

hullo Nob this is Gandalf. Thought i would take a try at the contest. My ending needs a brief setup. First of all my ending begins on the slopes of Mt. Doom. Where my version differs from the original is when Sam awakes to find Gollum touching frodo, and sam calls him a "sneak". In my version this does not happen. Sam awakens and sees gollum in a brief moment of kindness and wishes gollum a good morning. Gollum being praised instead of mistreated, leads frodo and sam safely into mordor and stays faithful as you will see.....

Well here we were at last. The mountain of fire or Mt. Doom as master Frodo calls it. As i stand and look at this great pinnacle of doom I wonder how we all made it here to begin with. Poor master Frodo can hardly walk, that poor wretch smeagol is always whining about orcs or some other cheerful business and yours truly, Sam Gamgee just plain misses home and my Gaffer.

"Smeagol, its your turn to help carry master for awhile. My back is absolutley killing me" i said with grimace. Smeagol gave me a lopsided grin and started towards frodo. "And dont drop him like last time, you ninny hammer" I will remember on my deathbed when me and Smeagol had to work together and scale down a cliff after Frodo. You see Smeagol dropped Frodo when we were climbing through the the morgai. I still lie awake each night and wonder if smeagol is doing this for love or if he has a hidden agenda. I guess i just wont know until its over and done with. Well finally the time had come, would he truly watch as his precious was thrown into the fire? or would he betray us all to our death? As i walked behind Smeagol i watched him. It still astounds me at his twisted strength. His looks are very deceiving, i should know. He about strangled me when we first met. He was no larger than i, but there was a hidden power in that twisted frame.

He was nothing more than bone with a black mottled skin pulled over his wretched frame. eyes that would send a young hobbit screaming and teeth!

Lets not even talk about his teeth. My shoulder still hurts from where his teeth gouged me. Quickly i caught up and helped Smeagol lift Frodo the last short stretch of the journey. " Poor Smeagol will never be able to catch nice fishes again" he whined. " Smeagols poor back is ruined"

"like your face you mean?" i said with a grin. Well Smeagol still had not developed a sense of humor and the proof was written in his eyes which glowed with a menacing light. " Oh kind master Sam, still picking on poor smeagol" he said in hurt tones. " Forgive me Smeagol, its just that i want this over and done with. I miss the shire" The look he gave me hurt my heart. I will never forget it. Pity is what i felt at that moment. " the shire" he repeated. "home.....yes you want to go home. Smeagol wants to find a home. Maybe after Master gets rid....of...." He still couldnt say it or accept it, i will

never know which. But when he was about to finish his statement, Frodo gave forth a cry of such horror that i drew sting and spun about looking for sauron himself who surely must be here. But it was nothing. "Master... are you ok?" i asked with growing concern. "yes Sam its just that the burden is so heavy....so very heavy" "Maybe kinda master will lend the....th!

e.....oh nevermind" finished Smeagol. "Master we are here. Can you walk or do you need support?" "No Dear Sam it is almost over....i will crawl if i must...then do what i must do" But he never had to crawl, he managed somehow to walk. Slowly of course, but still he walked with all the pride of our race. As we all entered the chamber we were all taken back by the sight. Here was the very place where Sauron had forged the one ring. Here was where our misery and torment had truly begun. His dark forge, where death and misery was forged and where his might stemmed from. Well it was going to finish where it started. Frodo walked ahead of us. To do what he had set out to do. Then he stopped. "Frodo are you ok? Just toss it in master so we can head home." But at that moment Frodo turned around and gave us a look that pronounced our doom. " I have come to do what i must do, but now i choosed not to do what i came to do"

Yes this was what he said, a little weird to say the least. But at that moment i trembled and knew that we were doomed. "no master... you must throw the precious in before its too late!!" I looked at smeagol then and felt what i later knew to be respect. Here was a creature who had spent over 500 years of his life in a world of hate and pity. Here was a creature that had become diseased and plagued by saurons ring. I thought him wretched, but i realized he had something which i lacked in those last moments, Courage. Frodo even stopped for a moment and gave Smeagol a shocked look. But Frodo was too far gone. He pulled the ring from the chain and slowly pulled it on. I hung my head and wept right then, it was all over. But from my side i heard a hiss. I looked and saw smeagol ready to pounce. "forgive us masterssss....but The Precious must be destroyed" He leapt then at Frodo and i thought he meant Frodos death. But later i realized that Smeagol was doing what he!

had come to do....to help. I saw then what still to this day gives me the shivers. I saw smeagol wrestling with an invisible foe. Smeagol appeared to be floating, I watched as Smeagol opened his mouth.....those teeth, poor Frodo. I heard a shriek as Frodo suddenly reappeared. Smeagol pulled the ring from his teeth along with Frodo missing finger! " Youve killed master Frodo!" i screamed with hate. But as i was about to approach Smeagol i heard laughter. A laughter so filled with hate that i stopped in my footsteps. I felt cold. I turned to see to my dismay, a tall Black shape. Its form i couldnt make out, but i could tell it maybe had the shape of a man. I have never felt such sorrow as i did then. "I see you have found my ring" His voice was like knives being pulled and pushed into my ears. The sight of Him made my blood run like ice and made the marrow in my

bones hot like molten rock. We were dead. I will never forgive Frodo for that moment. He lay on the!

ground passed out, unable to see or hear or maybe even feel the menace which stood before me and Smeagol. Smeagol? I turned to see where Smeagol was.

He stood at the lip of the cliff that led down into that fire, that fire which was our only hope. "We meet again, you pitiful wretch!" I fell to my knees then, not in worship mind you, but in utter terror. But Smeagol stood firm. How was he not cowering? I had seen him in the past cower in terror from a bit of elven rope....but the lord of darkness, he didnt even shake.

"Yess we meetss again, Black Hand" he hissed in hate. " You have come to take back your ring? Well you wont have it. I once had this ring and claimed it for my own. Then it was stolen....no i wont kid myself any longer...it was taken from me." I watched absolutely stunned. He was talking normal! " This ring, this precious" he said precious with hatred.

"I will not claim this again...i could do so if i so desired, but i wont have it and neither will you!!" as he said that he leapt backwards laughing in triumph! He had slain his demons he had survived evil and redeemed himself. As i watched him falling to his doom i saw something that i will never forget. He winked at me! "take care of the master....and when you eat your 'taters' remember me for what i am now and not what i was." Then he was gone. As i wiped my tear stricken face i was suddenly thrown back into the now. "elbereth give me strength" i prayed as i reached for Frodo.

I helped him onto my back and i dont remember much of the outwards journey, but i do remember seeing a black shadow rise to the sky shrieking all the way. It was immense, lightening crowned and grimacing hate. As i pulled frodo out of the entrance i saw to my utter astonishment, Gandalf! On the Wings of Gwaihir the Windlord! With two more eagles in tow. Hope sprang into my heart. We were going to make it! As we reached a small outcropping i stopped and waited for our certain rescue. The Fell land of sauron, Mordor.... was dying all around us. Mt. doom was belching forth its hot, flaming doom. The ground was tossing us around like fish out of water. The sky was shaking off the shadow that had tried to devour its light. And from this sky came a light and it was named Gandalf. The eagles swept down and pulled us free of mordor at last. You know how the story goes on from this point on. I dont think i need to tell you all the small details. All i ask is that when y!

ou read the redbook of westmarch again....that remember a hero that had been forgotton in the previous text. No not the wretched creature gollum. But the kind couragous hobbit.....Smeagol. In that mountain of doom died a hero and a legend. But his story will live on. Thank you Smeagol.

The End.

By Jerry Belcher

aka. Gandalf
