

An English Teacher's Epic Journey

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Submitted: May 9, 2004

Updated: May 13, 2004

A story I wrote for school about my English teacher being transported into Middle Earth. Chaos ensues.

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1 - 1- In which Miss Bosso is transported to Middle Ea

Hey, people! This is a story I wrote about my teacher, Miss Bosso being transported into LOTR-world. I am Vienna, and I pop in occasionally. ^^

Chapter One-In which Miss Bosso is transported to Middle Earth and is aggravated by a hobbit and a narrator

As Tracey Bosso turned the last pages of the Return of the King, amused thoughts floated in the back of her mind. She knew Vienna would be pleased to hear that her teacher had finally finished reading Lord of the Rings, and she also now understood what Vienna had meant as she exalted about the massive-sized trilogy. They really were fantastic books.

When she closed the book, there were tears in her eyes. She sat there for several minutes, going over the last few paragraphs in her mind. Finally, her eyes snapped open and she hurled the book at the wall, screaming, "What a stupid ending!"

Sighing, she sat down on her bed and buried her face in her hands. The ending was seriously annoying. I rked and irritated, she lay down and fell asleep.

The next morning, when she awoke, she paused before opening her eyes. Something was different-strange. Fearing the worst, she leaped out of bed and was preparing to rush through her bedroom door, when she cried out, shocked.

She was not in her bedroom. Whipping around violently, she found that she did not recognize her surroundings at all. She ran around randomly. Suddenly, she stopped, having run past a mirror. She slowly moved to stand next to it, and when she saw what was reflected there, she nearly had a heart attack.

She was Arwen. Not willing to believe it, she grabbed the frame of the mirror desperately, shaking it violently. Suddenly, a voice came at the door.

"Arwen? Are you still abed?" Tracey's mind raced. If she was Arwen, that meant she was in Middle Earth! No, that was impossible! Middle Earth doesn't even exist! The voice came again, calling her name.

Taking a shuddering breath and vowing to get revenge on whatever was causing these hallucinations, she said weakly, "Yes?"

The door opened, and a tall man walked in. His hair was long and dark, his eyes wise, and his ears pointy. It was Elrond- Arwen's father.

Tracey half-expected him to narrow his eyes and say, "Um.... Who are you?" But he didn't. He smiled and said, "Master Baggins wishes to see you."

Her breath caught in her throat as the full force of the situation hit her. She was in Middle Earth, she was Arwen, her father was the great Elrond Halfelven, the ring had not yet been destroyed, she was Arwen, she was no longer on Earth, she was Arwen, and Master Baggins wished to see her. Okay, she thought, this is officially freaky.

As if she had just realized it, she cried, "Master Baggins? Frodo?"

"No," replied Elrond, surprised and puzzled. "You know Frodo has not yet arrived. Master Bilbo wishes to speak to you. Unless this is a problem...?"

"No, of course not," Tracey said hurriedly. "Um... send him in."

"Arwen, you know it would be more proper for you to go to meet him," he said sternly. "He is in the garden."

"Oh, of course!" Tracey said, trying to smile, but all she could manage was a hopeless grimace. She followed Elrond out the door and into the hall. After a few minutes of trailing him through the corridors, he turned and looked at her curiously. "Do you not wish to go and meet Master Bilbo? He awaits you... in the garden."

"Oh, of course!" Tracey said a little too loudly. "I'm sorry, I'm afraid I lost my head for a moment. To the garden, right, okay, to the garden I go. My apologies, Father," she finished awkwardly.

Tracey winced and hurried off, blushing furiously. She wandered aimlessly for a while, having no clue where the gardens were. Suddenly, she noticed a large glass window, overlooking a garden. Unable to believe her stroke of luck, she rushed over to it and peered through. Sure enough, there was the old Bilbo, sitting under a tree and mumbling to himself.

She found the nearest doorway and entered it, inexplicably finding herself outside, not a dozen yards from Bilbo's tree. Trying to compose herself, she called out, "Um... you wished to see me, Master Bilbo?" He looked up and smiled, his eyes twinkling. He stood and walked over to her, before saying brightly, "Hey, Miss Bosso."

Yelling loudly, Tracey jumped backwards, clutching her chest. Bilbo looked merely amused. Finally, Tracey spoke, gasping for breath. "How did you- how- how do you know- are you- how did I- how did you-"

Bilbo cut her off, grinning annoyingly. "Sorry, I didn't mean to freak you out. But I see you've finally read Lord of the Rings."

