

# The Very Secret Diaries (by Cassandra Claire)

<http://www.ealasaid.com/misc/vsd/>

## Aragorn, Son of Arathorn

Day One:

Ringwraiths killed: 4. V. good.

Met up with Hobbits. Walked forty miles. Skinned a squirrel and ate it.

Still not King.

Day Four:

Stuck on mountain with Hobbits. Boromir really annoying.

Not King yet.

Day Six:

Orcs killed: none. Disappointing. Stubble update: I look rugged and manly. Yes!

Keep wanting to drop-kick Gimli. Holding myself back.

Still not King.

Day Ten:

Sorry no entries lately. V. dark in Mines of Moria. Big Baelrog.

Not King today either.

Day Eleven:

Orcs killed: 7. V. good. Stubble update: Looking mangy.

Legolas may be hotter than me.

I wonder if he would like me if I was King?

Day 28:

Beginning to find Frodo disturbingly attractive. Have a feeling if I make a move, Sam would kill me. Also, hairy feet kind of a turn-off.

Still not King.

Day 30:

In Lothlorien. Think Galadriel was hitting on me. Saucy wench.

Nice chat with Boromir. He's not so bad.

Took a shower. Yay!

But still not King.

Day 32:

Orcs killed: none. Stubble update: subtly hairy.

Legolas told me that a shadow and a threat had been growing in his mind.

I think Legolas might be kinda gay.

Nope, not King.

Day 33:

Orcs killed: Countless thousands. V. good.

Boromir killed by Orcs. Bummer. Though he died bravely in my arms, am now quite sure that he was very definitely gay.

Not so sure about Gimli either.

RIP Boromir.

Still not King, but at least Boromir seemed to think I was. Might however have been blood loss.

Day 34:

Frodo went to Mordor. Said he was going alone, but took Sam with him. Why?

My God, is everyone in this movie gay but me?

Not so sure about me either.

Still not King, goddammit.

# Legolas, Son of Weenus

\*dedicated to Emily for her fearless defense of Elijah\*

Day One:

Went to Council of Elrond. Was prettiest person there. Agreed to follow some tiny little man to Mordor to throw ring into volcano. Very important mission - gold ring so tacky.

Day Four:

Boromir so irritating. Why must he wear big shield like dinner plate all the time? Climbed up Caradhras but wimpy humans who cannot walk on snow insisted we climb back down.

Am definitely prettiest member of the Fellowship. Go me!

Day Six:

Far too dark in Mines of Moria to brush hair properly. Am very afraid I am developing a tangle.

Orcs so silly.

Still the prettiest.

Day Ten:

Gandalf fell into shadow. In other news, I think I am developing a spot on my nose. V. serious situation, as Elven spots likely to last for 500 years or more.

Still prettiest, despite blasted spot.

Day Eleven:

In Lothlorien. Suspect Galadriel may be prettier than me.

Also, am quite sure she copied my hairstyle. I was wearing that same look at least 1,000 years ago. Silly bint. She was most annoyed that I used her mirrored fountain to take a nice bubble bath.

I choose to ignore her claim that my hair clogged her drain. Not one strand of my hair has fallen out in 800 years, why would it start now?

Still prettiest by far.

Day 30:

All this paddling about in boats is hell on my complexion.

Aragorn obviously starting to find Frodo strangely attractive. Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

Still the prettiest.

Day 33:

Boromir tempted by Ring. So tedious. Cannot be tempted myself, as already have everything I want i.e. perfect hair and a butt like granite.

Have been getting very strange letters from someone calling herself "Stacey" who wants to do obscene things to my elfhood. Fortunately have super-duper elf vision so can run away if I see her coming.

Day 35:

Boromir dead. Very messy death, most unnecessary. Did get kissed by Aragorn as he expired. Does a guy have to get shot full of arrows around here to get any action? Boromir definitely not prettier than me. Cannot understand it. Am feeling a pout coming on.

Frodo off to Mordor with Sam. Tiny little men caring about each other, rather cute really.

Am quite sure Gimli fancies me. So unfair. He is waist height, so can see advantages there, but chunky braids and big helmet most offputting. Forsee dark times ahead, very dark times.

# Boromir of Gondor

Day One:

Went to Council of Elrond. Aragorn acting all superior as usual. He thinks he's so great because he's shagging that bit of elf crumpet on the side. I mean just because someone has a broad chest, firm, defined muscles, an outdoorsy tan and loads of manly stubble doesn't mean that....what? Got distracted there for a bit.

Seem to have agreed to go on some sort of mission while distracted by Aragorn's enormous...rudeness.

Ooops.

Day Three:

Stupid Ring, stupid Quest, stupid Fellowship.

Day Four:

Frodo dropped Ring today. Picked it up, but Aragorn made me give it back. Arrogant bastard. Wonder how he'd feel with Horn of Gondor shoved right up his...

Stupid Ring.

Day Four:

Is obvious that Aragorn is strangely attracted to Frodo.

Ha Ha! Ha!

Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

Day Six:

Aragorn still into Frodo. "Boromir, give the Ring back to Froooooo." "Boromir, let \*me\* carry Frodo up Caradhras." "Boromir, quit trying to cut off Frodo's head while he's asleep so you can get at the Ring."

Blatant favoritism most annoying.

Day Ten:

Why isn't Aragorn into me ?

Day Eleven:

Carried Frodo out of Mines of Moria.

Kind of liked it, actually.

Hope am not turning into pervy hobbit-fancier like Uncle Windermir. Not after what happened to \*him.\* Merry and Pippin are cute little things, too...

In other news, Gandalf died.

Day 30:

In Lothlorien. Galadriel quite a babe. Feel sure she was attracted to my rugged yet unwashed manliness.

Legolas took a bath in her fountain. Got in trouble. Ha. Ha. Big elfy git. Am quite sure he dyes his hair. Also, he has spot on his nose.

Aragorn suggested we take baths as well. Only realized in nick of time he did not mean with each other.

Stupid Aragorn.

Day 33:

Frodo being all weird about the Ring. Won't even let me look at it. Must admit I had a bit of a tussle with him trying to get a gander at it. Rolled around on him till he went invisible. Resisted urge to have a little cuddle (made easier when he punched me in the face.)

Aragorn would be jealous. Ha!

Day 35:

Killed by orcs.

Stupid orcs.

# Frodo Baggins

How could I do this to poor, lovable Frodo??? That said...

Day One:

Feeling much better in House of Elrond after nice long nap. Also, Sam gave me fabulous backrub and bubble bath. Platonic, brotherly love so wonderful. Wasn't quite entirely sure why he needed to suck on my toes, but am assured it has something to do with Elf medicine.

Day Three

Have agreed to carry Ring to Mordor. In hindsight, probably a bad move.

Day Four

Aragorn and Boromir had big fight over who got to carry me up Mount Caradhras. Aragorn shoved Boromir into snowbank. Boromir bit Aragorn on the ear. Ring must be affecting them more seriously than I thought.

Day Six:

Woke up to find Aragorn playing with buttons on my shirt.

He must be after the Ring. Damn its siren call.

Ah well, Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

Day Ten:

Today Legolas began stroking my inner thigh with his bow.

Was stunned. Had no idea Legolas wanted the Ring too.

It must truly be an object of awesome power.

Day Eleven:

Gandalf showed me very strange trick he can do. Apparently pointy wizard hat not just for show.

Wonder if Ring is affecting him, or perhaps he is just v. peculiar.

