There's a Ghost in My Smial

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There's a Ghost in My Smial

by mordelle

Summary

Bilbo writes is his journal to help process Thorin's resurrection and very real and living presence in his home.

Notes

Thought we could get in Bibo's head a little.
CW: Some angsty description of BOTFA and Thorin dying.

Bilbo's Journal Entry:

There's a ghost in my smial, though he's changed since last I saw him. The phantom wears his face. The face of Thorin Oakenshield himself. It's been years since I last saw him, since he fell in battle on Ravenhill. I mourned him then, mourned for him for... years on end. Maybe I never stopped. Because despite being able to see and hear and even touch, if I had the nerve to, my heart has not mended. In fact, I could say that my heart has been ripped open once more. I couldn't believe that my dear friend was dead, that I would never see him again. It took so long, much too long to believe him gone forever. But now he's here, walking around in my home, sleeping in the bedroom down the hall... and I don't know what to think.

The sight of Thorin alive and well is both a blessing and a curse. Every time I see him, I am reminded of his death, of the pain and grief I felt when I lost him. The memories are vivid in my mind. I still have nightmares about the perils we encountered on our journey, of the dwarf king, no, my friend, bleeding out, turning paler by the second, the light leaving his eyes… while I could do nothing to stop it.

Thorin and I had been through so much together. We had journeyed to the Lonely Mountain, fought against the dragon Smaug, and reclaimed the dwarves' lost kingdom. It was a journey that changed us both, that brought us closer together. We became friends, true friends, and I had never felt closer to anyone in my life.

But then the Battle of Five Armies happened. It was a brutal and bloody affair, and I feared for Thorin's life with every passing moment. When he was struck down, when I saw him fall, I felt like a part of me had been cleaved away.

I couldn't believe that he was gone, that I would never see him again.

And yet, here he is, alive and well. It's a miracle, really. I still don't know how it happened, how he came back to life. Thorin says it could be because he is Durin's heir, whom they call The Deathless. He also thinks it could be due to being buried with the Arkenstone. All I know is that I am grateful for every moment that I get to spend with him, for every word that he speaks to me, no matter how painful it gets sometimes. It's like a badly stitched wound that has never quite healed has been tearing open little by little.

I've missed him so much. I missed our conversations, our laughter, our adventures. The problem is, I don't know how to behave around him now that he's back. It's like we've both been drastically changed from the inside out.

The first time I saw him after his resurrection, I couldn't believe my eyes. I thought I was dreaming, that it was some cruel trick of fate. But then he spoke, dear Yavanna, when I heard

that beloved voice... I knew that it was really him though my mind rebelled against it all. It's strange to see him now, to hear his voice, to feel his presence. It's like a part of me that I thought was lost has suddenly been found. But at the same time, it's like a weight has been placed upon my shoulders, a weight of grief and loss that I thought I had left behind.

The night I spent in Thorin's bed was both comforting and agonizing. We both fell asleep quickly after the mess of emotions we had to process, and he'd journeyed so far to come to here of all places!

That morning, before the sun even rose, I couldn't help but stare at him as he slept. He looked too much like the dead dwarf I saw on that stone slab. So I ran. I left him... again. I could say that I didn't wish to wake him, he'd looked so tired the night before. But the truth is, I just couldn't look at him for one more second.

I still don't know what the future holds for us, for Thorin and me. All I know is that I am grateful for every moment that I get to spend with him, for every word that he speaks to me. I only hope that I can be strong enough to face whatever lies ahead, that I can find a way to move on from the pain of his death and the shock of his return. It's a strange thing to have someone you loved and mourned return to you, alive and well. It's a gift, but also a reminder of the fragility of life. It makes me cherish every moment that I have with him, but it also fills me with a constant sense of unease, like he could disappear at any moment.

Eventually, he will. Whether it is to go home to his kin and kingdom, on another grand adventure, or... the inevitable happens... more permanently.

I do try to enjoy our time together, to laugh and talk as we used to. However, there's always a part of me that holds back, that's afraid to get too close. It's not exactly new... I held back even then. That was when I felt like I could never... keep him with me, for many reasons. Now, I'm afraid that if I let myself fully embrace this second chance, it will be taken away from me, that I will once again be left with nothing but memories. I can't. I can't go through that again...

And yet... even with this gnawing fear, I cannot deny the joy that fills my heart when I see him, when I hear his voice. It's like a light in the darkness, a ray of hope that everything will be alright.

I often find myself wondering how Thorin feels about his resurrection. Does he feel like he's been given a second chance at life? Or does he feel like he's been robbed of his final rest? I have yet to ask him, as the topic seems too sensitive, too fraught with emotion.

But even without asking, I can see the changes in him. He's more contemplative now, more reflective. He seems to carry a weight on his shoulders, one that I can only imagine comes from having faced death and come out on the other side. But there is also a quiet kind of peacefulness to him that I had never witnessed before. He used to have a certain look in his eyes, like he was always searching for something, needing to be anywhere but where he

stood. Maybe that was because he had a mountain to claim. Because he doesn't seem to be searching anymore. In fact, I'd say he looks quite comfortable here in my home. Like he wouldn't mind staying. But I'm sure that's wishful thinking. He's a king! No matter what he says...

As you can see, I find myself struggling to reconcile the past with the present.

I know that I need to find a way to move forward. I have no earthly clue on how to accomplish that. But for now, I'll just take things one day at a time. I'll cherish the moments I have with my dear friend and hold onto the hope that we can both find peace in this unfamiliar situation.

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