



Debasmita Das

Just Another Story of a Hobbit

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, it was a perfectly clean hobbit-hole. It was the home of Bilbo Baggins. By some curious chance one morning in the quiet of the world, when there was less noise and more green because all the creatures that could talk and walk on two limbs were in quarantine, Bilbo Baggins was standing at his door after breakfast wondering how peaceful social distancing was, this is when Gandalf came by. Bilbo saw an old man with long white beard hung down below his waist, pointed blue hat, a long grey cloak, a silver mask covering his mouth and nose.

Bilbo said cheerily, “O hey Dumbledore, good morning,”

O no Bilbo. This is not exactly a good place for such inter-textual reference.

“HOLY GOD, WHO ARE YOU?”

I am the third person omniscient narrator and this is Gandalf. Follow your own story.

“Good morning to you Gandalf, the person who is going to ruin my peaceful life.”

“Hey Mr. Baggins, want to leave the comfort of your home and go to an adventure during which you will starve for many days, will become a burglar, be mishandled by moody dwarves, almost die multiple times and have traumatic memories about monstrous creatures and nightmarish experiences? Hope you know your answer doesn’t really matter. Even if you say no I’ll bring thirteen dwarves who’ll destroy your food stock while singing some silly song which will be stuck in your head for days,” said the kind wizard.

“Well Mr. Gandalf,” Bilbo said wearily, “don’t you think bringing thirteen dwarves into a house during the corona pandemic can be a bit dang...”

“Too late Mr. Baggins, here are the dwarves.” Thirteen dwarves appeared from behind a tree and started singing from underneath their masks,

“Far over the misty mountains cold...”

“Wait, wait! Can you please sum up the two page long song in a few non-lyrical sentences,” pleaded Bilbo who was skeptical whether singing and dancing of the dwarves was a good idea during the virus spread.

Thorin, the most mean looking dwarf tried to explain, without singing.

“Wait you said Thorin is mean looking. Don’t you think it’s wrong to judge someone’s character based on their appearance?”

You are not supposed to interrupt the narrator Bilbo. You are supposed to be for children. Stop making things problematic.

“So you think introducing children to realistic problems are not right? Do you think they are dumb because they are young? Does age really define maturity...”

Whatever. I am the narrator. I decide what happens. Bilbo pinched himself really hard and Thorin explained how they suspected the actual reason behind the pandemic was an evil dragon named Smaug who had attacked Erebor and had taken over both the mountain and the treasure. And, to make sure that no one tries to take a quest to retrieve the treasure, that evil Smaug has spread this virus to keep everyone locked in their houses. So, the dwarves, along with the old wizard, had planned to go to this quest, fight the dragon and get hold of all the treasure and they wanted Bilbo to join.

Bilbo thought for a moment. Something in his heart told him that an adventure sounds good but his mind told him that joining a bunch of unknown people, getting in contact with some unknown creatures and finally touching the treasure kept by the corona spreading dragon in a dark damp cave were not things he should opt for especially during a pandemic.

He said meekly, “You know, Smaug cannot really be termed evil according to Eagleton because he has a reason.”

Wait what? You cannot say this Bilbo. You cannot know more than the narrator. Say something comically stupid and get the story going!

“But if it is comic how is it stupid? Comedy is the genius way of pointing out the problems. Are you not aware of Bakhtin or Chaplin or ...”

SHUT UP! I told you, you are not supposed to know more than me. I decide what you know and what happens to you.

“What about free will then? This predestination is proble...”

Bilbo knew no one was going to listen to him if he just refused to join.

“Wait narrator, I was not finished.”

He had to get away from the wizard and the dwarves in a smarter way.

“Are you actually ignoring me?”

So Bilbo sneezed. Thrice. And like magic Gandalf and the dwarves disappeared with a traumatized face. Nothing could be scarier than a sneezing person during the corona pandemic.

“Ok, that indeed was a good idea. At least we agree on someth...”

So Bilbo entered his house and punched himself in the face.

“ What? Ow, that hurts!”

He sat on his easy chair, turned on the music and kept punching himself while listening to Elfish pop music.

“ Ow, please stop ow this. It ow really ow hurts ow. HEY are ow listening? Ow HELP PLEAS...”

The dwarves later went to a grim looking man named Bard whose grimness was evident even from underneath his mask.

" You cannot ignore me, come on ! Ouch!"

Then the dragon was slain and the end to corona seemed not far away.

"That's not a correct arrangement of words.ouch! Excuse me, hello!"

Then everyone lived happily ever after and the curtains fall.

"This is not a play! Where do curtains come from?"

Well in my narrative there are curtains.

"Aha, so you can hear me! Please stop making me punch myself. It's hard to punch while peeking from behind the curtains."

The curtains are finally drawn and they are so strong that no one can peek from behind them. So good bye dear readers, we will meet again when a four book long second part with enormously long chapters and frustratingly less numbered women characters arrive. Till then, have fun dissecting the real story and having debates about

anti-Semitic ideas and influences of the first World War in *Hobbit* by J. R. R. Tolkien.

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