted to test that blood. Having some troll hide might be useful as well, he thought. Harry cracked his fingers and got to work.

Every tool that surrounded him levitated from the floor and morphed into long, iron spears. Harry yelled out, trying to get their attention, but they didn't seem to care about anything beyond beating each other senseless. Lashing out with his magic, he sent one spear rocketing in their direction. With a wet sound, the spear drove itself halfway into the troll's back. Its back arched, and it bellowed in agony. Reaching back with its tree trunk-sized arm, it attempted to pull the javelin free. The other troll took the opportunity to bite down on its head. Harry heard what sounded like a watermelon being crushed right before the injured troll dropped to its knees. More of the spears flew through the air and pierced the chest and belly of the troll that was towering over it. At last, the trolls had finally spotted Harry. The one with the crushed head couldn't do much. It pathetically crawled along the ground, too slow to be any real threat. The other, however, opened its maw and roared so loud that Harry was forced to slap his hands over his ears. Spit flew from the beast's mouth, and Harry had to step back, not wanting any of it to get on him. Then it charged.

The charge was slower than it normally would have been due to its injuries, but that was still fast enough to cover the distance within seconds. Harry pulled Ringil from his hip. His smith friend had told him all about the magnificently crafted sword in his hand.

Ringil had once been the sword of Fingolfin, the first High King of the Ñoldor and the eldest son of Finwë and Indis. The sword was used in his duel with Morgoth at the gates of Angband. With Fingolfin's dying breath, he cleaved Morgoth's foot, leaving him lame from then on. What became of the sword after the epic duel was unknown. How it came to be in the Misty Mountains was a mystery, but Harry was certainly glad it did. The long blade showed brightly in the dark like moonlight reflecting off ice. A biting cold radiated from the blade as the troll lumbered closer. As the troll reared its arm back and swiped at him, Harry disappeared from view. The troll's arm swung mightily through air, and it fell forward.

Reappearing behind the stumbling beast, Harry captured its ankles with his magic and pulled. The troll fell face-first into the ground and sprawled out. Before it could even push itself into a

sitting position, Harry was already pouncing on its back. Ringil glittered brightly as it hung over the back of its head, the blade facing down. Driving it straight down, the tip of the blade easily pierced the back of the troll's neck. Like a knife through butter, the ancient, Elven masterpiece parted the thick hide of the troll and cut deep into muscle and bone. It was easy to know when the troll's spine had been severed. Everything below the neck went limp, and its bowels released in the most nauseating fashion. Before the horrendous stench could spread too far, Harry Transfigured the entire body into a large stone. He then went to the other troll and Transfigured that body as well. This one he turned into a white marble and placed it in his bag.

With the threats now neutralized, Harry examined the cavern a little bit closer. There was a large pile of Mithril ore stacked up near the long anvil. The crucibles filled with molten Mithril had spilled across the ground when the Orcs had been thrown into the fires. Harry could easily spot the streaks of hardened silver splashed along the stone ground. Using his magic, he lifted the metal from the ground and dropped it into the water to cool it down. Harry then opened up his enchanted bag and dropped the metal in. He had made the bag not long before he set out from Lothlorien. The leather bag was magically expanded on the inside and charmed to be featherlight. It wasn't as good as the ones that Hermione could make, but it was good enough for now. Harry then transferred the ore from the ground to his bag. There was no way he was leaving that behind. With that done, Harry went to the area of the wall with the mark on it and used his magic to unhide the entrance.

Holding Ringil in front of him produced enough light to see but not enough to make whoever was at the end of the tunnel aware of his presence. The tunnel was similar to the previous one in that it had been created by the hands of Orcs. It was roughly cut and didn't follow a straight path. Thankfully, this tunnel didn't lead him further down into the mountain, nor was it as long as the other. After a short walk, he reached the end. The end happened to be one of the main vaults of Khazad-dûm. The vault room was massive in size. It kind of reminded him of the Great Hall at Hogwarts. Four elaborate arches carved out of stone made up its four walls. The normal entrance to the vault was blocked by an iron gate whose bars were nearly as thick as his arms. A few of the bars were slightly bent inward, telling him that the Orcs had likely tried to break in with the help of their pet trolls. When they couldn't, they dug a new tunnel and bypassed the gate.

