

Nimlenrion

Nimlenrion is the second biggest city in Elen Daelarion, and is almost entirely made up of Light Elves, with a smattering of humans and dwarves. Grim (orcs) and Dark Elves are forbidden to enter the city.

The city itself staddles both banks of the Glordorin River, and the shores provide a lively little port. The beaches to the north and south of the city are popular with holiday makers – in fact, most elves enjoy swimming and surfing. There are quite a few shops in the city catering to these ‘surfies’, as some older elves disparagingly call them. Still, they are good for business.

There are several places of interest to the tourist:

- The Greystone Nimlenrion Citadel, housing the city garrison, and residence of the Queen’s cousin, and lord of the city and surrounding area, Sindalas Vermanion, a genial elf, and rather fond of surfing with his 8 children! The Citadel was constructed 675 years ago, and has served as the seat of the monarch’s sibling, or sibling’s child (as in this case).
- Arwen Square, full of exotic wares and foods, sold at makeshift stalls, every ten days (a ‘week’ in Elen Daelarion is 10 days long). But beware, it can be a tourist trap with overpriced items.
- The House of Light is a magnificent temple to the Elven Goddess of Life, Celarodiel, a marble and gold extravaganza, inside and out, with many fanciful spires and statuary coming from every spare inch of roof and wall! The singing and dancing during ritual services draw tourists who say that this is the best experience in the whole city (except for surfing, of course).
- The Observatory is almost an astronomical University, where the heavens are studied, star and planets named and their courses recorded, eclipses predicted, and tide charts constructed. It has three telescopes, with the largest able to make out surface features of all the planets. Lectures are given on 7 days each week (but not on the weekend = which is 3 days).
- The Cemetery is fascinating – beautifully carved headstones, flamboyant statuary, elegant and poetical inscriptions, with the earliest date of death being 782 years ago; the youngest death of a babe strangled by it father at 3 months; the oldest death being 489 year old elven sage. It ai set in a beautifully manicured garden, with benches and a few limpid lily pools.