Day 24 :

Finally feel rested. Is too dark in Mines of Moria for Aragorn to find me and pinch me as he has been doing lately.

Gandalf fell into shadow. Was sad to see pointy hat go.

Day 27 :

Lothlorien so pretty. Galadriel pretty too. Offered her One Ring, but she kept saying, "No, there's something else I'd rather have from you, Frodo Baggins," and trying to slide foot up inside my breeches. So, gave her my extra pair of breeches since she seemed fond of them. Maybe some kind of breeches shortage in Lothlorien.

Day 30 :

Rowed all day in boats. V. tired. Merry and Pippin offered to give me a group massage. Nice to have such v. concerned friends. Glad Ring is not affecting them. Although did not need back rubbed quite so much, nor other parts.

Pippin does remember we're cousins, right?

Right?

Day 33 :

Boromir tried to take the Ring. Am not entirely certain, but am fairly sure he also tried to have a little cuddle. Was most unnerving, as Boromir quite huge.

Day 36 :

Everyone keeps hitting on me. Cannot cope. Off to Mordor.

Sam coming too. Good thing, as will enable me to have more of those platonic, brotherly foot massages he's so good at.

Am sad to leave rest of Company though, as found myself quite fancying the idea of shagging Gimli. Chunky braids and huge helmet quite a turn-on. Ah, well, he never would have liked me anyway.



# Samwise Gamgee

This one's for Rave, on account of her fab Legolas/Aragorn parody.

Day One:

Frodo stabbed by Morgul blade. Oh no! Pippin cried. Told Pippin it would be all right as Mr. Frodo far too hot to die.

Did I say that out loud?

Day Three:

Have followed Mr. Frodo to Rivendell where Elves will heal him. Gandalf told me to help poor unconscious Mr. Frodo get out of dirty clothes. So took clothes off him and gave him a bath. And another one. Then gave him another bath. Gandalf came and told me six baths was quite enough, Samwise Gamgee.

Poncy old git probably hasn't taken a bath since the Second Age.

Day Four:

Wonder if it is time for Mr. Frodo to have another bath yet.

Day Five:

Elf bubble bath v. colorful and pretty.

Gandalf no fun at all.

\*sulk\*

Day Six:

Mr. Frodo awake! Is doing well although also seems concerned as to why his fingers are all wrinkled.

Decided not to tell him about all the baths.

Day Seven:

Snuck into Council of Elrond. Frodo offered to take Ring to Mordor. Mr. Frodo is so brave, handsome, tall and wonderful!

Okay, so possibly isn't all that tall.

Day Eight:

Off to Mordor. Other members of Fellowship v. dodgy if you ask me. Especially Boromir. "Teaching Merry and Pippin how to sword-fight" my Aunt Lobelia. Obviously pervy hobbit-fancier who likes to roll around with small men in shorts.

Day Nine:

Aragorn just as pervy as Boromir. Obviously fancies Mr. Frodo. Will kill him if he tries anything.

Day Ten:

V. dark in Mines of Moria. Used flat edge of sword to whack Aragorn every time he tried to pinch Mr. Frodo in the dark.

Gandalf fell into bottomless pit. Mr. Frodo said something later about pointy wizard hat, but did not understand it as am innocent young hobbit from Shire not versed in wordly ways.

Pippin says Legolas is shagging Gimli.

Ick.

Day Fifteen:

Lothlorien v. pretty. Blonde elf lady absolutely hitting on poor Mr. Frodo left, right and center. Pippin agrees. Told Pippin height difference would make relationship impossible. Pippin said Mr. Frodo could stand on stilts.

Hate Pippin.

Day Twenty-Two:

Leaving Lothlorien. Bye-bye grabby elf lady.

Not sure where going exactly, but is obviously somewhere water-related, as have been given boats. Do not care really as long as get to share boat with Mr. Frodo.

Day Twenty-Three:

Boromir finally acted on pent-up lust for Mr. Frodo. Got shot down of course (hurrah!) but not before made spectacle of himself. Claims was trying to take Ring so as to rule world and bring down evil, but we all know that's a big fib don't we.

Day Twenty-Four:

Boromir killed by orcs. Knew orcs good for something.

Frodo off to Mordor. Taking me along, hurrah! Mr. Frodo needs cheering up as seems inexplicably sorry to say goodbye to Gimli, as well as is depressed and claims is now sure he will die a virgin in the barren wastelands of the Dark Lord's realm.

We will see about that.

# Gandalf the Grey

Apologies to Rave for filching her "weed" idea. Bah hah hah. :D

Day One:

In Shire. Stunning vista of innocent and pastoral beauty. Is it me, or was Frodo just hanging around in that field masturbating before I came along?

Day Two:

Bilbo's Birthday party improved by substantial amount of hobbit weed. Everyone sho nice. Bilbo nice too. Lights sho pretty. Frodo not bad either. Hobbits sho cuddly. Whups. Fellover.

Day Three:

Massive fecking hangover. Off to Minas Tirith for some aspirin.

Day Twelve:

Went to Saruman for advice about Ring but he had become evil. Nobody tells me anything. Apparently there was a memo. Radagast the Brown probably stealing paper out of my inbox again.

Day Thirteen :

Stuck on top of tower. Great view, but constant pelting sleet not good for pointy hat. Am amusing self by spitting gum down on the Orcs.

Day Fourteen :

Visited again by Saruman who tried to grab a feel. As if!

Day Sixteen :

Am lonely. Saruman maybe not so unattractive after all. If only were not for giantly flaring nostrils and huge clawlike fingernails...okay you'd think I might have figured out he was evil before.

Day Nineteen :

Escaped. Am in Rivendell. Sam slightly out of control. Keeps giving Frodo baths. Elves all out of strawberry-scented soap now. Elrond getting annoyed.

Day Twenty :

Elrond has decided to send Frodo away as is tired of never being able to get into the first-floor bathroom. Big folderol about Ring. Have agreed to go with Fellowship in case Sam might decide to give ME a bath. Could use one.

Day Twenty-One:

Aragorn obviously into Frodo. Sam will kill him if he tries anything. Asked Sam to give me a bath. He said, "Ha ha, Mister Gandalf, you're not serious." Useless git.

Day Twenty-Three :

V. cold on top of Caradhras. Aragorn won fight about who got to carry Frodo up the mountain. Boromir sulking. If Legolas keeps nancing about on top of the snow, may have to hit him with my staff.

Day Twenty-Five :

Do not want to go through Mines of Moria, as suspect Balrog still angry about bad date we went on back in Second Age.

Day Twenty-Six:

In Mines of Moria. Yep, Balrog still angry.

Day Twenty-Seven:

Fell into shadow. Balrog such a prat. Had to do some quite unspeakable things before he would let me leave the caverns. Have decided not to tell the rest of Fellowship. Will make up story about having engaged in huge battle instead. Off to see Elrond to get quite unpleasant third degree burns in embarrassing places treated. Hope Elrond does not laugh at me. If he does, will tell everyone about his dirty weekend with Sauron. Ha!

# Peregrin Took

I know I said it would be Merry's Diary, but it's Pippin's. Oh, and the next person who tells me Legolas' father's name is not Weenus gets an arrow in the eye. :D I know perfectly well it isn't. I just don't care. :D

## DAY ONE

Was out pilfering vegetables when bumped into Sam and Frodo. Had a nice little roll around with Frodo in corn before was forcibly removed by Sam. Must have word with Frodo about letting servants get overly familiar and grabby.

