

Title: Welcome to the PPC: Agents Christianne & Eledhwen

Summary: *From the archives of the Protectors of the Plot Continuum. Agents Christianne and Eledhwen meet Aragorn's uncanonical sister and delve into Eledhwen's past in 'Time Will Tell'.*

Rating: T

Genre: Humour/Fantasy

Category: Book > Lord of the Rings

The mission 'Time Will Tell' was written by Lily Winterwood of the PPC. It is posted here by permission of the author, to serve as an introduction to the Protectors of the Plot Continuum. If you enjoy it, Agents Christianne and Eledhwen's other missions can be found by searching Google for 'Christianne Shieh PPC'. All PPC stories are written by permission of the PPC community, which can be requested on the PPC Posting Board.

"It should be, er... less... sapient now," said the DoSAT technician as he crawled out from under the console. "What on earth did you do to it?"

"I didn't do anything!" spluttered Agent Christianne Shieh. The DoSAT technician stared at her distrustfully. Christianne crossed her arms and stuck out her tongue in an astounding display of maturity. The technician rolled his eyes.

"Right," he said, mopping some extra sweat from his brows with his bright red kerchief.

"Oh, just believe me for once, won't you, Neo?" she pleaded. The technician raised an eyebrow at her.

"No, Christianne. I distinctly heard once that you rewired your console to blast 'Nyan Cat' throughout HQ because you were mad at it for something."

"Lies," scoffed Christianne. "That wasn't me. That was my evil clone."

"I'm afraid only your partner can use that excuse." Neo grinned at her, pushing his glasses farther onto his nose. "Now, if you'll excuse me, Carleton wanted me to look at the prototype of some new gadget the MRD's come up with..."

He turned to leave, and bumped into Christianne's partner Eledhwen Elerossiel on his way out. "Morning," he said cheerily; the elleth smiled at him.

"You look in need of sleep," she remarked.

Neo laughed. "Forty-eight hours of caffeine. I would *love* to see my bed right now."

Eledhwen smiled, pointing to his rather frazzled-looking afro. "You have some wire in your hair."

He laughed again, reaching up to pluck out the pieces of wire. "I was wondering where they were," he remarked, grinning good-naturedly. "See, this is what happens when you spend

forty-eight hours fixing the consoles that Corolla had accidentally messed with. See you around, Ellie."

As he left, Christianne turned to Eledhwen. "How come *he* calls you Ellie?"

"He and I eat at the Cafeteria often," replied Eledhwen. "His sister works there. Do you happen to know Elysa Webber?"

"Blue hair? She tried serving me meatloaf the other day. I could've sworn I saw the thing wobble, so I handed it back." Christianne rolled her eyes. "But eating together's all you do, right?"

"Are you suggesting something?" wondered Eledhwen. Christianne gaped, and then laughed a little too quickly.

"Of course not! Ha, no, nothing at all. You were hearing absolutely nothing. Cale came by earlier, you know, showed me some more of *Doctor Who*. I adore Ten. He's very adorkable, actually. How was your day?"

Eledhwen's eyes narrowed, but she said nothing. The console had, after all, just [BEEEEEEEEEP]ed.

"Can I say I infinitely prefer the beeping to the smug noises?" Christianne asked cheerily as she pulled up the mission. Her cheer, however, quickly faded, causing Eledhwen to look over her shoulder at the mission on the screen. And at its attached footnote from Upstairs.

To: Eledhwen Elerossiel and Christianne Shieh [rc9L0121F4114C3.DMS]

From: The Sunflower Official

Subject: Warning

We have already warned you about the 'kill and scam' method that is being debated at HQ. You killed a Sue before the next major break in Canon, before your charges for her could be properly witnessed. Don't let us catch you doing it again, or both of you will be cleaning the Cafeteria bins. Separately. Armed with only your toothbrushes.

Happy hunting.

-The S.O.

Eledhwen grimaced at the prospect of clearing out dirty Cafeteria bins with her toothbrush.

"I bet half the things in those bins are still alive," Christianne remarked wryly, trying her hardest not to remember the wobbly meatloaf. "And I suppose to punish us this time around, they've handed us one of Jay and Acacia's Sues."

Eledhwen stared at the mission. And stared. And stared. "Dear Eru," she said after a long while.

"It's from the Circle, at any rate," Christianne mused. "I don't think the Sues there are aware that things just aren't done this way anymore."

"Yes, at least with the Pit the Sues have gotten more creative and insidious," remarked Eledhwen.

Christianne nodded. "Given the year and the age of the average Suethor, I suppose they weren't old enough to have been taught via OFUM that Tenth Walkers are a no-no."

"Thou shalt count to nine..." mumbled Eledhwen, rocking backwards and forwards.

Christianne smiled at her partner, albeit hesitantly. "What disguises?" she asked, in a voice a bit louder than necessary. Eledhwen blinked.

"Er, elves?" she asked. "We kill her at the Council?"

"No, she's got a subordinate Sue waiting in Lórien," Christianne said. "Elves first, and then we'll get them at Amon Hen as Uruk-hai."

The portal faded behind two elves just within the borders of Rivendell. Eledhwen sighed happily as she took in the sights and smells of her home; the elleth spun around in a circle, laughing as she and her human-turned-elleth partner descended the slope towards the bridge that led to the Last Homely House.

"Eithriel!" a voice shouted. Eledhwen turned at the sight of an ellon dropping down from a nearby tree. "*Na man anug?*"

Christianne stared at Eledhwen. "He can see you?" she hissed. "And what's with that name?"

"I'm technically a minor background character; of course he can see me!" Eledhwen turned to the ellon. "*Himdor, mellon nin, gwannas lû and.*"

"Oh, speak a language we can all understand," complained Christianne. "I was not expecting this complication!"

The ellon stared at Christianne. "*Istog peded edhellen?*" he asked.

Eledhwen opened her mouth to answer, but Christianne's eyes lit up and she raised a finger. "Ooh, I know this one! *Ú-bedin... edhellen. Ni... ú-edhel. Ni... firen,*" she answered in stilted Sindarin.

"She looks like an elf," remarked the ellon, switching to the Common Tongue for Christianne's benefit. (For some reason, the universal translator could translate Westron, but not Sindarin. It was probably a minor glitch, like how the TARDIS translation circuit made everyone except Jack Harkness speak in British English.)

"Which is part of an extremely thrilling and doubly long tale which I shall not bore you with, my friend," snapped Eledhwen.

"Very well." The ellon nodded. "Your absence has been noted in our ranks, Eithriel. We have missed your company."

Eledhwen nodded. "I thank you. Have you seen anything... odd... lately? Things out of the ordinary?"

"There was a woman," replied the ellon. "She had brought in the Halfings on a horse that seemed... not of this world."

"That'd be the Sue," Christianne cut in. The ellon ignored her. Christianne shuffled uncomfortably. Eledhwen smiled, reaching for her partner's hand and squeezing it. The ellon's eyes lingered on that.

"You have an interesting choice in companions," he said.

"Circumstance," Eledhwen said breezily. "I will see you later." And with that, she swept off, Christianne in tow.

"Eithriel?" echoed Christianne. "Eithriel? *Really?*"

"Did you think Elerossiel would be my father name?" Eledhwen wondered. "Elerossë is the Sindarin equivalent of Elros. Last time I checked, I was not his daughter."

"Next you'll say Eledhwen isn't your first name, either."

"Imagine that," remarked Eledhwen drily. "It is a rather good alias, though, if you think about it."

Christianne stopped to stare at her partner. "My entire life has been a lie," she stated, as if it was as obvious as the sky being blue.

Eledhwen – Eithriel? – rolled her eyes. "By all means, continue calling me 'Eledhwen Elerossiel' if you prefer. I have grown a bit attached to the name, myself."