Tracey's jaw dropped open. She mouthed wordlessly, staring at Bilbo. Finally, something clicked. "V... Vienna?" she said in disbelief. Bilbo smiled wider and Tracey yelled in frustration. "What is going on?" she demanded. "How did you- how did you do this? I want you to fix it, now!"

Bilbo- Vienna- sighed. "I'm sorry, but I can't do that right now." He said, speaking with the annoyingly superior air that only Vienna possessed. "See, I can't bring you back until you get all the way through to the end of the story."

"What? You can't do that!"

"I'm afraid I can," Bilbo said sadly.

Neither of them spoke for several minutes. Finally, breathing deeply, Tracey said, "Fine. Just tell me how you did this... why I'm here!"

Bilbo smiled slightly. "I'll explain everything once you're done. For now, you are Arwen. You have to play the part, or... you lose."

"What do you mean, I lose?" Tracey demanded. "What happens then?"

Bilbo shrugged. "You lose."

Tracey stared at him in disbelief. "You're really not going to tell me anything until the end of the story?"

"Really."

"Really?"

"Yes."

They both fell silent. Finally, Tracey added, "Really?"

"Yes, Miss Bosso."

She threw her hands up in disbelief. "I don't believe this."

"I believe you have no choice."

"I can't believe this!"

"You seem very disbelieving. I believe you have to go rescue Frodo soon, by the way."

"What?"

"Frodo. Right about now, he is suffering the effects of the Witchking's blade. If you don't play your part and rescue him, he'll be a wraith, and Sam will have to take the ring. Nobody wants that."

"Wait a second. Arwen doesn't rescue Frodo! Glorfindel and his horse Asfaloth do."

"Yeah, but the director of the movie seemed to think Arwen should do it. Go figure."

"So... you want me to leave... now?"

"Yep."

"But where will I go, what will I do?"

"Frankly, my dear, I don't-"

"Excuse me," said the narrator's voice from nowhere. "But I believe we're supposed to keep this rated G. Just a reminder."

The disembodied voice fell silent. "Anyway," Bilbo continued, as if nothing had happened, "Just take Asfaloth, he'll know where to go. Speaking of which, he's yours in this version."

"I gathered as much. Poor Glorfindel."

2 - 2- In which Miss Bosso begs to go to Mordor, and t

Chapter Two- In which Miss Bosso begs to go to Mordor, and the narrator rants about the annoyingness of Frodo

When she reached the stables, as directed by Vienna/Bilbo, Tracey picked the horse she thought was Asfaloth and said doubtingly, "Um, listen... Asfaloth?"

The horse irritably nodded his head, realizing that his rider was quite clueless. He gave a great horse sigh, as if to say, "When's Glorfindel coming back?" Tracey patted his head understandingly, and murmured, "I know, the movie plotline makes no sense. But Glorfindel doesn't exist, so now I have to go rescue the useless hobbit."

Asfaloth nickered knowingly and trotted forward. "Oh, you know where to go, then?" Tracey asked, surprised. Asfaloth turned his head and stared at her with one eye as if to say, "What do you take me for?"

He cantered through the forest and crossed the Ford when they came to it. Tracey sighed and sat back, annoyed. "This is so pointless," she muttered. "Frodo goes crazy at the end, and Gollum has to indirectly save the day. Why am I going to so much trouble to rescue this idiot?" Asfaloth said nothing. Never saw that one coming.

Finally, they got to wherever Frodo was wasting away in his own stupidity and becoming a ringwraith, which are cool. He lay uselessly on the ground while smart people like Aragorn, Sam and Merry did smart things. Oh, and Pippin was there, too. Anyway, Tracey spoke some fake elvish, grabbed Frodo and took him. But before she left the forlorn group, she glanced back at Aragorn. He's even more gorgeous in real life, she thought faintly. Smiling slightly, she jumped back on the horse and rode away. "Um..." she muttered, trying to remember her line. "Oh, yeah. Uh, Noro lim, Asfaloth!"

Anyway, when the Nazgul started tailing her, she said some more elvish to the horse and continued on to the Ford. When she reached the other side, she turned to face the black horsemen on the opposite bank.