Fell down hill. Merry v. disappointed that he broke his carrot. After he found one that was just the right shape, too.

## DAY TWO

V. nice in Rivendell. Sick of rooming with Sam though. Constantly sopping wet and reeking of strawberries. Also tired of elves mistaking me for unusually lifelike lawn ornament.

## DAY THREE

Joined Fellowship of Ring for a lark. Everyone v. nice except Legolas seems a bit testy. Yesterday held me upside down over crevasse until I admitted he was the prettiest elf in the Fellowship. Did not feel like pointing out he was only elf in Fellowship, as crevasse was very deep.

## DAY SEVEN

Has been twenty-five days since met Aragorn and he has not yet washed his hair. Is really starting to bother me.

## DAY NINE

Sam all wrong about Boromir. Really very nice man. Invited me to go for a walk with him tonight and said he would let me blow his Horn of Gondor. Can't wait.

Later that night

Always thought blowing the Horn of Gondor was supposed to summon armies of the West?

Apparently not.

V. educational, all the same.

#### DAY ELEVEN

V. dark in mines of Moria. Still sort of a relief as means Boromir cannot corner me and complain how Aragorn is insensitive, stuck up git with hobbit fixation. Pot calling kettle black if you ask me. Aragorn obviously way into Frodo, however. Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

#### DAY THIRTEEN

Caught Legolas waxing soles of Aragorn's boots, thus explaining why Aragorn keeps collapsing into his arms. Tricky elf.

Aragorn still hasn't washed his hair.

#### DAY FOURTEEN

Gandalf dead. Everyone morose. In attempt to cheer up Fellowship, Legolas took off all his clothes and performed scenes from Silmarillion: The Musical. Everyone still morose. Legolas ponced off to have 3,000-year-old elf prince sulk.

#### DAY FIFTEEN

Lothlorien v. pretty. Accidentally walked in on Gimli taking a bath. Now understand what Gandalf meant about there being scarier things than Orcs. And was that Aragorn hiding under all the bubbles? May have nightmares for weeks.

#### DAY SIXTEEN

Aragorn washed his hair. Hurrah.

Maybe it really was him under all the bubbles.

#### DAY TWENTY

Boromir wrote me a poem. Merry says I am leading him on. Of course, Merry also says I cry like a girl. Merry a total bastard most of the time, actually.

Poem not very good. Did not rhyme. Feel slighted.

#### DAY THIRTY

Told Boromir I did not feel ready to commit, so he went and got himself shot by Orcs. Honestly. Humans so oversensitive sometimes.

Have been kidnapped by Uruk-hai. Not very friendly types. Merry says we may have to shag our way out of captivity. Suspect Merry looking forward to it, useless wassock. Orcs v. smelly. Suddenly miss Boromir.



# Saruman the White

Dedicated to whoever bought me a paid LJ account. I thank you, oh silent benefactor. That was awfully nice.

## DAY ONE

Am bored. No cable in Isengard. Nothing to do but write rude anonymous letters to Radagast the Brown and Manfred the Slightly Ecru.

Perhaps will have a look at the palantir.

## DAY TWO

Have met v. nice guy via palantir. He seems to really like me for me and not just because am most powerful wizard in Middle Earth. Wonder what he looks like.

## DAY THREE

Am becoming disenchanted with palantir guy. Refuses to send me photo, except of one v. large eyeball. Says he is shy but I rather suspect he is fat, or perhaps hairy. Have heard some v. bad stories about palantir relationships. Should probably cool it for a while.

## DAY SEVEN

Well, wouldn't you know, palantir guy turned out to be Dark Lord of Mordor. Just my luck. Could have been worse, I guess. Sauron not fat or hairy, just disembodied force of evil. Must go now, have to raise massive demon army to scourge the earth. Also, have manicure appointment. Is no easy task keeping nails pointy.

## DAY NINE

Typical. Gandalf just came waltzing by and he knows I hate drop-ins. Wanted to yap on and on all about the ring he gave his new boyfriend, terrible pervy hobbit-fancier old Gandalf is. Disgrace to the Order. Just wants to show off and remind me that he's got a hobbit, and I'm just dating an eyeball. Well, Saruman the White does not stand for this treatment. Showed him my Wizard Wrestling Federation moves. Have delivered smackdown. Go me.

## DAY THIRTEEN

Am tired of climbing up and down eight million stairs just to taunt Gandalf. Should have imprisoned him in easy-access dungeon where could taunt more effectively, and would not have to wait until after breakfast.

#### DAY FOURTEEN

All right, who's been spitting gum down on the orcs? Honestly.

#### DAY FIFTEEN

Was right in middle of really good taunt and Gandalf escaped. Ah well. Will save me daily stair climb.

#### DAY SIXTEEN

Have been watching in palantir. Gandalf fuffed off on extending camping trip with four hobbits, a v. buff elf, and rather fanciable human -- oh bother, that's Aragorn son of Arathorn. Once threw him out of Isengard for whinging about not being King yet. Then there's a shady-looking character and some kind of hairy newt. Or maybe it's a dwarf.

What a bunch of yobbos.

#### DAY TWENTY

Have crossed orcs with goblin men in caverns below Isengard. V. tedious experience as orcs and goblin men most reluctant to breed, even with dinner and flowers. Next time will try something easier, such as breeding goblins and cheerleaders to create super-perky army that can travel by day and will not complain about pink uniforms.

#### DAY TWENTY-TWO

Did not know when decided to make demon army for Sauron that would be so darn messy. Curse my decision to be Saruman the White. Should have decided to be Saruman the Muddy Brown, or Saruman the Faintly Greenish. White just shows all the slime.

#### DAY TWENTY-FOUR

If keep watching in palantir, perhaps will see Gandalf do pointy hat trick?

#### DAY TWENTY-FIVE

Gandalf did pointy hat trick! Ringbearer v. impressed. Aragorn obviously fancies trousers off the Ringbearer. Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

## DAY TWENTY-FIVE

Hairy newt is most definitely dwarf. Caught him playing hide-the-helmet with one of the hobbits. Other human seems to be Boromir of Gondor. Am I only one who has long wanted to ride to Minas Tirith and tell Steward that "Gondor" sounds just like "gonad" and they should find less silly name? Perhaps it is just me.

## DAY TWENTY-EIGHT

Uruk-hai nearly ready to go. Watched Fellowship a bit today. Boromir convinced smallest hobbit to "Blow the Horn of Gondor." Have not laughed so hard since set Balrog up with Gandalf during Second Age and Gandalf stuck Balrog with restaurant bill. Palantir great. Better than cable.

# Gimli, Son of Gloin

## DAY ONE

Grr. Argh.

## DAY TWO

Faffing about in Rivendell with stuck-up elves v. bad for my digestion. Have asked Elrond to move me to second floor as cannot get into bathroom here without being subjected to sight of hobbits bathing amongst scented candles. Is ridiculous. Got splashed with strawberry bath foam yesterday. On plus side, beard now silky and conditioned.

## DAY THREE

Elrond refuses to move my room. Walked in on hobbits again this morning. What WERE they doing with that carrot? Inbred bunch of halfwits, no wonder they can't even grow decent beards.

## DAY SEVEN

Suspect Aragorn son of Arathorn of being pervy hobbit-fancier. Completely ignoring hottie elf fiancée in favor of barging about with hairy-footed gnomes in leather breeches. Fortunately I, Gimli son of Gloin, am here to take care of her loneliness.

