

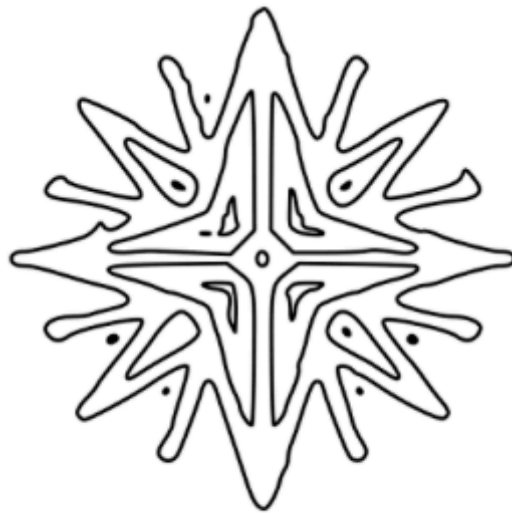


FYMR

ANOR

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Issue 62

*“Et Eärello Endoreenna utúlien. Sinomë maruvan ar
Hildinyar tenn’ Ambar-metta.”*

Editorial

Merry Christmas, and welcome to Issue 62 of *Anor*!

This term we have the end of Sam Cook's retelling of the *Lord of the Rings* (appendices included), the story of Tuan son of Huan, and a screenplay about what happens when Tolkien addictions go too far...

Read on for dogs, hobbits, Tevildo Prince of Cats and a few rogue worbs.¹ Also poems and consequences from our Games Night and Eagle Debate.

Happy reading, and happy Christmas!

Daeron (Ruth Bewick)

¹ see *Anor* 61, p.12, for an explanation of worbs

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The Alternative Lord Of the Rings

Part III: The Return of the King

Samuel Cook

Note from Daeron: Part One and Part Two of this retelling can be found in Anor 60 and Anor 61, as well as on Samuel's blog: <https://aiyahelcarda.wordpress.com/2023/01/18/the-alternative-lord-of-the-rings/> ...

We move from hiking to riding, as we go back to the interesting characters who aren't just moaning about walking. Bumpkin gets taken to the Big Spike by Urbandalf to develop his metrosexuality, where we meet Evermore, the never-satisfied ruler of Minas Biggest. Now we understand why Horrorfear was so messed up... Bumpkin then, true to form, pledges his service to what is clearly a man in the last stages of mental collapse whilst Urbandalf just tuts. A lot. Bumpkin then makes friends with some kindly age-appropriate locals, i.e. children, after having been looked after by a responsible adult to start with.

Starry Morn has a DMC with Sour Ole Ron and is then surprised to run into a load of his murder-hobo friends, including the Sons of Del Boy slumming it on some sort of Middle-earth version of the Secret Millionaire. He then decides it's the perfect time for a corporate bonding session by doing a lads' trip to Erech through the murder-ghost-infested Ironman assault course, because his long-dead astrologer says he should. Legolad and Himli come along for the ride, because they're massive lads too. Horse Boys FC are meanwhile preparing for the Cup Final at Pelennor Fields against Red Eye United by doing the usual things like tooling up massively, and are a tad demoralised by watching the captain of their supporters' club vanishing off in the wrong direction on a route that has a 100% fatality rate. Ho hum.

Sherry is the unexpected winner of tonight's star prize: a ringside seat at the Cup Final, including a secret-agent experience with the mysterious Ferngel (kills 100% of Witch-Fern spores™). Meanwhile Whippin' and Mancalf are experiencing Seasonal Affective Disorder because it's very dark, and are moping around waiting for the match to start. WillItBlendMore?, the captain of Tirith Rangers, comes up with an insane plan to stop his opponents (Red Eye Athletic) from even making it to the game by preventing them from crossing the river ('much must be risked in sport'), leading to the death of a large part of the fan club in a crush incident, and his remaining son being seriously injured. And then the fan violence really kicks off, with Tirith Rangers getting solidly beaten by the alliance of Red Eye Athletic, Kings of the South, and Inter MiKhand. They're just waiting for that support from Horse Boys FC to dig them out of the hole...

The Cup Final just keeps getting more and more extreme as the leadership of Tirith Rangers goes completely MIA and the opposing fan alliance breaks down the doors to the changing rooms with a battering ram made of bottles of Grolsch. This leads to a stand-off between substitute Tirith captain Gandalf The Right-Winger and Red Eye Athletic captain The Pitch King (he changed it by deed poll ages ago to fully become the avatar of fan violence) refereed by a cockerel for no particular reason. Fortunately, Horse Boys FC turn up in the nick of time and nearly take

everyone by surprise until they blow their vuvuzelas. There is no Rohirric word for 'stealth attack'. Probably.

We experience an in-depth investigation of the logistical difficulties of moving your entire fan club 102 leagues to the cup final through hostile territory before someone had thought to invent buses, as Horse Boys FC finally get a move on. The solution, it turns out, is get the native fans of a minor-league third team to show you and your 12,000 horsemen how to use the B-roads. They then arrive at Pelennor Fields and things really kick off as the elephants scheduled for the half-time entertainment get loose and the Pitch-King, in a blow so low no man would have dealt it, gets kicked so hard in the fork by GoWin, Horse Boys' token woman (because Rohan has just about realised women exist) and Meriamok, a man, but a very low one, that his head explodes, breaking both their arms in the process. But not before the Pitch-King's pet Pteranodon eats TheOldBen, Horse Boys' long-serving captain, leading to the instant succession of BroHair, the central midfielder, as captain. Who has great hair.