Resisting the urge to burst out laughing at the senselessness of her next line, she shouted, "If you want him... COME AND CLAIM HIM!...hee hee hee..." She drew her sword and struck an impressive pose, and the Nazgul turned and fled in terror. Lucky Miss Bosso, since she doesn't know how to make the river turn into pretty horsies, the narrator decided to make things easier for her.

When Frodo started gasping for air, Tracey rolled her eyes. "Oh, don't be so dramatic." Still, knowing that Elrond would kill her if she let Frodo die, she continued on to Rivendell. (Cue climactic music)

Much later, after Tracey had made herself at home in Rivendell with all the hot elves, and Frodo had healed, and yadda yadda yadda... Tracey had convinced her "father" to let her attend the Council. There, she ignored all of the dorky humans who wanted to use the Ring to save Gondor

*cough*Boromir*coughcough* and spent the whole time staring at Aragorn. When he stood up to yell at Boromir, she grinned.

Finally, when they decided to have someone take the ring to Mordor, Frodo stood up and said, "I will take the ring to Mordor, although I do not know the way." Tracey snickered. Gandalf stepped forward and did his thing, and Tracey watched carefully as Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli volunteered to accompany Frodo. Finally, after Gimli had yelled, "And my axe!!" Tracey stood up and declared, "And

you have my elvish hotness!...oh, and I guess in this version I have a sword, so that too." She finished and winked at Aragorn, who looked rather taken aback.

When all the little hobbits had run forward, Elrond looked at his daughter sternly and said, "Ten companions. The Fello-"

"Ha ha ha ha ha!!" Tracey exclaimed. "There are only nine Nazgul- we win!"

Everybody stared at her. "Sorry," she said quickly. Elrond cleared his throat. "The Fellowship of the Ring."

"Great," Pippin said in his cute little accent. "Where are we going?" Tracey giggled.

So they left Rivendell and journeyed south, Tracey riding her horse, Mango. As they crossed the snow-capped mountain range, I don't think anyone complained nearly as much as Tracey. ("My fair elvish complexion is getting ruined!") They journeyed for miles and miles and miles.... Until eventually they got to the entrance to the Mines of Moria. As Gandalf read the riddle, Tracey leaped up suddenly, causing everyone around her to jump, startled.

"Ooh! Ooh! I know!...wait, what was the word... I don't remember. Oh well- Gandalf, how do you say 'friend' in elvish?"

Looking considerably startled, Gandalf replied, "Mellon."

Frodo jumped up, indignant. "Hey, I knew that!" Tracey rolled her eyes.

"No, you didn't."

"I did too!"

"Only in the movie."

Everyone stared at her. "What?" Aragorn asked, puzzled.

Tracey looked down, embarrassed. "Never mind."

"Okay, well, let us enter into the deep... dark... mines..." Gandalf said dramatically. Tracey rolled her eyes again.

They advanced apprehensively into the cave entrance. The hobbits shivered in the sudden cold, Aragorn drew his sword, Gimli gripped his axe tightly, and Tracey hummed a Michael Jackson song. Nobody seemed to understand Arwen's optimism in the dark cavern littered with dwarf skeletons. Finally, when they got to the well, Tracey rushed forward before Pippin could drop the rock in it.

"Whoa, get a grip! I like you and all, but that would have been seriously stupid. Pippin simply stared at her, startled.

And so they made it out of the caves without much mishap, and without Boromir talking happily about cave trolls. When they made it out, Tracey realized that something was different. Scratching her head, she looked around the group.

With a start, she realized that Gandalf was there. "Awesome," she murmured to herself. "I saved Gandalf!"

Gandalf turned to look at her curiously, but said nothing. Tracey grinned and winked. He turned away, shaking his head and muttering about cheeky elves.

3 - 3- In which Gandalf does not die, and Tracey grudg

Chapter Three- In which Gandalf does not die, and Tracey grudgingly saves Boromir, so he doesn't either.

And so they journeyed even more, the hobbits not mourning mindlessly for Gandalf, who was not dead. Tracey often noticed herself mentioning things that hadn't happened yet, much to the confusion of the others. Gandalf, she knew, was very suspicious. She caught him eyeing her doubtfully a lot, but didn't particularly care.

(For the benefit of the reader, I will now skip over the months of journeying they did and fast-forward to the part at Anduin, where Boromir dies.)

Okay, so they're riding Anduin River in their spiffy little boats. When they all noticed Gollum paddling along behind them, Tracey leaned forward in fascination.

"Is that really Gollum?" she said to herself. As she bent over the edge of the boat, she lost her balance and toppled into the water.