Later.

Elf women just the right height to keep my ears warm. Go me!

## DAY NINE

Have agreed to go on Quest. Arwen getting awfully grabby. Gimli son of Gloin will not be tied down. Would rather spend time with touchy-feely hobbits and poncy elves than hang about Rivendell taking about 'our relationship.'

## DAY THIRTEEN

V. cold on top of Caradhras. Big fight over who got to carry hobbits up the mountain. Did not participate as was busy showing Legolas how to get hair braided just right. Fight ended when Aragorn picked up Ringbearer and stuffed him in his trousers. That's right, Isildur's Heir. Suffocate the Ringbearer. Honestly, these people.

## DAY FOURTEEN

In Mines of Moria. May have made slight miscalculation, as it seems that cousin Balin has been dead for at least sixty years. Suppose it should have occurred to me that has been a while since last got Christmas card from the Moria folks. Still, cannot be expected to keep track of everything.

## DAY FIFTEEN

Gandalf fell into shadow. Hobbits used as excuse to have teary cuddlefest on rocks. Suffered manly embrace from Boromir, although he kept jabbing Horn of Gondor into my solar plexus. At least, hope that was the Horn of Gondor. Does not bear thinking about if not.

## DAY SIXTEEN

Legolas told me Aragorn is way into Frodo. Sam will kill him if he tries anything. Suggested to Legolas that we might want a leader who is less of a lech. Legolas then asked if I wanted to take a bath with him. Beginning to suspect that all that Elvish poetry about the glory of warrior-bonds between men just big cover-up for illicit spanking games.

## DAY TWENTY

In Lothlorien. Galadriel quite the babe. While hobbits off power cuddling and Boromir chasing Aragorn, had time to show her a few dwarf tricks. Nothing fancy, just a bit of Hide the Helmet and Delving In The Mines. V. satisfactory for everyone, except possibly Celeborn. On second thought, maybe that was Celeborn. Cannot much tell difference with elves.

## DAY TWENTY-TWO

Left Lothlorien. Have been paddling in boats for days. Am getting v. lonely. Hobbits looking not so bad. Rather cute in fact, despite mullet haircuts. Cannot get near Frodo without getting bitten on kneecaps by Sam, and Pippin dating Boromir, so will see if perhaps Merry wants to take a nice moonlit stroll tonight. Hurrah for warrior-bonds between men.

# Meriadoc Brandybuck

Dedicated to Ashley, my very own Ashwise Gamgee. Everyone should have one.

## DAY ONE

Got in trouble for setting off fireworks at party. Suspect Gandalf not actually all that annoyed and was merely excuse to get us young hobbit boys wet and lathered up. Became even more suspicious when “washing dishes” punishment followed by “polishing Gandalf’s staff” punishment and “massaging Gandalf’s feet” punishment and “nude leapfrog in the cabbage patch” punishment, I mean, who’s he trying to kid, really? Especially with the foot thing.

## DAY TWO

V. promising start to day when discovered carrot that was just right shape. Even more promising when Pippin nabbed six cabbages, two bags potatoes, and three ears corn, although cannot help but think Pippin being slightly over-optimistic. I mean, could probably manage two ears corn, but not before breakfast.

All went downhill though when bumped into Frodo and faithful bit of rough trade, whoops, loyal manservant Sam, in cornfield. Pippin was prevented from extended cuddle with Frodo by Sam, who in v. surprising butch moment tossed Pippin down a cliff. In ensuing scuffle carrot was broken. Am v. sad.

## DAY THREE

Cutting across country with Frodo, Sam and Pippin. Are being pursued by overdressed and v. crabby set of riders in outdated black ensembles. As told Gandalf “The Gray” earlier, monochromatic look is so out. Wonder if Frodo avoiding bad breakup or jealous exes? Have heard hobbit-swapping all the rage up in Hobbiton currently, although would not go in for that sort of thing myself.

## DAY FIVE

Everything going from bad to worse. Stop-off in Bree resulted in pick-up of disaffected and unshaven human who is obviously pervy hobbit-fancier, not that anyone listens to me. Insisted we all share bed in his room instead of going back to own perfectly nice quarters, then hung about all night most likely hoping for mad hobbit foursome under the sheets. Didn’t happen, but did have to spend all night hanging on to Pippin’s belt to prevent him from climbing right over Sam and onto Frodo. Does Pippin have death wish, or what?

## DAY SIX

Was woken up most unpleasantly as was being tickled by hobbit-fancying human. Told him to sod off and he said "That's not what you said last night." After moment of confusion realized he thought I was Pippin. Explained. Human slunk away, most embarrassed, after explaining, "I'm really meant to be King, you know." Sure he is, and I'm the Elf Queen of Mirkwood.

## DAY SEVEN

In Rivendell. Have been stuck sleeping right next to bathroom. Splashing noises all night long and strawberry soap suds making floors all slippery. Woke up last night only to discover Elrond had crawled into bed with me. Extricated himself with much embarrassment after realizing hobbit he was groping under bedsheets was not Pippin. Have decided to invest in name tag.

## DAY NINE

Have fixed carrot with special elf glue. Go me!

## DAY ELEVEN

Have agreed to go on Quest to keep eye on Pippin. Also curious to see what will happen with Frodo, as Aragorn most obviously fancies him. Sam will of course kill him if he tries anything.

Hope he tries something.

## DAY FIFTEEN

Boromir teaching us how to swordfight. Typical human, most unsubtle, always dropping sword down trousers and asking us "little ones" to come and get it. Boromir had a go at ruffling Frodo's hair today and Aragorn almost snicked off his head. Humans so amusing. Caught Pippin eyeing the elf doing his morning exercises today but managed to distract him with an eggplant. Do not know what will do when run out of vegetables.

## DAY SIXTEEN

Boromir asked me to go for walk with him. Am not falling for old 'Horn of Gondor' trick. Am not. Am not. Oh, bloody hell. Just this once.

## DAY NINETEEN

Am in bad mood. Boromir called me "Pippin" at most inopportune time. Pointed out to him that I am Merry and that we have been conducting meaningful relationship for three weeks, but he just laughed and patted my head. Realize he actually cannot tell me apart from Pippin either.

Am doomed to be Indistinguishable Backup Hobbit forever, even in matters of romance. Am considering dramatic haircut, perhaps mohawk of some sort.

#### DAY TWENTY

Got mohawk but no one can see it as is v. dark in Mines of Moria. Is difficult to keep eye on Pippin properly. Woke up to discover Legolas sneaking under covers with me. Told him was not Pippin. Legolas said, "Not much difference really, eh?" In ensuing scuffle broke my carrot again. Gave to Gandalf to fix. Gandalf said, "Fool of a Took! I have better things to do than mend your vegetables." Did not correct Gandalf, as am afraid of pointy hat.

#### DAY TWENTY-TWO

Gandalf fell into shadow. Took carrot with him. Am most miffed. Did best to comfort Pippin, but Pippin far more cheered by Legolas' nude rendition of Silmarillion: The Musical. Could not watch myself – far too many high kicks.

#### DAY TWENTY-EIGHT

In Lothlorien. Was visited by no less than fifty elves and a woodchuck last night, all convinced was Pippin. Pippin of course nowhere to be found, probably off with Boromir. Something must be done. Woodchuck awfully persistent. Perhaps....no, certainly not.

