

Lord of the Rings, as written by Thomas Pynchon – by Bernie Mojzes

A screaming comes across the sky. It has happened before, but there is nothing to compare it to now.

It is too late. The Evacuation still proceeds, but it's all theatre. There are no lights on the ground, no lights on the walls, no light in the sky. No light anywhere. Above him lift stone ramparts, and somewhere far above that the walls and towers would let the light of day through. But it's night. He's afraid of this night; it should be noon. And things are moving in the everlasting night, things that will tear down these walls, these ramparts, these towers. It will be a spectacle: the fall of a palace. But coming down in total blackout, without one glint of light, only a great invisible crashing.

They have begun to move. They pass in line, off the ferry, down the road, toward the doomed city. Not that they'll make it. Above them, Mordor's Finest Flyers, all members in good enough standing of the Mordorian First Airborne Squadron, strafe the routed soldiers. In ones and twos, the soldiers fall, the wounded left with the dying as the others flee toward the gates. Will they open? Will they need to? The caravan has halted. It is the end of the line. Around them, Nazgul on evil winged beasts dance and whirl – soon they will feed, but not yet: there are some still who fight, though they weaken. With each minute, the road to Minas Tirith grows longer, less attainable; even the rats have abandoned this place. But then, who'll dispose of the bodies? In a few minutes it will be over, and the Nazgul gather for a final assault, but what's this? Is it? – yes! They're singing!

Jolly Ol' Sauron, just a-peddlin' through the country,
Winkin' at the ladies from Stockbridge up to Lee –
Buy your gal a brooch for a fancy gown,
Buggy-whip rigs for just a dollar down,
Hey come along ev'rybody, headin' for the Jubi-lee

Care for some coffee, boys? But no, they're on a roll. They've found a keg somewhere, and frothy steins are passed around. Which smells worse? The Nazgul or the evil winged beasts? It's a trick question. It's the beer, which is skunked, but no matter.

Three Rings for the Elven-kings, all high and mighty
("Mighty high, you mean," giggles one of the Nazgul)
Seven for the dwarf-lords, made for easy chuckin'
Nine for Mortal Men, to wear in places naughty
Just One for little Sauron, all alone and sulkin'
In the land of Mordor where the Shadows lie
One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them
One Ring to make them pay for being so unkind then
Always stuck in Mordor where the Shadows lie