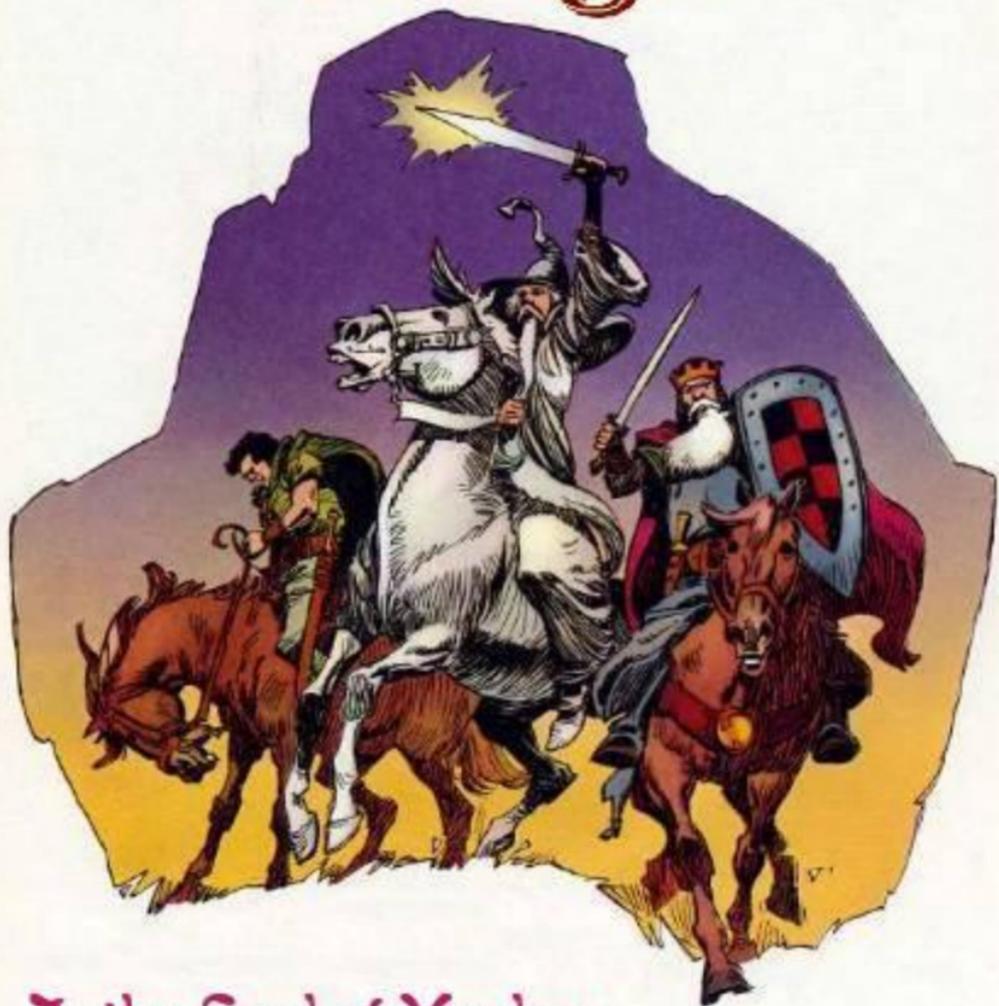


J.R.R. Tolkiens

The LORD of the Rings



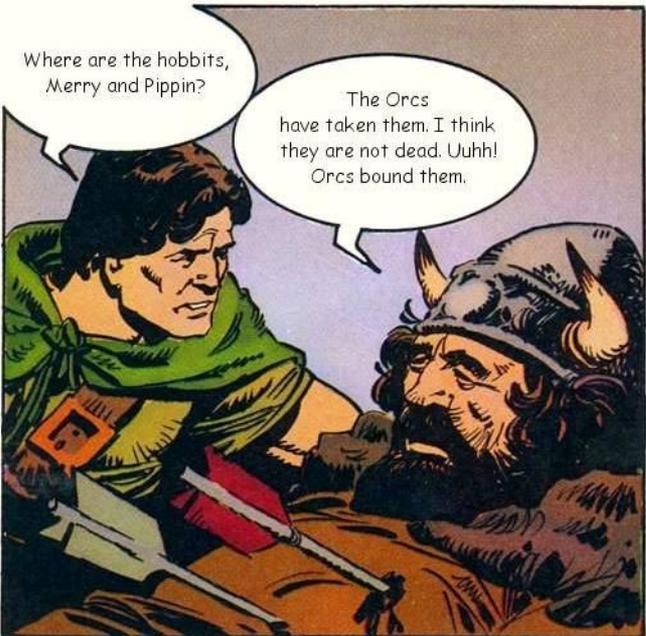
In the Land of Mordor

While searching for the missing Frodo, Aragorn heard Boromir's horn sounding. He drew his sword and hurried towards the sound, hoping that he could help the other members of the Company. But he was too late.



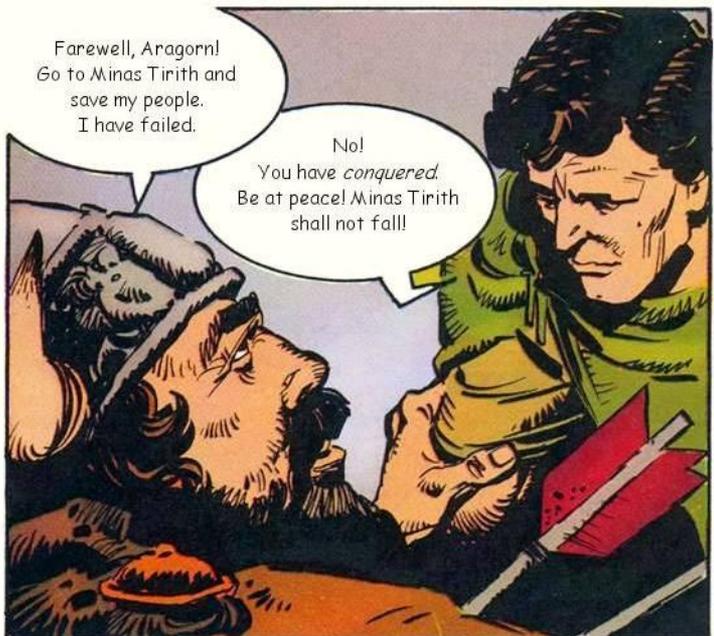
Boromir!
What happened?

I tried to
take the Ring from
Frodo. I am sorry.
I have paid.



Where are the hobbits,
Merry and Pippin?

The Orcs
have taken them. I think
they are not dead. Uhhh!
Orcs bound them.



Farewell, Aragorn!
Go to Minas Tirith and
save my people.
I have failed.

No!
You have *conquered*.
Be at peace! Minas Tirith
shall not fall!

Legolas and Gimli had also heard Boromir's horn.

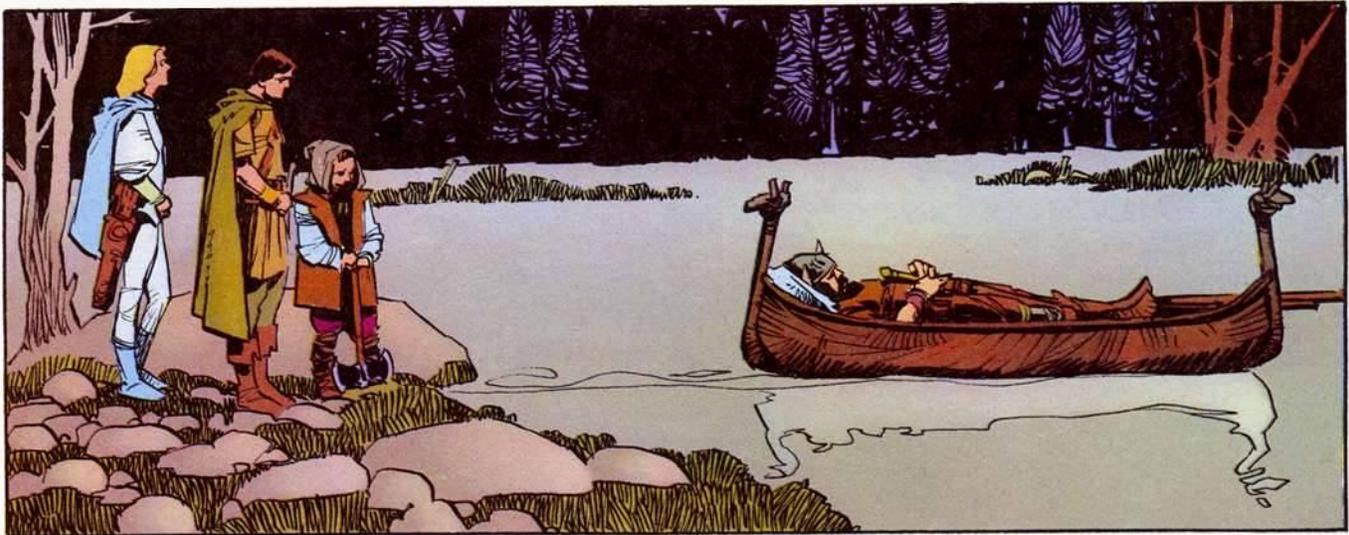
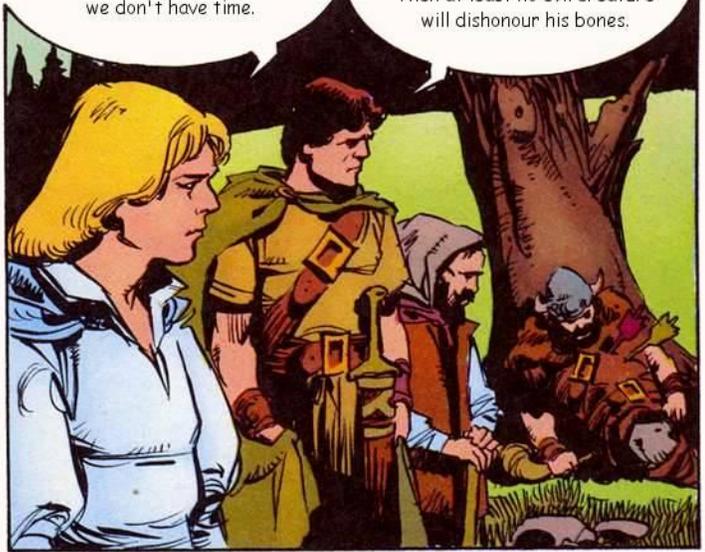


Boromir is dead. He fell defending the hobbits. They were taken by Orcs.

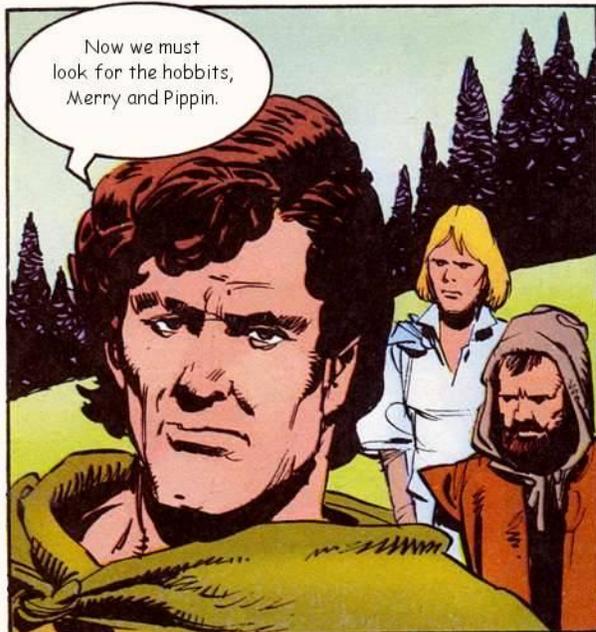
Alas! Minas Tirith has lost a brave son.

We cannot leave him lying like carrion among these foul Orcs. We should bury him, but we don't have time.

Then let us lay him in a boat with his weapons, and send him to the Falls of Rauros. Then at least no evil creature will dishonour his bones.



Now we must look for the hobbits, Merry and Pippin.



Near the border of Rohan...

Rest while you can, little fool! If I had my way, I'd make you squeak till you wished you were dead, you miserable rat. Lie quiet, or I'll tickle you with this.





Why not kill them quick, kill them now? They're a cursed nuisance.

I am Uglúk. I command. My orders are to bring the hobbits to Isengard *alive*.



Your orders come from Saruman, the fool. Now you know what I think about it...
Arrgh!

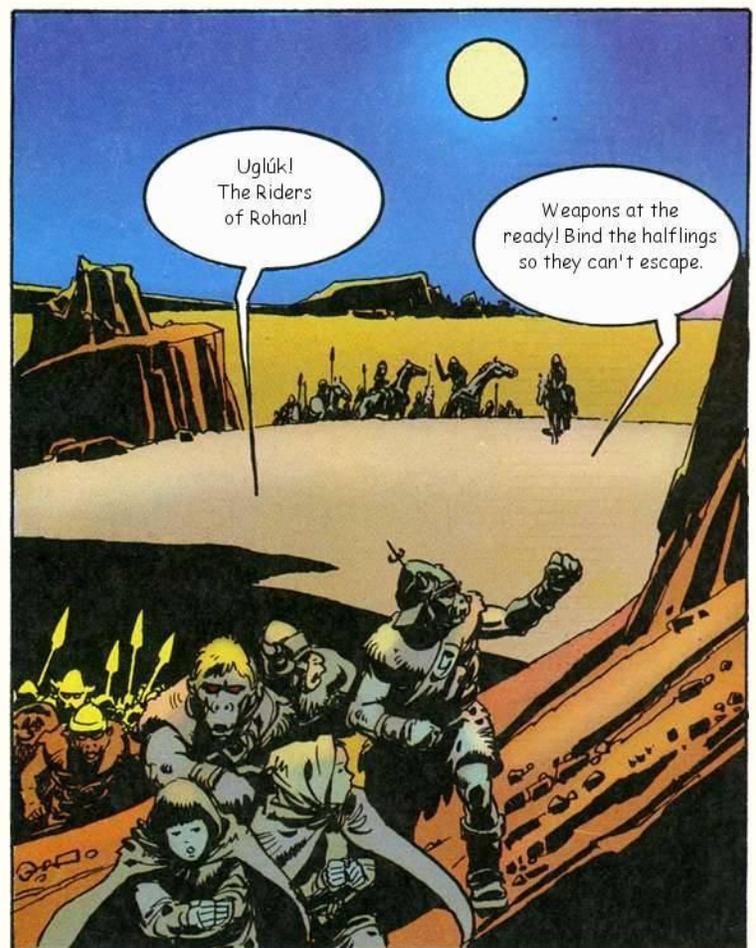


Let's have no more nonsense! We march day and night until we get the prisoners to Isengard.



You still command, but soon Grishnákh will knock your abominable head from your neck.

Hmmm. Maybe we can use Grishnákh's jealousy to our advantage.



Uglúk!
The Riders of Rohan!

Weapons at the ready! Bind the halflings so they can't escape.



Grishndkhl!
I have the *Ring*. Untie our
legs, if you want it.



You have the Ring!
Of course I want it.



But I don't have to
untie you to get it. I'll cut
you both to quivering shreds
and take the Ring from
your bones.



Now then, you filthy
little vermin. We are far
enough away from
the others.



Grishnákh's sword glinted a little in the moonlight, and that was his undoing.



The arrow was guided by fate. Quick, we can cut our bonds with his sword, before Uglúk notices we are gone.



We must get under cover, or we shall be seen. The Orcs could catch us easily in the dark.

Right! Listen! The cries of Grishnákh have roused the Orcs. Uglúk is already barking his orders.



They will not find us in here.

Maybe, but will we ever find our way out again? I don't suppose you have much notion where we are, but I spent some of my time in Rivendell studying maps. In front of us lies the river Entwash, and Fangorn Forest.

Far over the Great River, the Dawn came, red as flame.
The horns of the Riders of Rohan sounded to greet it.