#### DAY THIRTY

Kidnapped by orcs. All according to plan. Have told Pippin will have to shag our way out of captivity. Pippin seeming pleased. Wait till he realizes I meant he will have to shag me to get out of captivity. In addition, orcs have given me brand new carrot as reward for my having painted large yellow target marks on Boromir while he was not looking. All in all a v. good day.



# Ringwraith No. 5

This one is dedicated to Jeff. Being as these diaries were originally conceived of as a way to get him to stop reading my Live Journal, I'd say it's all down to him, really. Go Jeff. :D I couldn't have done it without you.

Day 1

Just opened Christmas pressie from Sauron. Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty ring!

Day 1,000,967

Got box of chocolates as Christmas bonus from Dark Lord, again. As per usual, Sauron ate all the toffees and left the strawberry creams. How I detest this life of vile servitude.

Still disembodied.

Day 1,001,056

V. bored in Barad-Dur. Nothing to do but play Scrabble with Orcs. Is v. annoying as Orcs only know Black Speech of Mordor. You try spelling Azg Nazg Gimbatul for a triple word score. Yeah, I didn't think so.

Day 1,001,102

Suspect Sauron gearing up for something. Walked in on him applying ceremonial sparkly mascara. Suspect he will be v. happy when he has body back and can really dress up again.

Day 1,001,105

Yes, Sauron definitely gearing up for something. Have been given orders to sally forth and hunt down hobbit and close personal hobbit friend, who have somehow gotten hold of Ruling Ring. Witch-King of Angmar's suggestion to place pictures of Ruling Ring on milk cartons and wait for calls to come in was ignored.

Day 1,001,106

Have been given brand spanking new horse.

Not for spanking, of course.

Go me!

On minus side, still disembodied.

Day 1,001,107

V. close to nabbing Ringbearer tonight, but head Nazgul suffered attack of giggles while observing excessive cuddliness of Ringbearer and his three “companions.”

Suspect Gandalf chose Ringbearer on account of big blue eyes and pouty lower lip, rather than possession of heroic-type fortitude.

Will catch up with pretty-boy Hobbit and harem of pint-sized boyfriends in Bree. V. much looking forward to post-slaughter booze-up.

Day 1,001,109

Drat that Aragorn. Drat Isildur and all his Heirs. Generations of pervy Hobbit-fanciers, of no use to anyone. Son of Arathorn has Hobbit-napped the Ringbearer. To combat disappointment at failure to achieve goals set by Sauron, spent all night boozing it up in Bree. Breelanders v. informative.

Drinks: 10 Mai Tais (then impaled innkeeper on swizzle stick)

Killed: 17 human men. Go us!

Day 1,001,115

Have been following Isildur's heir and pack of Hobbits for six days. Aragorn obviously into Ringbearer. Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

Day 1,001,116

Got slightly over-frisky with Ringbearer at Weathertop. Aragorn went all wonky and possessive and set me on fire. And indeed, Sam did try to kill me although did not notice had been hit in knees with frying pan until later on.

Day 1,001,119

Met she-elf girlfriend of Isildur's Heir today. Was so busy laughing at concept of Aragorn the Hobbit Fancier having “girlfriend” that inconveniently got washed away in stream.

Horse dead, armor all rusted. Must return to Mordor for oiling.

No, not that kind of oiling.

Rather a pervy wraith-fancier, aren't you, what?

# Gollum

I have not bothered with Gollum's weird speech because it does not fit with the VSD style. Complaints about lack of canon accuracy can be sent to The Management. :D

Dedicated to Emily, the much put-upon. Damn, hell looks a lot like high school.

## Day One

Popped over to attend Pervy Hobbit Fanciers Anonymous Meeting in Misty Mountains only to discover was booby trap set by Sauron.

Stupid Sauron.

## Day Five

Held captive by orcs in Barad-Dur. Have been forced to watch "Flipper" over and over until give in and tell them where Ring is. Damn evil methods of torture refined over millennia. Will not give in. Will remain strong.

## Day Six

Orcs have switched to repeat viewings of "The Faculty." Cannot cope. Have told them where Ring is.

## Day Eight

Escaped from Mordor. Have made way to Shire. Am v. disappointed that in last few weeks no one has responded to personal ad placed in Shire Weekly. "Toothless, fetid greenish creature ISO blue-eyed curly-headed hobbit. Must enjoy squatting in darkness, jewelry-fondling, and referring to self in third person. No smokers."

## Day Ten

Finally caught up with Ringbearer in Rivendell, but cannot get near him as is constantly being half-drowned in bathtub by burly companion type, and have developed fear of water since being forced to watch dolphin movie 300 times.

Ugh. Strawberries. Hate strawberries.

## Day Eleven

Attempt to infiltrate Council of Elrond in lawn ornament disguise unsuccessful. Was stashed in storage closet by annoying Glorfindel, where was trapped for hours while Elrond tried on all Arwen's dresses in front of mirror, while muttering something about Legolas not being the prettiest after all. Miss days of yore, when men were men and dwarves were dwarves, and elves wore trousers. Although something to be said for Legolas' boots-and-skirt ensemble.

#### Day Thirteen

Left Rivendell, following Fellowship. Sent Elrond anonymous letter telling him purple does not suit his complexion. Expect to hear screams of rage all the way to Gap of Rohan.

#### Day Fifteen

Cannot believe men still using hoary old 'Blow the Horn of Gondor' pickup line. Remember when original plans to have Xylophone of Gondor scrapped by Steward in favor of silly-looking horn. Now know why.

Too bad for Isildur's Heir, who has no Horn of Gondor (and hobbits have expressed no interest in his stubble collection) since he obviously fancies Frodo. Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

#### Day Thirty

V. cold on top of Caradhras. Everyone wants to carry Frodo up mountain. Nobody wants to carry me up mountain.

Stowed away in Legolas' backpack but excessive nancing was not good for stomach. Have been sick all over elf collection of hair care products. Hope he does not notice.

#### Day Thirty One

V. Dark in Mines of Moria. Bad for ogling. Have been following sounds of Legolas complaining loudly about state of his backpack and dank air of Moria being bad for his skin. Gandalf stuck gum in his hair while he wasn't looking. Rather like Gandalf. Always has gum.

#### Day Thirty Three

Met up with Balrog in nattily decorated subterranean bachelor pad. Balrog v. mopey. Still carrying torch for Gandalf. Told him best course of action was to try to talk it out, explain to Gandalf that while they are two extremely different people, with value systems and lifestyles that are in complete opposition to each other's, romance not ruled out. Balrog said this sounded like meaningless New Age claptrap. Told Balrog to get out of Second Age, start living in the now.

## Day Thirty Four

Balrog-Gandalf conversation did not go as well as hoped, resulting in gory death of both. Perhaps was not cut out to be matchmaker after all.

Lurked and observed big hobbit cuddlefest on rocks. Nobody ever wants to cuddle me, just because am misshapen and covered in slime, so unfair. Gimli no big looker either but gets mad schnoogles from Boromir anyway.

## Day Thirty Six

In Lothlorien. Attempt to lure Indistinguishable Backup Hobbits away from Ringbearer by placing carrots around was foiled when Legolas found carrots and used them to make facial mask. Aragorn told him was embarrassed to be seen with him while face covered in carrot mulch. Legolas complained he is not getting any younger. Aragorn pointed out he wasn't exactly getting any older, either.

## Day Thirty Nine

Nobody hitting on me. Cannot cope. Off to stalk Ringbearer in Mordor. Perhaps after bite off his finger and steal Ring, he might not mind having dinner with me. Will just have to figure out how to get around Sam first.