Christianne swallowed thickly and nodded, not sure why there was a lump in the back of her throat. *Circumstance*, Eledhwen had called their partnership. She didn't want to think too much on it.

Eledhwen stopped at that moment, grinning. "Ah, Imladris! I hope they haven't put the Sue in my room." And with that, she skipped lightly across the bridge, rushing into Rivendell with all the air of a young Elfling returning home – or at least some semblance of home.

Once through the gates, however, Eledhwen's smile immediately faded. The compression here was much worse than outside, signifying the influence of the Suvian Words taking root there. Christianne, who had been lingering behind, noted the sudden change in her partner's demeanour and rushed to her side.

"What's wrong?" she asked, even though she could feel it – the sickly presence of Sue (the fact that a picture of said Sue, Araen, was floating through the Words as per tradition in the Circle of Lemmings, was not helping matters much), the compression of the Blocks of Text (in Comic Sans, no less), the dialogue text in eye-searing blue. The Sue's Cute Animal Friend, Astaldo the Andalusian, whinnied sadly at them from the stables.

"Council of Elrond," Eledhwen said after a moment, pointing to the new floating picture in the Words of a screenshot of the film Council taking place. "Shall we listen in?"

They portalled to the wooded area near the patio where the movieverse Council was about to take place – Araen was, obviously, sitting next to her so-called ‘brother’ Aragorn. Eledhwen and Christianne took their places in the nearby bushes, Eledhwen sitting still like a statue, obviously scared that a passing Canon, or even one of the other background elves, would notice her.

“Why didn’t you remember to tell me the SEP field doesn’t work for you in Middle-earth?” Christianne hissed. Eledhwen scowled in return, indicating through gestures that she couldn’t speak, for fear of drawing unwanted attention. Christianne wrote her question onto a page in her notebook, passing it.

Eledhwen scrawled out an answer: *I am a background character in Rivendell, usually utilised by the warped Canon as the ‘random elleth’ or ‘generic Elven lady in waiting’, and often to a Sue. I am more susceptible to the Sue’s Aura here than anywhere else in the Multiverse.*

Christianne responded: *And when the Sue isn’t here?*

Eledhwen paused, and replied: *Remember the film of Return of the King? she wrote. I was the elleth behind Legolas at the coronation. I am background noise, but that doesn’t stop the Canon from recognising me as one of its own, and thus unable to protect me from Sues who seek to use me. Thankfully most Canon characters will not recognise me even if they see me, but you saw how other extras know me.*

“Oh,” Christianne said simply. She sighed, and turned towards the council again. The Sue was stealing lines and portraying Boromir as a complete perverted jerk – what else was new?

"One does not simply walk into Mordor. Its black gates are guarded by more than just orcs. There is evil that does not sleep. It is a wasteland, riddled with fire, ash and dust. The very air you breathe is a poisonous fume. Not with 10, 000 men could you do this. It is folly," Boromir said thoughtfully. "You don't have to scare other people if you don't have the guts to do it, scaredy-cat!" Araen snapped at him.

“What are the odds that they’ll end up together by the end of the fic?” wondered Christianne.

Eledhwen snorted quietly and mouthed “He does *die*, you know” at her partner.

“Yes, but really, *what* are the odds?”

Eledhwen took the notebook. *More likely than Agent Omicron losing at Cluedo*, she replied.

“That is really unlikely. That idiot somehow managed to win the thing after one round last time. How the Glaurunging hell does he do it?”

How do I know? He probably cheats. Eledhwen paused, looking at the Words. The Council had just descended into a free-for-all squabble over who would take the Ring to Mordor, very contrary to how she remembered it in the books. But that was a different story altogether.

"I will take it!" Araen said in the loudest voice she could summon from her slender throat as she stood up. Everyone turned to look at her, astonishment written all over their faces. (Indeed, the word ‘astonishment’ had appeared scrawled over the faces of all the Council members.) Araen

smiled, "Good, now that I have your attention. I said that I will take the Ring, it is on the behalf of Frodo because you bunch of silly, bickering boys won't listen to what he said. In reality, I wouldn't want to have anything to do with this Ring, ("So then why join the bloody Fellowship?" demanded Christianne) so you guys do not have to worry. Thank you for listening." She sat down, "Frodo, carry on."

The two agents groaned. "The Glitter is strong with this one," grumbled Christianne as the Fellowship began to form.

Boromir joined in, "If this is the will of the council, then Gondor will see it done." "Cut it out, vain Gondorian. You men won't survive even a day out there without food," Araen stood beside Boromir, "You need women to do all the cooking and washing and stuff, I'm in for that."

Christianne gaped. Eledhwen took a look at her partner and twitched away, just as Sam, Merry, and Pippin rushed out and brought the grand total to an uncanonical number of ten.

"Is. She. For. Real," deadpanned Christianne as they loitered in the Hall of Fire after the council. Just because the Fellowship was leaving the next chapter didn't mean the agents couldn't take advantage of the rest of Rivendell's amenities (especially since the Sue had woefully underdescribed it). Relaxing harp music (thankfully untainted by Araen) was playing off to the side.

"I wish she wasn't," murmured Eledhwen, listening to the music with her eyes closed.

"We all wish that," scoffed Christianne. "But seriously, did she just confine herself to traditional gender roles despite attempting to subvert them earlier on by downplaying Aragorn's role at Weathertop?"

"Never apply logic to Sue," Eledhwen mumbled sagely, her eyes still closed. "Can we skip out on most of this? The charges are evident, after all."

"What makes you say that?" wondered Christianne, frowning. Just then, the story's footer (in a faux-cryptic voice due to the font of the message in question) blared through the room:

Time. The silent teacher who reveals the answer only at the appointed time. Only time will tell...

"What's the use of comparing time to a teacher if you're going to ruin the metaphor by using 'time' in the comparison? That's like trying to describe red by using the word 'red'," complained Christianne.

"At least whenever that sounds, we'll know it to be the end of a chapter," Eledhwen consoled.

Christianne nodded. "And since you can talk properly again, tell me more about this... extra-ness. I mean, in the most technical terms, you're a Canon character. How *did* you join the PPC without being plucked out from a fic?"

"All those years we've been partners, and you didn't think to ask?" wondered Eledhwen, looking rather aloof. Christianne felt as if something sharp was digging into her chest, but she couldn't exactly pinpoint how or why.

"I never thought much about it. Upstairs said you escaped a Mary Sue Factory, which was true since we took care of Lilith when she and her Mary Sue Factory invaded IAHF. But even before that... how were you even aware of your situation?"

Eledhwen turned to Christianne, leaning in. Christianne's breath caught slightly. "Picture this," suggested the elleth. "There are some portions of our lives that are stuck on a... what did you call it? A time loop?"

"Temporal loop, but yeah, go on," suggested Christianne.

"The major players never quite realised what was happening to them, but some of us extras knew. Despite that, we couldn't resist it when Sues decided to use us in their renditions of the story. The Quest repeated itself over and over again, sometimes starting as far back as Bilbo's birthday, sometimes cutting straight to the Council. The Canon warps more and more with each new cycle, each new Sue with the same old traits. And we extras could only stand and watch."

Christianne nodded. "But you did something."

"No, I did not. I was roped into what you'd call a 'parody'. The Sue from the parody came from a Mary Sue Factory."

"Lilith's?"

"She hadn't been created yet."

"Well, yes, you know what I mean."

"The part of the League of Mary Sue Factories that Lilith would eventually take control over, yes. Instead of spying, they preferred more hands-on tactics, like... what was the term? Terrorism?"

"Terrorism," corrected Christianne.

"Yes. Kidnap was not beyond them."

"So she took you back to Happily Ever After Ltd., subjected you to the cloning experiments, and... sorry." Christianne nodded at the shadow that had fallen over Eledhwen's expression. "I'm sorry."