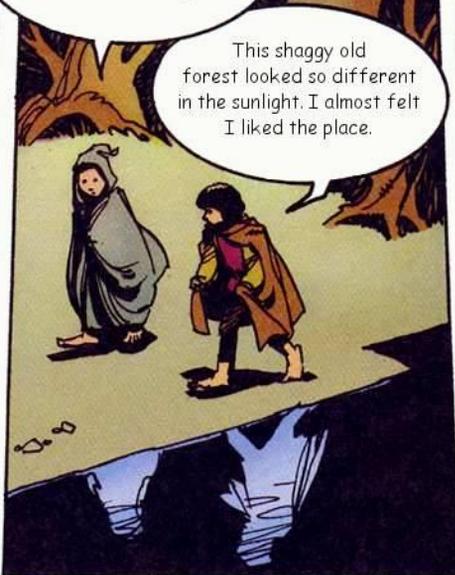
We only have a couple of packets of *lembas*. They will not last longer than five days.

I don't think we'll find anything to eat in this forest. Only trees.



We will follow the Entwash. It flows through the forest, so it will lead us out again.

This shaggy old forest looked so different in the sunlight. I almost felt I liked the place.



Almost felt you liked the Forest! That's uncommonly kind of you. I almost feel that I dislike you both.



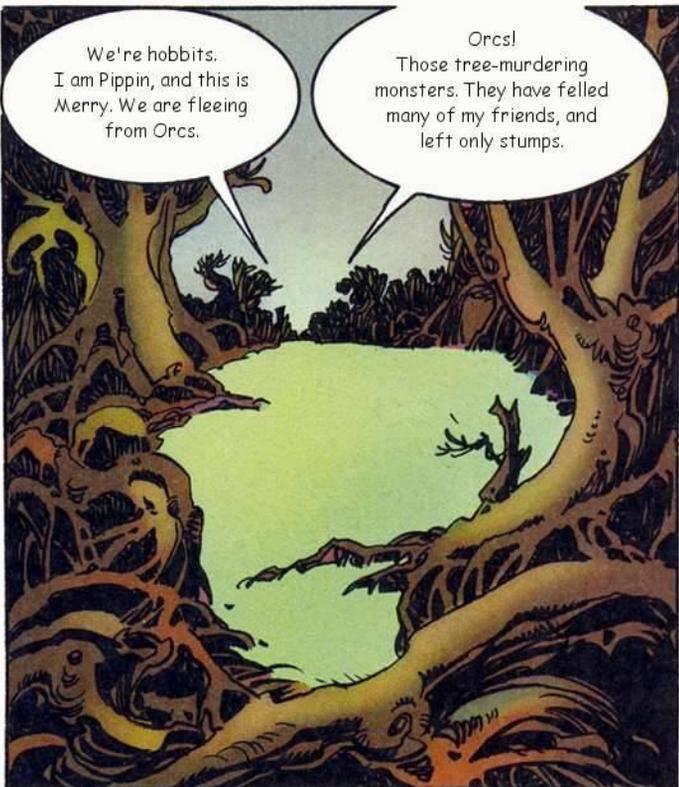
Hrum, Hoom. Do not be hasty, that is my motto. If I had seen you before I heard you, I should have just trodden on you, taking you for little Orcs.





Please, who are you? And what are you?

Hrum, now. Well, I am an *Ent*. Fangorn is my name according to some, *Treebeard* others make it. *Treebeard* will do. And who are you?



We're hobbits. I am Pippin, and this is Merry. We are fleeing from Orcs.

Orcs! Those tree-murdering monsters. They have felled many of my friends, and left only stumps.



Is there anything to eat here? We have lost all our belongings, and have only a little food.

You are hasty folk. I can give you a drink that will keep you green and growing. I will take you to my home, or one of my homes.



How many Ents are there in the forest?

There were never many of us, and many have grown sleepy, almost tree-ish. Most of the trees are just trees, of course; but many are half awake.



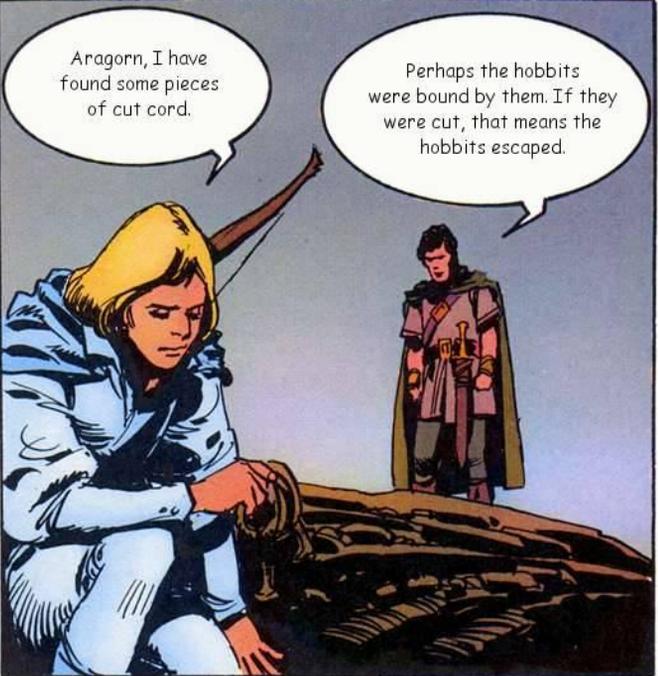
Hm! Here we are! This is an Ent-house, and there are no seats, I fear. But you may sit on the table. Now tell me your tale, and do not hurry!

Outside Fangorn Forest, the three hunters had found the battle-field.



The horsemen of Rohan did their work too well. They have burned the bodies of the Orcs.

And maybe our friends Merry and Pippin with them.



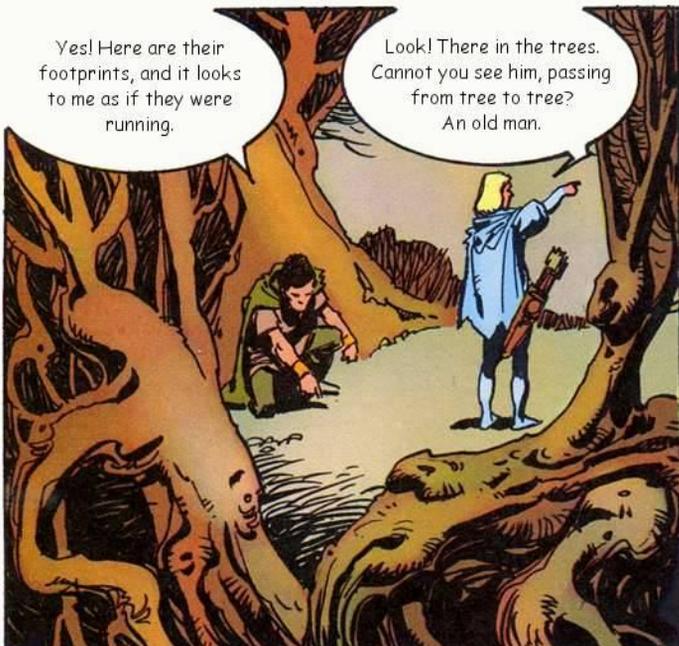
Aragorn, I have found some pieces of cut cord.

Perhaps the hobbits were bound by them. If they were cut, that means the hobbits escaped.



With Orcs and Riders after them, they would surely enter the forest for cover. Into Fangorn Forest!

Then let us go into the forest. We may find their trail.



Yes! Here are their footprints, and it looks to me as if they were running.

Look! There in the trees. Cannot you see him, passing from tree to tree? An old man.



It is Saruman. Do not let him speak, or put a spell upon us! Shoot first!

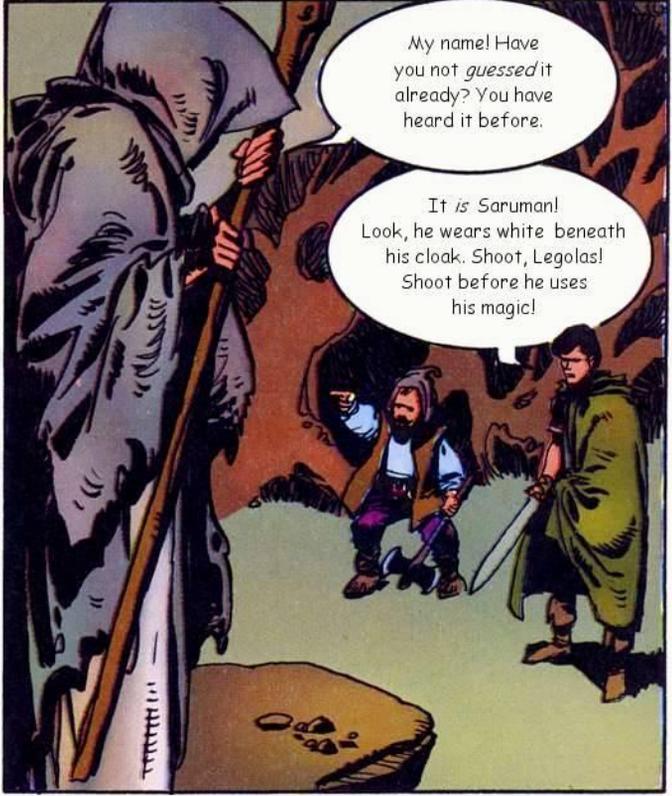
Wait, Legolas. We may not shoot an old man so, at unawares and unchallenged. Watch and wait!



An Elf, A Man, and a Dwarf together? A rare sight in these times. And all clad in elvish fashion. No doubt there is a tale worth hearing behind it all.

Speak!
What have you done
with our friends?

Might we know
your name?



My name! Have
you not *guessed* it
already? You have
heard it before.

It *is* Saruman!
Look, he wears white beneath
his cloak. Shoot, Legolas!
Shoot before he uses
his magic!



Gandalf!
Beyond all hope you
return to us in our need!
What veil was over my
sight? Gandalf!



Indeed I **am** Saruman, one might almost say, Saruman as he should have been.

It is Gandalf! But you are all in white! Saruman's colour.



Come, Gandalf, tell us how you fared with the *Balrog*!

Name him not! It is a long story, but I will tell it to you.

"Long time I fell, and he fell with me. His fire was about me."

"Then we plunged into the deep water and all was dark. Cold it was as the tide of death: almost it froze my heart."

"We came to the uttermost foundations of stone. His fire was quenched, but now he was a thing of slime, stronger than a strangling snake."



"We fought far under the living earth, in dark tunnels. I pursued him to the *Endless Stair*."



"From the lowest dungeon to the highest peak it climbed, ascending in unbroken spiral."



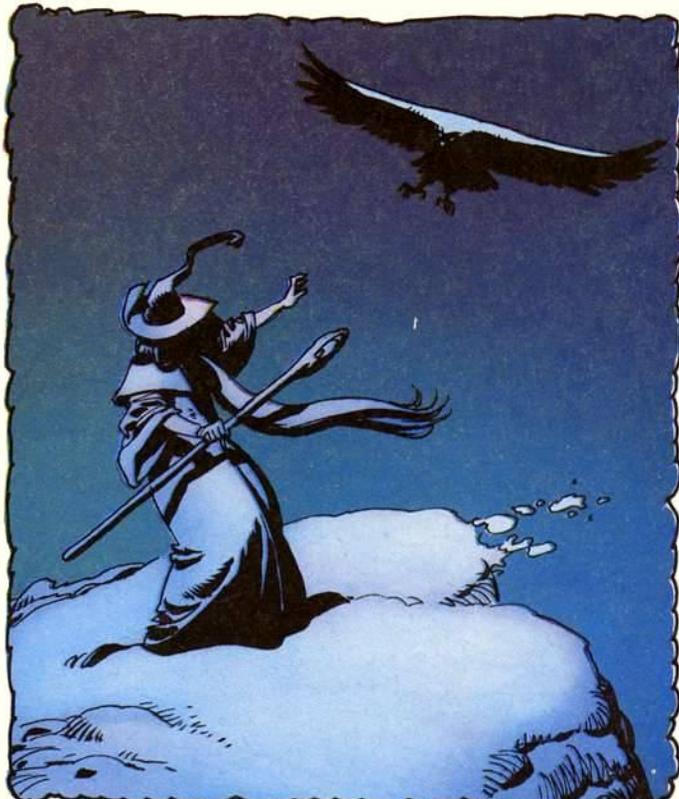
"It issued at last at the pinnacle of the *Silvertine*. Out he sprang, and I came behind."



"I threw down my enemy, and he fell from the high place and broke the mountain-side."



"And so at the last *Gwaihir* the *Windlord* found me again, and he took me up and bore me away."

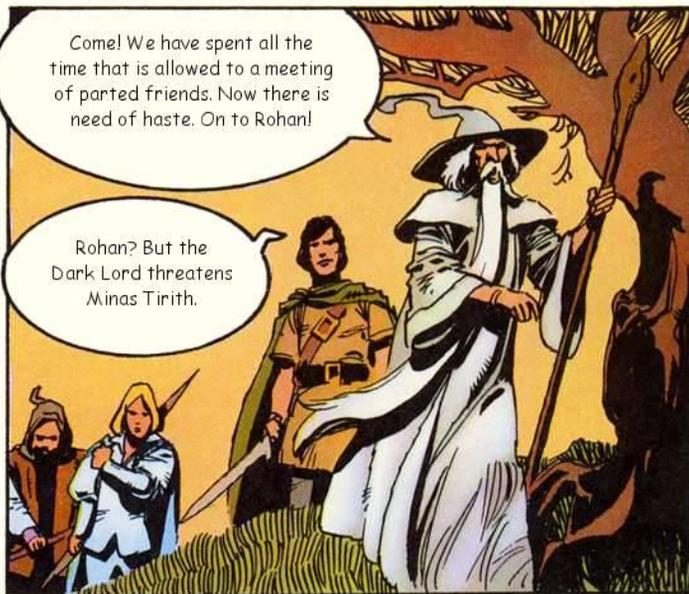


Gwaihir brought me to Lothlórien, where the Lady Galadriel healed my wounds. She sends you her best wishes.



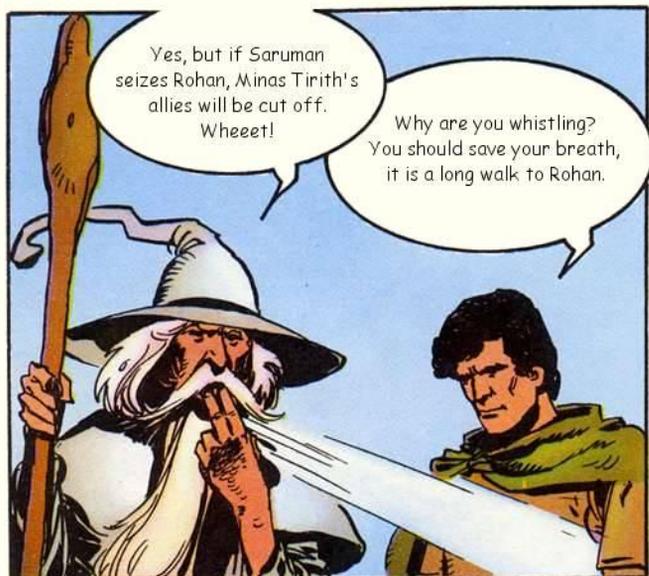
Come! We have spent all the time that is allowed to a meeting of parted friends. Now there is need of haste. On to Rohan!

Rohan? But the Dark Lord threatens Minas Tirith.



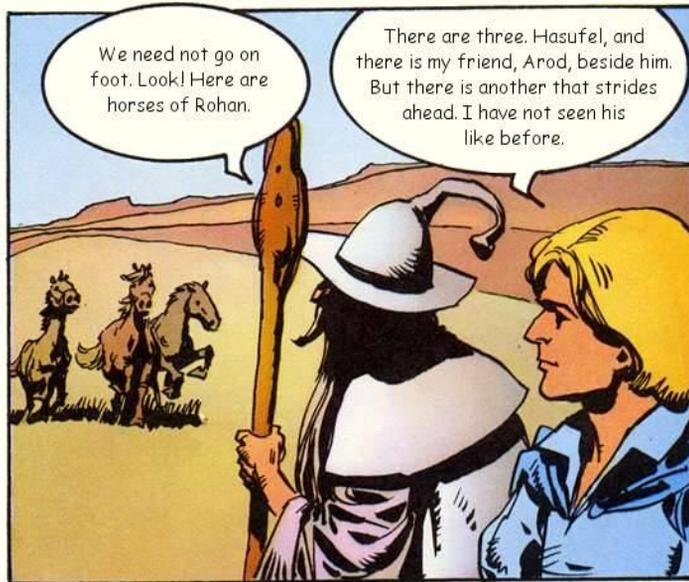
Yes, but if Saruman seizes Rohan, Minas Tirith's allies will be cut off. Wheeet!