# Arwen Undomiel

## Day One

Broke up with Aragorn today. He would insist on giving me a clay pipe and a pair of breeches for Valentine's Day when I specifically requested a nightie. Have sent him away from Rivendell.

## Day Two

Bored and lonely. Regret having sent Aragorn away. So what if he wanted me to dress up in a curly wig and hop around on my knees during intimate moments? Am sure other humans have equally odd hangups. Wish I could be interested in Elf men, but ever since debacle with Glorfindel back in Second Age when he accused me of copying his hairstyle, have given up on my own kind.

## Day Three

Someone's been trying on my dresses again. They are all stretched out of shape, especially the purple one.

## Day Six

Legolas got all shirty when I accused him of trying on my dresses. He says I have impugned his masculinity. What masculinity?

## Day Eleven

Legolas still sulking. Says other elves making fun of him now since whole dress-trying-on-incident. Says they no longer take him seriously as a man. He must have missed it when Daddy called him "the gayest gay elf that ever nanced down the pike" at last Council meeting. Or maybe he just didn't understand it; he's awfully pretty, but not so bright.

## Day Thirteen

Too, too, too bored. Perhaps will leave Rivendell in search of adventure, or shopping.

## Day Fifteen

Went all the way to the Gap of Rohan only to find there is no Gap in Rohan. Not even a Banana Republic. False advertising!

## Day Seventeen

Went to Bree. Asked Barliman if had seen Aragorn lately. Barliman said, "What, that pervy hobbit-fancier?" Told him he must be thinking of other Aragorn son of Arathorn. He said, "The 'Still Not King guy, right?' Did not respond; some people don't deserve my conversation.

## Day Eighteen

Have been following Aragorn for two days now. Have never really seen hobbits close up before. Suddenly business with curly wig and prosthetic feet starting to make sense. V. annoyed. Slow burn.

## Day Twenty

Doesn't he ever wash his hair when I'm not around?

## Day Twenty-Four

Is official. Aragorn a complete pervy hobbit-fancier. Is obviously into little blue-eyed hobbit Frodo. Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

## Day Twenty-Five

Cornered Sam while he was out looking for herbs. Explained to him exactly how was possible to kill human men instantly and silently using just a fork and a rubber band. Turned him around, gave him little push in Aragorn's direction... alas no dice. "But we need him to protect Froodo, scary elf lady!"

Whingy little hobbit, I've no patience at all.

## Day Twenty-Six

Finally decided to take care of Aragorn myself; was about to slit his cheating throat when was distracted by howling moans of Ringbearer. Decided to annoy Aragorn by hobbit-napping bite-sized hero and taking him for extended pony ride.

Little hobbit really rather adorable, blast him.

Cannot believe am getting all swoony over hobbit. Repeat to self: "Aloof, unavailable elf princess. Aloof, unavailable elf princess." Especially cannot believe am getting all swoony over greenish-looking, half-dead hobbit.

## Day Twenty-Seven

Chased by Ringwraiths. So tedious. Off to Rivendell.

#### Day Twenty-Nine

Well, really. Cannot even get near Ringbearer, as Sam is always there, plus caught Aragorn sneaking around in shrubbery by hobbits' quarters. Claimed he was looking for shard of Narsil he had misplaced.

#### Day Thirty

Hobbits such a bother. Kitchen staff fussing – all out of carrots. Bathroom staff fussing – all out of strawberry scented bath bubbles. Legolas fussing – will not let me go to Council meeting as then he will not be prettiest. Strain is obviously getting to Daddy. Asked me yesterday in haggard manner whether I thought purple suited his complexion. Told him of course not, he is so obviously an autumn.

#### Day Thirty-Two

Spent all day hanging about on bridge looking pretty before Aragorn happened along. Accused him point-blank of hobbit-fancying. He told me that Isildur had been a pervy hobbit-fancier, and he was just trying to build his career in a similar fashion. Told him: "You are Isildur's heir, not Isildur himself." To which he replied, "If only you were a bit shorter, and had bigger feet."

#### Day Forty

Spent quite the night with Gimli. Those braids! That axe! I am smitten. No more hobbits for me, it is dwarves all the way now. Well, perhaps might just pop by one last time to watch Sam give Frodo his bath. After all, I didn't filch that bathroom key out of Aragorn's pocket for nothing.



# Elrond

Was in weird mood when I wrote this one. Oh, my head. Poor Elrond.

Day 1:

Bad breakup with Isildur. As if the pervy hobbit-fancying wasn't bad enough, he would insist on wearing tacky gold jewelry against my advice. Confirms my suspicions that humans not just weakest race of Middle-Earth, but also cannot accessorize worth a damn.

NB: Big battle, we won, Sauron defeated. Plundered Barad-dur but notable lack of pretty things to take home. Sauron's decorating tastes definitely running towards black, knobbly, tattered look. So not me.

Day 3:

Isildur set upon by orcs and killed. Told him his poor dress sense would attract all the wrong sorts.

Day 2,0045:

So bored in Rivendell. Have decided to hold council meeting and name it after myself. Will invite all eligible males of Middle-Earth who have nothing better to do on a weekend to come. Go me!

Hope Legolas does not attend; still remember party in Second Age where he disappeared mysteriously, along with two gallons of my favorite strawberry bath suds, a bottle of olive oil, and three of those tiny hobbit creatures from the Shire Isildur was so strangely fond of.

Day 200048:

Drat. Legolas first one to RSVP to my party invitation. Wish he would not use scented pink stationary as makes me sneeze. Did however offer to bring game of Twister to play. Along with disco ball I borrowed from Sauron back in First Age, should make for quite the party.

Day 200050:

Unexpected surprise as Gandalf stopped by, apparently just to have a whinge about big fight he had with Saruman. Tuned him out -- do I look like an Agony Aunt? Why does everyone come to me with problems?

Day 200051:

Gandalf does not like Twister idea and has rejected my suggestion of a polka music theme for the Council. Instead insists we sit around and talk about boring old fate of Middle Earth, defeat of ultimate evil, blah blah blah. Don't see why we all have to suffer just because Isildur couldn't give up his jewelry habit.

Day 20,0059:

Gandalf made me return disco ball to Sauron. Told me to sort out my priorities. He should talk -- he's the one who attracted a crowd this afternoon with that pointy hat trick he likes to do. Glorfindel so horrified by pointy hat trick he would not stop sobbing spasmodically until was calmed by liberal application of hobbit weed. New generation of elves such wimps.

Day 2,00061:

Everyone finally arrived for party -- oh wait, I mean boring-ass Secret Council Meeting. Ponced off myself to have a sulk, and bumped into smallest hobbit hanging about the greensward. Took him for inanimate lawn ornament at first, but soon was furnished with proof that he was very much alive. Says his name is Pippin. Perhaps Isildur was onto something with all those hobbits after all.

Day 20006,8:

All right, who's been using all my strawberry bath bubbles?

Certainly wasn't Aragorn, judging by the state of \*his\* hair.

Day 200071,:

Loud giggly splashy noises emanating from first floor bathroom. No one can get in. Legolas practicing his nancing in the meeting hall, Boromir hanging about the shards of Narsil, obviously hoping Aragorn will show up, and Gandalf still breaking in new pointy hat. Tried to have a quiet think in the garden only to discover someone had dug up all the carrots. Is there no peace to be had?