Eledhwen shrugged. "It was there when I first learnt of the PPC. They showed me the tapes, and I... had hope."

Just then, a picture of the Sue on horseback appeared in the Words, heralding the beginning of the new chapter. Time skipped to the next morning, with a yawning Aragorn and a surly (and using modern speech) Boromir. Araen was, in true Speshulness, mounted on her horse Astaldo.

"There's a reason why they're called the Nine *Walkers*, for Pete's sake," grumbled Christianne as she and Eledhwen strode out with the rest of Rivendell to bid the Company-plus-one farewell.

"There's a reason why they are the *Nine Walkers*," Eledhwen added.

"Point," agreed Christianne. "Shall we portal on?"

Eledhwen nodded; the two ellith ducked into the nearby stables and portalled out of Rivendell.

"Forty days, FORTY DAYS! That's so lame, trekking and climbing over mountains and barren lands for forty days! Why can't we fly?" Boromir complained along the way. "Become a Ringwraith then get a Nazgul, I assure you that it will be the best option to speed up!" Araen commented, raising several laughs and a stern glance from Gandalf. "What a lovely idea! Who would have thought that a beautiful lady such as you would be so brilliant?" Boromir turned to grin at Araen who threw an apple at him. "Do not call me a lady!" she yelled.

"But if she became a Ringwraith she'd be a Nazgûl already! What is this? Does not compute!" whined Christianne as the two of them trailed the Fellowship-plus-one at a distance, catching up with them through both in-fic and generated plotholes.

"What has she done to Lord Boromir?" wondered Eledhwen, scowling as she waved the heavy-duty CAD at the Canon character.

[Boromir, son of Denethor. Human male. Canon: *Lord of the Rings*. Length of pole needed to touch Canon: 3479832749823 metres. Out of Character 72.398409238509324% CHARACTER RUPTURE AND RISING, RISING, RISING!]

"Tell us something we don't know," suggested Christianne.

[That Sue's turned the Quest into an extended sleepover from Hell.]

"We knew that," snapped Christianne.

[Well, what am I supposed to say? I'm just a Canon Analysis Device,] replied the CAD.

"A Canon Analysis Device that went spastic when Mycroft Holmes was replaced, yes – and by the way, how did *you* gain sapience?"

[Sapience is fun!]

"We might be the only agents in HQ to be labelled insane for having friendly conversation with their equipment," Christianne muttered, looking up to see Eledhwen clenching her fists as the Fellowship-plus-one trekked through Eregion. "Ellie?" she called.

"Forty days," Eledhwen declared. Christianne raised an eyebrow, wondering if she was seeing her partner snap right before her eyes. "Forty days to get where? Yet they're already in Eregion, which, last I checked, is not a series of hills!"

"Seven hills of Eregion," remarked Christianne, patting her partner's shoulder awkwardly. Up ahead, the Sue and Boromir began teaching Merry and Pippin how to swordfight.

"Thanks!" Just then Boromir tapped Pippin's arm with his sword, causing Pippin to drop his sword. Pippin then pounced on Boromir, tackling him to the ground. Merry managed to jump aside in time but Araen was down on the ground with Boromir atop her. "You know, Araen. You are the most beautiful and awesome woman I've ever met. I like you, maybe it's more that

that..." Boromir said as he leaned in and kissed Araen. "Get off me!" Araen hissed, punching him in the stomach. "Bravo!" Merry and Pippin cheered, clapping their hands.

"Can you hear that?" Christianne asked.

Eledhwen raised an eyebrow. "Hear what?"

"That screaming. That's Acacia Byrd, all the way from Ancient Rome."

Eledhwen giggled. Christianne grinned at her partner. "There we go, there's a less gloomy and about-to-lose-it face."

"Why, do you not like insane partners?"

"You'd be in no fit position to drag me out of my own moments, whenever that happens," replied Christianne. "I was thinking of reciting Shakespeare. There's plenty to work from there. *Alas, poor Canon! I knew it well.*"

"You sound as if you've seen it before," Eledhwen remarked as the Sue and Boromir continued to play denial. The Crebain were then spotted; the Fellowship ducked (but not before Boromir thought it'd be a good idea to carry Araen around 'bridal-style', causing Christianne to bang her head against some conveniently nearby rocks.)

Boromir whined some more after the Crebain had passed, giving the Sue an opportunity to aim a blow at him.

"If this is supposed to be belligerent sexual tension, then it needs to stop because it sucks," Christianne grumbled as the chapter ended with that annoying footer and the next one began. Sure enough, a picture of the Fellowship trekking through the snow flashed across the Words. The agents groaned.

They portalled to the Gates of Moria; neither of them wanted to follow the Fellowship-plus-one through the snow, even if they were both elves at the moment. "How *adorable*. The Sue is reconsidering Boromir," deadpanned Eledhwen.

The scene with the Ring happened, with Aragorn and Araen ("Are you sure that name is not the product of completely bastardising the lady Undómiel's name?" wondered Eledhwen) having a conversation with their eyes. The agents weren't there to see it, but that had been translated by the Word World as Aragorn and Araen's eyes starting to talk.

"Oh look, a slightly better transcription of Elvish," remarked Eledhwen as she scanned the Words. "Taken from the film, but still better than 'Berien' from the utterly mangled flashback scene before the Council. What in Arda is a 'Berien'?"

"Not a hobbit, I think," said Christianne. "Maybe it's a hobbit-sized pile of berries. I wonder if it's edible."

"You could introduce it to the Cafeteria meatloaf."

"Oh god no, they'd end up having berry-scented spawn."

Eledhwen cringed. She checked the Words again, and cringed some more. “The Sue has an averse reaction to traversing the mines. How absolutely unprophetic.”

“Foreshadowing – you’re doing it wrong,” quipped Christianne, taking out the Remote Activator and fast-forwarding it to the next chapter. A picture of the Watcher appeared. Moments later, the Fellowship-plus-one appeared, too.

The agents ducked behind some convenient rocks just as a mini-Balrog appeared out of the walls. “That must be Itidin,” said Christianne as the mini-Balrog flew over to them, shimmering slightly under the moonlight. “Come here, you,” she added, placing the mini in the not-so-mini mini-Duffel. It growled happily.

“I wonder if we could put her horse in it?” wondered Eledhwen. Christianne raised an eyebrow. “What? Astaldo can carry three Hobbits and Aragorn. It may come in handy.”

“I’m going to go out on a limb here and say Astaldo is male,” Christianne mumbled.

“Does that matter in renaming him?” wondered Eledhwen.

“What would you rename him to?”

Eledhwen pursed her lips. “Belroch?” she suggested.

“I was hoping for something more along the lines of ‘Bob Marley’,” replied Christianne.

“You and your obsession with the name ‘Marley’,” Eledhwen grumbled. “Do you know where that snake has gone lately?”

“I heard he was fighting the mongooses from the mongoose shelter on a regular basis,” said Christianne, grinning. “Good to see the PPC mongooses get some training. Not sure how they’ll come in handy, but... you know.”

They turned back to the fic just in time to see Araen steal Gandalf’s lines, and Gandalf begin ‘chanting and incanting spells and secret syllabus’. A giant packet of papers fell out of nowhere.

“What’s that?” wondered Eledhwen.

“Syllabi,” replied Christianne, giggling. The Sue and Aragorn unsaddled Bill and Astaldo, urging the two equines to get the heck out of dodge. As soon as they wandered ‘into the darkness’, Eledhwen portalled to the general area of said darkness to herd the Sue’s ‘most faithful companion’ through a plothole into their RC.

