

A Lord of the Rings Fan-Fic

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This is what Libby comes up with when she's on sugar high and is watching LOTR and obsessing over Aragorn. Enjoy. o_o

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1 - Lord of the Rings Fan-Fic

It was a sunny, warm day in Middle Earth. And incredibly boring. The green hills of the Shire showed no sign of any approaching doom. Which was odd. Outside one of the Hobbit's houses, Frodo Baggins, to be exact, sat an odd group of...things. Aragorn-a human king, Legolas-an elf, Gimli-a dwaf, Gandalf- a wizard, and Frodo Baggins.

"Frodo, where's the tea? And the biscuits?" Gandalf asked, leaning on his staff.

"Umm...in the house. We're waiting for Gollum."

"Ah, Gollum. Where is he?"

"Shopping at the new mall. A Limited Too just opened."

Legolas, who had been sulking over God knows what, stood up.

"Frodo, I need a mirror," he whined.

"Why?" Frodo asked, staring at the elf.

"I need to see all of my sexy self!" Legolas yelled, as if that was the stupidest question he had ever heard of. "Like, Gawd, you hobbits..."

"Okay, okay. I'll get you a stupid mirror. Don't wet yourself," Frodo said, not wanting to piss off the prissy elf.

"Like, whatever!" Legolas said shrilly. "And I don't see why Gollum is shopping when he KNOWS that he'll always bow down to me...looks-wise. Like, I am SO much hotter than he is."

"Aye, you pointy-eared freak, shut your prissy mouth," Gimli snapped, taking out a pipe. "Don't think your special, just because you're prettier than we are!"

Aragorn just sighed. "Please, Legolas, you know I'm hotter than you. At least I have a girlfriend."

"Oh, like, yeah. I forgot. The "elf", " Legolas replied, rolling his eyes.

"You're an elf, too!"

"Yeah, well I'm prettier than Arwen is. I'M A SEXY ELF!"

"No..." Aragorn said, beginning to draw his sword.

"I got the bloody mirror. Now take it and shut up!" Frodo yelled, suddenly falling through the door. Legolas immediately reached out and caught the mirror instead of the hobbit. Setting it up in front of

himself, he proceeded to make several different poses and faces in front of the mirror. Then inspiration struck. Legolas began to sing loudly,

“I’m too sexy for this bow, too sexy for this Shire, too sexy for this fan-fic...”

Gandalf reached out his staff and delivered a blow to Legolas’s side, knocking him off his feet. Gimli, Frodo, and Aragorn roared with laughter, while Legolas sprang up and looked like he was on the verge of tears.

“YOU...YOU HIT ME!”

“Brilliant, laddie,” Gimli said, still trying to light his pipe. “DARN YOU! Frodo, go get me something to light this pipe with.”

“What? I don’t have anything that would make fire...”

“Make something up, then.”

Frodo sighed and disappeared into his hobbit hole again, muttering something about slave-driving dwarves.

“Who’s that?” Aragorn said suddenly, looking at the three figures approaching over the hills. One was walking like a monkey, and carrying a shopping bag. The second has something that seemed like horns, and the third looked like a normal woman. As they grew closer, the four creatures outside the hobbit hole recognized who it was. And when they saw Gollum, they gasped.

“YOU’RE WEARING A PINK BARBIE DRESS?!” Frodo yelled, carrying some unidentified object out of his hobbit hole and whipping it at Gimli.

“I helped him pick it out,” Sauramon said proudly.

“YOU LOOK GAY!” Frodo yelled, staring at Gollum in sheer horror.

“No, I think I look pretty!” Gollum replied, twirling around.

“Legolas, don’t you think Gollum looks stupid in that dress?” Frodo asked Legolas.

“Mmmm...like, whatever!” Legolas replied, not really listening. Striking a different pose in the mirror, he sighed. “I seriously look sexy today. And my hair is soooo shiny!”

The third cloaked figure removed her hood, revealing the face of Arwen.

“Aragorn, honey, we have to talk.”

“That’s a bad sign, Aragorn,” Gandalf said, shaking his staff.

Arwen gave him a sour look, then sighed.

“We’re breaking up!”

“WHY?!” Aragorn yelled, looking alarmed.

“I’m going out with Sauramon,” Arwen replied, putting her arm around Sauramon’s shoulder. “Evil is in, and good is out these days, babe! Ya gotta get with the program!”

“But I am with the program! I’m a KING, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ME TO DO?!” Aragorn roared, staring at her like she was insane.

Gimli shook his head. “He’s going about it all wrong. I lost many women that way.”

“I doubt that you knew many women,” Gandalf replied mildly.

“IF YOU REALLY LOVED ME YOU WOULD HAVE COME TO THE DARK SIDE, AND--” Arwen was interrupted by a looming figure from behind. It said in a rasping voice,

“Aragorn, I am your father.”

All of them stopped and stared at the rasping man dressed in black.

“Um, wrong fan-fic...” Gandalf said, pointing his staff to the right. “Star Wars fan-fics are THAT way.”

“Oh, crap,” Darth Vader said, stomping his foot. “I bet Skywalker gave me the wrong directions just to stall for time!” He stalked off to the right, and the arguing started off between Aragorn and Arwen.

“IF YOU HAD COME TO THE DARK SIDE YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN SO MUCH BETTER! YOU’RE NOT AS POWERFUL AS SAURAMON!”

“ARWEN! I DIDN’T KNOW YOU COULD BE SO SHALLOW! AND I COULD BEAT SAURAMON! Sauramon, I challenge you to a duel!”

“What?! NO WAY, I just went on a shopping spree; I’m exhausted!” Sauramon yelled, staring at Aragorn as if he were crazy.

“Look at the pwecioussss purchases we got!” Gollum shrieked, pouring out a bag of make-up, clothes, and jewelry. “I also got this pwecioussss ring...” He said, holding up his finger and showing a gold ring.

“Ooh, can I have that adorable pink shirt?!” Legolas squealed, pointing at a pink tank-top with a Care-bear on it.

“NO! IT’S MY PWECIOUSSSSS!” Gollum screamed, hugging the shirt. “IT’S ONLY FOR PRETTY PEOPLE!”

“You just hate me because I’m beautiful!” Legolas yelled dramatically, looking like he was about to

burst into tears.

“WE’RE THOUGH!” Aragorn yelled, turning his back on Arwen and stomping back into Frodo’s hobbit hole.

“Saurmon, baby, let’s get out of here!” Arwen said, sniffing, and dragging Sauramon off.

“Gollum, we should go shopping again!” he called as his girlfriend dragged him away.

Frodo just stared. “They’re all bloody mad.”

“Hey, that’s MY line!” Harry said indignantly.

“Oh, sorry. Wait...who the hell are you?”

“Harry...Harry Potter.”

“WHY CAN’T YOU ALL JUST GET OUT!?! THIS IS A LORD OF THE RINGS FAN-FIC!”

The End