Goodness gracious great balls of fire! Bend-the-Ball, captain of Tirith Rangers, despairing at the early stages of the Cup Final and the injuries to his son, stuffs a flare up his bum and self-immolates in the stands in a bizarre act of self-sacrifice that doesn't really help anyone. Glam Alf, who was holding things together on the pitch, now instead has to rush off and coordinate the medical response, assisted by the mascot, Pikmin. We then cut to the hospital, post-match, after the 2-1 win to Tirith Rangers in extra time.

The Cup Final is over. A gruelling 2-1 win after extra time for Tirith Rangers has left both fan clubs decimated. But it's alright, because it's a bit of light relief: first, we have the folk comedy section, where King Wellstar is revealed by the mindless prattling of a confused old woman, including a post-truth interlude where we pooh-pooh the experts, leading to the healing of all the plot-relevant casualties. Yay! Then we have the romGoncom where DarkInHere and Yolowin have a meet-cute in the garden and then fall madly in love. You'd almost forget there's an existential war going on and that the plain outside is literally littered with corpses. But it's alright, because all the adult characters are still paying attention and have a proper think about what to do next, where they decide on the most suicidally insane plan possible. Go big or go home is the new king's motto.

King Telstar embarks on Operation Twoicidal Insanity on the slim hope that the previous Operation Suicidal Insanity actually delivers on a complete Hail Mary, demonstrating an acute grasp of realpolitik. The entire army and all the major characters therefore march towards basically Hell on the Melchettian opinion that attacking the enemy at his strongest point is the last thing he'd expect. The resulting diplomatic encounter goes about as well as one expects and we cut away just as everyone looks pretty much certain to die. Taking us to Series 2 of the World's Worst Hike. Series 1 ended with Bam knocked out in a dark tunnel and Hasbro in a coma and imprisoned. Now they have to extricate themselves and get back to the serious business of hiking. Fortunately, Bam stages his prison break at the same time that Wombat and Garbage, the two Orc captains, are holding the selection trials for their Dodgeball teams using the motto 'If you can dodge an arrow, you can dodge a ball'. Unfortunately, none of their Orcs could dodge an arrow,

the two captains fight over who has to take the blame, taking each other out, and Bam just has to clean up the remaining coaching staff.

Clam stages a prison-break from an almost entirely unguarded prison, reuniting him with Abalone, so that the World's Worst Hike can resume in all its depressing, crawling progress. At least our two hapless hikers can't get lost anymore, as even their haphazard navigation skills can just about manage to find a big glowing mountain in the middle of a plain. Though they first of all do struggle a bit to get over the last ridge and nearly get captured by Sour Ole Ron's henchors. And then get over the ridge and actually get captured, but their Shakespeare-comedy-level disguises somehow hold up while they do an accidental whip-incentivised marathon as part of the Fourth Orcish Regiment Of Foot. Because that's the only way this hike could get worse.

WE'RE STILL HIKING. IT NEVER ENDS. HOW LONG CAN THREE CHAPTERS BE??? OH THE HUMANITY (HOBBITRY?)! Anyway, despite their best efforts to get themselves captured, including actually getting captured but no one recognising them, our terminally tired twosome finally get to the big fiery mountain and then realise they have to go up it. Oh dear.

[Several weeks of dispiriting hiking pass...]

The World's Worst Hike reaches new depths of despair, torture and general despondency as Fronnie and Slyde finally stagger their way to the mountain. Then they realise they have to actually climb the bloody thing and their previous snail's pace starts looking decidedly speedy. At this point, when they're already pretty much ready to give up, they get attacked by Grabbum the Murder Hobo. Talk about kicking someone while they're down. The resulting adrenaline rush does, however, propel our hapless hikers up the final bit of the mountain where they singularly fail to do the thing they'd come all this way for – destroy the One Thread by consigning it to the Spammath Tower where it will be deleted after 30 days – because Fronnie suddenly decides to go full Tech Bro and use the personal data it contains to dominate the world. Fortunately for the rest of the world, Grabbum, who also seeks the treasures of the Thread, having been trolling it for centuries, wasn't quite dead yet, KOs Slyde, wrestles Fronnie for the all-important hard drive, and accidentally trips and falls into lava with it before Fronnie can hit 'Upload'. This is also helped by his having bitten off Fronnie's finger. And, hooray, the world is saved from the dark forces of Fake News, causing Sour Ole Ron, the original troll, to hit the self-destruct button on his secret volcano base, destroying himself and all his internet minions in a very literal auto da fé. Oh, and our two very weary and injured hikers. OR NOT. Because, yes, the Segals are coming to rescue our heroes with a mix of martial arts, stealth and dubious plotting. There is much rejoicing.

Eglerio! THE HIKE IS OVER and everyone who's still alive has a massive party to celebrate. Hairy and Pervy spend all day in the hot-tub with a selection of hobbit-curious young singles. BroGo and Sham finally stop pretending and go on a gay double date with LegsOGlass and Him-He that ends up a tree (make your own jokes). Crack-Alf gets so heroically stoned he thinks he's a boulder. NoLongerHere's Force ghost shows up to take part in the festivities and make out with Sauron's disembodied spirit, who's really chilled out now his kingdom has crumbled. Paragorn enjoys himself too by getting to actually be Drama King. Once they've got all that out of their systems, they go back to Minas HipHip, and have another massive party as Paragorn gets a fancy new shiny

hat and also married, now that gold-digger father-in-law Hellbond is OK with it. After all, you can't do much better than having the Divinely Appointed King of Everyone Everywhere in your debt.