A series of relatively canon moments happened before –

“AHH!” Frodo was suddenly dragged into the lake; a long, sinous tentacle was wrapped around his ankle. Aragorn, Boromir and Araen rushed forward, sword in hand. (For a moment it seemed as if Araen, Boromir, and Aragorn all had a communal hand, holding a communal sword. The agents solemnly popped their pills of Bleeprin.) Aragorn cut off the tentacle, pulling Frodo to safety. Araen and Boromir hacked at the other writhing tentacles. The Kraken retreated, only to reemerge with twenty more tentacles and more aggressiveness.

"SHE WHAT?" screamed Christianne as the many-tentacled creature continued to attack the Fellowship.

Eledhwen, who had returned to her partner's side, groaned audibly. "Oh no, she did not," she sighed.

"IT'S A *WATCHER IN THE WATER*, NOT A BLOODY *KRAKEN*!"

"Sues are incapable of telling the difference."

"IT'S A *WATCHER*!"

The world jolted, as Araen confused some tenses and the uncanonical Kraken tore away the doors of Moria. A giant rock hit Araen ("Pity it didn't kill her," complained Christianne) and separated her from the Fellowship.

Somehow, the giant avalanche had buried the Kraken with it. As the Sue checked her injuries and her gear (even relocating her dislocated shoulder on the way), Eledhwen and Christianne watched the 'writhing tentacle' underneath the 'debris and rocks'. The Sue grumbled about having to 'cover two days' journey in one day, with [her] stupid ankle', and then left.

Eledhwen and Christianne quickly rushed out to inspect the damage. "The poor thing," Christianne mumbled as she patted at the writhing tentacles. "Imagine how much pain it must feel."

Eledhwen said nothing, only stared at the Kraken. Christianne grabbed the Remote Activator.

"I'm calling for help," she added.

"What for?" wondered Eledhwen.

"The Department of Misplaced Flora and Fauna could –"

"Not Rosalie," snapped Eledhwen.

Christianne raised an eyebrow. "She's a perfectly competent DMFF agent, Ellie, why not?"

"She's a *nymph*." Eledhwen's voice was positively dripping with disdain. "An uncanonical creature of Arda."

"She's not from Middle-earth."

"The only nymphs I know of are Sues."

"And Agent Rosalie."

Christianne shook her head, sending her partner an odd look.

"Whatever," she said, opening a portal back into HQ. She then scribbled something onto a piece of paper, stuck it into an empty bottle of Bleepolate milk, and hurled the bottle through the portal. She then closed the portal.

"We must catch up with the Sue," Eledhwen said as soon as Christianne straightened up. A picture heralding the beginning of the next chapter had already appeared, and the Sue was claiming that going around the mountain was worse than going through the Mines of Moria. Admittedly, she did admit she was hurt, but that faint sense of superiority still hovered in the Words.

Christiane sighed, took one last look at the Kraken, and started walking away. Another portal flashed into existence. Out stepped Agent Rosalie; Eledhwen groaned audibly at the sight of her.

"Yeah, I love you too," retorted the nymph. Eledhwen shot Christianne a 'why didn't you walk faster' look. Christianne rolled her eyes.

Eledhwen turned back to Rosalie. "I suppose DMFF is so overworked that they have to send in the bottom of the barrel, don't they?"

"I heard Upstairs had to tell you off. What'd you get into trouble for, huh? Going on a mission?"

"That is honestly none of your concern. I am perfectly authorised to go on missions, and I happen to *come* from this continuum, thank you very much."

"You know, I seem to recall a time back when Agent Dafydd was still around – he killed a Sue in Middle-earth called Eledhwen. How coincidental."

"Shall I bring up the multitudes of Sues named Rose?"

Rosalie's expression twisted. "Go back to Rivendell, elf-girl."

"Go back to your stream, wherever that is. I hope it dries up."

Christiane heaved a long-suffering sigh, and placed herself between the two. "I've seen six-year-olds with more maturity than the two of you when put together," she snapped. "Eledhwen, stand behind me. Stay behind me, as a matter of fact, and keep your mouth *shut*."

Rosalie giggled. Christianne rounded on the nymph. "This is our mission, Rose, and you're to do exactly as I tell you."

"Sure, boss," replied the nymph, grinning. She mouthed 'you are so totally whipped' at Eledhwen, who bristled in response. "What do I do?"

"Get that Kraken out from under the rocks and back to its home continuum – I'm supposing it's one of the Dungeons and Dragons continua; if it's from one of those 'unique Kraken' continua, it is rather small for that, and I don't think DnD will notice another one joining their ranks – and find the Watcher in the Water. It should be in a nearby plothole."

"Roger that, Chrissy," said Rosalie, winking (if looks could kill, Eledhwen would've been decommissioned for murder), before turning her attentions back to the Kraken. It wriggled feebly at her. The nymph knelt down, touching its tentacles, before taking out her Remote Activator. Eledhwen and Christianne left through their own portal, catching up with the Sue just as she blacked out in the arms of Ghân-buri-Ghân after an encounter with Wargs at the foot of the mountains.

"While I have to applaud her for including the Wild Men, I must also condemn her for moving him here, so far from Drúadan Forest," Eledhwen remarked.

"Yes, not many Sues know about Ghân," agreed Christianne, pointing the CAD at the Wild Man. "And she doesn't seem to have him too far out of character."

"What were you doing at the foothills of Caradhras? Planning suicide?"

The agents facepalmed. "Yeah, only about 30%," amended Christianne, "for the occasional use of big, Elvish words and contractions."

"Still, displacing him." Eledhwen gesticulated wildly, as if moving a Wild Man out of his forest was a cardinal sin. "And claiming that Drúadan was destroyed. It was only the Wild Men's settlement that was destroyed, not the entire forest!"

"We'll just move him back to Drúadan; he'll be back to normal when she's gone, I think," Christianne replied, looking ahead in the Words. "Oh god, no. We're not waiting two days. Let's skip it." She grabbed the Remote Activator, and the two stepped forward in time to the other side of the mountain, just in time to see Araen saying goodbye to Ghân-buri-Ghân.

The agents approached the Wild Man as soon as the Sue had left. "Ghân-buri-Ghân of Drúadan, why do you wander so far alone?" wondered Eledhwen as she stepped in front of him. The Wild Man looked up at her, and replied:

"Ghân knows not why he comes here to base of great Redhorn. Ghân was brought here from his home."

Eledhwen smiled. "I will take you home, headman of Wild Men, if you want."

"Ghân has seen tall mountain, but Ghân will see his home now."

"Come with me, then," Eledhwen suggested, taking his hand and leading him through an open portal.

Christianne closed the portal as soon as Eledhwen reemerged from it, her grey eyes bright. "We've got a new chapter, as you could probably tell by the picture," Christianne said, gesturing to the Words. "And the Sue's met up with the Fellowship again."

"How can her body heal those wounds so fast?" demanded Eledhwen, pointing at Araen, who walked with nary a limp or a twitch of her wounded shoulder.

"Suebiology. She's like a Time Lord; she heals fast."

"Imagine that," the elleth remarked. "What if there was just one Sue with infinite regenerations?"

"The Sue Lord." Christianne cringed. "Let's never speak of that horrible idea ever again."

Eledhwen chuckled, and they walked on. The Fellowship wandered into Lothlórien.

"Stay close, young hobbits. They say a sorceress lives in these woods. All who-" Gimli's sentence was cut short by Araen's painful tug on his beard, "I will have no one speak ill of these

woods nor of the Lady who dwells here!" "Well, here's one Dwarf she won't ensnare so easily. I have the eyes of a hawk and the ears of a fox," Gimli continued.

"Sues *still* dislike Gimli," complained Christianne. "Why do they do that? Their complaints of 'ugly Dwarves' have been duly rebutted with the *Hobbit* films. Now they're just being silly."