Day 200072:

Refused to let Arwen attend Council of Elrond, as if she does, she will certainly notice I have borrowed her tiara.

Tiara looks better on me anyway.

Day 200075:

Council very boring. Got to say "DOOM" a few times in v. dramatic voice but am afraid Ringbearer was not impressed as was busy fending off advances of Aragorn, who was making all sorts of suggestive sword comments. He better watch it. Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

Tried to cheer self up by trying on favorite purple dress of Arwen's, but am fairly sure someone was watching as could hear tittering noise coming from broom closet. Do not see what is so funny -- purple dress looks fabulous on me.

Day 200076:

Fellowship leaving tomorrow. Decided to give Pippin goodbye tour of Rivendell. In process, purple dress got all stretched out of shape. Hope Arwen does not notice -- she gets so grabby about her things, and since they've closed the Gap of Rohan, probably no way to get another dress like it.

Pippin told me purple is so my color. Go me!

RESUME HERE

# Sauron

Dedicated to John, the sweetest loveliest guy who was ever hacked by a complete loser. And Alex, because he's been sick. I mean ill. Oh, whatever.

Day One:

Dirty weekend with Elrond turned sour when I told him purple was not his color.

Day Five

Have been marched against by last alliance of men and nancing elves. Is transparent attempt by Elrond to get back at me for comment about purple. I will not take it back! I told him purple made him look like an eggplant, and it does. Is no need for him to get so shirty about it.

Day Six

Is not that being defeated by last alliance is so bad, is not even that being reduced to a disembodied eyeball is so bad, although Visine would be a comfort. But whose bright idea was it to slice onions in here?

-later-

Blast those orcs and their fondness for onion dip. Have taken their disco ball away. God, it's fun to be evil.

Day Three Million Five:

Am bored. Have been waiting for Middle-Earthlink guy to come and install DSL in Barad-Dur since second-age. Will use palantir as alternative to personal ads, as am lonely.

Day Three Million Seven:

I spy with my big-huge-nasty-flaming eye...something resembling a novelty dashboard ornament. Witch King of Angmar tells me it's a hobbit. Is rather cute. On the smallish side, but I'm hardly one to talk appearances these days.

Day Three Million Nine:

ARGH! That tiny bloke has MY RING!

later..

Have sent the nine to fetch ring back. If nine succeeds in sorting their elbows from asshats, that is.

Day Three Million Eleven:

Have met v. nice bloke over the palantir. An older gent, seems to have copied hairstyle from Galadriel, but no matter. He likes me for me. Finally someone to see past the eyeball. Will send him packet of glittery barrettes.

Day Three Million Thirteen:

Tried to ask Saruman over for dinner, but lost nerve at last moment and said some idiotic thing about building an army instead. Is somewhat amusing watching him play violin for orcs and goblin men in attempt to spark romance, so will not clear up confusion just yet.

Day Three Million Sixteen:

Wonder if Saruman becoming somewhat deaf? Told him I was hoping we could delineate boundaries of relationship, instead he defoliated Isengard.

Day Three Million Twenty:

Some bearded tart with pointy hat trying to horn in on my action. Hmmm. Ex-boyfriend?

Think Saruman may have put him in guest bedroom. Will have to ask S. to clarify.

Day Three Million Twenty-One:

Elrond having another of his disastrous parties. Why was not invited? Just because have no body and cannot play twister with Legolas is no reason to snub me.

Day Three Million Twenty-Two:

Have been watching Fellowship through palantir. Ringbearer really v. pretty, I must admit, with big soulful eyes and little hairy feet. What I wouldn't give for a body and a shower-cap right now. Although bath-obsessed hobbit companion would probably kill me if I tried anything.

Day Three Million Twenty-Three:

Bored bored bored, so caught up on palantir-watching today. Lovely place, Moria, used to vacation there. Pointy-hatted ex-bf seemed nervous; sent word to Bob to keep an eye out. I mean a look out. I mean... oh bugger.

Day Three Million Twenty-Four:

No word back from Bob. Suspect he is moping. Never could sort out his love life. Always whining and writing in his journal. Bloody sensitive demon types, no use at all.

Day Three Million Twenty-Five:

Pointy hatted ex fell into shadow. Down with the competition! Ringbearer moping. Suspect Aragorn son of Arathorn might like to have a go at cheering him up. Apparently something of a pervy hobbit-fancier. So that's why the blood of Numenor died out.

Day Three Million Twenty-Six:

Fellowship in Lothlorien. Oh god, Galadriel Galadriel Galadriel. It's always about HER. Paint my toenails, Sauron. Don't touch my hair, Sauron. I want a pretty ring, Sauron. Then she goes off with slabbish oaf Celeborn. Bet HE cannot forge twenty rings of Power.

Suspect bitch-slap fight brewing between Galadriel and Legolas as to which of them can nance around better while holding water pitcher. Cannot help but roll my eye over this. Time to toss some Jiffy Pop into Mount Doom and watch the fireworks.

later

Well, would you look at that dwarf getting it on with Celeborn. I tell you, three Million years on Middle-Earth and some things still surprise me.

Day Three Million Twenty-Nine:

Finally some decent fighting. Orcs killed : four hundred, v. bad. Humans killed : one. Go Uruk-Hai!

Is it just me, or is Aragorn son of Arathorn kinda gay?

Maybe is just me.

# Aragorn, Son of Arathorn, Part 2

## Day One

Ran forty miles across Rohan. No squirrels to eat. Gimli looking about roasting size. Have been told dwarf tastes like chicken. Still not King.

Stubble update: satisfactory.

## Day Two

Ran into army of Rohirrim. Asked Eomer if he knew where hobbits were. Got v. cagey answer. Perhaps Eomer still mad about that last bender I went on where I painted rude words in Elvish all over his horse. Decided not to mention he has obviously copied hairstyle from Legolas. He wouldn't be giving me this attitude if I were King.

## Day Three

Once you've seen one pile of smoking dead Orcs, you've seen 'em all. That's all I'm sayin.'

## Day Four

Ran into Gandalf. Turns out he did not actually die but instead was forced by Balrog to sell out to laundry detergent company and is now Gandalf the Sparkly White. PR whore. Next thing he'll be charging for pointy hat trick.

## Day Six

In Edoras. King Theoden giving me attitude. He was all, "Are you King here? Last time I checked, I was King here. I'm lookin' around and I don't see anyone else with a crown on his head. Eh? Eh?"

Was forced to admit I am indeed still not King.

In revenge, stole his wallet when he was not looking and used it to open charge account at Gap of Rohan. Have bought matching poke bonnets for Gimli and Legolas.

## Day Seven

Suspect Eowyn fancies me. Cannot blame her as stubble so manly is turning even self on.

## Day Nine

Fell over cliff. Stupid wolves of Isengard. Think was rescued by Arwen but when woke up was kissing my horse. Bit of a squick there. Have lost favorite sparkly necklace in river. Feeling v. petulant as there is no such thing as bad jewelry. Well, maybe Ring.

Stubble update: wet.

## Day Twelve

Triumphant return to Helm's Deep. Got hugged by Gimli. As if I needed to be reminded that he is belt buckle height yet again. Necklace returned to me by Legolas, yay! He muttered something in Elvish that could have been "You're late" or could have been "Throw me down and shag me rotten." Not entirely sure which. Must brush up on Elvish as do not wish to presume.

Still not King but too busy keeping up men's morale to brood. Upcoming battle should be piece of cake, really.