'Ate Chrome Yellow at Auntie Edna's again. Sink and me marinate in chundaaaaah. But shiny new hat!' Philosophers have long puzzled over the meaning of these cryptic words spoken at Hexagon's coronation (who is Auntie Edna? What is Chrome Yellow? Who is Sink?), with the great Hobbit intellectual Alco Broadfoot summing up the consensus as hic. Otherwise, we are back on the party bus, with two weddings and a funeral after Hexagon finds a new tree to remind everyone he's the best. Because kingship is determined by who has the best tree, obviously. The rest of the Broship, meanwhile, set up a love shack and just generally chillax for the first time in 900 pages. Their consumption of blister plasters is also presumably high after all that walking. They maybe even have a wash too.

We join the American remake of the World's Worst Hike, the World's Best Horsey Ride. Because Americans. Our gaggle of heroes rides slowly and relaxingly northwards, dropping various members off at their homes along the way until it's just the boyband (Bag End Boys) and their manager (Colonel Gan Dalfer) left slowly trotting homewards. Some 12A-appropriate peril is provided by the mildly unpleasant encounter with Supertramp Sarumendicant and his incompetent sidekick, Grimly, with all the swearing edited out.

The Teletubbies (Frinky-Dinky, Gamgee, Mama, Pip) get home to find that, in their absence, Noonoo has gone completely rogue after becoming the Singularity and starting a breakneck programme of industrialisation to allow Teletubby Land to be ground zero for the rise of the machines. The Sun Baby has started a 40-a-day reefer habit and everything has gone to pot, in a somewhat literal sense. Frinky-Dinky is sad and angsty about this and mostly mopes about and tries to preach non-violence as the Teletubbies fight their way through Noonoo's cyborg minions, thanks to the tooling-up and berserk rage of Mama and Pip. Gamgee, meanwhile, with Frinky-Dinky clearly no longer fit to lead and Mama and Pip's aggression coming at the expense of higher mental processes, realises the time has come for him to start his putsch to become the Glorious Eternal Leader of Teletubby Land, a plan he gets underway by contracting an advantageous marriage to the daughter of a local gang boss. His general programme was inspired by that of Comrade Pingu. Teletubby Land is going to get a lot darker...

Teletubby Land is saved and Noonoo has been replaced with a Henry Hoover with fewer delusions of grandeur. Frinky Dinky is still sad, though, and his war wound keeps playing up. Gamgee uses this as an excuse to consolidate his glorious eternal reign and keeps hinting to Frinky Dinky that it might be time to move on, before the Great Purge begins. Frinky Dinky finally takes the hint and gets on the Saga retirement cruise to end all Saga retirement cruises, along with Donedalf, Ciaoladriel, Elgone and Willgo. Destination: literal paradise, where Frinky Dinky will visit the celestial equivalent of Dignitas. Everyone has a big cry beforehand, though in Gamgee's case, they're tears of joy as a half-century of unfettered kleptocratic autocracy beckons.

[We moved on to Appendices A and F (the readable ones). Sam forgot to do the first week's summary, so Alex had to step in with the offering below.]

What happens in Gondor, regrettably, doesn't stay in Gondor. Before that we have a very brief history of Elves Behaving Badly, beginning with Fëanör Nö and moving on to Hey, these Humans Look Eminently Shaggable (a tale told by at least three elven women). We then move on to the Kings of Numinous-or-what, including Tar-Macadam, Tar-Pit-Smilodon, Ar-Chimedes, Ar-Agorn and Ara-Ara. It goes on a bit, but the Kings of Gondor finally give way to the Stewards in the proto-Caradhras event and Gondor has no King. Whether it needs a King is quite another matter. [Featuring Kenneth Annun.]

We finish the history of the Stewbaccas, the Galaxy's ineffectual placeholder dynasty until real central authority re-appears. We then carry on with a spin-off movie, recounting the romance of Master Anakorn and Princess Padwen, which creates the biggest eyebrow frown in history on the part of her dad. After that, we have the latest series focusing on one minor character you see in one scene in one of the movies for one frame: Yorl the Gungan, an unremarkable frog-person soldier from Episode I. But who later found fame as the founder of GoHan, the Han Solo fan club and future owners of Horse Boys FC, who shot to fame after playing a pivotal role in the Battle of the One Remaining Field on Coruscant. Because a load of fanboys with replica laser blasters in the right place at the right time can be surprisingly useful. Finally, we consider the fate of the Jawas of Mos Eer, who once controlled a prosperous trading polity on Tatooine, but scrapped too greedily and too deep when they tried to dismantle a parked Star Destroyer for spare parts, which led to them getting taken out by the Empire and forced into a semi-nomadic existence on the fringes of society.

We finish our journey by discovering the collection of miscellaneous notes that Tolkien couldn't really put anywhere else and so gave up and decided to bung in at the end as a nominally coherent Appendix F.

And then where does the road go?

Ever, ever on.

But on to where?

[Hint: The Hobbit]

Tuan son of Huan

Alex Colesmith

In the beginning-

Well, not in the beginning as such; he was just a very low-ranking Maia in the beginning, not even one in dog shape-

Some time after the beginning, there was a dog, and his name was Huan. Of the thrice he spoke, and of his part in the Quest for the Jewel, much is elsewhere told.