Why are you whistling? You should save your breath, it is a long walk to Rohan.



We need not go on foot. Look! Here are horses of Rohan.

There are three. Hasufel, and there is my friend, Anod, beside him. But there is another that strides ahead. I have not seen his like before.



That is Shadowfax. He is the prince among horses, and not even Théoden, King of Rohan, has ever looked on a better. We are going to battle together.



For many hours they rode on through the meads and riverlands, until they beheld the Gap of Rohan.

I see a great smoke. It darkens the sun's disc to the hue of blood. What may that be?

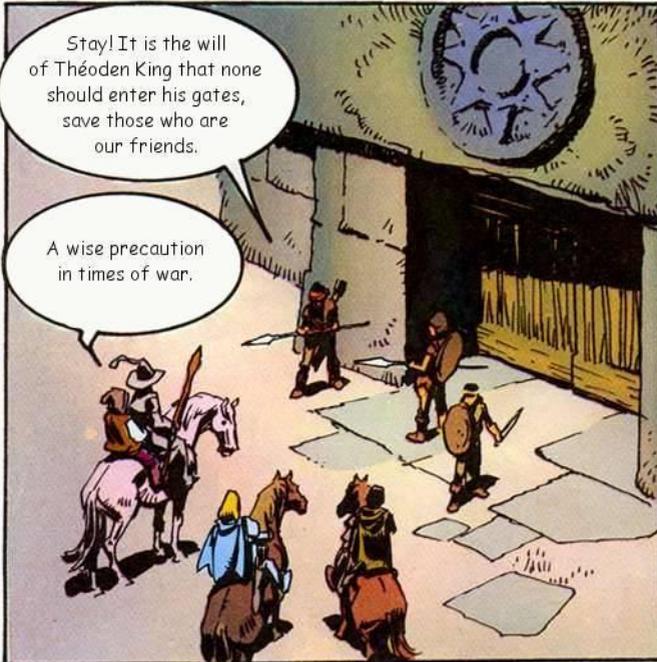
Battle and war! Ride on!



They rode all night, and in the morning they reached the gates of Edoras, the capital of Rohan.

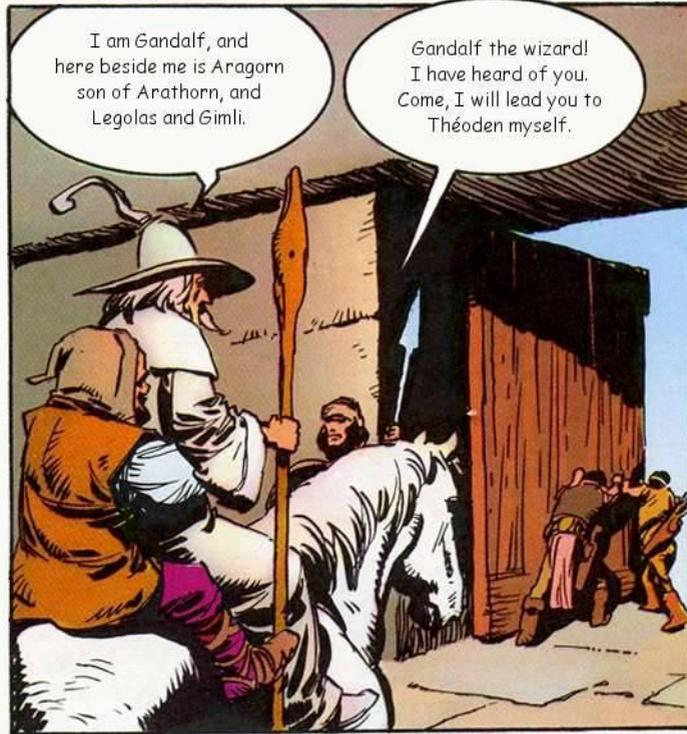
Stay! It is the will of Théoden King that none should enter his gates, save those who are our friends.

A wise precaution in times of war.



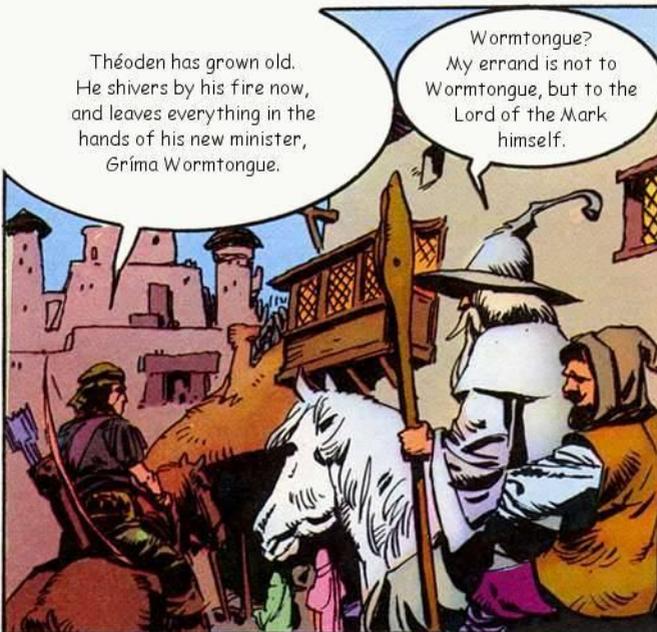
I am Gandalf, and here beside me is Aragorn son of Arathorn, and Legolas and Gimli.

Gandalf the wizard! I have heard of you. Come, I will lead you to Théoden myself.



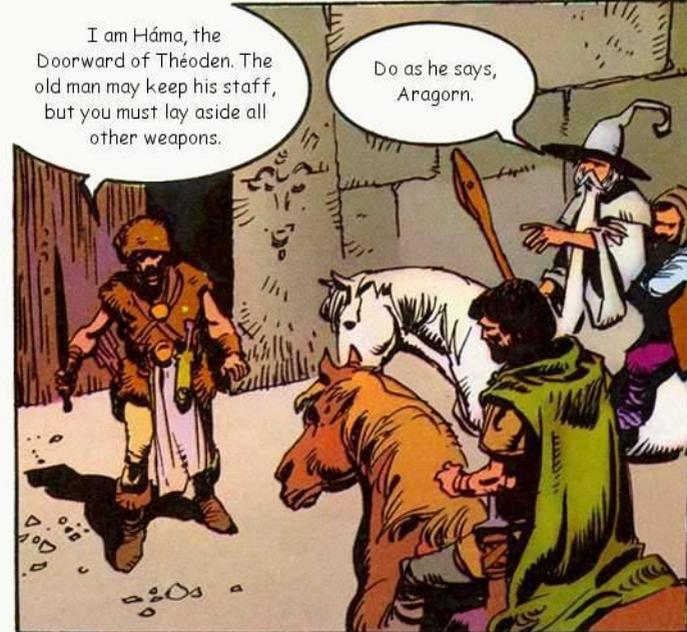
Théoden has grown old. He shivers by his fire now, and leaves everything in the hands of his new minister, Gríma Wormtongue.

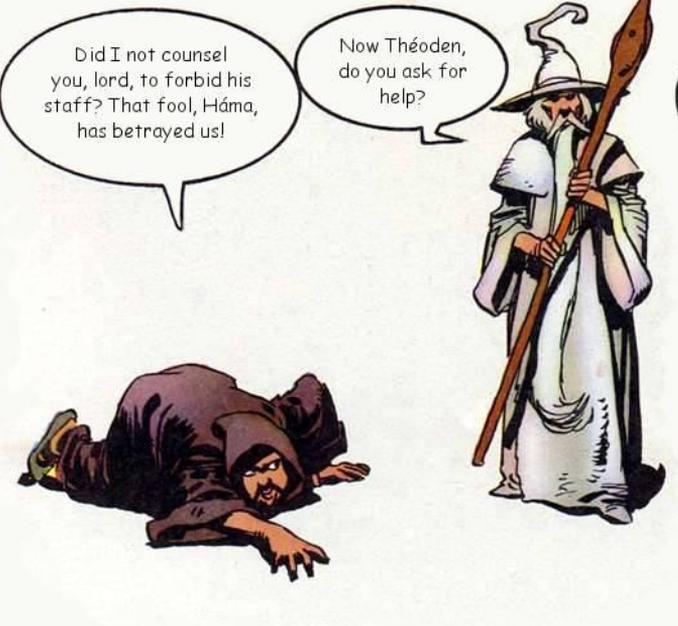
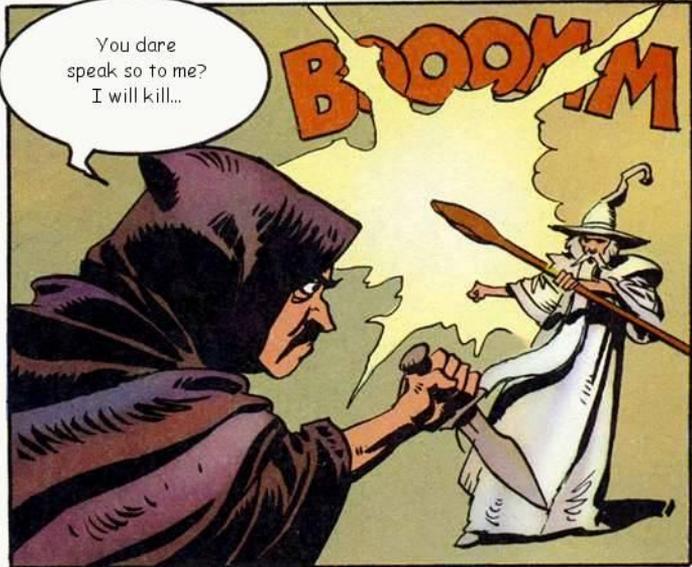
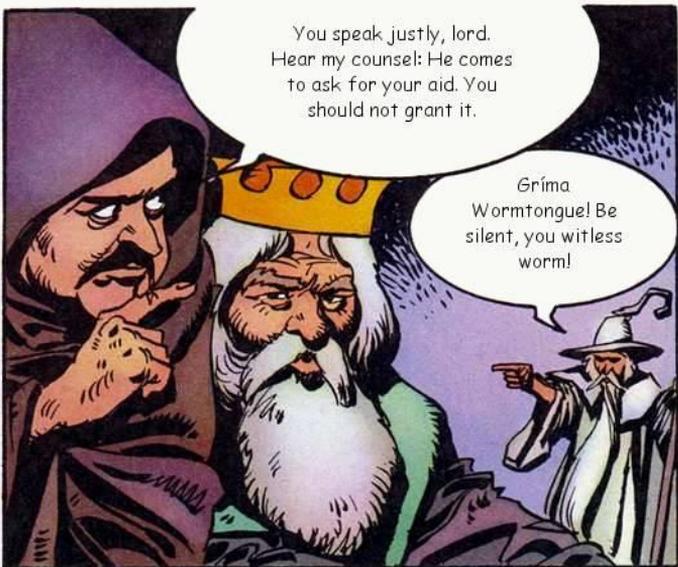
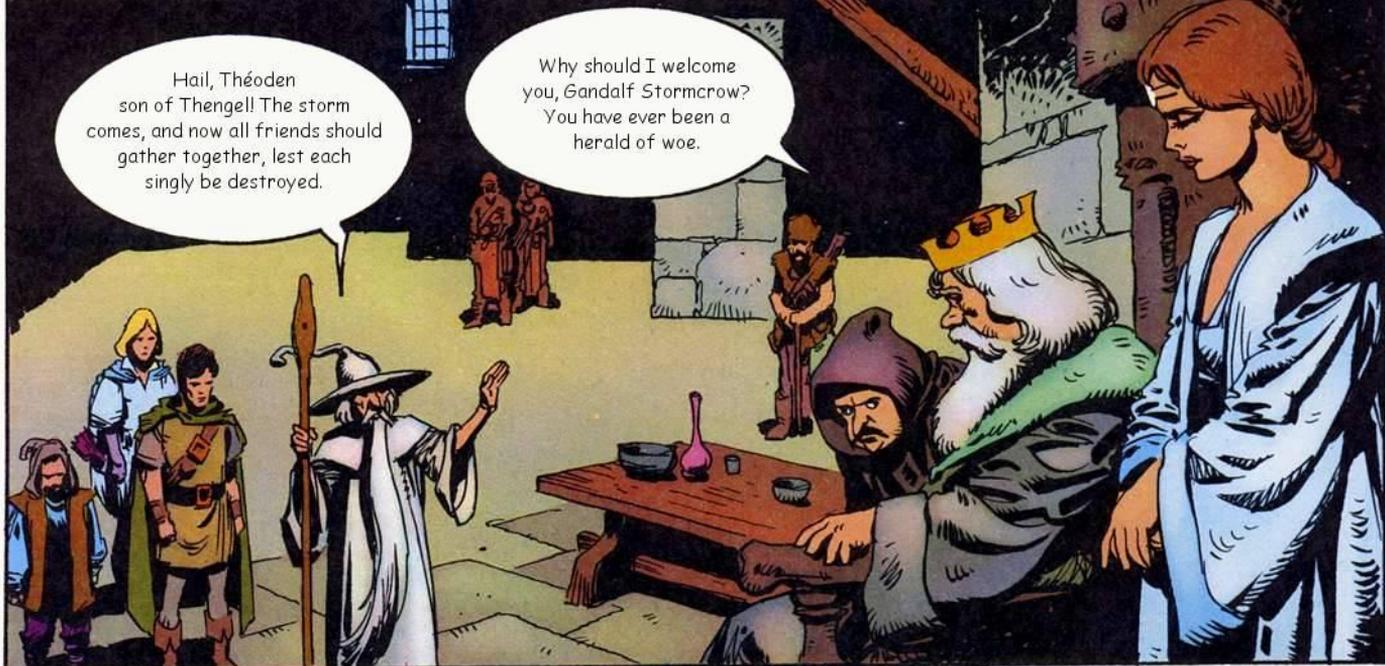
Wormtongue? My errand is not to Wormtongue, but to the Lord of the Mark himself.



I am Háma, the Doorward of Théoden. The old man may keep his staff, but you must lay aside all other weapons.

Do as he says, Aragorn.







This is my sister-daughter, Éowyn. My only loyal kin, since her brother has disobeyed my commands. He threatened Wormtongue, and he is now held prisoner.

A man may love you and yet not love Wormtongue. Please send for him.

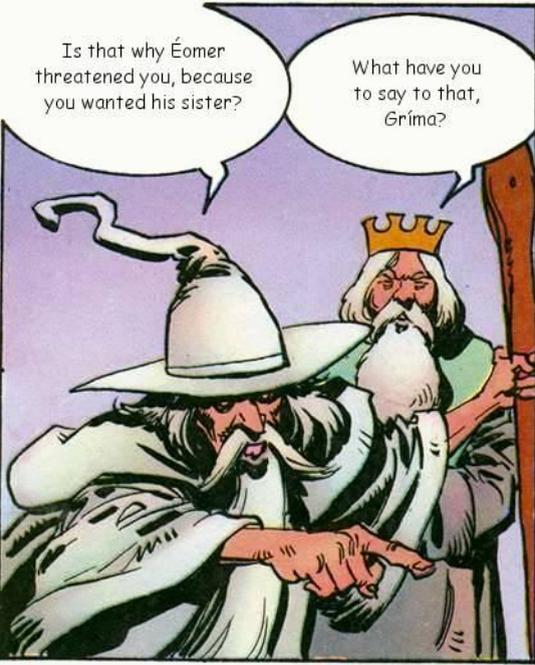


That may be. Háma, bring my sister-son, Éomer.



Do not listen to this wizard, lord. Hear the counsel of your faithful servant.

Down, snake! How long is it since Saruman bought you? What was the promised price? The woman you desire?



Is that why Éomer threatened you, because you wanted his sister?