Haldir took that moment to step in. Aragorn said some Elvish – thankfully not mutilated – and the parenthetical translations of said lines smacked the PPC agents in the face. Instead of rejecting the Fellowship from the Golden Wood for bringing the Ring into their midst, Haldir took one look at Araen and allowed them to enter. The PPC agents groaned.

Christianne glanced at the Words, but not for too long; the blueness of the dialogue was eye-burning, and the Comic Sans was just irritating. "When I was a fanbrat, I used to write in Comic Sans, too," she muttered. "It's like my past has come to haunt me."

"Your past?" Eledhwen demanded, staring ahead at the group of Galadhrim. Christianne raised an eyebrow.

"What's so scary about the marchwardens of Lórien... *oh*."

"Yeah," agreed Eledhwen, dragging out the 'e'.

Christianne placed one hand on top of the other and rotated the thumbs. "Awkward turtles."

Eledhwen stared quizzically at her gesture. "How are turtles awkward? And that looks nothing like a turtle."

"Shut up, it's universal."

Eledhwen snorted. "We must follow," she said, gesturing to the company. Up ahead, Haldir and Araen were having a 'fancy meeting you' sort of chat where the name of the subordinate Sue, Alasse, was brought up.

"Isn't that a Quenya name? I'd bet my disused Japanese weaponry that it is," said Christianne.

"It is not," scoffed Eledhwen. "Surely she means Alasse the Grelvish name, not Alassë the Quenya name..."

Haldir was discussing the aforementioned Alasse's former relationship with him. "*We broke up a few months back. She wanted to be free, to have adventures. She thought of joining you guys on the quest but I stopped her; I don't want her to be in any danger. She got mad and well, you know.*"

"You did the right thing," muttered Eledhwen. "I would not forgive her for joining the Quest. I would not forgive her anyway, but that's of no matter."

"I don't think Elves 'break up'. Sounds too modern."

"We could part ways," suggested Eledhwen. "Sunder our ties. That is, unless we were married. Then one of us would probably flee to Mandos, never to return."

Christianne gulped rather audibly. "That sounds complicated."

"We are in no rush to make hasty commitments that would end in such regrets," added Eledhwen. "Which, of course, makes Alasse just about as mature as an elfling – no wonder Haldir didn't wish for her to join the Fellowship."

"The way *they* discuss it, you'd think it was a shopping trip or something," grumbled Christianne. "Clearance sale at Mordor Republic! Everything 70% off!"

"Mordor is hardly a republic. You said republics are places where more than just one person rules."

"But Mordor Dictatorship doesn't sound like a store name," protested Christianne.

Up ahead, Haldir and the Sue discussed breaking the news to Aragorn that the Sue was his uncanonical gratuitous Suvian sibling. Boromir got possessive, and the Sue told him off for it.

(The agents could've sworn they heard once more a very odd, very faint scream that must've resounded through several other continua before it hit this one. It was probably just the wind. Or the Canon. Or Eledhwen finally going senile.)

The Sue then proceeded to mix up her Quenya and Sindarin, causing Eledhwen to groan and bang her head against a nearby mallorn, drawing some odd glances from the other extras. Christianne shushed Eledhwen, pointing out said odd glances. Eledhwen promptly concealed herself, especially since Haldir and his retinue were just walking past.

"Now, tell me," said Christianne as soon as the ellyn had departed the scene. "Which one was it?"

Eledhwen feigned ignorance. "I have no clue what you mean."

"The ellon you said you kissed back when the Canon was still intact." Christianne grinned broadly.

"I do not remember his name. I have been trying to erase his very existence from memory. Chances are he is not even in Haldir's company."

"You still ducked at the sight of them."

Eledhwen huffed. "Yes, well, perhaps we ought to take *you* back to your world, back to that game you said you had participated in while in university. Better yet, we ought to take you to meet the boy you kissed, and see if he has improved his technique during your absence –"

"Oh *god*." Christianne grimaced. "Kill me first."

"*Precisely*."

The glossed-over meeting with Galadriel and Celeborn ended; the Fellowship returned to their resting spot within the roots of one of the mellyrn ("I'll never understand that bit. In the books they were sleeping in a bloody pavilion! A *pavilion*!" groused Christianne). Legolas said his lines, and from a distance the two Sues observed him. The elf-Sue was drooling 'like a Golden Retriever'. Eledhwen looked nauseous.

"To be fair, you had a similar look when confronted with movieverse Caspian the Tenth," Christianne remarked.

Eledhwen rubbed her knuckles. "We do not speak of that," she growled.

"Admittedly, you weren't drooling, but –"

"Halt your mouth."

"No, you should've said, 'Peace, Christianne, I will stop your mouth.' Hehe." As Eledhwen's irritability (and elves were surprisingly good at irritable) rose, so did Christianne's amusement.

"You are being so utterly insufferable," groaned Eledhwen.

Christianne grinned. And then cringed as Alasse said (in regards to Legolas):

"By the Valar, he's so super HOT!"

Eledhwen's 'ruffled feathers' expression was replaced with a calm smile. "Oh, what was the term for this?" she wondered. "Dibs. Right. I call 'dibs' on that gormless little quim."

"An excellent choice of words." Christianne wasn't an English major for nothing. "That leaves me..." she trailed off, groaning as she looked ahead in the Words.

Aragorn decided to go and sleep. As he got up, Araen walked past. "Sis" Aragorn called out as he ran towards Araen, "Why haven't you told me before?" "Aragorn, it's late. I'll tell you in the morning. Get some sleep," Araen said and left.

"Oh, bloody hell, Aragorn calls her 'sis'," groaned Christianne. The chapter ended a couple lines later, quickly beginning again with a picture of water in a riverbed.

...And the sound of Alasse using three exclamation points. *"Wake up! The birds are chirping and it's time you start SINGING!!!"*

The agents yelped at that, along with the Sue.

"Is. She. For. Real," Christianne reiterated, pointing at the hyperactive elleth Sue hovering over the other... Sue.

"Even *I* am not that bad after I eat chocolate," mused Eledhwen as she pulled a bar of the aforementioned sugary goodness and handed it to Christianne. The other looked at her warily, but accepted the gift nonetheless.

"They're leaving already?" complained Christianne as the Sues avoided the 'annoyed stares from the Elves and the other members of the Fellowship' (the CAD had positively *purred* in approval at that). "But I *wanted* to spend a month in Lórien!"

"Not with a Sue you don't." Eledhwen was looking slightly more cheerful, mostly because it was the penultimate chapter.

“Point,” conceded Christianne. Time skipped ahead to when the Sues emerged from... wherever Alasse had taken Araen to get dressed. The Sue was now in a ‘royal blue traveling dress’. Christianne had to snort at the impracticality.

“Travelling dress, my...” she trailed off, rolling her eyes as Alasse suggested that she dress Merry and Pippin in similar dresses. “That’s right, Elfy, treat the Hobbits like they’re small children – those two have more maturity in their foot hair than you have in your entire body –”

The Fellowship went to say goodbye to Galadriel; the gift-giving ceremony took place (with some line mangling at the beginning). Araen received an ‘intricate flask made from crystal, filled with a clear sparkling liquid’. An in-text link to a picture of said flask hit the agents in the face.

“I hear that’s a common grievance in Circle fics,” Christianne remarked as Eledhwen rubbed her forehead gingerly, having caught the worst of said link. “Most of the time it links to some place called ‘polyvore’.”

“Many eatings?” wondered Eledhwen, giggling weakly.

Christianne snorted. “More like ‘many starvings so I can actually get inside these tiny little dresses they post on there’.” Eledhwen shot her a confused look, so she elucidated. “It’s a fashion collage site, apparently. I heard Harris Frost from Intelligence got trapped in it once.”

“Trapped in a giant wardrobe.” Eledhwen shuddered. They turned their attention to Galadriel’s dialogue with the Sue.