"Arwen!" Aragorn cried, quickly paddling over to save her. Gollum, startled, also dropped into the water and glided away.

When Aragorn got to where Tracey floundered in the dark water, he, unhesitatingly, grabbed her arms and hauled her onto his boat. She sat gasping for breath, leaned back onto the side of the boat, and nearly fell in again. Finally, when she noticed who had saved her, she blushed furiously, muttered something in the way of thanks, and clambered back into her boat. "Women," muttered Boromir. Aragorn and Tracey both shot him a dirty look.

When they had tethered their boats and set up camp, Tracey discreetly moved to sit next to Aragorn by the fire.

"Thanks," she said quietly, daring to shoot a glance at him, but then blushed again.

"Oh, that's all right," he said awkwardly, also blushing. "Listen, since it's so unorthodox for women to be on a journey like this, I'm not really used to it. And I know you can't be, either, so if you need help with anything, ask me. Although you've been doing really well on your own."

"Yeah..." Tracey murmured absently, not really listening. His deep chestnut hair waved slightly in the night breeze, and his sapphire eyes sparkled. She gazed at him and leaned in closer.

Suddenly, the whine of an arrow sounded and one appeared, embedding itself with a THUNK into a nearby tree. Aragorn was up in a flash, sword in hand. Tracey smacked her forehead, silently cursing Saruman and his blasted orcs.

"Can you fight?" Aragorn shouted, looking quickly at her. She scowled. "Of course! I'm Arwen!"

He ignored this and sprinted into the trees without so much as a backward glance. With an annoyed grumble, Tracey drew her own sword. "Oh, crud. Stupid... stupid... orcs..." She looked around at the deserted clearing. Everyone else had run off, either to fight or to hide like the loser hobbits that they were.

Tracey heaved a sigh. "I guess I'll defend the fortress," she said without enthusiasm, looking around at their pitiful assortment of tents. No orcs, however, entered the area.

Abruptly, Tracey realized that this was the part where Boromir died. More irritated than anything, she started into the forest, muttering, "Well, I guess I have to go rescue the psychopathic dork." Suddenly, a booming voice sounded. "No, Miss Bosso!" it cried. Tracey looked around, considerably startled.

"Vienna?" she said uncertainly. "How do you keep doing that?"

"You can't change the timeline any further!" Vienna's voice continued. "Don't you remember the Prime Directive, from Star Trek?? The consequences could be disastrous!!"

Tracey rolled her eyes. "Who do you think you are, Christopher Lloyd?"

"Very funny."

"Listen, I'm not doing this much longer- you have to tell me what's going on!"

The voice sighed, exasperated. "Don't start that again... just keep going, you're doing great. But still, it's bad enough that you saved Gandalf, you-"

"I didn't intend to save him, I was just trying to stop Pippin from being stupid. I didn't feel like being trapped in Moria with swarms of orcs and a Balrog. Besides, isn't it better that he's alive?"

"No. We have no idea what'll happen now! You won't be able to predict what happens if circumstances are substantially different!!"

"So? I'll improvise."

"Maybe you're forgetting- you're not a warrior, or anyone particularly wise in this storyline. You, Miss Bosso, are not even Arwen. You don't know what you're doing!"

"Excuse me, but I've made it all the way here! I braved Moria and that god-forsaken mountain," Tracey growled angrily. "And I'll do what I want, okay, little miss Narrator?" And with that, she scrambled into the trees, holding her sword aloft and ignoring Vienna's furious protests.

She hurried along, seeing no signs of Boromir or, for that matter, anyone. Breathing heavily, she stopped and listened carefully. The arrow-whizzing-sounds seemed to be coming from her left, so left she went. At last, she caught sight of Boromir blundering through the brambles, a few dozen orcs at his heels. Merry and Pippin were a little ways away from Boromir, scurrying along with much more grace than he.

With a hopeless sigh, Tracey rushed forward and took out a few orcs. Although, since violence is not allowed in this story, let's say the orcs "fainted". Her sword flashed (Arwen's attack was super effective!) as she downed still more of the vile creatures, gradually putting distance between them and the bewildered man up ahead.

At last, she lost sight of Boromir as he pounded away. Sighing with relief, she decided he could take care of himself from here on out. Suddenly, she heard voices she recognized as Sam's and Frodo's, coming from behind her, on the riverbank.

"I'm going to Mordor alone!"

