

# What about Tom?

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*Just a one shot story I did because Tom Bombadil gets left out of the movies.*

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# 1 - the one chapter

**Disclaimer:** I do not own the Lord of the Rings characters, places etc... etc... I can't make this disclaimer funny.

This is something I came up with because poor Tom gets left out of the movies...

## **What about Tom?**

They were all in the Grey Havens, Frodo, Sam, Merry, Pippin, Gandalf, Galadriel and Bilbo. Oh yeah, Elrond was there too, the elf with the crazy eyebrows who never smiles.

It was very peaceful; the sun was sinking into the ocean, pink skies giving off a soft warm glow and Annie Lennox singing 'Into the West' in the background. However it was a solemn occasion. Frodo was going to say goodbye to his friends forever, because he was going to the land where the elves hailed from. He heard there was good ale there.

"B-but Mr. Frodo you can't go," Sam stuttered sadly.

"Sorry Sam, but I am going," Frodo replied calmly, "I can't stay here anymore."

Merry and Pippin were standing awkwardly watching the scene not sure of what was going on. Then it dawned on them.

"Wait..." Pippin said slowly, "You're leaving Frodo?"

"Yeah, remember?" Pippin just looked at him stupidly, "I told you that before we got here..." Frodo said answering his own question.

"Oh... Right!" Pippin said, like a kid who just figured out how to multiply.

Merry frowned, "I still don't understand *why* you're leaving Frodo..."

Frodo remembered the excuse he had come up with earlier, "I can't stay here because it brings up bad memories... Pains that cannot be healed..." he said in his scarred war veteran voice.

Sam was still blubbering as if his pet cat had died.

"It's okay Sam, you can have the book I wrote," Frodo told Sam trying to cheer him up. He handed Sam a book labeled: Your Body and You.

"Er... Sorry, wrong book," Frodo said, taking the book back and replacing it with another that was a plain burgundy colour.

"T-thanks," Sam said, calming down a bit.

"Now I must go my friends..." Frodo said softly, as he turned to board the ship that Gandalf, Galadriel, Bilbo and Elrond were waiting on.

"Wait just one second!" Somebody yelled out of nowhere.

They all turned to where the voice had come from, there was a plump man, with a beard, wearing colourful attire standing off to Merry and Pippin's right looking quite flustered and angry.

"Tom?" Gandalf questioned nervously, "What are you doing here?"

"You..." Tom said sourly, "You didn't think I'd just sit in that closet and twiddle my thumbs did you!" he exclaimed red in the face.

"Well... Yes actually, I did," Gandalf said.

Elrond put on one of his patented frowns, and muttered to Gandalf, "I thought you had taken care of him."

"So did I," Gandalf replied.

"Who are you?" Pippin asked thoroughly confused, as usual.

"I'm Tom Bombadil," He told Pippin bitterly, "I was supposed to lead you from Crickhollow to Bree!"

"Where's Crickhollow?" Sam asked forgetting about his best friend leaving.

Tom Bombadil looked to Gandalf, "So you stuffed Crickhollow in a closet too?" he asked as angry as ever.

"Well no... I gave Frodo a map with a bit of a detour..." Answered Gandalf guiltily.

Tom snorted, "A 20 mile detour?"

Gandalf really didn't want to get into this whole thing.

"Come on Frodo, we must hasten before nightfall comes," Gandalf urged Frodo onto the ship.

"Fare thee well," Galadriel said to Merry, Pippin and Sam as they floated away.

“HEY! Where do you think you're going wizard? I'm not finished with you yet!” yelled Tom running to the end of the dock.

The hobbits stood for a couple of minutes giving each other confused looks as Tom kept yelling desperately.

Finally Merry spoke up, “How about we all go to the Green Dragon and get a couple drinks?”

“Sounds good to me!” said Pippin happily.

“Alright,” replied Sam.

So the three hobbits walked away and everyone lived happily ever after, except poor Tom, because his wife Goldberry was now married to an elf named Glorfindel.

THE END