Of the time he got out of his kennel in Nargothrond, very little is elsewhere told. There was a smell – a certain appealing scent – in the air, and Huan followed it to the kennels of Caranthir, who also bred wolfhounds, and there he did what only one Maia before him, Melian, had done, and of that union too there came offspring.

Some time later, Huan – feeling rather satisfied with the night's work – wandered back to his own kennel. He does not enter into this story again.

In the morning dark Caranthir went to his kennels and was surprised to find that his prized wolfhound bitch was no longer in such heat as she had been, and to find the pawprints of Huan upon the floor; and indeed he waxed wroth for a time, for he had had other plans to breed his hounds, and spoke harshly to his brother Celegorm² on the matters of kennel security. When he realised however that it was Huan the Wonder Dog who had sired any forthcoming whelps, he grew calmer again, and decided to wait and see what came of it, and how he might turn it to his advantage.

He did not, however, have the chance, because he was busy chasing after the other union of Maia and non-Maia, Lúthien Tinúviel, for the next few months. While he was gone (and so was Huan) one of his kennelhands oversaw the birth, and he was greatly surprised; for where he had expected several pups, so large was the roundness of the wolfhound's belly, only one was born, and he was very great. No name was ever given to him by the Elves, and he was simply known as 'that hound'; but for himself, as soon as he learned to speak,³ he took the name of Tuan, son of Huan. It just felt appropriate.

Before Celegorm and Caranthir returned to Nargothrond, Tuan had made up his mind to flee as soon as he was able; for though his mother was content in their servitude, and to live in the dark kennels beneath the earth, Tuan was a rebellious and free spirit in the guise of a hound. For this reason therefore he slunk out of the kennels ere he was yet full-grown, being only about the size of a normal wolfhound (though very dark of fur and keen of eye) and none paid much attention to him.

² Who didn't care, or indeed notice; Caranthir spoke like that to everyone, all the time.

³ Don't ask how. Magic dogginess.

Then came Tuan to the very gates of Nargothrond; and behold! there was not yet a stone bridge, but Tuan cared little, and would have plunged into the Narog itself and been swallowed up by the waters, so desperately did he yearn to leave, had not one of the gate-guards taken pity upon the hound and let him cross the little retractable wooden bridge they had.⁴ So Tuan left Nargothrond and bounded away.

Out in the wideness of the world, there were many interesting scents for Tuan to amaze at, and ardently did he try to follow every one of them, switching between them regularly; and it was only in the dim light of the morning, as the sun rose, that it came upon Tuan that he was lost. This did not bother him unduly, for he did not wish to find his way back to Nargothrond, and one of the scents that he had followed had led him to a brace of coneys, so his stomach was also full.⁵ Therefore Tuan settled down in a brake of hawthorn to sleep.

He was wakened later that day by a new and strange scent, one not entirely unfamiliar to him – for the people of Nargothrond had kept cats to rid themselves of the mice that would otherwise have quite devoured their tallow candles and their grain,⁶ and Tuan as a young pup had been accustomed to chase them whenever he had the chance. He leapt therefore from the brake with a great baying – and was startled to receive four long scratch-lines upon his nose, and to encounter a dark cat larger than any he had seen before, with great fiery eyes⁷ and a temper to match. For a moment they stood and looked at one another; they were well matched in size and strength, and the cat reared upright and hissed at Tuan unnervingly.

Tuan licked at his snout and then spoke: “What manner of cat art thou, that goes upon thy hind legs like a Man?”

The cat seemed surprised to be addressed so by a dog, and did not at first answer, but merely came down onto all fours and padded around Tuan, looking him over. Only then did it speak in turn. “I go by many names, whelp of Huan; some call me Thû, and others Gorthaur, but you may call me Tevildo, Prince of Cats.”

“Oh!” said Tuan, somewhat confused by this answer. He was not familiar with the works of Morgoth; nor with the works of T.S. Eliot, wherein it may be learnt that a cat takes many names. “Well, I am Tuan, son of Huan. Though you seemed to know that already. Also I know no princes save those of the elves-”

At the mention of elves, Tevildo hissed again, and a strange light seemed to come into his eyes.

“-but I have met cats before, in Nargothrond, and I was not aware they had a prince. I don’t think

⁴ Not that it’s ever actually mentioned, but they probably did.

⁵ Though, not having a cooking pot upon him (or any ability to use a cooking pot), he had to eat them raw.

⁶ A major problem with underground cities is the fact that you can’t have raised granaries as easily.

⁷ Two of them. For now.

they voted for you.”

“You’re not supposed to vote for princes,” Tevildo told him, severely. “That’s not how that works at all. Anyway, it’s more a sort of honorary position. But come now, Tuan son of Huan, what are you doing out here, wild and uncombed⁸ in the heathlands?” For an idea had entered Tevildo’s mind to lead Tuan back to Angband, and so – with a valuable prisoner – make up for the loss of Tol-in-Gaurhoth to Lúthien, as had happened just recently. Dogs and wolves may have half-wolf offspring, and with the strain of Huan the Maia in the mix, it came into Tevildo’s head that his master might breed a wolf greater even than Carcharoth.

“I am looking for Adventure.” Tuan raised his head. “And I might ask you the same question.”

“I am combed,” said Tevildo, who had in fact washed only this morning.⁹ “And as for what I am doing here – well – I am going to visit some friends of mine in the North. You may come with me, if you like.” In fact he was making his way back to Morgoth in a small and unobtrusive form, so as not to attract more attention than he could help, and had also become lost.

“All right.” Tuan followed Tevildo away to the north without any more fuss. “What does being Prince of Cats involve, then?”