“This is Simbelmyne juice, it is a healing cordial but it also contains life-giving essence. Use it only in times of dire peril; not more than two drops will be needed.” “Le hannon, herinya. (Thank you, my lady.)” Araen said, a tear sliding down her ivory cheek. “Al nini, cenvanyel rato. (Weep not, I will see you soon.)”

The agents gaped. Eledhwen didn’t even bother to groan about the messy mixup of Sindarin and Quenya. “She did not just rip off Lucy Pevensie,” Christianne breathed.

“Alfirin isn’t known for any sort of restorative properties!” groaned Eledhwen. “If she wanted restorative properties, why did she not try to obtain juice from Athelas?”

“Because she’s ~Speshul~,” replied Christianne, carefully enunciating the tildes. Galadriel then made an announcement:

“Lastly I would be honoured to introduce your new comrade, Alasse Tinuviel.”

“Really? She’s coming?! Gimli, hit me! OWWW!!!!” Legolas yelped when Gimli poked his butt with his axe handle, “You PERVERT!” “Sorry, but you know that I’m short,” Gimli protested. Everyone gave the Elf and Dwarf the WHAT-THE-HELL-IS-WRONG-WITH-YOU-GUYS look.

Eledhwen’s hands balled into fists. Christianne barely prevented her from storming out and killing the Sues on the spot, and even then she had to drag the hissing elleth away from the scene and tie her to a mallorn (luckily there had been more than one rope of hithlain lying around in a convenient plothole).

"LEITHIO NIN!" screamed Eledhwen, struggling against the rope. *"DAGOTHON I BAINTHORETH!"*

Christianne seized her by her shoulders. "Calm. *Down*," she suggested.

"AVON CARED!" Eledhwen was positively foaming at the mouth; she let forth a string of obnoxiously loud and rude curses, causing Christianne to slam a hand against her partner's mouth.

"Remember, the Canons can hear you!" she hissed into her partner's ear. "You don't want Mr Marchwarden to come investigating, do you?"

Eledhwen visibly deflated at that, settling instead for panting and heaving and generally looking like a crazed bull in a bright red china shop. "How dare she," she growled. "How dare she steal the name Tinuviel! How dare she imply she is kin to Thingol and Melian, that the same noble blood that runs through those veins are distorted with the Glitter in hers!"

"You probably shouldn't look at the Words, then," Christianne suggested. Of course, Eledhwen did the exact opposite, and made a strangled noise in the back of her throat.

"Arwen..." Aragorn murmured softly to himself upon remembering his beloved for Alasse really resembled her cousin in Rivendell.

"So, yes, in a way she is claiming kin to Thingol and Melian," concluded Christianne. Eledhwen shot her a venomous look.

"How is that even possible?" she demanded. *"Aragorn is Arwen's cousin!"*

"Born in different generations, but sure."

"She claims kin either to Elros, which is impossible because Aragorn and the Sue come from that lineage, or to Celebrían, which is uncanonical!" Eledhwen thudded her head against the mallorn, punctuating the thuds with curses.

Christianne chuckled. "Rant about it all you want, but I think our CADs just fried up from Gimli being a 'PERVERT' and everyone else shooting him and Legolas a 'WHAT-THE-HELL-IS-WRONG-WITH-YOU-GUYS' look, whatever that means."

"Was that intended to cheer my spirits?" wondered Eledhwen, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Because it is definitely working."

Christianne took out a phial and collected some of that excess dripping sarcasm. It could come in handy.

And so the Fellowship left Lothlorien and paddled down the great Anduin river, continuing their quest. The Elves had provided them with boats for their journey and also some food to sustain them. Alasse, Legolas and Gimli in one boat; Boromir, Merry and Pippin in another while Araen, Aragorn, Frodo and Sam took the third.

"Shall we follow them?" Eledhwen asked as the Fellowship paddled out of sight.

"If you promise to *behave*, yes," replied Christianne. Eledhwen nodded.

"Oh, how the tables have turned," she muttered as Christianne started untying the rope.

Christianne snorted. "Upstairs does it on purpose, you know," she pointed out, before opening a portal. "Come along, we've got a Fellowship-plus-two to trail and a flashback to endure. Let's go."

Araen had just clobbered Boromir over the head ("Oh yes, forget the fact that our allies can practically be counted on one hand. Concussing one of them is definitely conducive to the war effort," grumbled Eledhwen). Sam, obviously not caring that Boromir might have suffered brain trauma, begged Araen to tell them her backstory. She complied, albeit grudgingly, and started to speak.

And then 'images formed themselves in the audience's minds'. Eledhwen and Christianne, who were observing the Fellowship from the western banks of the Anduin, stopped still in their tracks at the painful sensation of something coalescing in their minds, almost like a fast-growing parasite.

"Ai!" Eledhwen whimpered, collapsing to her knees and clutching at her head. "The images! Bleeprin, Chrissy, Bleeprin!"

Christianne fumbled through her pack with her eyes squeezed shut. "Glaurung it, where's the Bleep... ah. Is this it?" she held up a banana.

"No!" gasped Eledhwen. She squeezed her eyes shut. "Tell me when you find it, Chrissy; I feel like something will burst out of my head!"

"And it's not going to be the Goddess Athena, is it," muttered Christianne, even though her own head felt as if it had been caught in between two cymbals wielded by an extremely enthusiastic cymbalist.

The laughter of happy children playing floated through the quiet woods. In a small, sunlit glade, a young girl of five who was wearing a crown of woodland flowers chased her three year old brother around. They were Araen and Aragorn.

"So she's older than him? She's, what, ninety-two? That's attractive," muttered Christianne even through her pounding headache. The images were just too bloody vivid to ignore.

But the children's happiness did not last for long; word came from Elladan and Elrohir, the sons of Elrond that Arathorn had been killed by Orcs and that those creatures had received orders to annihilate the whole family especially little Aragorn because he is Isildur's heir. Elladan and Elrohir were sent by Elrond to take them to safety in Rivendell.

"She knows... about Elladan... and Elrohir," gasped Eledhwen; tears of pain were already rolling down her cheeks. "She must have read the books –"

"Or simply trawled the Wiki," Christianne pointed out as she pulled out the Bleeprin at long last and took a tablet. The headache eased.

"But she did *some*... modicum... of research!" Eledhwen sobbed. Christianne handed her the Bleeprin. "*Why* must she do this?"

Araen then skipped away for some reason.

"Lady Gilraen, we must make haste to Rivendell. Danger closes in by each second wasted," Elladan said, receiving nods of agreement from his brother. "NO! No, I've already lost my husband, I'm not going to lose my daughter too!" Gilraen retorted.

"It's odd – they had to *bring* Gilraen the news of Arathorn's death, when Araen just skips off in a random direction and discovers his body. Surely Gilraen would have noticed carrion-fowl," Eledhwen pointed out.

"Then you will lose little Aragorn and your life too!" Alrohir reasoned out. "And all of Middle Earth would be taken over by the Dark Lord; Aragorn is destined to be the king, he MUST LIVE!" Elladan added.

"Oh, a mini-Balrog," remarked Christianne as Alrohir appeared with a small 'pop'. Gilraen finally consented to leave without her daughter, saying some choice phrases in Grelvish before leaving:

Silo Anor bo men lin, rel nin. The parenthetical translations narrowly avoided hitting Eledhwen and Christianne in the face.

"Those are some dumb orc assassins," grumbled Christianne as the flashback Araen wandered through the woods. "Even giving Luxury a sword would make her more competent a Sue-slayer than these orcs."

Araen then found her father's dead body, and swore that she would 'make them [whoever 'they' were] pay.' "*They will PAY!*" shouted the five year old Sue. Christianne snorted.

"Isn't she a little too young to be channelling Hamlet? Or Batman, for that matter?"