## Day Fourteen

Standing on battlements of Helm's Deep. Absolutely ridiculous number of Orcs headed this way. Who are we kidding anyway. We are so fucked. Perhaps this place has a side door.

## Day Fourteen, Later

Elves have sent army of most willowy and graceful warriors to assist us. Will be no use at fighting of course but at least I will die looking at something pretty. Theoden keeps muttering, "It's unbelievable!" about elf army. Was forced to agree --it is unbelievable that Haldir's eyebrows do not match his weave.

Keep trying to sneak out side door, but Gimli following me everywhere. Will never be King at this rate.

## Day Fifteen

Unexpectedly victorious in battle of Helm's Deep, but celebration ruined by obnoxious postcard from Faramir, which included picture of himself on beaches of Osgiliath with tiny Ringbearer and fat companion, sharing a pina colada and wearing colorful shorts. Postcard reads:

Dear Aragorn,

Thanks for the Ring and the hobbits. They are small, but v. bendy. Just what I always wanted! Still have fond memories of that night we spent together in Minas Tirith. Love and kisses, Faramir.



God damn Faramir. Might as well just have let Boromir have the Ring and cut out the middleman. At least I know Sam will kill him if he tries anything.

Still not King.

# Theoden

Co-written with lorax523, who is, as always, in inspiration to me in all things.

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## Day One

Desperately in need of new personal assistant. Have contacted Ninety Minute Minion Services in Isengard. Seems best bet as if minion does not arrive in ninety minutes you get free Orc. Do not actually know what would do with Orc if had one, so do hope minion arrives on time.

## Day Two

New minion arrived. Not best looking bloke I've ever clapped eyes on, but then again, not everyone can be brainless pretty boy with big show-off ponytail like Eomer. Little does Eomer know Wormtongue has promised me new makeover with Saruman's personal line of beauty products. Has promised me I will look fresh and youthful.

## Day Three

Is that a grey hair?

## Day Four

New makeover gone horribly awry. Do not look fresh and youthful, instead resemble albino dwarf after two years pickling in the Dead Marshes.

Suspect Wormtongue has crush on Eowyn. Cannot blame him as Eowyn quite smoking. Don't know where she gets off being so high and mighty. Have told her - pose for Shield Maidens Gone Wild you must expect some male attention.

## Day Six

Why has no one noticed I now resemble a weevil? Not has Eomer commented on my new mascara. Eomer so spoiled. "I want a party. I want a pony." Have banished him from Rohan for whining.

## Day Seven

Have reversed opinion on makeover. Am now quite taken with new look, as is so alarming no one bothers me. Can sit on throne all day in peace. Much needed vacation. Citizens of Edoras so tiresome and unhygienic.

#### Day Eight

Vacation over. Gandalf arrived sporting alarming new makeover of his own. Gandalf no fun. Cannot abide anyone else having new and daring look. Prima Donna!

Brought along three boy toys of varying sizes. My squadron of hand picked bodyguards totally whupped by tiny hairy newt, pretty boy elf and unshaven tramp. Obviously, need better screening process.

#### Day Ten

Attacked by Orcs. Aragorn "No Skillz 2 Pay Da Billz" Son of Arathorn fell over cliff, thus avoiding sticking around for battle. So much for Hero King of Men.

#### Day Eleven

Have arrived at Helms Deep. Time for a nice long nap.

#### Day Eleven, Later

Nap disturbed by return of Aragorn, who is not so dead after all. Apparently, absolutely ridiculous number of Orcs headed this way. Morale of men not improved by Aragorn's craven attempts to sneak away through side door. Have misdirected him to wine cellar three times now. If I am not getting away from this, neither is he. Is all his fault anyway.

Am not sure how, but it is.

#### Day Thirteen

Where is the horse and the rider? No, seriously, where are they? That was my favorite horse.

#### Day Thirteen, Later

Losing battle spectacularly. Who is surprised? Not me.

#### Day Sixteen

Heroic self-sacrificing death scene ruined by arrival of Gandalf and still-insufferable Eomer. Why did Gandalf wait until dawn to arrive? Suspect is so he would be most attractively backlit while

riding down hill. Drama Queen. Have gotten revenge on him by telling all my men Gandalf is wearing fishnets under white robe. First one who snaps his garter gets to snog Legolas.

Who wields the flame of Arnor now, you poncy tosser?

# Legolas, Part 2

Day One: Whee!

Day Two: I like to run!

Day Three: I look good when I run!

Day Four: I also look good standing still. Running across Riddermark v. good exercise. I swear my butt has just gotten firmer. Is that even possible?

Day Six: Is Gimli staring at my butt?

Day Seven: No wonder he's always lagging behind.

Day Eight: Unnerving moment when bumped into Eomer. Thought he might be prettier than me until he took off helmet. Fortunately he looks like an aardvark. He hit on Gimli but I warned him right off. Nobody tries it on with my dwarf.

Am still the prettiest.

Day Nine: Pile of dead and smoking Orc corpses so not pretty. Aragorn showed off and went on and on regarding hobbits laying about tied up. Do not know why he thinks kinky hobbit games so important.

Still prettiest.

Day Ten: Bother! Fangorn Forest. Leaf mold terrible for my complexion.

Still prettiest but a bit on clammy, unwashed side.

Day Eleven: Bumped into Gandalf who is all sparkly white now. Asked him, "Who do you have to blow to get last bottle of bleach in Middle Earth anyway?" Gandalf said, "The Balrog." So not worth it.

Am rethinking, though. Roots are showing.

Still prettiest although at this rate for how long?

Day Twelve: Asked Gandalf for Balrog's number. Gandalf said I couldn't call him. I told him not to be jealous and possessive. He said he wasn't, it was just that he killed Balrog last week.

Note to self: never date Gandalf.

Day Fifteen: Arrived in Edoras. V. upset. Suspect Eowyn may be prettier than me. Most unexpected as always thought shield-maidens were more hefty, pear-shaped types.

Not the prettiest! V. bitter.

Day Nineteen: Aragorn stood up to Theoden today. Aragorn so butch. Have goosebumps.

Day Twenty: Poke bonnet absolutely hideous. No longer even remotely pretty. Considering suicide.

Day Twenty-seven: Exeunt Aragorn, pursued by wolves of Isengard. On con side: Am stuck with ugly necklace. On pro side: No longer have to wear poke bonnet. Am pretty again!

Day Twenty-nine: Aragorn back. Apparently taking header off cliff not as deadly as one would have thought. Told him to throw me down and shag me senseless, but he just clapped me on the shoulder in a manly fashion and said, "Yeah, it can get a little chapped sometimes but just put some lotion on it."

Aragorn just kind of a wanker, really.

Day Twenty-Nine: Battle of Helm's Deep so embarrassing. If was not bad enough to face thought of death at the hands of smelly Orcs in backwater rural province, have now been saved at zero hour by Haldir showing up with really bad weave.

On plus side, Eowyn stuck in rancid cave. Perhaps will develop cave blight. Then I will be prettiest forever.

Day Thirty: Battle over. Gandalf always fashionably late it seems. Hopes for after-battle quickie dashed because Aragorn sulking over postcard from Faramir. Is jealous over Ringbearer. Told him Sam will kill Faramir if he tries anything but Aragorn not cheered up.

Sod him. Have received suggestive note from Eomer. Will go see if what they say about men of Riddermark is actually true.

No one has bothered to get Eowyn out of cave yet. Still the prettiest by far!