"Of course you are- and I'm coming with you!"

Tracey turned abruptly and headed in that direction. She left the forest and stepped onto the edge of the water just in time to see Sam wade into the river.

"Sam, you can't swim!" Frodo cried desperately from the boat in the water.

Indeed, as the stout hobbit entered the water, he slipped underneath it as its deepness exceeded his height. "Sam!!" Frodo wailed, hastening to paddle back towards the shore. Tracey watched, amused, as the hobbit saved his friend. Before Sam could get all mushy, she rushed forward and, without a word, waded in and climbed into the boat.

As she dried herself off, the hobbits stared at her. "Um, Arwen, maybe you should stay here," Frodo said, confused.

"Yeah right!" Tracey cried, grinning wildly. "I'm getting in on this deal- honor and prestige, and all I have to do is come with you to Mordor! Although I will miss Aragorn, I can marry him later. Okay, let's go!"

When neither of the hobbits moved, Tracey grabbed the oars and propelled the boat further into the water, singing loudly, "On the Road Again".

4 - 4- In which an English Teacher is a nuisance to on

Chapter Four- In which an English Teacher is a nuisance to one hobbit, and makes another hobbit cry.

"I spy... something... that's brown... and tall.... and-"

"It's that mountain over there."

"Wrong! It's the mountain over there." Tracey said triumphantly, pointing to a random mountain.

Frodo sighed impatiently. The three were hiking along some god-forsaken mountain trail, as they had been for the past two weeks.

"Arwen," Frodo said with annoyance, "Do you think you can just be quiet for a while? I'm trying to concentrate."

"On what?" Tracey cried. "What's there to even think about around here? We've been just walking in the general direction of that mountain over there, which we can only assume is Mount Doom, and it's going to be several weeks before we even get to Mordor. I mean, come on, Frodo. Lighten up!"

"Lighten up?" Sam snapped indignantly. "Bless me, lady, but he's got a burden far surpassing any of ours! Just look at him." He gestured to the other hobbit, who blundered along behind them slightly, listening with vague irritation. Sam continued. "Forgive me, Arwen, but he has every right to be preoccupied. He has to concentrate on not letting the Ring swallow him whole!"

Tracey snorted skeptically, rolling her eyes. "Come on, Sam, you and I both know that you should be the one to carry the Ring, anyway. Frodo's gonna go insane at the end, and Gollum kills himself to stop him being an idiot. And plus, he won't even get there anyway if you don't carry him, for crying out loud." Suddenly, she stopped talking, realizing that she had just given away half of the remaining plotline. Silently cursing herself, she tried to ignore the hobbits' befuddled stares.

So they continued walking. Tracey was silent, staring at a nearby mountain as she walked. About forty-five minutes later, it seemed no closer than it had been. She groaned audibly. Frodo shot an accusing glare at her.

About an hour later, Tracey started whining again. "Oh jeez, we're never gonna get there."

Frodo whipped around and stared at her. "No one asked you to come with us, begging your pardon, lady. In fact, truth be told, we'd prefer it if you weren't on this journey at all. But no, you just had to go and volunteer. Why can't you just go home and go back to your embroidery?"

"Hear, hear!" Sam cried viciously. Tracey shot him a look, before launching into her yelling campaign.

"Listen, midget boy, don't you start. No one asked you to go and play hero! Face it, you have no more idea what you're doing than I do. Why don't you just go back to your cozy, safe little hobbit-hole? I know if I weren't here to yell at, you'd be whining about how much you wish you were back at the Shire, and bless me little hobbit feet, I do sometimes wish for a flagon of ale back at the good old Green Dragon. So don't you go accusing me of anything, little man!"

Sam burst into tears. Frodo stared in shock at Tracey, who merely smirked. She turned and marched away primly, ignoring the dumbfounded hobbits behind her. Finally, Frodo began walking again, and Sam followed tearfully.

No one said anything for several hours, though Tracey thought she heard Sam whispering to Frodo, "How does she know about the Green Dragon?"

Finally, when the last rays of light disappeared behind the silhouette of the ominous mountains away

yonder, Frodo stopped and turned to the others.

"I think we should stop here," he said quietly, avoiding Tracey's triumphant sneer. Sam gratefully dropped his pack and collapsed on the ground.

As Frodo began to scrounge for firewood, Tracey wandered away into a clearing a few hundred yards away. As she sat down on a rock to rest, a great booming and naggy voice resounded in the trees.