"You are never too young for revenge," replied Eledhwen, rolling her eyes. The flashback Araen started trying to find her way back, only to get lost and stumble across Gandalf.

Mercifully, that was when the flashback ended. But 'merciful' was a relative term; Araen then broke Canon that much further by claiming to be the adoptee of Galadriel and Celeborn, and tried to wax philosophical about life.

"That's what life's about. Things happen and they are stuck with you forever. They are like pebbles in the riverbed; life goes on but the past shall always remain, deep down in your memories."

"What." Christianne boggled at that. "What on earth was she trying to say?"

"That life is a river?" wondered Eledhwen.

"That's not cliché at all," deadpanned Christianne. "No, I got the vaguest idea that it was something about pebbles representing bad memories from the past. I mean, it's not a very bad metaphor, and it is at least *true*, but... she could definitely have worded it better."

"Life is a river that courses onwards despite the pebbles of the past in the riverbed," paraphrased Eledhwen. "Now really, was that really *that* hard to trim?"

Christianne sighed, and then realised something. "You're in a better mood," she remarked. "It must be the last chapter."

And lo and behold, the footer rang out for the last time, and a picture of Frodo and Sam flashed across the Words. "Amon Hen?" asked Eledhwen, grinning. Christianne took out the Remote Activator.

"Let's hunt some Sue," she quipped, before opening the portal.

The Fellowship-plus-two were drifting past the Argonath by the time the PPC agents landed on Amon Hen. With some fiddling of the D.O.R.K.S., they became Uruk-hai. Eledhwen, of course, did it quite reluctantly; she was now running her tongue uncomfortably over her newly rotten teeth and grimacing.

It didn't look too out of place on her current form.

"It's not a bad description of the Argonath," Christianne mused, looking at the Words.

"The Argonath..." Aragorn murmured wistfully. "Long have I desired to look upon the kings of old... my ancestors, my kin." Araen said.

"If only the Sue wouldn't steal and pervert Aragorn's lines!" griped Eledhwen.

By this time the rest of the Fellowship were admiring the great statues. Alasse and Legolas gaped at them, still frozen in their embrace while Gimli's mouth is so wide open (there was a small jolt, as the tenses shifted for a second) that even a full-grown salmon would have fitted in perfectly had it the bravado to leap out of the river now. Boromir bowed his head in respect, Merry and Pippin accidentally dropped their half-eaten lembas into the river in their surprise and wonderment.

"Oh and those two are once again the butt of the joke. Well, them and Gimli, at any rate." Christianne facepalmed. "Can we fast-forward to the mayhem?"

"By all means!" exclaimed Eledhwen, practically bouncing with homicidal rage – which, if taken out of context, would have made for an extremely unsettling picture. As it was, it was still an odd thing to see on the usually calm elleth. The last time she had been in such a rage, a Sue had literally been strangled by the red string.

So Christianne fast-forwarded.

"Did you try to take the Ring from Frodo?" Araen probed. Slowly, Boromir nodded. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain on his cheek which sent him reeling backwards. He looks up to realize that Araen had slapped him. "I'm ashamed of you, Boromir. I wish I had never known you." Araen said with great sorrow.

There was the thud of Christianne's head colliding with the trunk of a tree. "Oh, *yeah*, because resisting the personification of immoral power and temptation is just as easy as one-two-three, you skanky pillock," she snapped.

"Boromir is a strong but desperate man; of course the Ring calls to him. Galadriel knew her time was up. Sam knew his limits. That is how they resisted the urge – not because of some innate goodness and purity that some Sues seem to think is the key," agreed Eledhwen.

"Did you learn that at OFUM?"

"The One Ring had a seminar on why few people could genuinely resist it. It was interrupted by Sauron and Morgoth's everlasting feud, which resulted in the maiming of the first nine rows of students," Eledhwen replied. "I almost lost an ear."

"Poor you."

Eledhwen rolled her eyes, just as Aragorn, Legolas, and Alasse appeared out of nowhere to fight them and the other Uruks. Eledhwen cursed as the elf-Sue's arrows nearly missed her by an inch, and she ducked behind a tree. "You're going to have to capture them for me," she told Christianne. "The Canons and the Sue can see me, and they see me as an enemy. You still have the slight advantage of being invisible to Canons. Go!"

Christianne nodded, squeezed Eledhwen's hand, and darted into the fray. Eledhwen slumped, willing herself to remain calm, and checked the Words.

"The horn of Gondor!" Legolas remarked. "Boromir!" Araen exclaimed. She outran Aragorn, Legolas, Alasse and Gimli to Boromir. Araen reached Boromir just as Lurtz, the leading Uruk-hai shot a third arrow into Boromir's chest, bringing him down on his knees as Merry and Pippin were scooped off their feet by the other Uruk-hai.

Christianne, who had narrowly avoided being gutted by Araen, quickly tripped Alasse as she ran with the Canons towards the sound of the Horn. The elf-Sue did a spectacular faceplant; Legolas turned around at that and saw Christianne dragging a kicking and screaming Alasse away. He fired an arrow –

– Only for a portal to appear out of nowhere and swallow the arrow. Eledhwen, no longer an Uruk, came striding out from behind her tree holding what looked like a burnt scone in her hand.

"Halt your arrows, Prince of Mirkwood," Eledhwen suggested pleasantly. Legolas's eyes narrowed.

"Who the hell are you to tell me what to do? There's an Uruk-hai dragging my beloved away from –" he trailed off, frowning. "You must be in league with the Enemy, if you would have me stop –" his frown deepened, as he tried to reconcile modern slang with his canonical speech patterns.

"The enemy looks fair and feels foul, my lord, and such an enemy is your 'beloved'," replied Eledhwen. "I do not wish to lay a finger against you, Prince, but if you hinder us, it may be to your own undoing."

"We're not supposed to kill *him*," snapped Uruk-hai Christianne.

Eledhwen looked heavenward. "Tis merely the *principle* of the thing," she grumbled. She then turned to Legolas. "Do you not have a fallen comrade to aid? A fallen comrade of *Gondor*, may I add?"

"Boromir," whispered Legolas. He glared at Eledhwen, the Suefluence still struggling to maintain its grip on him. "I'll be back." With that, he ran off.

Christianne and Eledhwen looked at each other, and then down at Alasse, who looked back at them with fearful blue eyes.

"We have to get the other one," Eledhwen said. Alasse struggled some more; Christianne brought out the ropes again, and hogtied her. Smirking, the Uruk stepped back to admire her handiwork.

Moments later, an elleth and an Uruk were dragging the hogtied Alasse through a portal.

"I'll always remember you, Boromir, my brother." Araen took off after the Uruk-hai after she kissed Boromir farewell and had thrown one last glance around her; Aragorn locked in a deadly fight with Lurtz; Legolas taking careful aim at Lurtz while Gimli was still huffing and puffing his way to them. "Go..." Boromir's voice echoed behind her. Somehow, Araen sensed that that was to be the last time she would be seeing Boromir alive. Wiping away a tear with her sleeve, she left in search of Merry and Pippin and with that marked the breaking of the Fellowship.

The Uruk that Araen had been chasing, however, seemed to be leading her away from the south. After a while, it stopped at the entrance to a clearing, grinning at Araen's approach.

"You know, that really isn't fair," said the grinning Uruk. Oddly enough, what little bit of hair it had was tied up with red leather. Araen frowned quizzically at it.

"What do you want?" she growled. "Where are Merry and Pippin?"

"Oh *them*." The Uruk flashed several pointy, dirty teeth. "How did the song go again? Oh yeah – they're taking the Hobbits to Isengard! They're taking the Hobbits to Isengard! They're taking the Hobbits to Isengard! They're taking the Hobbits to Isengard-gard-gard-gard!"