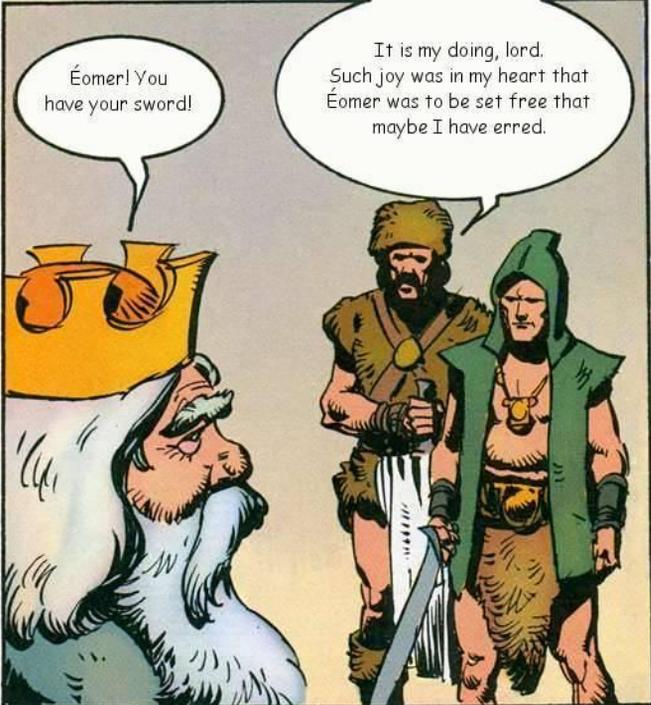
What have you to say to that, Gríma?



That you are a foolish old man, and Saruman will destroy you!

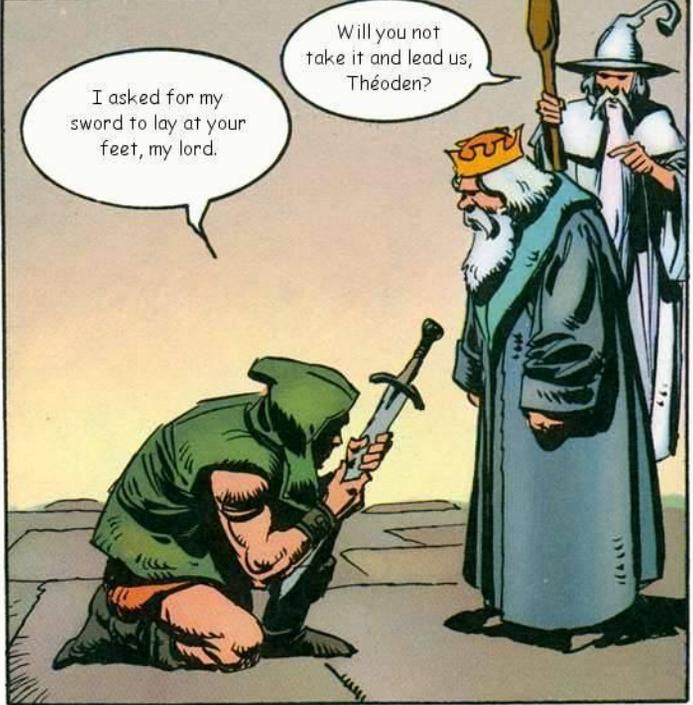


Do not hinder him! Give him a horse, if he wishes it. The sooner he is out of my sight the better.



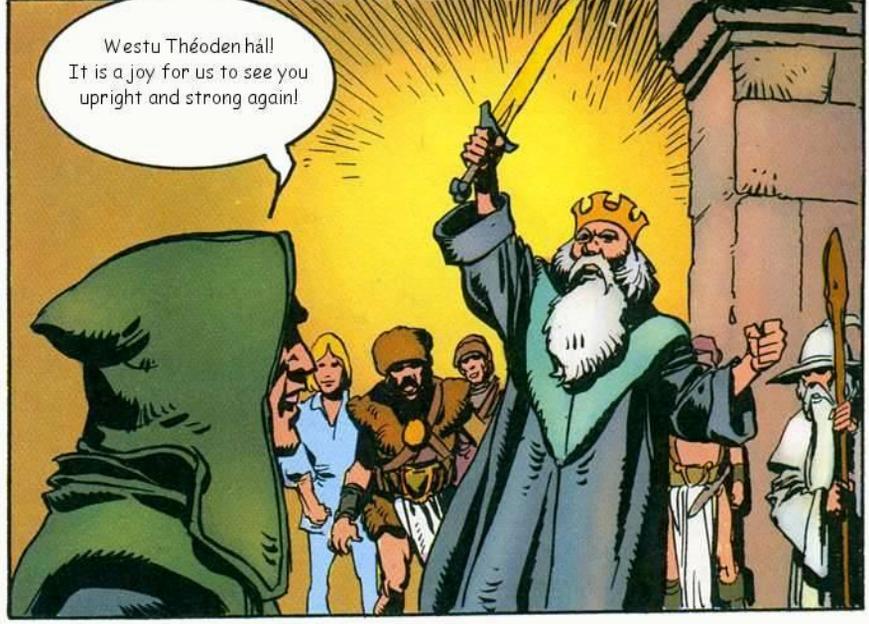
Éomer! You have your sword!

It is my doing, lord. Such joy was in my heart that Éomer was to be set free that maybe I have erred.



I asked for my sword to lay at your feet, my lord.

Will you not take it and lead us, Théoden?



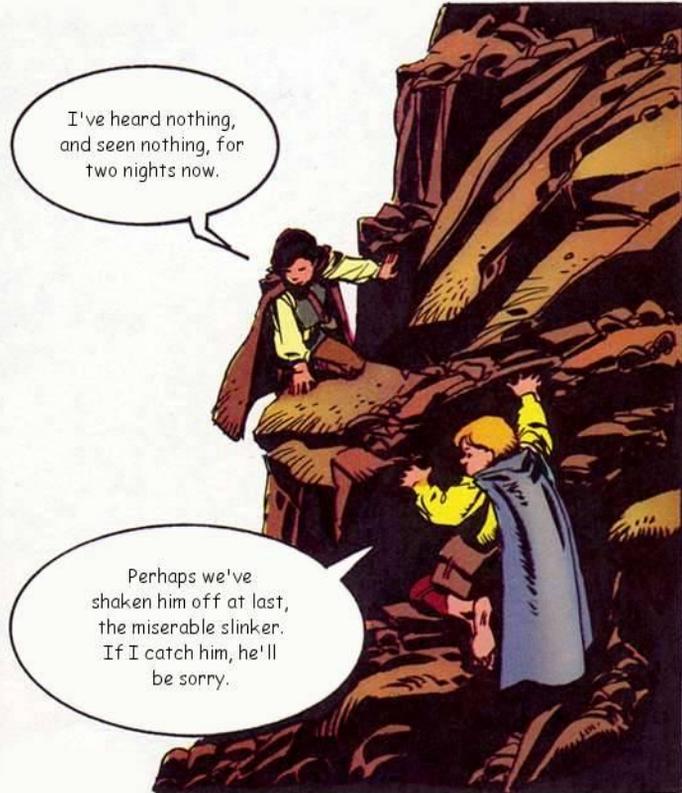
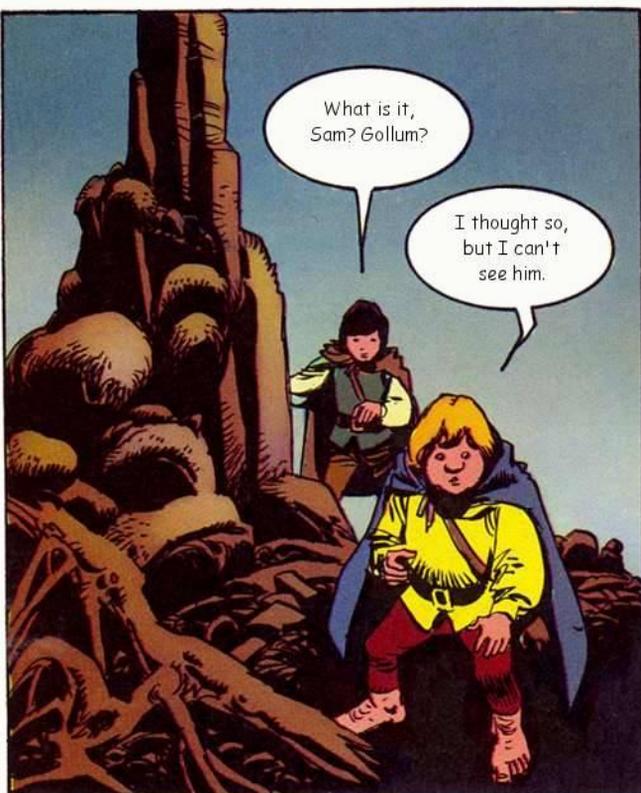
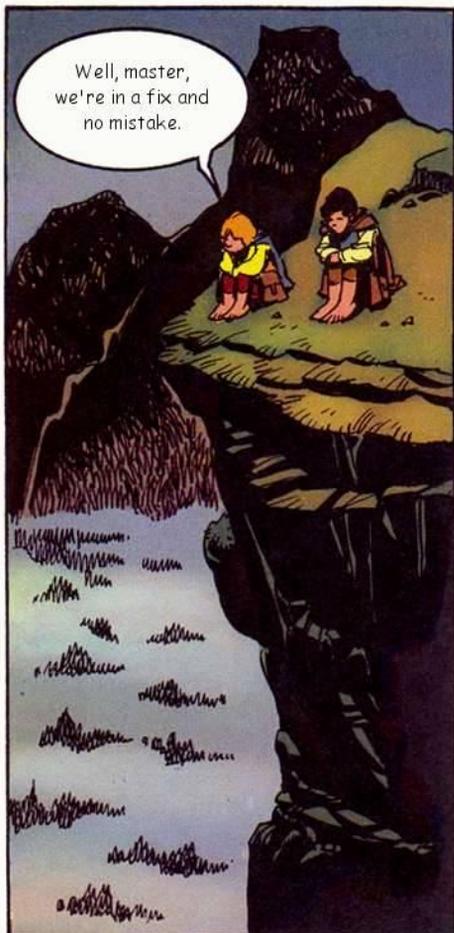
Westu Théoden háll! It is a joy for us to see you upright and strong again!



Command us!

I feel as one new-awakened. Never again shall it be said, Gandalf, that you come only with grief!

It was the third evening since Frodo and Sam had fled from the Company. For most of that time they had climbed and laboured among the barren slopes and stones of the Emyr Muil.





A nasty drop,
I'll bet.



This path is wider. Stay close to the wall.



But where will it lead, Mr. Frodo?

We can rest in that nook.

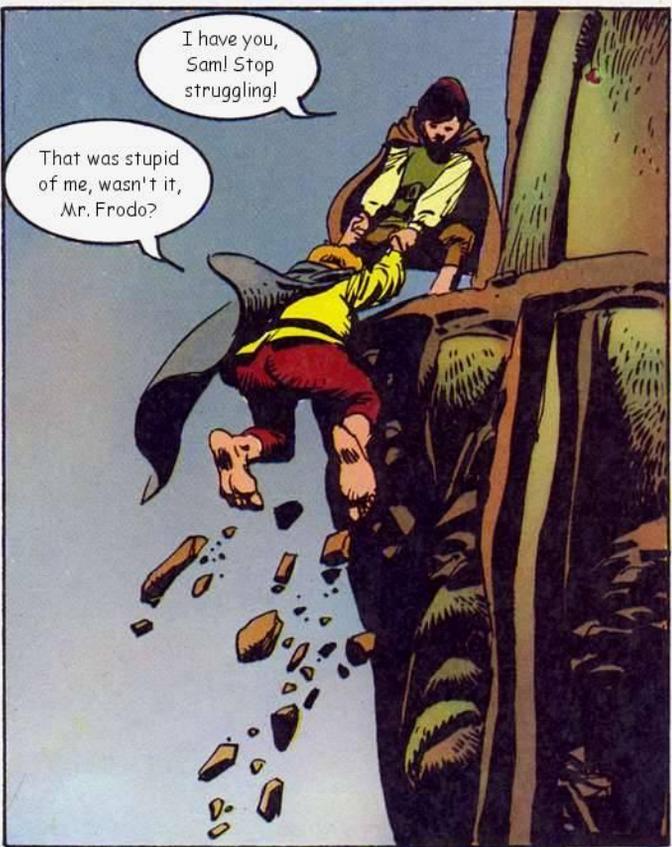


If we're going to try and get down, we had better try at once. It's getting dark early. I think there's a storm coming.

I'm going first. If I slip, I don't want to come down atop of you and knock you off.



No, no! Sam, you old ass! You'll kill yourself for certain, going over like that without looking.



I have you, Sam! Stop struggling!

That was stupid of me, wasn't it, Mr. Frodo?



It's hopeless. We can't go any further without a rope. We must turn back.

Rope! Well, if I don't deserve to be hung on the end of one as a warning to numbskulls!



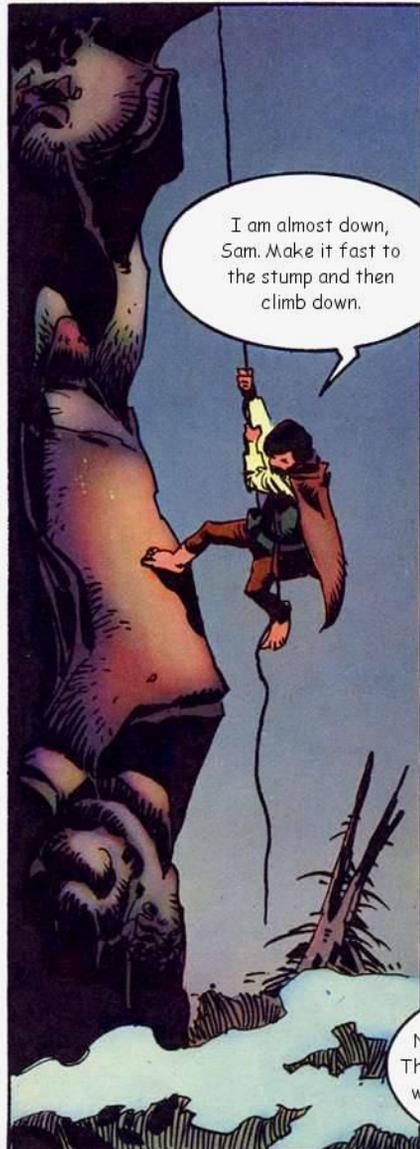
Stop chattering! Do you mean you've got some rope in your pocket?

Yes, Mr. Frodo, in my pack and all. Carried it hundreds of miles, and I'd clean forgotten it!



Made by Galadriel herself, too, maybe. As light as light, but it's strong.

Good, Sam. Lower me.



I am almost down, Sam. Make it fast to the stump and then climb down.



We've done it! We've escaped from the Emyr Muil! And now what next, I wonder?

Ninnyhammers! Noodles! My beautiful rope! There it is tied to a stump, and we're at the bottom. I don't like leaving it here.

Sam! Who tied the rope? To think that I trusted all my weight to your knot!

I know something about rope and about knots, Mr. Frodo. It's in the family, as you might say.

I think the rope came off itself - when I called.

Perhaps you're right, Sam. It is after all an Elven rope. The main thing is we've got it back.

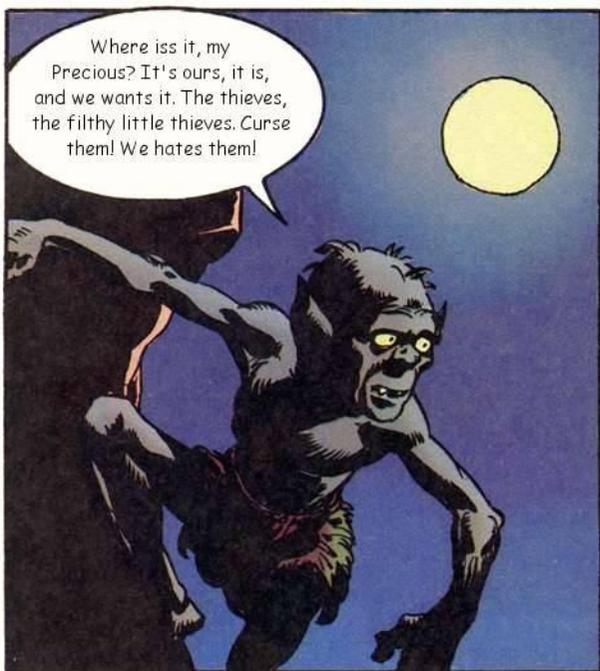
What's that? Look over there on the cliff!