Tracey jumped up, startled, as Vienna's irritated voice yelled at her.

"Miss Bosso, what's wrong with you?!"

"Excuse me?" Tracey demanded, sitting back down, and glaring angrily at the sky.

"Are you aware how much of the story you gave away earlier?"

Tracey sighed. "I know, I'm sorry! I just got carried away, that's-"

"And then you go making poor Sam cry! He didn't do anything wrong!"

"Except being too loyal to that wimpy little loser."

"Listen, I'm not arguing with you there, but you need to apologize. Sam is just so sweet, and you can't go offending him or insulting Frodo around him."

"Don't tell me what to do," Tracey snapped obstinately.

"I'm serious, Miss Bosso!" Vienna cried, now sounding positively desperate. "Leave him alone!"

"Fine, fine!" Tracey yelled angrily. "But how much longer am I going to have to wander through the wilderness, your Majesty?"

Ignoring this, Vienna replied. "Just around a month. Okay? Then Gandalf the Grey... as opposed to Gandalf the White... will come and rescue you from Mordor, and you can marry Aragorn, and everyone can live happily ever after."

"And then?" Tracey pressed.

"And then... if you actually make it that far, I'll explain everything, and take you back home, if you want."

"If I want?" Tracey echoed scornfully. "Of course I do. I need to get out of here and take a proper bath- I mean, this is just nasty!"

"Whatever you say, Miss Bosso," Vienna's disembodied voice sighed, and fell silent. Recognizing her absence, Tracey leaned back on the rock and sighed. Knowing Vienna, this was some impossible-to-grade extra credit assignment, though God knows how she's doing it.

After a while, she wandered on back to their campsite, where Sam was fast asleep and Frodo was mulling over by the fire. When he saw Tracey approaching, he hastily put something into his pocket.

Tracey scowled.

"Hey, you wanna stop stroking that freaky Ring? It's really creeping me out."

Frodo looked much taken aback. He looked as if he didn't know what to say, so Tracey spared him the effort and turned away to get some food from her pack.

A few minutes later, she sat munching on some lembas bread, watching Frodo carefully. He kept reaching into his pocket, where, Tracey knew, that evil Ring lay concealed.

"What an idiot," Tracey muttered, massaging her temples.

"What?" Frodo said sharply.

"Nothing," she replied sweetly, "O Frodo, son of Drogo."

He looked at her suspiciously, but said nothing. They both sat in silence for a while. Suddenly, in the moonlight, Tracey caught a glimpse of two shining eyes glittering nearby. Then, as abruptly as they had appeared, they vanished. Frodo shuddered involuntarily, and Tracey grinned, knowing that soon Gollum would be joining them.

5 - 5- Which is a chapter that the author doesn't real

Chapter Five- Which is a chapter that the author doesn't really like.

That night, Tracey was sure enough of her intuition to sleep a ways away from the hobbits, so as to avoid Gollum's pouncing fury that was to occur the next morning. And sure enough, just as Tracey had predicted, the next day they met up with the shriveled little hobbit-thing that was Gollum. And indeed, he leaped with such ferocity upon the unsuspecting hobbits, groping for the Ring, that Tracey silently commended her "precognition" with some smugness.

Anyway, she watched, amused, as Gollum attempted to wrestle the Ring from Frodo's grasp, until finally Frodo pinned him on the ground, holding him at bay with Sting, his sword.

Tracey yawned and silently recited their conversation simultaneously as it happened. She watched as Sam tried to ensnare Gollum with his elvish rope, but quickly stepped forward and yanked it from his grasp, taking pity on the poor Gollum, who looked at her curiously.

She finally convinced the hobbits to allow Gollum to lead them freely and without the restraint of the rope. But Sam glared at her angrily.

"What's in your head?" he demanded. "This little monster is evil, he'll kill us."

"He's not evil!" Tracey protested. "He's just having an inner conflict!"

"There is no conflict," Sam said darkly. "You don't know the power of the dark side."

Tracey, yet again, rolled her eyes. "I don't care. As long as you leave him alone, Sam, he'll be good.

Won't you, Gollum?" she added to the hunched-over little creature, who nodded earnestly.

"Yes, precious, we'll be good to Master, won't we, precious? Yes... as long as stupid, fat hobbit is good to us, right, precious?"

Sam glared at him, but did not reply. Tracey winked at Gollum, who smiled grimly.