Araen shot the Uruk a YOU-ARE-OBVIOUSLY-CRAZY look. The Uruk grinned at her, just as another voice resounded behind it:

"Oh Chrissy, just bring her in already. I'm sure she's dying to be reunited with her friend."

Araen darted past the Uruk named Chrissy into the clearing to see a dark-haired elleth standing over the prone and tied-up form of Alasse (who had also recently been gagged, because she wouldn't stop shrieking bloody murder). "Alasse! What have they done to you?" demanded Araen, drawing her sword and advancing towards the elleth.

Eledhwen looked rather bored as she drew one of her knives. The Sue charged. Eledhwen threw the knife; it flew through the air and lodged itself in the Sue's chest. She gasped and staggered slightly, but Eledhwen nimbly leapt to her feet and drew her sword, slashing at the

Sue's forearm. Araen's sword dropped to the ground as Eledhwen's sword sliced through Suvian forearm muscle.

"Careful, she might go all Sue Lord on you," Christianne pointed out as the recently debilitated Araen glared at the two of them.

"We do the Duty quickly, then," replied Eledhwen, handing Christianne the charge list. "She's yours."

Christianne cleared her throat and began to read:

"Araen, uncanonical daughter of Arathorn, the Protectors of the Plot Continuum hereby charge you with being a Mary Sue; being the uncanonical sister of Aragorn and the uncanonical adoptee of Galadriel and Celeborn; calling the Watcher in the Water a Kraken; causing formatting inconsistencies, confusing Sindarin and Quenya; confusing the Nazgûl with their Fell Beasts; confusing tenses; completely distorting the characters of the Fellowship of the Ring, especially those of Aragorn and Boromir." She paused. "You clearly have some knowledge of the books, so why in Eru's green Arda are you writing this tripe? Anyway, you're also charged with completely butchering the Elvish language and thereby creating the Berien; compressing dialogue; creating mini-Balrogs – to wit, Itidin and Alrohir – curing a broken ankle and heavy lacerations from Warg bites in two days; displacing Ghân-buri-Ghân; forcing images into people's minds; having Boromir sexually harass you; having a Cute Animal Friend; having a dumb name; having a stupid trajeck Batman-esque past; inserting Andalusian horses into Middle-earth, making one big and strong enough to carry three Hobbits and Aragorn, and taking said horse along on the Quest for no good reason; inserting a Kraken into Middle-earth; inserting in-text links; joining the Fellowship of the Ring, and doing so by using the excuse of traditional gender roles while simultaneously upstaging Samwise Gamgee."

"He can cook perfectly well, thank you very much," added Eledhwen.

"Thank you for your scintillating input, Ellie. Moving on. You are also charged with making Canon characters use modern slang; pandering to misogynistic gender roles; pretending to hate Boromir while making it painfully obvious that you're supposed to fall in love with him; referencing pop culture despite being Middle-earthian; running off to save Merry and Pippin ahead of schedule; stealing Lucy Pevensie's Fireflower Cordial and calling it Simbelmynë juice; conflating the properties of Simbelmynë and Athelas; crying a single tear; downplaying Aragorn's role in defeating the Ringwraiths at Weathertop; stealing lines; turning the Quest of the Ring into some extended slumber party; using modern slang despite being Middle-earthian; publishing this tripe in Comic Sans with eye-searing blue dialogue; inserting random pictures; and annoying PPC agents. The punishment for all of this is death. Any last words?"

"I will cure myself."

Eledhwen reached down and plucked the flask from the Sue's convenient Dress Folds of Holding (it was astounding how often Sues could keep things 'in the folds of their dresses'). "No you won't," she replied cheerily as Christianne drew her own sword and decapitated the Sue.

Alasse screamed a muffled scream; all that did was draw the attention of the agents. Christianne prodded her into a somewhat sitting position, and handed the charges back to Eledhwen.

“Alasse Tinuviel,” said the elleth, looking down her nose at the elf-Sue, “you are hereby charged with the same charges as your fellow Sue Araen, with the following additions: inserting modern Earth dating habits into Middle-earth’s culture, especially Elvish culture – we Firstborn have eternity to decide our mates, so relying on your hormones only makes you look like an elfling – stealing Lúthien Tinúviel’s lore name; having a Quenya name despite the Galadhrim being mostly Silvan; insinuating that you are the daughter of Elu Thingol and Melian; being the gratuitous cousin of Arwen Undómiel, which implies that you’re related either to Elros or to some uncanonical sibling of Celebrían’s; giving Arwen brown eyes – they’re *grey*, you impudent strumpet – joining the Fellowship of the Ring; playing fast and loose with the characters of Gimli, Legolas, and Haldir – especially Legolas, the poor prince – playing with the affections of Haldir and Legolas; being one of the Firstborn yet still acting like a brainless brat; and thoroughly disgusting me and making me loath to consider you one of my own kind. The punishment for this is death; any last words?”

“Legolas will save me,” declared Alasse through her gag, which made it sound more like “Mmhrfmrf mrf mrfmrf.”

“Sure, and I’m an Orc,” snapped Eledhwen as she drew her other knife and slit Alasse’s throat.

They portalled the bodies to the Uruk-hai; the Uruks were all too happy to eat the Sues for them. The fact that some of their corpses made for a rather glittery funeral pyre was duly overlooked by the Canons, who had more or less recovered their wits with the deaths of the Sues.

Eledhwen and Christianne then portalled back to HQ; once they returned from Personnel, having recruited Astaldo for the cause, Christianne dropped into a chair at the console and stared at the shelf on which she’d kept several copies of the various canons she’d collected. “Want to watch the films?” she asked. “I want to see you at the coronation scene.”

Eledhwen rolled her eyes.

A message in a bottle was lying on Christianne’s bed; the now-human agent noticed it and went to open it. “It’s a note from Rosalie,” she remarked. Eledhwen rolled her eyes again and turned away. “She said she did as she was asked.”

“Why did she call you Chrissy?” wondered Eledhwen abruptly.

“Is that jealousy I detect?” retorted Christianne.

“Is that hypocrisy I spy?” echoed Eledhwen.

The two glared at each other. After a moment, Christianne sighed, and smiled. “I worked with her once or twice in the past,” she replied. “You wouldn’t believe the number of people who would think it funny to stick Hogwarts into Konohagakure, or even vice versa. Rosalie and the DMFF are the only people with Remote Activators strong enough to transport huge objects like an entire castle.”

Eledhwen's expression took on a distinctly betrayed look. Christianne rolled her eyes.

"Look, Ellie, I know you two have some sort of rivalry going on, but I won't be entangled in it. I'm a neutral party in this argument. I'm Switzerland."

Eledhwen nodded. Christianne smiled, and patted her shoulder.

"Now before the console beeps again, I suggest we go grab a bite to eat –"

[BEEEEEEP!]

"Dammit!"

Author's Note: The Sindarin is, as always, provided by Merin Essi Ar Quenteli:

Na man anug – Where did you go?

Himdor, mellon nin, gwannas lû and. – Himdor (evidently another extra), my friend, it has been too long.

Istog peded edhellen? – Can you speak Elvish?

Ú-bedin edhellen. – I don't speak Elvish.

Ni ú-edhel. – I'm not an Elf.

Ni firen – I'm a mortal.

Leithio nin! – Let me go!

Dagothon i Bainthoreth! – I will kill the Mary Sue!

Avon cared! – I won't do it!

Thank you to Outhra, firemagic, Karen Du Lay, and Pretzel for beta reading!

Archivist's Note: This mission was written by Lily Winterwood of the PPC community, and is posted here with her permission; all reviews will be passed on to the author. It serves as part of the **Welcome to the PPC** series, designed to introduce new readers to the Protectors of the Plot Continuum. If reading this mission has left you wanting more, searching Google for 'Protectors of the Plot Continuum' will lead you to our Wiki and Posting Board. See you around!

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