Only two Orcs were waiting for him in the vault. As soon as they saw him walk in, one heaved his dirty blade into the air and charged. Harry blocked his downward strike and punched it right in the face, sending it sprawling to the ground. The other took a swipe with his own sword, but Harry's meager skills were enough to easily block that strike as well. As the beast's poorly-made blade splintered against his own, Harry shoved his own right into its belly. It let out a wet, wheezing sound. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the other back on its feet and charging once again. Before it could reach him, Harry held out his hand and launched a Cutter right at him. A deep gash was sliced across the Orc's chest, causing it to drop immediately. With two dying Orcs at his feet, Harry did them a service and hit them right in their heads with a couple of Piercing Hexes. There was no need to make them suffer any more than necessary. With the vault free of enemies, Harry finally had time to take it all in.

The fortune before him was amazing to behold. Harry held up his palm and conjured a ball of light. Tossing it up, the ball rose until it hovered high above his head. Once it reached its peak, it bathed the entire chamber in soft light. There was not a scrap of gold or a single jewel to be found. No, the entire chamber was filled with Mithril. 'How long had the Orcs been mining it?' he wondered as he tried to count the number of bars that were stacked high. Counting what he could, Harry then used some simple mathematics to give him a rough estimation. Eleven to twelve thousand bars was his guess, though it could have been more or less. That didn't even count the stack of items that were already made of the precious metal. His new bag would certainly be tested with this considerable load. Opening the bag, he concentrated hard, and one by one, the bars began floating over to him. As one dropped into the mouth of the bag, another was arriving right behind it.

### **HPTTM**

Feeling a bit drained after over an hour of constant magic use, Harry wasn't ready for the enraged squeal that came from right outside of the vault gate. Harry jerked in surprise and looked over and saw an Orc banging on the thick, iron bars, desperately trying to get at him. It was snarling and snapping at him for taking what they felt was rightfully theirs. In less than a minute, dozens more had arrived. Some were pulling at the bars as if they would suddenly give out and break. Some were reaching in, their long, spindly fingers wiggling in his direction. Harry did his best to pay them no mind. A Mithril beard comb lifted up out of the pile and flew toward him, depositing itself into his bag. That was followed by a large gauntlet that must have been made for a Dwarf. It was short in length but robust in width and thickness. With every piece that disappeared into his bag, the Orcs became more enraged. It wasn't long until so many had arrived that the ones in the back were pushing the ones in the front against the metal bars. The Orcs in the front cried out in panic as they were crushed against the bars. Their dirty tongues lolled out of their mouths as the air was pushed from their lungs. Bones snapped as the crush became even worse. Then something whizzed by Harry's head.

Looking up just in time, Harry moved his head to the side as a black arrow nearly took his eye out. 'That was close,' he thought as he quickly pocketed the last few pieces of loot. Before any more arrows could be shot his way, Harry flicked his wand. The ground beneath the Orc horde morphed, and suddenly, five-foot-high spikes erupted from the floor. The air was filled with their screams as hundreds were impaled. Just before apparating out, Harry sent another wave of fire at them. The sound of their sizzling skin was oddly satisfying to him. These disgusting creatures didn't deserve to freely walk Middle Earth. He had been told of their foul deeds by many of the Silvan Elves. As he popped away, he promised himself that he would come back again and further lower their numbers, and perhaps, pocket more of their ill-gotten treasures.

### **HPTTM**

Harry appeared back where he began, at the Moria Gate. He was pleased to see that it was still light out, though just barely. Concentrating, he apparated back to the spot where he had been

camping when he first laid eyes on Galadriel. He remembered being starstruck by her majestic beauty. Her beauty still struck him speechless on many occasions, even though he was used to it by now. Remnants of his old campfire were still there. A circle of black, washed-out ashes and partially burned branch wood were ringed by a dozen stones. He touched the ashes and found that they stuck to his fingers. He waved his hand and dried the old vampire. He then gathered some firewood and soon after, he was warming himself along the banks of the Celebrant. With a thought, a fish was suddenly pulled from the flowing river and landed on a flat rock right in front of him. Pulling a skillet and his dagger out, Harry cleaned and scaled the fish and had it frying soon after. As he ate his dinner of fish and Lembas, he thought about where he wanted to go next. The truth was that he wanted to visit all of Middle Earth, but he wasn't sure if he was ready for such a journey just yet. There was still so much that he needed to learn from Galadriel. He needed to double his efforts when it came to fighting with his sword. After all, magic might not always be there to save his ass. No, it was better to stick close to the woods for the time being and continue learning from the Silvan Elves. In a few years, he would then venture further and explore all that Middle Earth had to offer.