And this was how they traveled, with Gollum making snide remarks and Tracey smirking as Sam glared angrily at both of them, and Frodo stumbling along, lost in his own little world where he either stroked the Ring or muttered incoherently to himself.

And thus they continued for nearly a month. Gollum led them to the Black Gate, which was closed, and then to the Stairs of Cirith Ungol, and all that.

One night, Tracey awoke to find Gollum sprinkling the crumbs of the last piece of bread on Sam. She knew exactly what he planned to do, and that in doing so, Frodo would think Sam was a burden, and leave him behind. But she also knew that everything would turn out fine in the end. So, with a sigh, she turned over, trying to ignore Gollum's hissing laughter behind her.

Soon after, she heard Sam's voice.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked Gollum suspiciously. "Always sneaking around like that, it's not right."

"Why does hobbit always insult poor Smeagol?" Gollum whined. "What did Smeagol ever do to him? Sneaking!"

"Sorry," Sam sighed. "You just startled me, is all. What were you doing, anyway?"

"Sneaking," Gollum hissed seethingly.

Tracey did not move. She heard Sam speak gently to Frodo.

"Sorry to wake you, Master Frodo, but we best be moving on."

And Tracey listened further as Frodo discovered the lack of food, and then the breadcrumbs on the other

hobbit.

She finally sat up as Frodo and Gollum turned to leave Sam. Nobody looked at her except Gollum, who now seemed hesitant. But he continued on, climbing up the mountain, leaving the sobbing Sam alone with Tracey, who found herself facing a decision.

Finally, she concluded that the best way to avoid danger was to stay with Sam- after all, that way, she could stay away from the giant arachnid, Shelob, that Frodo would have to fight. And after all... big spiders were freaky.

And so, in an attempt to cease the overemotional and overdramatic factors that have infiltrated the writing of this chapter, we will skip to the part where Sam and Tracey and Frodo are on Mount Doom. But first, a brief recap.

Frodo was tricked by Gollum into believing Sam had stolen the food, and so for some reason, leaves Sam and Tracey behind. Anyway, they meet up again later when Sam rescues poor pitiful Frodo from the evil orcs in the tower, who captured him after he was attacked by Shelob. Gollum fell down a mountain somewhere. And so, they journey to Mount Doom, and just as Tracey had predicted, Sam had to carry Frodo most of the way because Frodo is a wimpy... dorky... well, you get the picture.

And so there they were, on Mount Doom, standing over the fiery lava and stuff inside the mountain.

Frodo walked forward to drop the Ring into the fire.

Several minutes passed. He still had not thrown in the Ring. Finally, he turned around and said in his evil voice, "No. The Ring is mine," and moved to put it on. But Tracey was prepared for this- she rushed forward and attempted to shove him into the fire.

"No!!!" Sam wailed, and saved him.

"Come on, Sam!" Tracey yelled angrily, still trying to throw Frodo in, "He's a lunatic! Look at him!"

But Sam would not listen. He sobbed and stroked Frodo ("Everything will be all right, Master Frodo, you'll see!!!"), and Tracey, annoyed, snatched the ring from Frodo and flung it into the fire. Just then Gollum showed up, and wailed miserably.

"NOOO!!!!!" he and Frodo howled, both nearly falling into the fire in their attempts to catch it. But it was too late. The Ring was gone, the day saved.