It's that Gollum! Snakes and adders! Look at him! Like a nasty crawling spider on a wall.

Well, I'm sick of him! He's come once too often for me, and I'm going to have a word with him, if I can.

Careful! Don't alarm him! He's much more dangerous than he looks.

Ach, sss! Cautious, my precious! We musstn't rissk our neck, musst we, precious? We hate it! Nassy, nassy shivery light it is - sss - it spies on us - it hurts our eyes.



Where iss it, my Precious? It's ours, it is, and we wants it. The thieves, the filthy little thieves. Curse them! We hates them!



What's his Precious? Does he mean the -

Hsh! He is near enough to hear a whisper.



My Precious! We wants it!



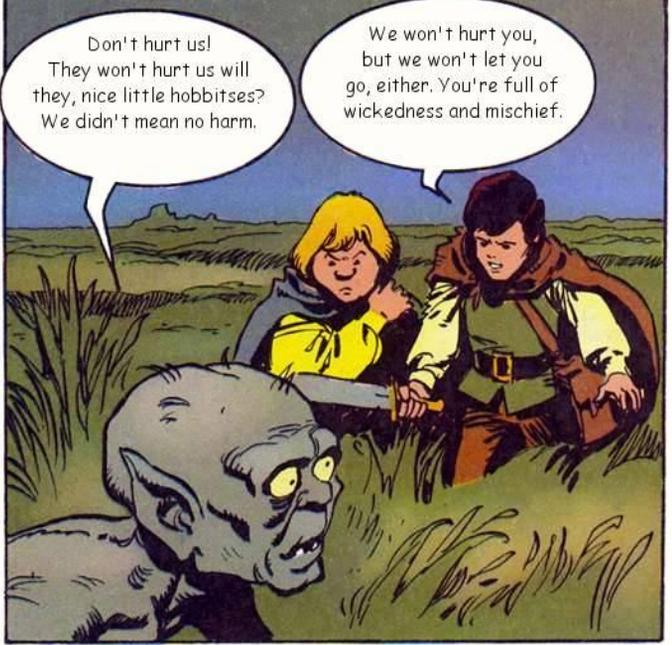
Umpf! You're stronger than you look. Ungh!



Arrgh! He bit me! Help, Mr. Frodo!

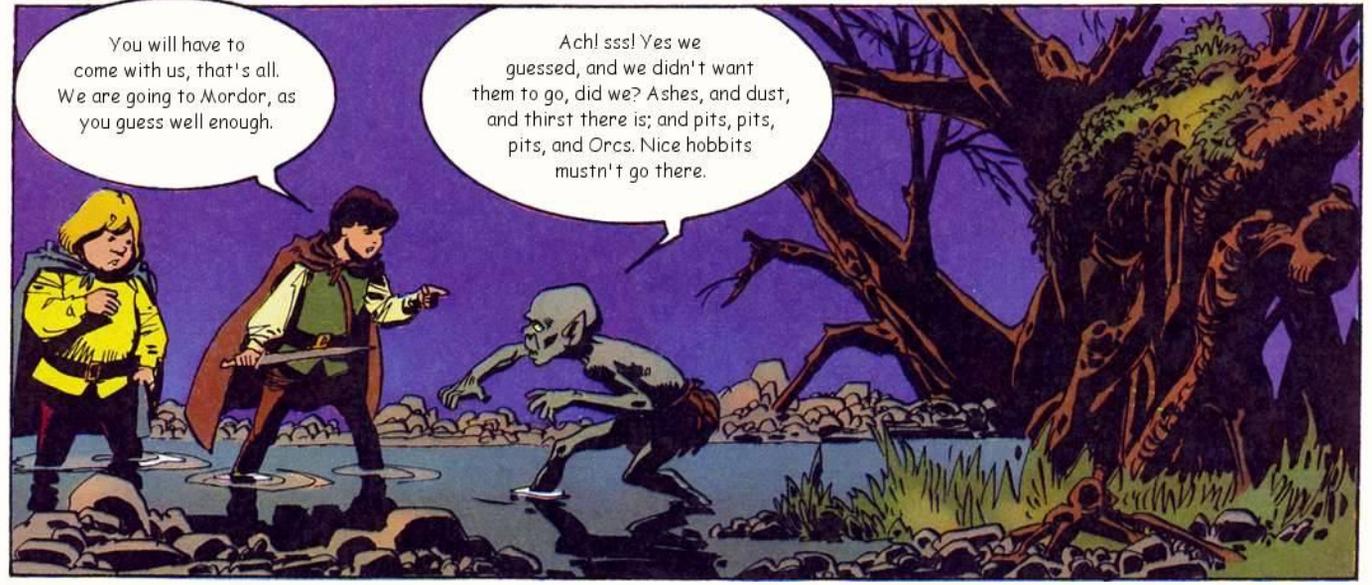


Let go, Gollum, or I'll cut your throat with Sting!



Don't hurt us! They won't hurt us will they, nice little hobbitises? We didn't mean no harm.

We won't hurt you, but we won't let you go, either. You're full of wickedness and mischief.



You will have to come with us, that's all. We are going to Mordor, as you guess well enough.

Ach! sss! Yes we guessed, and we didn't want them to go, did we? Ashes, and dust, and thirst there is; and pits, pits, pits, and Orcs. Nice hobbits mustn't go there.



Stop him, Sam!



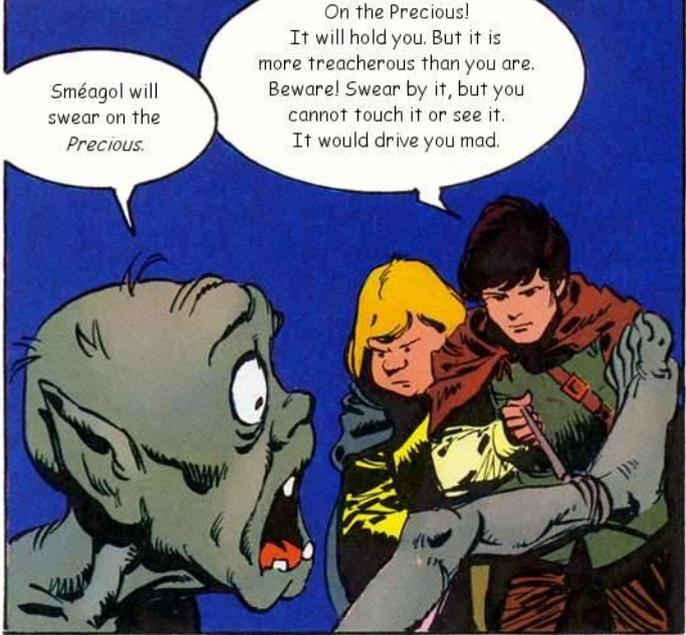
And where were you off to in the cold hard lands, Mr. Gollum? To find some of your orc-friends?

Your rope might prove useful again, Sam.



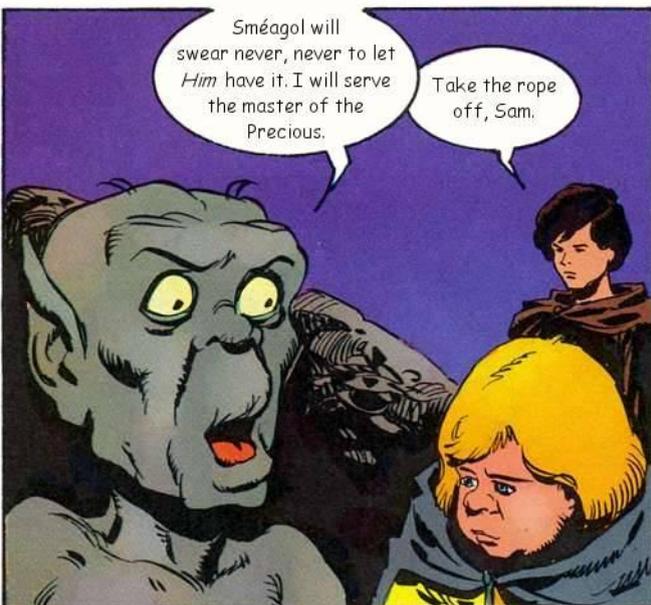
It hurts us, it hurts us. It freezes, it bites! Elves twisted it, curse them! Nasty cruel hobbits! Take it off us!

I will not take it off you, unless you promise not to run away.



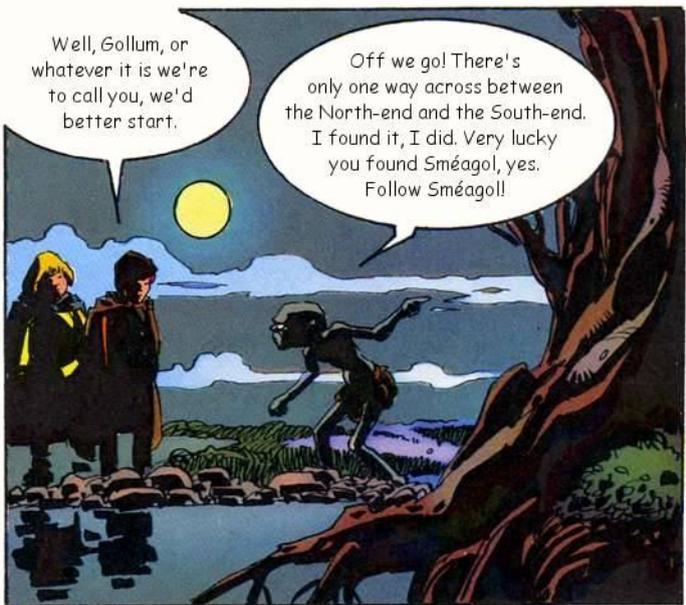
Sméagol will swear on the Precious.

On the Precious! It will hold you. But it is more treacherous than you are. Beware! Swear by it, but you cannot touch it or see it. It would drive you mad.



Sméagol will swear never, never to let Him have it. I will serve the master of the Precious.

Take the rope off, Sam.



Well, Gollum, or whatever it is we're to call you, we'd better start.

Off we go! There's only one way across between the North-end and the South-end. I found it, I did. Very lucky you found Sméagol, yes. Follow Sméagol!



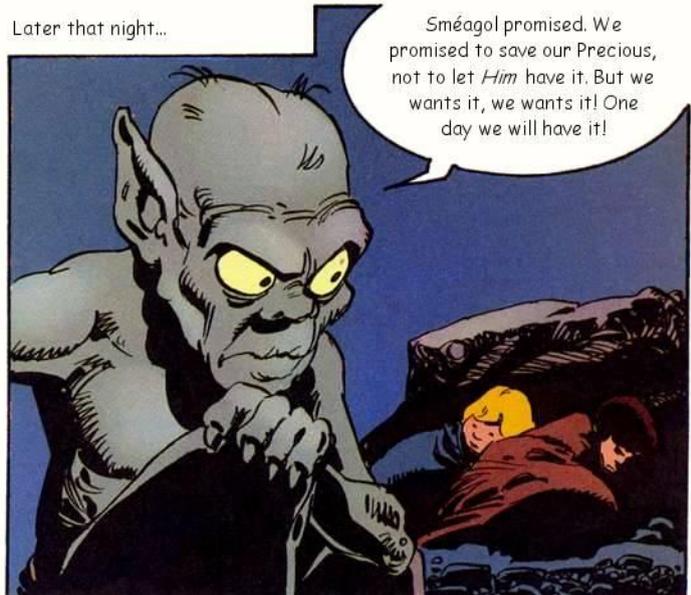
Not too far ahead now! I'm going to be at your tail, and I've got the rope handy.

No, no! Sméagol promised. You will see, Sméagol will keep his word!

Gollum moved quickly, often using his hands as well as his feet. But he seemed no longer to have any thought of escaping, and if Frodo and Sam fell behind, he would turn and wait for them.



As the wraith scudded across the moon, a deadly cry was heard, thin and inhuman. Gollum and the hobbits shuddered.

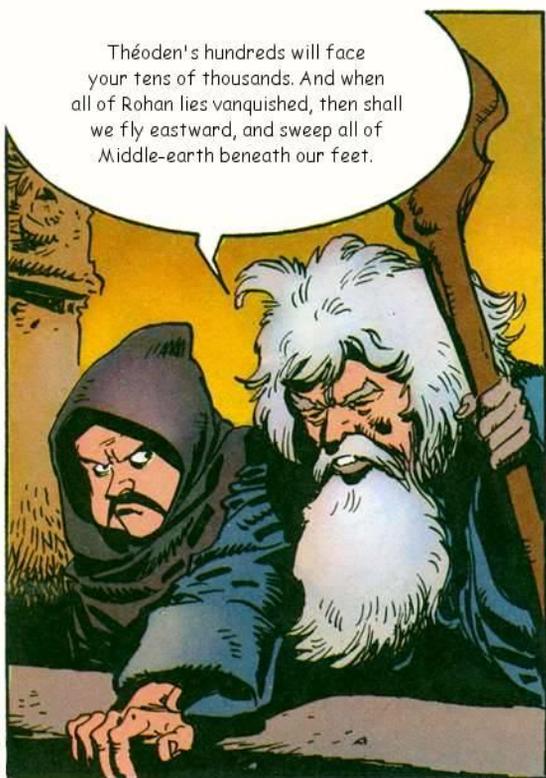


At the tower of Orthanc, Saruman assembled an army of wild men, orcs, half-orcs and goblins for the storming of Rohan. Isengard was filled with evil intent and inflamed with hatred.

Our time is at hand!



Théoden's hundreds will face your tens of thousands. And when all of Rohan lies vanquished, then shall we fly eastward, and sweep all of Middle-earth beneath our feet.



The enemy is now mustering for their last defence. Forward now, and I promise that in less than two days Théoden's stronghold Edoaras will be ours!



Amid the joyful calls of the crowd, Théoden led his host towards Saruman's forces.

On the second day of their ride they reached the peaks of Thrihyrne.



That rider - I know him, his name is Ceorl.

You come at last, but too late, and with too little strength. Saruman's army has overwhelmed us. All who are left have fled to Helm's Deep.



Théoden! My lord! Pardon me! I thought -

You thought I remained in Meduseld bent like an old tree under winter snow. So it was when you rode to war. Give this man a fresh horse! Let us ride to Helm's Deep!



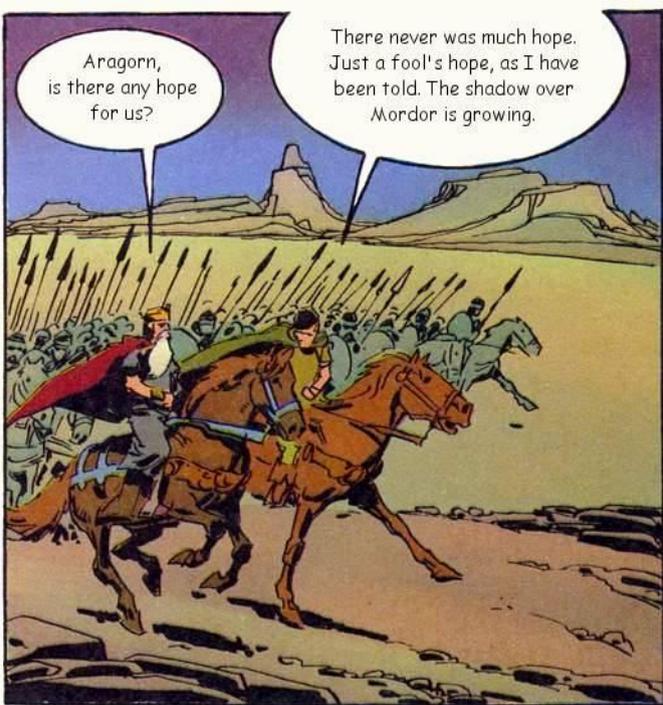
Ride to Helm's Deep, then, Théoden. Go not to the Fords of Isen, and do not tarry in the plain! I must leave you for a while, on a swift errand. Await me at Helm's Gate! Farewell!



What does that mean? Where is he going?

It means that Gandalf Greyhame has need of haste. Ever he goes and comes unlooked-for. Yet if he says we will meet again at Helm's Gate, that's enough for me.