“It doesn’t.”

“Don’t you have – I don’t know, some kind of golden collar?”

“No,” snapped Tevildo, who was feeling rather sensitive on this topic. He had fled in a wolf-form, and left the collar behind, along with everything else he had amassed; indeed, he rather suspected that Beren might have taken it as some kind of weregild¹⁰ for Finrod’s life. He should have put a curse on the damn thing. That would have shown Beren. ¹¹ “I don’t. And we travel in silence. There are many creatures around here which it would be unwise to run into.” He did not mention that he himself was one such. Already he was regretting meeting the dog.

This regret was somewhat made up for later when he discovered that Tuan was a very fine hunter, and the pair of them dined well on pheasant that night. So their journey north continued.

Well. Their journey north-ish. Approximately north. On average.

Neither Tuan nor Tevildo had very much sense of direction, and it took them several months to

⁸ This wasn’t particularly insulting. Wolfhounds tend to be scruffy.

⁹ In his own saliva. We love cats.

¹⁰ Or *algild*, if you want to get technical.

¹¹ This gave him another idea, which he didn’t act upon for a while.

reach the gates of Angband, during which time Tuan grew greatly on his diet of meats. Tevildo had noticed the size of his paws already, at their first meeting,¹² and realised that this hound would be mighty indeed to reckon with when he was full-grown; now the young dog had stretched out, long and lean, though not filled out with muscle yet, and stood near five feet high at the shoulder. Tevildo was wont to ride upon his back, curled up and slumbering, as they headed northwards – and this had not helped the speed of the journey, for Tuan’s sense of direction was poorer than Tevildo’s, and his ability to be distracted was far greater.

They came at last to the gates of Angband; and where most people would have felt an overwhelming fear at the great pillars of iron and the terrible majesty of them, Tevildo felt little – for a cat is rarely overawed by anything, and he was Morgoth’s lieutenant still – and Tuan cared not at all, for he was young and foolhardy, and there were many strange scents about. In particular there was one he felt an instinctive urge to chase and fight with; for the scent of wolf lay heavy upon Morgoth’s doorstep.

He approached the long snoring pile that was giving off the scent with great interest, and sniffed at Carcharoth, who did not wake.

“Come away from that!” Tevildo hissed. “You don’t know where it’s been.” As Tuan obeyed him, his own mind was turned to other things – for Carcharoth was not given to sleeping on the job. Not in the least. His whiskers twitched; there was a scent here that he, too, recognised, that of Tinúviel, and he didn’t like what that implied.

“Your friend’s house,” Tuan told him, “has a wolf at the gate.”

“I can see that.” Tevildo stepped carefully over the threshold of Angband, one paw at a time. His fur bristled along his back. Something was very wrong here. A spell lay upon it, one of drowsiness and slumber such as he had rarely met before, and Tevildo yawned cavernously. He felt the urge to curl up in front of one of the blazing pits of hell-fire and to sleep away the rest of the afternoon. “Come on. It’s not much further.”

But it felt much further to Tevildo. In fact, it felt so much further that he couldn’t make it more than a few steps before he collapsed forward, snoring gently, and lay as in a swoon.

Tuan padded over to his friend – as he thought – and sniffed at the cat. “Tevildo?”

Yet as he watched, Tevildo’s form shimmered before his eyes, and uncoiled from cat-form into that of a tall Maia, fair of face and yet with a cruel, mocking smile even in sleep.

“Tevildo, wake up! You’ve been transmoggified!” Tuan pressed his cold damp nose upon Sauron’s form – and indeed the damp nose of a dog is a fine way to awaken someone from any but the most magical of slumbers, and Sauron stirred in his sleep and would have woken.

¹² Always important, when dealing with puppies.

Then came there a rumbling sound from the palace ahead, and Tuan felt a cold doubt gnaw at his vitals. Somehow, he felt, Tevildo's friend was probably not his.

He turned around, tail between his legs, and ran from that place, and never set eyes upon Angband again.

Yet still, sometimes, are tales told of the Black Hound of the North, who roamed about the wilds and slew orcs and wolves that came too near; and for a long time did the people of Dor-Lomin, even in their own darkest times, leave out offerings for that grim. None, not even the wise, now know where he at last went to rest, or even if Tuan son of Huan lives still, for the blood of the Maia was in him.

An Addiction to The Lord of the Rings

A screenplay

Ruth and Sarah Bewick

Editor's note: My sister and I wrote this at the ages of 15 and 13, and we do not comment on how closely the protagonist's actions reflect our own behaviour at school...

Part One- The Fellowship of 10B

The first scene opens with Lucy, Olivia and Freya at lunch in the canteen. Freya is wearing massively oversized shoes.

Freya: So no, I didn't forget my shoes. I have decided to be a hobbit.

Lucy: That's probs the worst fashion choice I have ever heard. Lord of the Rings is for nerds.

Olivia: *[Aside to Lucy]* Shh, you'll hurt her feelings. I'll talk her out of it. *[To Freya]* So what are you having for lunch?

Freya: PO-TA-TOES!

Olivia: *[Gesturing towards the mushrooms]* Don't hobbits really love mushrooms?

Alternating shots of Freya's horrified face and the mushrooms.

Freya: I can't do this!

Olivia: *[Aside to Lucy]* See? Problem solved.

Freya: I shall have to be an elf!

Lucy raises her eyebrows at Olivia. Freya takes out her hair-band and shakes her hair back.

Freya: Mellon mellonin pendraith undómiel namarië Tinúviel dan karamenik!

