

Sauron & Sons Co. Ltd.,
Nonsuch Castle, Mordor, Middle Earth.

Purveyors of the finest monocles to the rich, eccentric and ultra-rich.*

2 October 2007

To whom it may concern.

Dear person,

A different perspective.

It seems that over the last few of your decades a malicious, and dedicated plot to denigrate, malign and generally slander me has been allowed full reign. E.g. calling me odd, just because I prefer black loo paper. It is time for this nonsense to stop and I am taking this opportunity of setting the record straight.

I was a politician acting for the best as I saw the situation. Your version of Earth is not doing much better despite your technology and resources. Middle Earth is far more complex. Consider the races: Women, Hobbits, Dwarves, Elves, Wizards, Giant Eagles, Trolls, Ents, Orcs, Uroquai and men, to name but a few. All I tried to do was to unite them under one banner, as it were.

At enormous cost in energy, research and time I made the top leaders some very nice jewelry with the added bonus that it gave them magical powers. What did they ever give me? Nothing! I ask you, is it such a surprise that I knocked up a quite plain little ring of my own? Then what happened? I ask them for a few favours and they gang up on me, cut my ring finger off and then they say its all my fault! Is it any wonder I broke the bloody King's sword? Wouldn't you?

Now, as we all know, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing", and I was fully aware of how hazardous, in the wrong hands, my ring was. In the hope that no one would get hurt I gathered my depleted strength and set them the task of finding the ring. I was so glad that creature chucked it down in the magma thus saving me the trouble. It was in all honesty becoming a real pain. Shame about my loyal orcs and friends; after all they were only trying to help me destroy it. On the bright side, they were not a great use at finding the thing and if there's one thing I can't stand it's an inefficient workforce.

I hope the reader will now come to realise some of the problems I faced: the loneliness, for one thing. It's not easy being virtually omnipotent. Living in a great big tower with only one eye, no body and no voice! My next-door neighbour was an active volcano always grumbling about the heat. Company! Ha! Orcs are not very good company, especially when you're invisible, that's one thing Tolkien got right! While we're on the subject of Tolkien, how come though I'm the title of the book and film, yet you only get to see my periscope? Why didn't I get any lines? I could of knocked up a gadget to translate my thoughts into sound. Piece of piss! Royalties?! I haven't seen a penny yet. I bet Tolkien & Co., are not short of a bob or two. I know they've flogged the rings I made; well they don't work any more, now mine's broken. Ungrateful bastards, the lot of them. Now think on this: where would the Saga have been without me, eh? A few apologies are in order I believe and some solid gelt.

Yours faithfully,

I. Sauron
Lord of the Rings (Retired).

*A comment from a satisfied customer: "I am very pleased with the service provided as it enhances my naturally good looks even though I can't see because of that bastard robber Odysseus. Honestly, I don't know what Greek mythology is coming to!"
Cyclops.