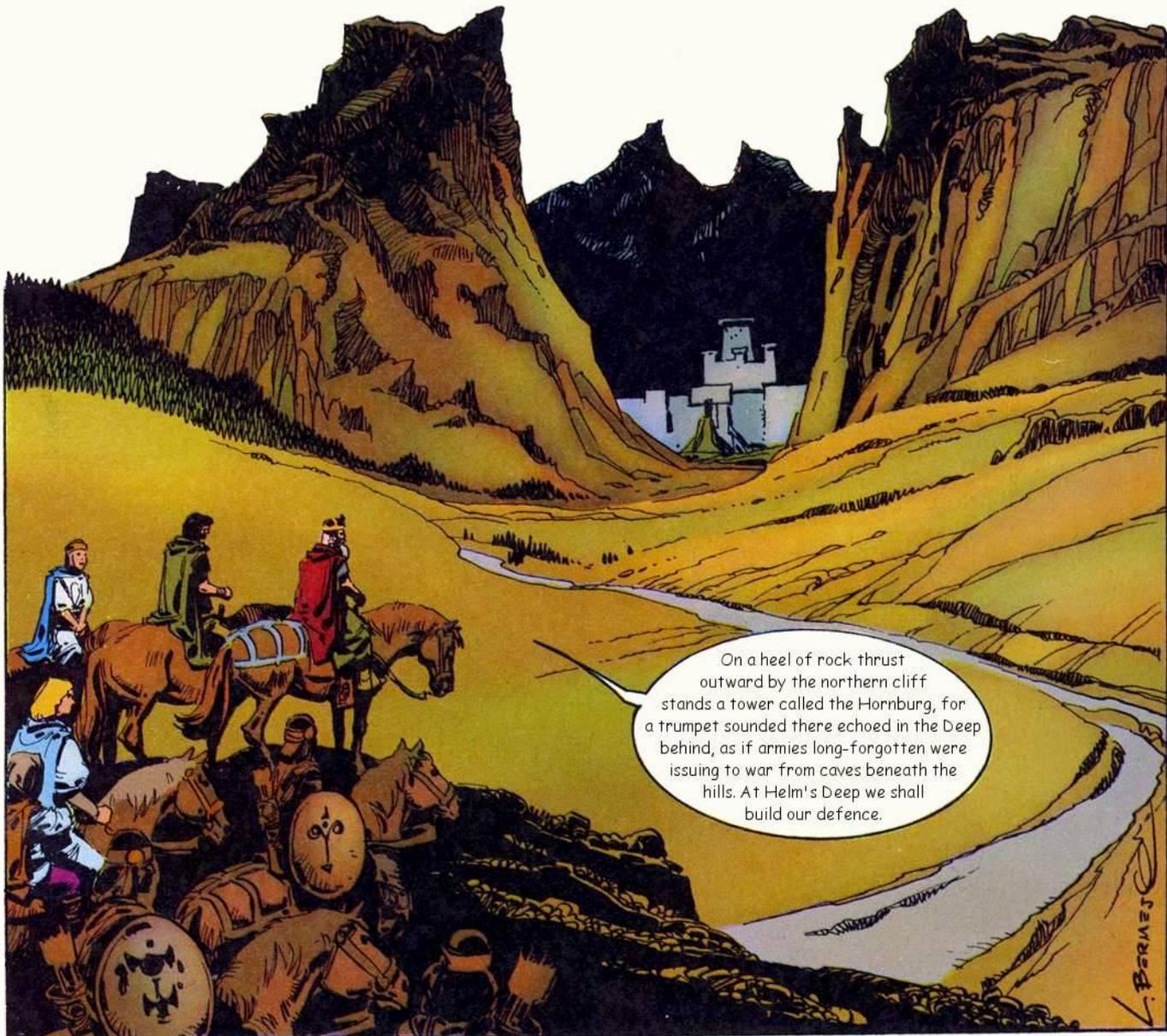


Aragorn, is there any hope for us?

There never was much hope. Just a fool's hope, as I have been told. The shadow over Mordor is growing.

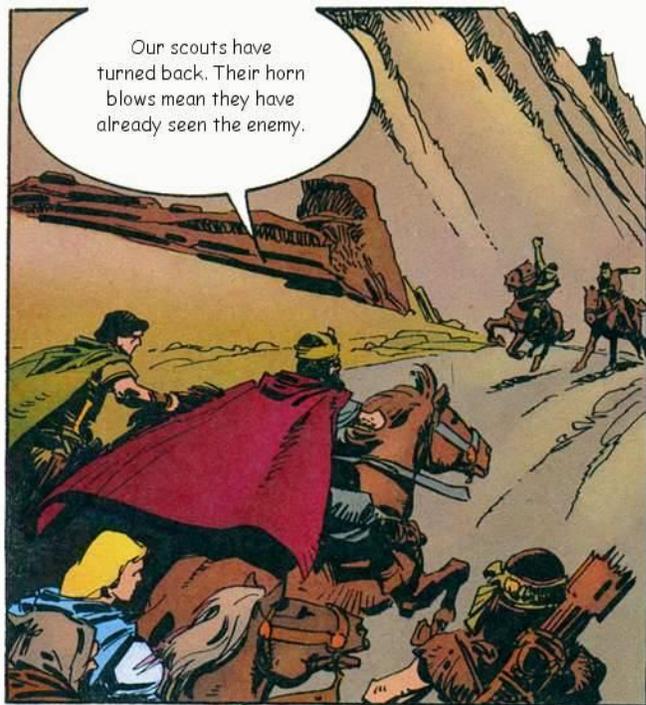


There is our stronghold, Helm's Deep, in a great bay in the White Mountains. It is named after Helm the Hammerhand, who took refuge here in the Long Winter of 2758.

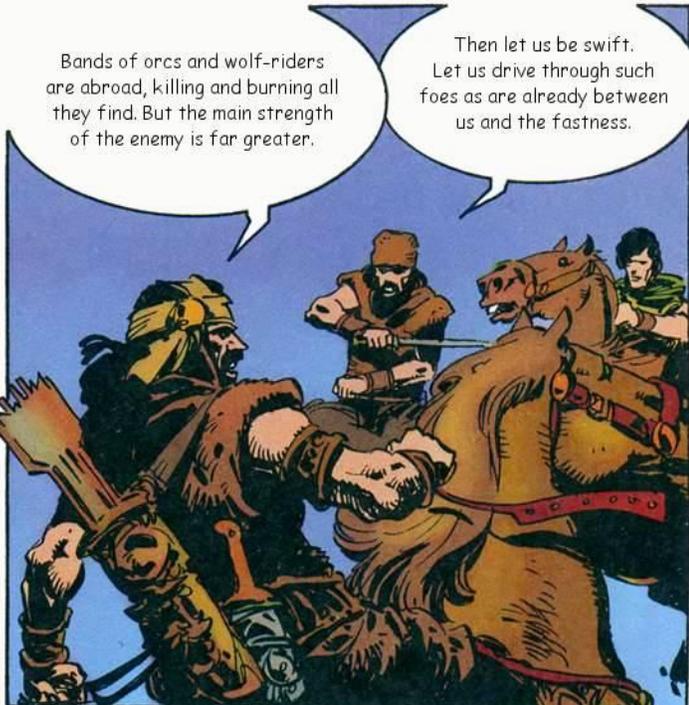


On a heel of rock thrust outward by the northern cliff stands a tower called the Hornburg, for a trumpet sounded there echoed in the Deep behind, as if armies long-forgotten were issuing to war from caves beneath the hills. At Helm's Deep we shall build our defence.

V. BERNES

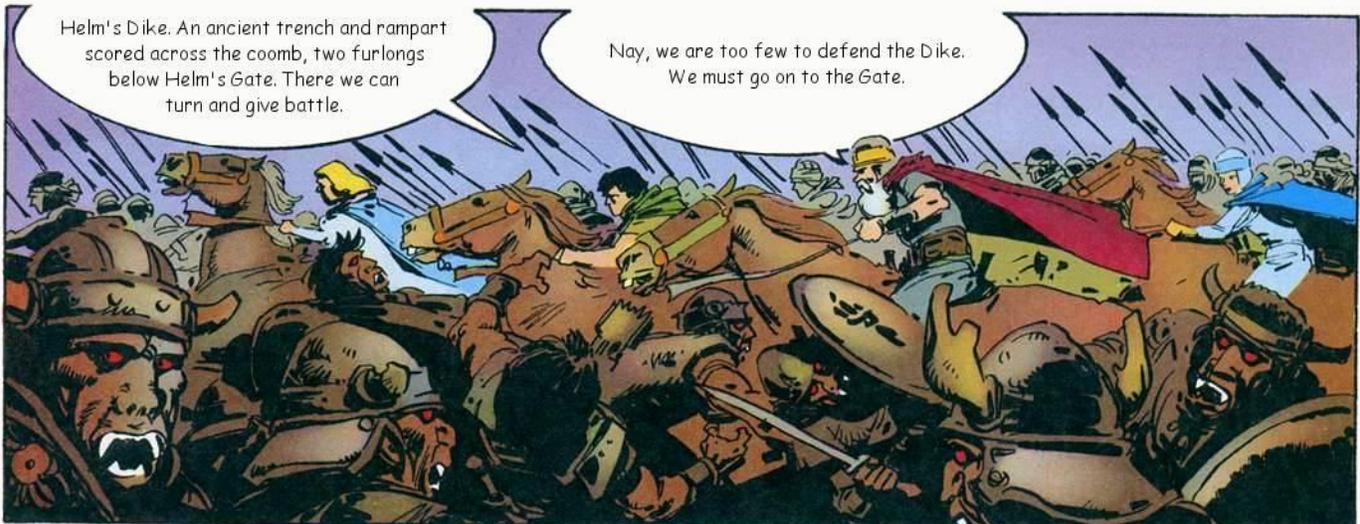


Our scouts have turned back. Their horn blows mean they have already seen the enemy.



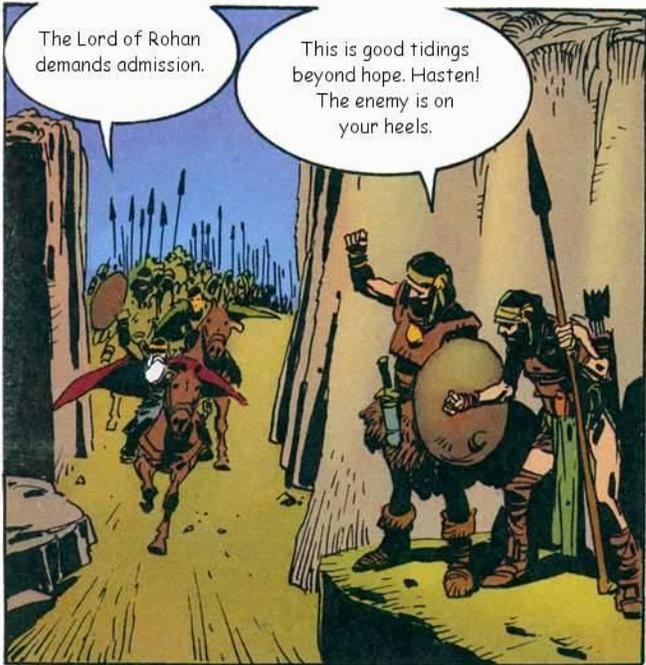
Bands of orcs and wolf-riders are abroad, killing and burning all they find. But the main strength of the enemy is far greater.

Then let us be swift. Let us drive through such foes as are already between us and the fastness.



Helm's Dike. An ancient trench and rampart scored across the coomb, two furlongs below Helm's Gate. There we can turn and give battle.

Nay, we are too few to defend the Dike. We must go on to the Gate.



The Lord of Rohan demands admission.

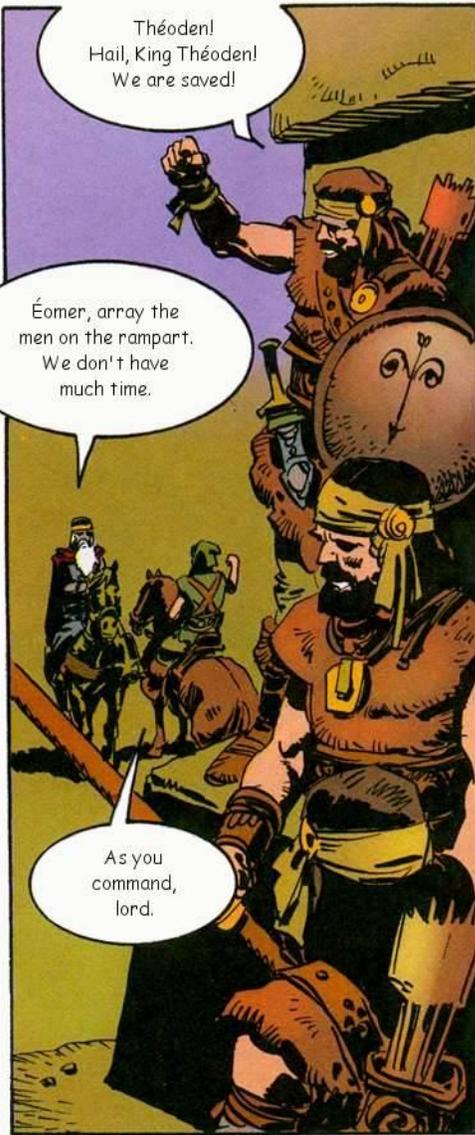
This is good tidings beyond hope. Hasten! The enemy is on your heels.



We must reach the Gate! Up that ramp!

SPLASH SPLASH!

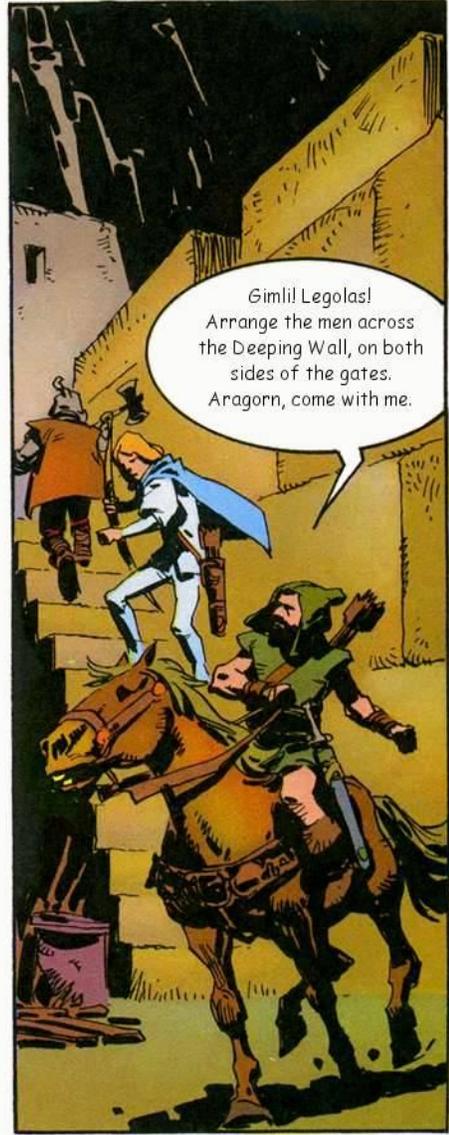
In a long file they led their horses up the ramp and passed within the gates of the Hornburg.



Théoden!
Hail, King Théoden!
We are saved!

Éomer, array the men on the rampart.
We don't have much time.

As you command, lord.



Gimli! Legolas!
Arrange the men across the Deeping Wall, on both sides of the gates.
Aragorn, come with me.