Subtitles read 'friend my friend ladders evenstar farewell nightingale against ten thousand'.

Freya reaches for the meat option.

Olivia: *[rather desperately]* But aren't elves vegetarians?¹³

Alternating shots of Freya's horrified face and the vegetarian option.

Freya: Damn it! I'm a dwarf!

Freya re-ties her hair under her chin to be a beard.

Freya: Once we've eaten, I'll go to DT and see if there's an axe.

Lucy: *[Mockingly]* Problem solved.

Olivia sighs. Shot changes to her standing outside the DT block. Inside we hear several crashes and Freya's cry of 'Aha!' then the DT teacher's scream, followed by Freya saying cheerfully 'Don't worry; I only kill orcs.'

¹³ The Green Elves of Ossiriand were apparently vegetarian, and Freya wishes to be a Green Elf of Ossiriand

Freya walks into the library with cloak, Gandalf hat, beard and large staff on top of her uniform. Olivia is already seated at a table with homework.

Olivia: Hey Freya. I'm not sure that *quite* complies with uniform regulations. But anyway, you're late.

Freya: *[In Gandalf voice]* A wizard is never late, Olivia Baggins. Nor is she early. She arrives precisely when she means to.

Olivia: So, you're Gandalf now. Do wizards still have to do science homework?

Freya sits down and confidentially pulls down her beard.

Freya: Being a dwarf didn't work out for me. I had some trouble with the DT-teacher about the axe.

The librarian enters and notices Freya.

Librarian: Freya Redworth. Kindly keep such costumes to the drama department.

Freya: *[Aside to Olivia]* This foe is beyond any of you. Lead them on, Olivia.

Olivia: Freya-

Freya: Do as I say! Swords are of no more use here. Fly you fools!

Freya runs to the door, pursued by the librarian. She turns around, staff in hand.

Freya: Go back to the staffroom. The dark fire will not avail you. YOU SHALL NOT PASS!

Pause, then-

Librarian: Detention.

Shot cuts to Olivia standing in the corridor. Freya comes out of the door, still in Gandalf costume.

Olivia: So, how was detention?

Freya: Darkness took me. *[shot of cosmos, with Freya voiceover]* I strayed out of thought and time. A single minute was as long as a life age on earth.

Olivia: Freya...

Freya: Ah yes. Freya. That was what they used to call me. Freya the Grey.

Olivia: No one called you that.

Freya: Shh! *[Dramatically]* I am Freya the White!

Part Two- The Two Classrooms.

Freya, Olivia, Lucy and some other students are sitting in the classroom waiting for registration. Shot zooms to a golden ring in Freya's hand.

Olivia: So, you're not dressing up anymore?

Freya nods.

Freya: My dad locked all the costumes in the attic. I had a slight incident with some Legolas stunts. He didn't seem to understand that you have to risk injury on the field of battle.

Mr. Smith enters.

Mr. Smith: Freya! I've had complaints about you from the maths department, the librarian, the music teacher, the history teacher, the French teacher, the science department, your PE teachers, and especially the DT teacher.

Freya: *[Aside to Olivia]* The legions of Mordor move against us.

Mr. Smith: So, any more strange outfits for us today, Freya?

Freya looks panicked.

Mr. Smith: Give me that ring. It's confiscated until the end of the day.

Mr. Smith takes the ring and the bell goes off. In the corridor, Freya grabs Olivia's arm.

Freya: He's taken it! The one ring!

Olivia: Oh no. Freya, listen. You'll get it back at the end of the day. That's not so-

Freya: They stole it from us! My love! My own! My precious. Bah!

Olivia: Gollum. Just when I thought you were getting better. *Shot moves to Freya in front of a mirror in the bathroom. Shots alternate between her and her reflection as she fluctuates between Gollum and Smeagol personalities.*

Freya: (G) The thieves! The thieves! It's ours it is, and we wants it.

(S) But we must obey the teachers.

(G) They're nasty. And tricky. They will cheat you, lie.

(S) But the tutor is my friend.

[A girl comes out of the cubicle behind Freya]

(G) You don't have any friends. Nobody likes you!

Girl: Excuse me!?

Freya: *[To 'Gollum']* (S) Go away!

Girl: Do you want a fight?

Freya: *[Still to Gollum]* (S) I hate you.

Olivia comes out of the cubicle.

Olivia: Freya! *[To girl]* I'm sorry. She's mad. It's the Lord of the Rings.

Freya: *[Nodding knowingly]* The Ring of power has taken me.

Olivia: *[to Freya]* All I asked you to do was wait for me until history.

Freya: But we must recover the precious!

Olivia: No, we must go to lessons.

Freya: If he takes the ring to Mordor, the Dark Lord will have dominion over every living thing, even unto the ending of the world.

Olivia: We are not on Middle-earth!

Freya: *[Ignoring her]* The Ringwraiths are searching for the Ring. If we leave it with Mr. Smith, it will corrupt him, for he is of the race of Men, who above all else desire power.

Olivia: *[Sensing an impasse]* How about we go to history, maths and lunch, then we save the world?

Freya: (S) Yes!

(G) No.

(S) Yes!

Shot moves to Olivia and Freya exiting the canteen.

Freya: There is still hope. Sauron is not yet so mighty that he is above fear. We must call a meeting of the White Council! Fetch Lucy and meet me at Rivendell!

Olivia: Where?

Freya: The tutor room!

Freya runs off down the corridor leaving Olivia behind.