6 - 6- In which there is a drastically different alter

Chapter Six- In which there is a drastically different alternate ending, and Mr. Edwards makes an appearance. And so it was, that Gollum did not die, and, since the author rather likes Gollum, and since this is her story anyway, he was not evil, either. And so it was that Gandalf saved everyone on his pretty birdies, and they returned to Minas Tirith in Gondor, which was a total wreck after the orcs laid waste to it. And so it was that everyone had a reunion, and Aragorn was to be crowned king. At the day of his coronation, Tracey was taken by surprise, haven forgotten this part in the book, when Aragorn asked her to marry him. Her whole life in Middle Earth flashed before her eyes. She had been practically in love with him when she read the books and met him, but now she felt differently... "My apologies, your Majesty," she murmured, avoiding his eyes. "But my heart belongs to someone else." She stepped aside dramatically, where Gollum stood, looking as if Christmas had come early. (Remember, Gollum's not evil anymore. Maybe still a little crazy, but not evil.) Tracey picked him up and kissed his cheek. "I love you, Gollum. Will you marry me?" At this, Aragorn let out a cry of anguish, and scurried away to pout. Other than that, there was total silence as every single attendee of the ceremony stared at her. "Yes, precious, we will, precious!" Gollum cried. As if on cue, the entire crowd started cheering to give it a more moving and dramatic effect. However, at the same time, a ringing voice pierced the mirthful din. "That's enough, Miss Bosso!" Silence fell for some reason. Theatrically, every one turned to see the source of the voice. It was- guess who?- Vienna. She was no longer in hobbit form. Rather, she was herself, and wearing her usual black-riddled gothic and tortured-artist motif. She stepped forward slowly, looking furious. Tracey braced herself for the incoming storm. Right on cue, it struck. "Miss Bosso, who do you think you are? Don't you realize you've completely altered these people's entire existence? Don't you realize that you have no right to change the perfectly acceptable plotline? Don't you-" "Um, excuse me," Tracey interrupted meekly. "But didn't you do just that by bringing me here in the first place?" Vienna was silent, her mouth hanging open for several seconds, as if she were trying to figure out an annoying puzzle. Finally, she shrugged. "I guess you're right. Okay, since we're here, let's fix a few other things as well! For starters-" "VIENNA!" boomed a booming voice. Wincing, Vienna turned to see Gandalf standing behind her. She raised an eyebrow, confused. "There's something different about you, Gandalf," she said finally, after some consideration. "You're very tall. Taller than usual, I mean. Mr. Edwards, is that you?" "AFFIRMATIVE!" he shouted. "How'd you get here?" Vienna wondered, intrigued. "I don't know, but before you continue this confusing and senseless plathole-riddled essay of yours, I just want to know one thing- where in blazes is the sport?!" Thinking fast, Vienna mumbled something, looking around. Finally, with a grin, she gestured all around her at the crowd of people. "Behold..." she said loudly. "The race of men!" With a vein bulging on his neck, Mr. Edwards (aka Gandalf) bellowed, "That's not funny! I want you to tell me right now exactly what the sport in this story was, or you get an F!" Looking up at him innocently, she asked, "Tell me- how do you define "sport"?" He looked as if he wanted to yell at her some more, but he answered. "A sport is an activity that requires physical effort and exertion, and helps exercise the body!" he yelled, with a tone not unlike a general punishing a lower-ranking officer. "Well," Vienna said with annoying finality, "Traveling to Mordor is more of a sport than any sport, so it counts as a sport!" "I'll say!" cried Tracey, extending her arm. "Just look at this scar! It came from some wild beast in a perilous jungle, in the dead of night! I nearly died!" "Oh, fine," said Mr. Edwards, and left. "Anyway," Vienna said, raising her eyebrows, "Where were we... oh yes! Alterations to an epic trilogy masterpiece for my own amusement. Let's see..." And so it was that Vienna proceeded to change everything about "Lord of the Rings" that had bugged her. Pippin and

Merry went back to Isengard to hang out with the giant trees and make fun of Saruman. Legolas and Gimli became best friends and had many an adventure. Sam and Frodo went off together to the Grey Havens, and Sam forgot all about Rosie, who Vienna never really liked anyway. Tracey (aka Arwen) decided to stay in Middle Earth and marry Gollum, leaving Aragorn extremely disgruntled. Taking pity on him, Vienna transported a rabid fangirl to the universe and proclaimed that she and Aragorn were to wed. "Yay!!!" squealed the fangirl, while Aragorn sobbed into Legolas' shoulder, even more disgruntled and now miserable. Vienna also decided to stay in Middle Earth. But what was her destiny there? After some thought, she transported Michael Jackson next to her. Hugging him, she cried, "I love you!! Never ever ever leave me!!!" And so it was that Tolkien was left rolling over in his grave, and everyone lived happily ever after. The En- "Wait a minute!" cried Tracey. "What was the point of all this? And how'd you do it, anyway?" "It makes no sense!" roared Mr. Edwards. "It's too long, you're killing your poor teacher!" cackled the fangirl. "How could you do this to me??" wailed Aragorn, trying to free himself from his fiancé's grip. "What am I doing here?" asked Michael Jackson, thoroughly confused. "Um..." Vienna mumbled, smiling weakly. "Huttah!" she cried, zipping off in a whirl of dust bunnies. A few seconds later, she returned, grabbed Michael by the arm, and dragged him away. THE END