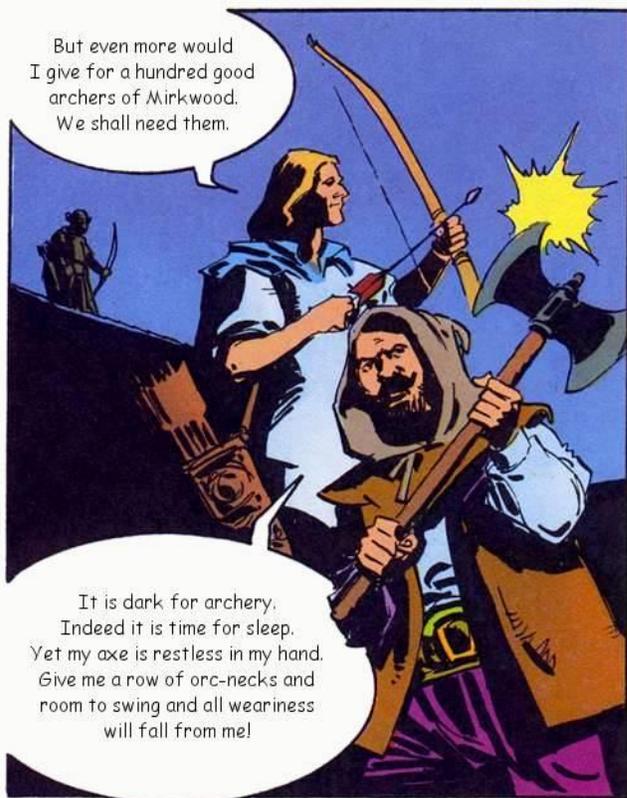
Night broke over Helm's Deep. The only voices heard were the wolves howling at the moon.



This is more to my liking.
There is good rock here.
This country has tough bones.
I felt them in my feet as we came up from the dike.

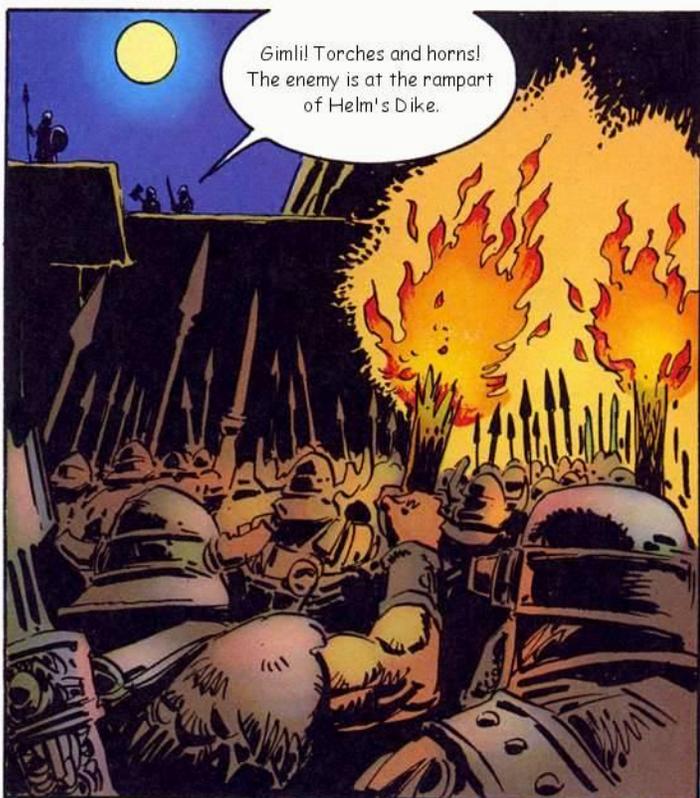
I do not like this place.
A forest would suit me better.
But you comfort me, Gimli, and I am glad to have you standing nigh with your stout legs and your hard axe. I wish there were more of your kin among us.

But even more would I give for a hundred good archers of Mirkwood. We shall need them.



It is dark for archery. Indeed it is time for sleep. Yet my axe is restless in my hand. Give me a row of orc-necks and room to swing and all weariness will fall from me!

Gimli! Torches and horns! The enemy is at the rampart of Helm's Dike.



The enemy is at hand! We loosed every arrow that we had, and filled the Dike with Orcs. But it will not halt them long. They are scaling the bank, thick as marching ants.



They're coming! The storming of Helm's Gate has begun!



The orcs scream, swinging spears and swords as a swarm of arrows and rocks falls from the fortress wall.





Come, Éomer!
This is the hour when
we draw swords
together!



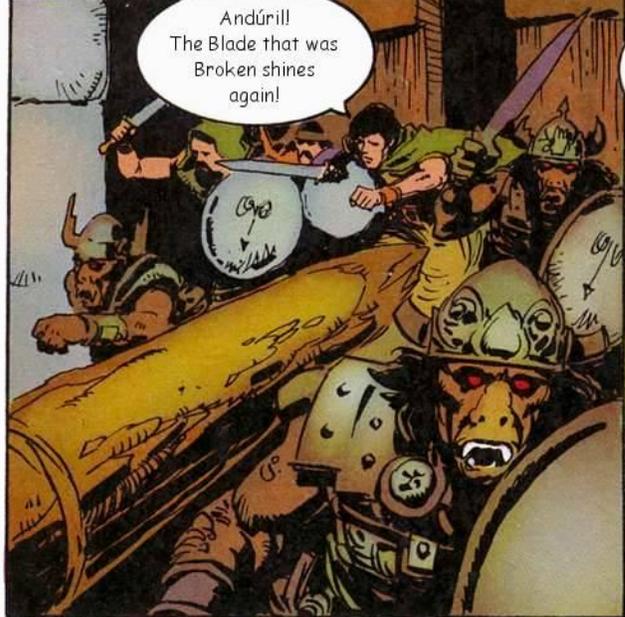
Ready?

My sword thirsts
for orc-blood as never
before. Pull back the
bolt, my friend.



Get the ram back,
before they can smash
the gate. Some of the
hinges are broken!

BERMEJ



Andúril!
The Blade that was
Broken shines
again!



We must get back
and see what we can do to
pile stone and beam across
the gates within.

Come now!



What...?



You cannot
escape us!

Quick! His
head will decorate
my spear!

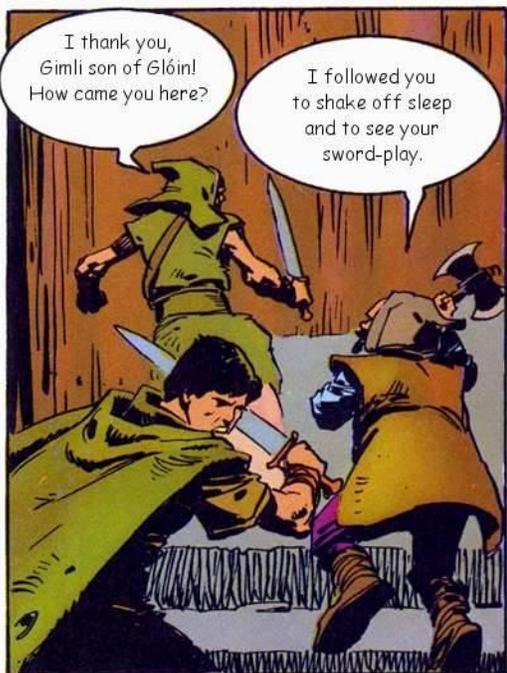


Baruk Khazād!
Khazad ai-mēnul!



Did you stumble over your own feet? You are clumsy!

I'm lucky to have a Dwarf to protect me.



I thank you, Gimli son of Glóin! How came you here?

I followed you to shake off sleep and to see your sword-play.



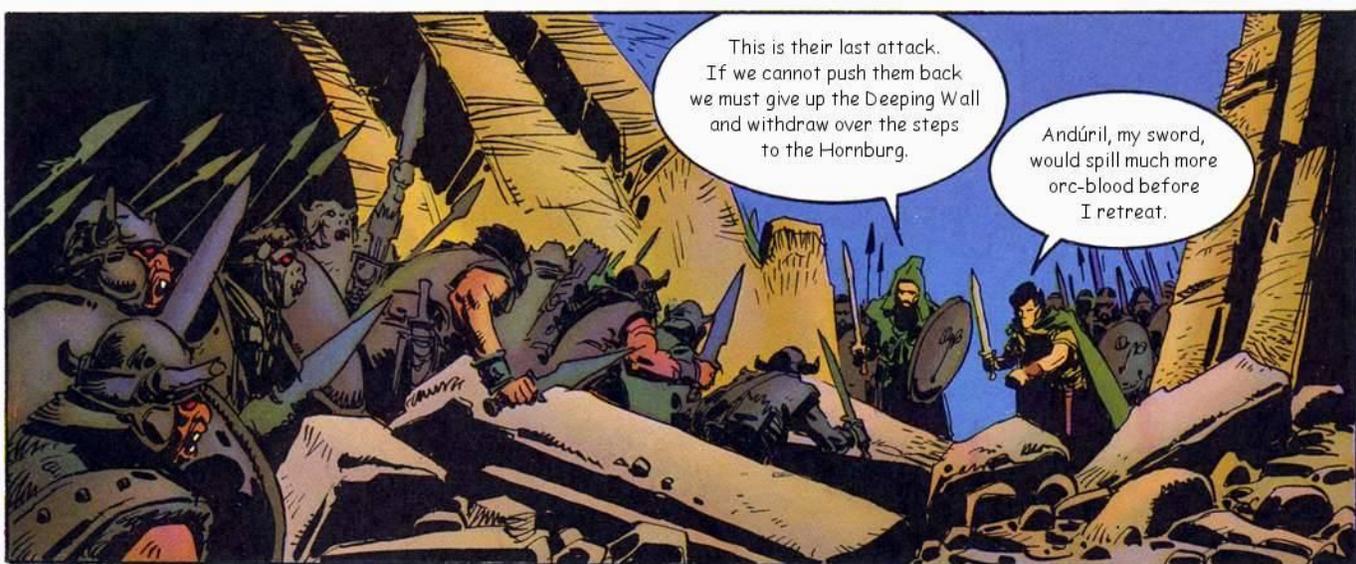
I shall not find it easy to repay you.

There may be many a chance ere the night is over. But I am content. Till now I have hewn naught but wood since I left Moria.



Devilry of Saruman! They have crept in the culvert while we talked, and they have lit the fire of Orthanc beneath our feet.

They are coming over the wall as well as under it!



This is their last attack. If we cannot push them back we must give up the Deeping Wall and withdraw over the steps to the Hornburg.

Andúril, my sword, would spill much more orc-blood before I retreat.

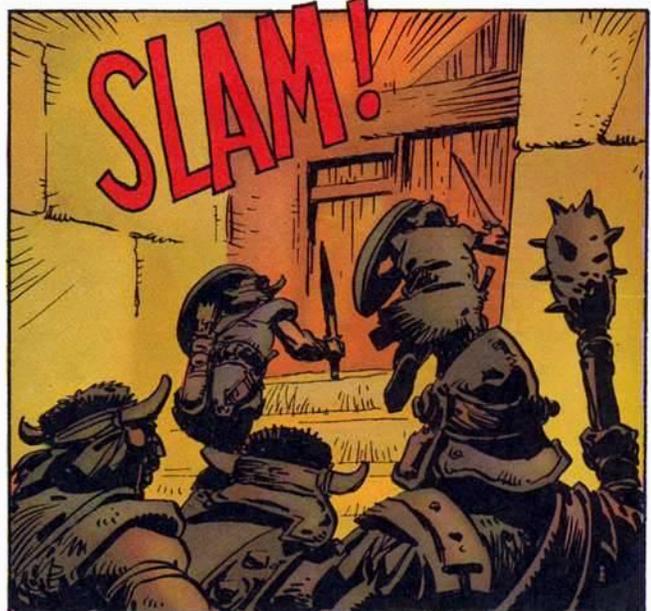


It is hopeless, Aragorn. I am too far from the stairs. I will try to reach the Deep.

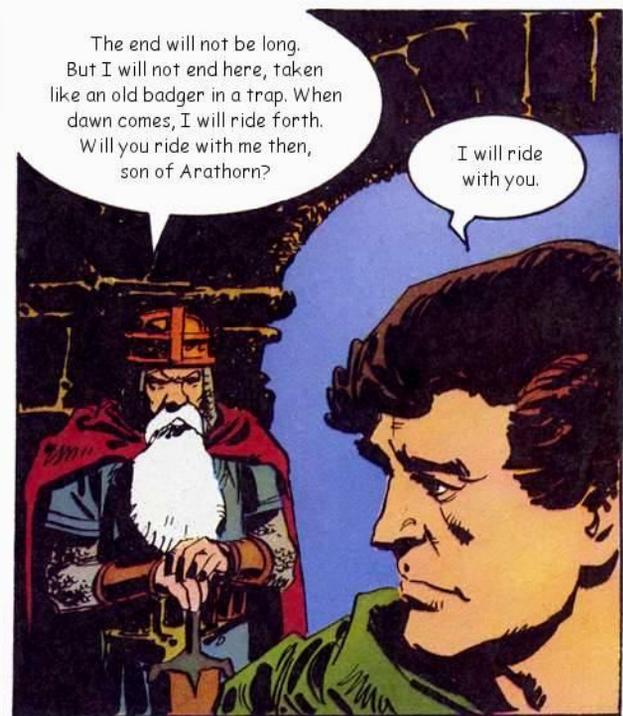
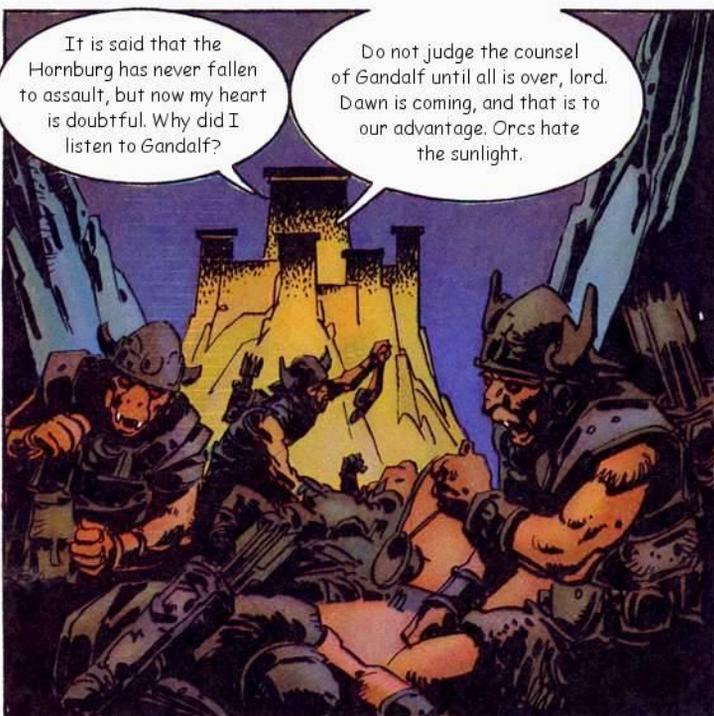
Come here, Aragorn! All who can have now got safe within. Only you and I remain outside.



Quick! That was my last arrow, and they can not keep the gate open for us any longer. Come quick!



SLAM!

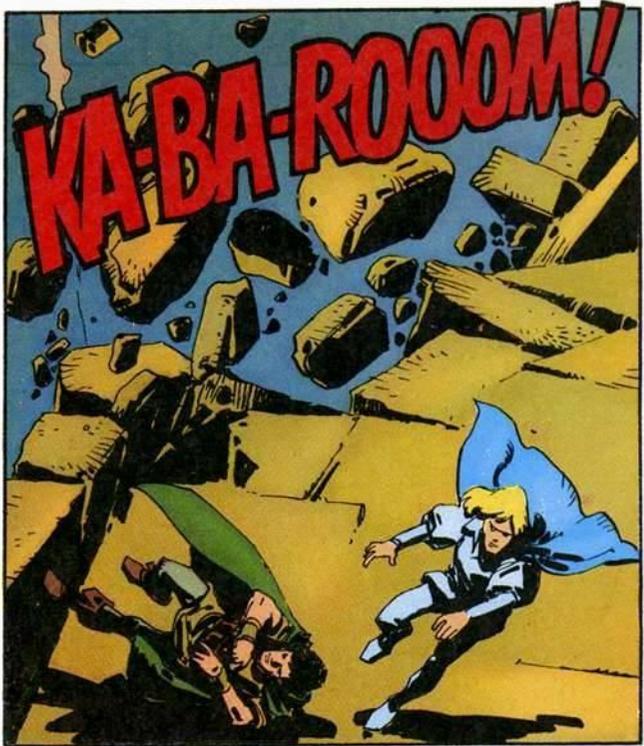


The eastern sky grew pale as dawn approached...



King Théoden rides out to final combat with the enemy. I go with him. Will you accompany us also, Legolas?

Certainly. I did not come here to be left behind. And perhaps I will find Gimli.