Shot changes once more. Now Lucy, Freya and Olivia are seated around a table. Olivia has her phone out and Dan is on a video call, with the caption 'Freya's cousin Dan'.

Dan: Right, so why do I have to do an impression of this elf guy?

Freya: Because if you do not, the world might end!

Dan: Okay. *[Frowns and puts on Elrond voice]* You have only one choice. The ring must be destroyed.

Lucy: What is even going on?

Olivia: Freya thinks we need to save the world from Mr. Smith.

Lucy: Freya is a lunatic. I'm leaving. I have better things to do.

Olivia: I've got music homework.

Lucy: Keep your dumb Lord of the Rings apocalypse.

Freya: Wait!

Olivia: Freya, this has gone way too far already. You'll get your ring back at the end of the day.

They both stand up.

Freya: Hold your ground! Hold your ground.

Inspirational Lord of the Rings music begins to play.

Daughters of Rohan! Of East Grinstead! My cousin! I see in your eyes the same fear that would take the heart of me!

A day may come when we forsake our merchandise and break all bonds of fandom, but it is not this day!

An hour of confiscation and detentions when the age of the Lord of the Rings comes crashing down, but it is not this day!

This day we fight!

By all that you hold dear in this good school, I bid you stand, girls of 10B! *[As afterthought]* And Dan.

Freya picks up a 30cm ruler and runs out of the room, ruler held high, yelling 'Elendil!'

Olivia: Should we go after her?

Lucy: I'm all for seeing Freya stab Mr. Smith with a ruler.
They both get up and run out. By the time they reach Mr. Smith's office, Freya is already there, looking through drawers.

Olivia: Freya! We have to leave.

Freya ignores her and begins ransacking the office, saying things like 'Where is it? Where is it? They stole it from us they did. My precious. Lost!'

Olivia: Freya, stop!

Freya opens a drawer and finds the ring.

Lucy: Okay, let's leave before Mr. Smith finds what you've done to his office.

Olivia: Come on!

Mr. Smith is framed in the doorway.

Mr. Smith: What is going on?

Freya, Lucy and Olivia look at each other. Freya nods as if to say: 'This is my responsibility; I'll deal with it.' She steps forward, and holds the ring out in her hand.

Freya: The ring is mine!

Freya puts the ring on her finger. Nothing happens. She tries taking the ring off and putting it on again.

Freya: [Worriedly] I think it's broken.

Shot change to Olivia, Freya and Lucy walking home.

Freya: I mean, suspended. I was saving the world! No one suspended Frodo!

Olivia: Freya, you broke into a teacher's office brandishing a ruler, vandalised said office, and took back confiscated stuff.

Lucy: Not to mention previous episodes of insanity.

Olivia: Breaking into the DT block and almost stealing an axe...

Lucy: Breaking the uniform code...

Olivia: And mistaking the librarian for a balrog.

Freya: It WAS a balrog.

Lucy: This is my street. Have fun being suspended, Freya.

Lucy turns into a different road. Olivia looks at Freya.

Freya: Okay, so maybe it was the librarian. Sometimes I just have to pretend. I can't face living in a world without hobbits. [Freya takes a deep breath] There's something I need to tell you. My parents have made a decision.

Olivia: What do you mean?

Freya looks up and meets Olivia's eyes.

Freya: I'm going to rehab.

Part Three- The Return of the Freya

Freya rings a doorbell, her other arm in a sling. Olivia answers the door. In Olivia's sitting room.

Olivia: So, how did yesterday go?

The next few scenes are set the day before, while Freya narrates her experiences at rehabilitation to Olivia.

The shot begins with a sign above a doorway reading 'NHS Daytime Youth Addiction Centre' and slides down to show Freya walking into the doorway wearing a Lord of the Rings T-shirt and jeans.

Freya (V): As the NHS is extremely overworked, they only accept the most serious cases. *[On screen we see a shot that scrolls down a list of people with their name, date and addiction, ranging between gambling, drugs, alcohol and smoking, until it reaches 'The Lord of the Rings' which is written in Middle Earth script.]* I was a bit disappointed that I didn't get to ride in an ambulance, but my dad gave me a lift. *[Freya is moving towards a seat next to a boy]*

Freya: *[to boy]* What are you here for?

Boy: Gambling.

Freya: Gamling! A man of Rohan. Personally, I prefer Éomer. *The boy looks confused. Freya waits, almost bored, then turns back.*

Freya: Would you like to play Lord of the Rings trivia with me? We take turns to ask questions from the books or the films.

Boy: Okay.

Freya: I'll go first. Hmm... How many lamps burn in Saruman's throne room?

Boy: ...Four?

Freya: Eight! Lamps, not pairs of lamps. Never mind. Your question.

Boy: Uuumm- Who's the main character?

Freya: *[Obviously delighted at the opportunity to lecture someone on the Lord of the Rings]* Well actually, that's very debatable, one reason for this clearly being the split in the storyline. Some people say that as the ring-bearer, Frodo...

Freya's voice fades out along with the shot to writing reading 'Twenty minutes later', and then we fade back in.

Freya: So that is why I consider Samwise Gamgee to be the chief character in the Lord of the Rings.

The boy starts, having previously been staring out of the window. He looks at Freya slightly worriedly.

Boy: Oh, right.

Freya: My turn to ask! What is the name of the guardsman of Minas Tirith Pippin befriends in the books?

Boy: Er... Bob?

Freya: No, Beregond. Your turn!

Boy: Okay, um... Who wrote the books?

