

BOGGINS



THE LORD OF THE WRINGS

FOREWORD

BOGGINS is a story which will be added to over time. It jumps about like a bobbit on a hot skillet, presenting scenes entirely out of order, as they are devised. It has absolutely nothing to do with Lord of the Rings. Any resemblance you might see is quite possibly a strange coincidence.

It is intended for an adult audience.

I. PLOT TO STEAL THE ONE WRING BY GUNNED ELF

Gunned Elf threw his Staff of Infinite Power into the abyss of the Art Department Props Box. That was it! He was retiring as a wizard, it was all razzledazzle and flurzelwurzle, they treated you like a right royal prince and you thought you were grand, and then when the moment of crisis came, they didn't ask you, they just said, "-ere we go, mate, just read this out loud, and exit stage left."

He swept down the dark corridor. He could have told them not to go there, to the studio they called the Land of Moredors, but they hadn't asked. The story was not supposed to end, but silly Frood was convinced to chuck the One Wring into the fires of Mount Mood. All very well to incinerate a rotten puppet of organic waste like Ghoullem, but The One Wring? Madness! Now the world was dyeing.

That wasn't the way it was supposed to happen, it was a failure, a hopeless mistake committed by a scribe R. Inkelot, Jr. He was just trying to get out of having to spend another eleven years bleeding upon a second manuscript.

What was worse, some silly troupe of actors had paid him for the account, and they were now re-telling the story all over the First World, as if that was the way it had happened.

And now, and now . . . by the fiery scent of a Ballrag, Gunned Elf couldn't even

use his real name, because someone had copyrighted it and sold it for \$2.95 on a popout plastic toy! © ! Myths & Legends © TM (pat-pend) weren't what they used to be.

Gunned Elf was made even madder by his failure as an fortune teller - it was hard to make a prophet. Nobody wanted to pay him for his advice, and yet he had seen the signs. All wasn't well amongst the constellation of stars which had collected around the dead tree of Gone Next Door. Arrogant was contesting that he ever made a child with Arewhen, (and who wouldn't have, I mean, once you got past the ears, she was *all* woman).

Gunned Elf sulked. He had tried to turn her eyes his way, but she wasn't stupid, she liked men with long, shiny blades, men who would pull it out at a moment's notice, and wouldn't wilt in the presence of another dagger. Arrogant wasn't shy to use his blade, that Gunned Elf knew from first hand experience. He'd also seen him throw it across a crowded room of Morks once and strike a gobbling in the neck. Sure, Arrogant was brave, you had to be to risk a fight with Arewhen's father Allround.

Gunned Elf knew the rumours about the man, and rumours were the kind of lore a wizard paid particular attention to, because they were so powerful, and they weren't affected by bad spelling.

They said that Allround got his name from the International Fight Club, he was a master of all fighting styles, he'd even once wrapped a sumo wrestler up so tight his head had gone up his own fundament.

(Poor Ring'kissy. They'd called him Menima ever after that, and he had had to turn to shouting rhymes, because if he didn't shout they couldn't hear him. They called him a Cr*p Artist. They made a film about him too, called Eight My Load, and he was famous for a little while, but only because he talked sh*t all the time.)

The more terrifying thing about Allround though, it was said that he was an *agent*, he'd been seen somewhere else doing something else, and he wore coloured spectacles, and a suit and tie, and that was the true mark of terror. Because

someone who is prepared to wear a suit and tie is prepared to do *anything* to get what he wants. Gunned Elf hoped for Arrogant's sake that Allround didn't find out.

Then again, it was going to be pretty hard for Arewen to explain why her child came out as half-elf, half-human. Imagine that, a boy with all the extreme dedication of his father, and the musical aspirations of his mother, without enough of either to inherit their talent. He would learn all the nursery rhyme songs and never, ever stop singing them, because he'd never, ever grow old and die, and we'd see him over and over in films like Home Alone 4 (5, 6, 7, . . . 22).

"Good luck on ex-men, too," someone called out as Gunned Elf passed by. He pulled a rude sign which the stagehand took to be a magical gesture. Ex-men-ex-bloody-wizard-ex-wielder-of-the-secret-fire-that-wasn't-a-secret-anymore. May you have the same kind of luck, set-scraper. Buckets full of it.

Gunned Elf left the Land of Moredoors. He slammed the Last Door, and stormed out into the street. Unfortunately some twit was testing the wind machines and the rain from his storm gushed down on his own head. He tried walking, instead of storming, and the wet humour of his spell went over everyone's heads.

Hellfire! He was tired of being scorned. It was time to get the One Wring for himself, or get even.

He knew who he would call on. In the Wood of Replicated Studio Trees, there was a man whose explosive criticisms had been heard all the way out in the Forgotten Age of the Third World. Bombom Tom the Dildo. He'd been left out in the cold, and he had been there right from the start, even before Gunned Elf.

*Tom, Bom, Merry old Tom, Bombom Tom the Dildo,
The miller's away, his daughter will play,
bombombom he's milled her, oh!
Tom, Bom, Merry old Tom, Bombom Tom the Dildo ..*

Gunned Elf hummed the song as he made his way through the backlot of

discarded sets. A big old mama cool with false humps. A swamp that smelled like the city of the dead. He found Tom's shack behind the Ratcatcher's hut, where some genius had strung up a few wireless mice.

He pushed the green cardboard door in, then stuck it back up with gaffer tape. You never knew when there was a camera around, what with all the reality shows and ringer fans these days.

Old paint, it smelled of old oil paint, a strange soiled smell that got into your nose and clung to the boogers. He caught a whiff of a smell like an old artist, which was worse, more like an onion left in the dark for too long. And there was smoke, too.

Gunned Elf found Tom in his bathrobe. He was smoking a short ent, and he had already rolled the second one. Gunned Elf knew the danger. Once the little bastards sunk their roots into you, you never got rid of the need for a fix. Damn Sam-Sam G and his clever little gardening fingers. He sold them by the pack, and they weren't cheap.

Bombom Tom was ranting.

"They thought people wouldn't notice. But it was so obvious! In the first scene where the Wrath appeared, it was shown up to be an idiot! The Wrath, it's supposed to be terrifying, it's got altered senses. So it takes a great big sniff of the One Wring, right? Right under its nose, and then it runs the other direction!"

"Away from who?" shouted Bombom Tom. "Away from me, that's who, away from me! Why didn't the horse make that little jump and squash those miserable like bobbits on their merry ferry? Because I was there! Me, Bombom Tom, I was f*cking *there!*"

Oh, so he had been f*cking, there, thought Gunned Elf. He'd always had his suspicions.

"I thought you might have been," he replied. "Who was it that time?"

"Don't be so crass, Gunned Elf. You know I didn't mean it like that."

"But you probably did, anyway, didn't you? That's why you were left out of the picture. You were, you old rascal, you were milling the miller's daughter again,