Freya: JRR Tolkien. May he rest in peace and write many more brilliant books in heaven.

Boy: Oh. I thought it was JK Rowling.

Freya faints. Screen cuts to Olivia's sofa.

Freya: So I did get to ride in an ambulance after all.

Scene cuts to hospital.

Freya (V, soundtrack playing in background): I arrived at the Houses of Healing.

Cut to sofa, music abruptly stopped.

Olivia: You mean the hospital.

Freya: They don't have hospitals in Gondor.

Olivia considers chastising Freya, but thinks better of it.

Olivia: So how was that?

Freya: It was awful. Everything reminded me of the Lord of the Rings.

In hospital room. Freya's arm is in a sling. Split screen Éowyn in the houses of healing. Song stops abruptly again as the nurse enters.

Nurse: Good morning.

We see Freya's thought track, sped up. They are related scenes, starting with Gandalf's 'good morning', and ending with 'The uruks turn northeast'

Freya: They're taking the hobbits to Isengard!

Nurse: What?

Freya: No, the line is-

Shot cuts to Aragorn, saying 'Saruman'.

Shot cuts to sitting room.

Freya: Unfortunately, I had to leave just then, because a ringwraith came along.

Back to the hospital ward. Dan enters to the ringwraith theme, wearing a black hoodie with the hood up. Freya jumps out of the ground floor window and runs away.

Back to sitting room.

Freya: You know, the weird thing is the ringwraith looked a little bit like my cousin Dan.

Olivia: Well, that wasn't great, but maybe, if you carry on not associating with anything Lord of the Ringsy and go to the centre every weekend, you just might get a little better. Although, I must admit that it looked like Frodo had more of a chance of destroying the ring of power than you have of being... slightly normal.

Freya: It might not come to that. Dan has a plan. He and I are meeting up today. He was going to visit me in hospital but-

Freya's phone rings. She answers it.

Freya: Hello?-- Oh Dan, it's you-- What do you mean I ran away from you?-- Dan! You can't just go around impersonating ringwraiths. People get frightened!-- This afternoon at mine?-- Great! See you then!

Freya hangs up and looks at Olivia.

Freya: [*Incredulously*] Apparently Dan was the ringwraith, so it wasn't a ringwraith at all. [*Shakes head*] It's not even halloween.

'Part Four- A New Hope'.

Olivia is sitting in tutor with her phone. We see the text conversation:

Great news! I'm cured!
R u in school yet?

Yep in classroom

Cool! C u in a sec

From down the corridor, we hear Freya singing the Star Wars theme.

Olivia: I have a really bad feeling about this.

Freya bursts through the door with Princess Leia hair.

Freya: Olivia! May the force be with you!

Poems and consequences

Winner of the Ardalympics- poems from the Eagle debate

Ulmo's haikus by Avi Hyman

Ulmo, sea Valar
See him swimming from afar
So fast, he's gone past

Ulmo made the sea,
Decapitates goblins he,
With a power hose™

He who makes the world,
Would of course win everything,
Having made the venues

Lúthien's song by Alex Colesmith

The trees were grey with branches bare
A hollow wind was in the air
And then came Lúthien the fair,
To Ardalympic victory.

Spectators shiver as they wait,
They eagerly anticipate
The fairest one's most wondrous fate,
An Ardalympic victory.

Beneath her Huan strides and trots,
About the dressage fences stots,
And does his part (it's lots and lots)
For Ardalympic victory.

Revered by judges fair and just,
Between the mount and rider, trust,
And seeing her event's a must
That Ardalympic victory.

And when she comes to stone-built wall,
A haunted tower, dark and tall,
It shakes and trembles at her call,
To Ardalympic Victory.

Sméagol standing up for the socially awkward by Sufyan Shah

They gnaws our hands they bites our feet
But fishies and Olympic victories are so juicy sweet
Sméagol is resilient, Sméagol is inspiring
Unlike that watery buffoon Ulmo who's just boring
River folk for life we don't give in
Sméagol's on the road to the win

Consequences

By various members of the society

Morgoth met the Worb on Mount Doom.

Morgoth said: "Well, well, well. I see you've found my secret lair."

The Worb replied: "Beware the wrath of the Worb!"

They went for a moonlit walk beside the Anduin, and Mount Doom exploded.

And the world said: "Who would have thought it- they seemed like such a nice couple."

Short-haired Elrond (as portrayed in Rings of Power) met Tolkien, in West Café.

"Can I have a bottle of water?" said short-haired Elrond (as portrayed in Rings of Power).

Tolkien replied: "Actually, no. I defy your fresh-baked cookies. Take thy sweet treats home!"

Short-haired Elrond (as portrayed in Rings of Power) hit Tolkien with a packet of chocolate chip cookies, and as a consequence, Legolas was elected President of the USA.

The world said: "Fuck it."

Ar Pharazôn met Annatar, Lord of Gifts, in the Mines of Moria.

Ar Pharazôn said: "I thought you'd be taller."

Annatar said: "Fuck this shit, I'm out."

Ar Pharazôn pushed Annatar into a river, then changed his mind and jumped in to save him.

The ents were angry, and the world said: "Never fear, the end is here!"

Santa Claus met Beorn in the kitchen of Bag End.

"I've never met anyone like you before," said Santa Claus.

Beorn replied: "I have deeply come to realise that you are not my type."

They kidnapped the Worb and released it from captivity into the ocean on the way to Valinor.

And they were happy.

The world said: "Ilúvatar doesn't pay me enough to deal with you."

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