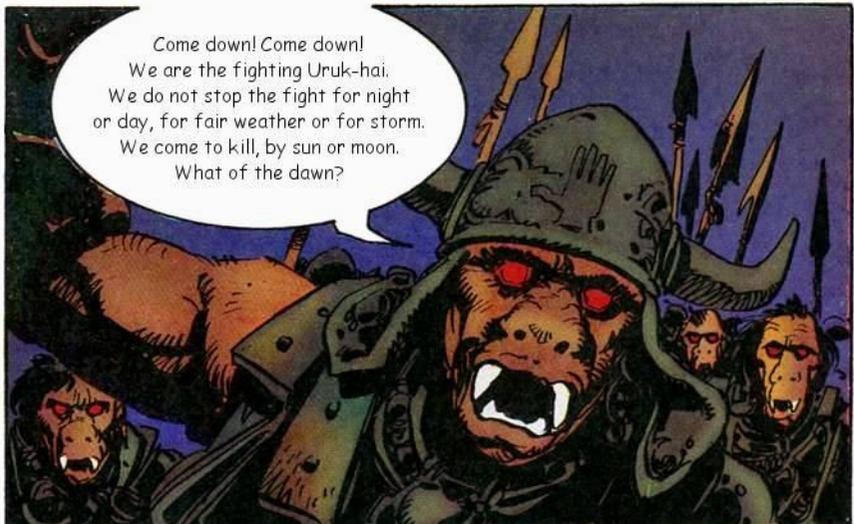


KA-BA-ROOOM!

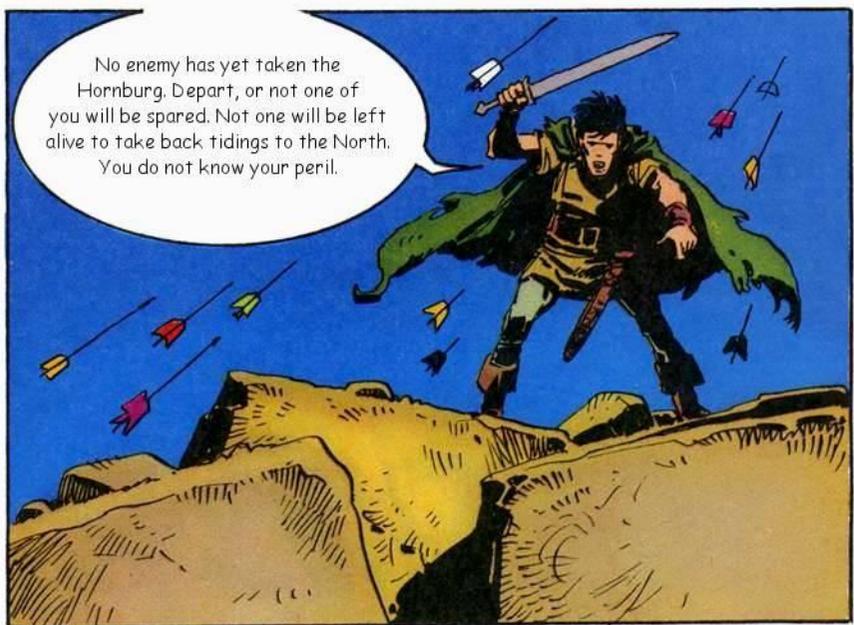


Aragorn, get down from the wall! The Orcs will kill you with their poison darts!

The rising sun dazzles them enough to make them miss their target.



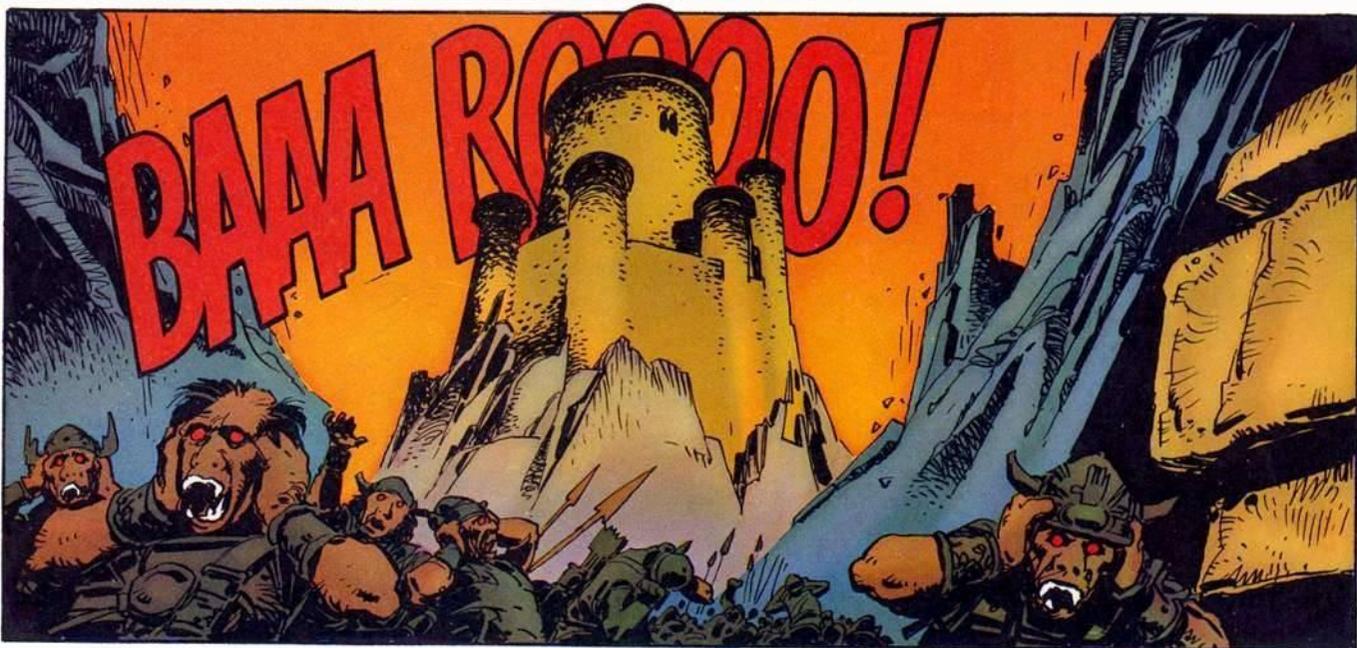
Come down! Come down! We are the fighting Uruk-hai. We do not stop the fight for night or day, for fair weather or for storm. We come to kill, by sun or moon. What of the dawn?



No enemy has yet taken the Hornburg. Depart, or not one of you will be spared. Not one will be left alive to take back tidings to the North. You do not know your peril.

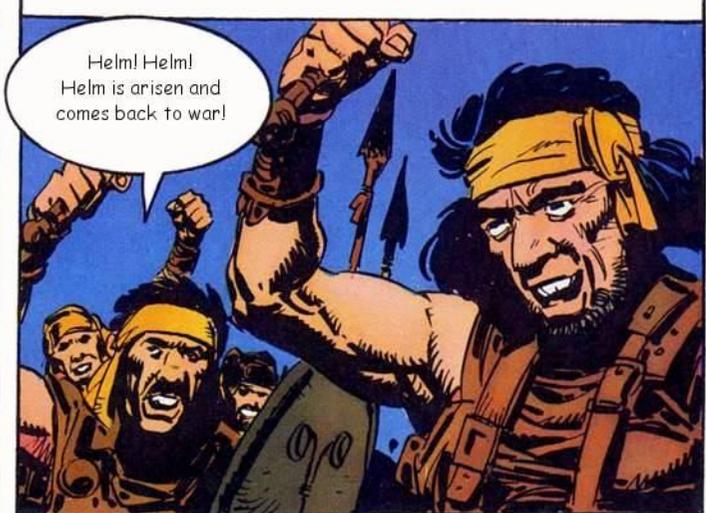


And then, sudden and terrible, from the tower above, the sound of the great horn of Helm rang out.

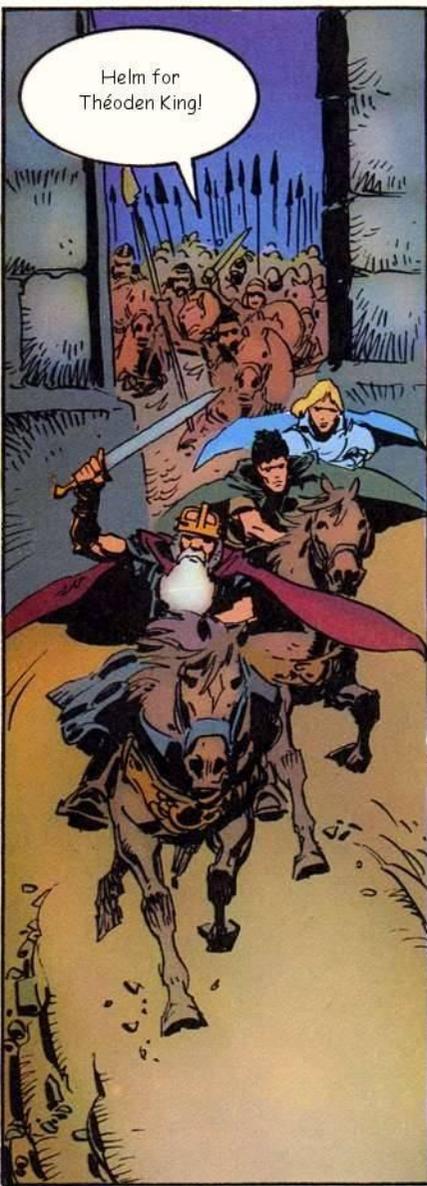


Back from the Deep the echoes came, blast upon blast, as if on every cliff and hill a mighty herald stood.

Ever the horn-blasts wound on among the hills; nearer now and louder they answered one to another, blowing fierce and free.



Helm for
Théoden King!



Forth Eorlingas!
Drive these monsters
to Helm's Dike and
beyond!

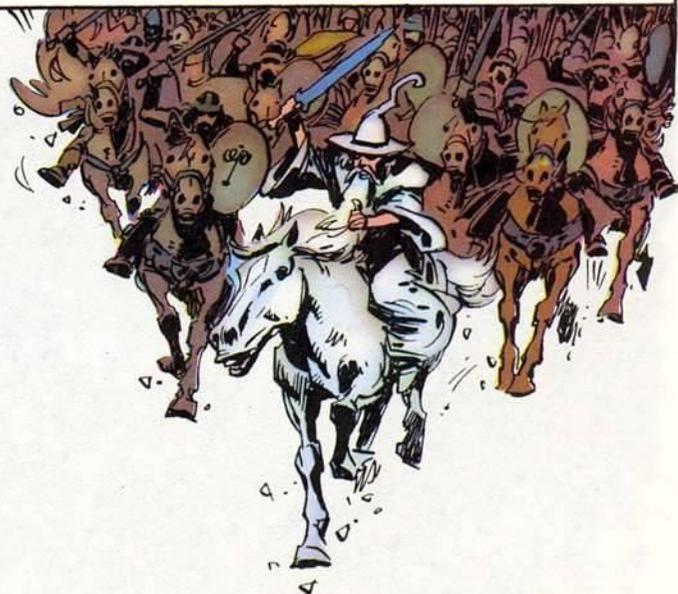
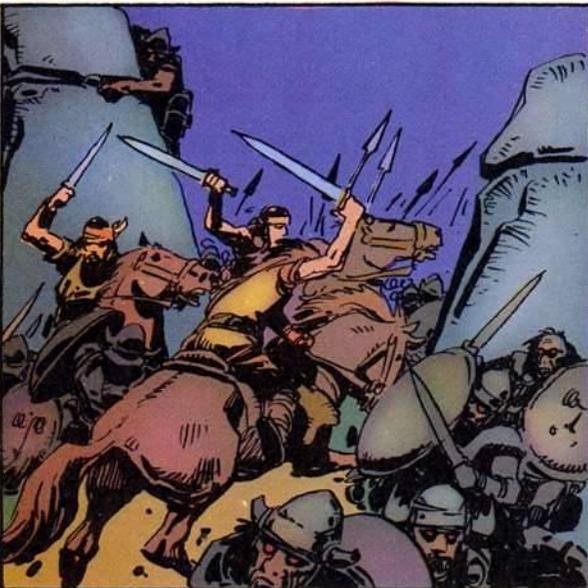


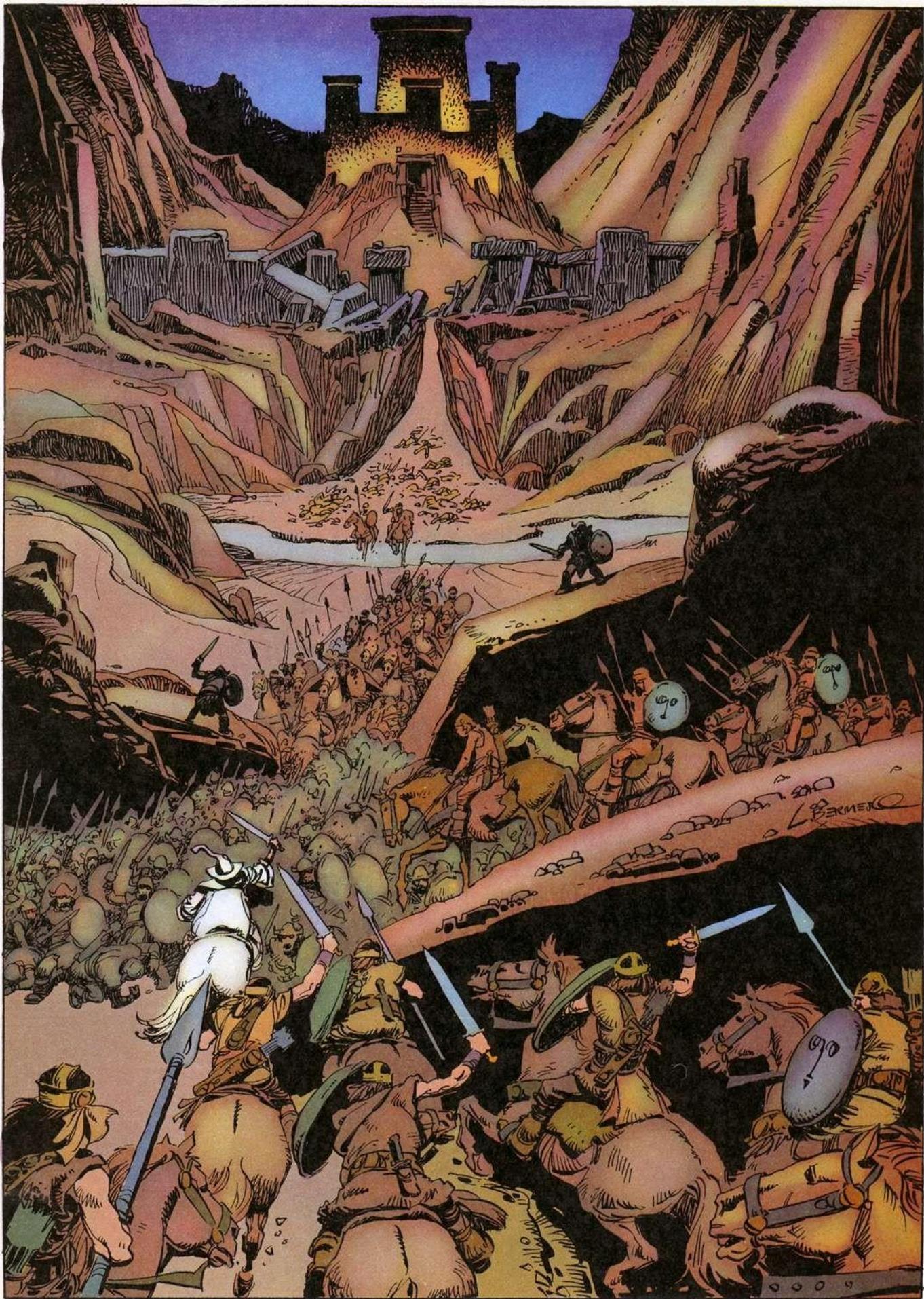
See how they flee from our
swords and spears. Drive them
into the valley! They cry and wail
in fear as day breaks!



So King Théoden rode from Helm's Gate and clove his path to the great Dike. They dared not stop, otherwise the fatigue of the long siege would have overpowered them.

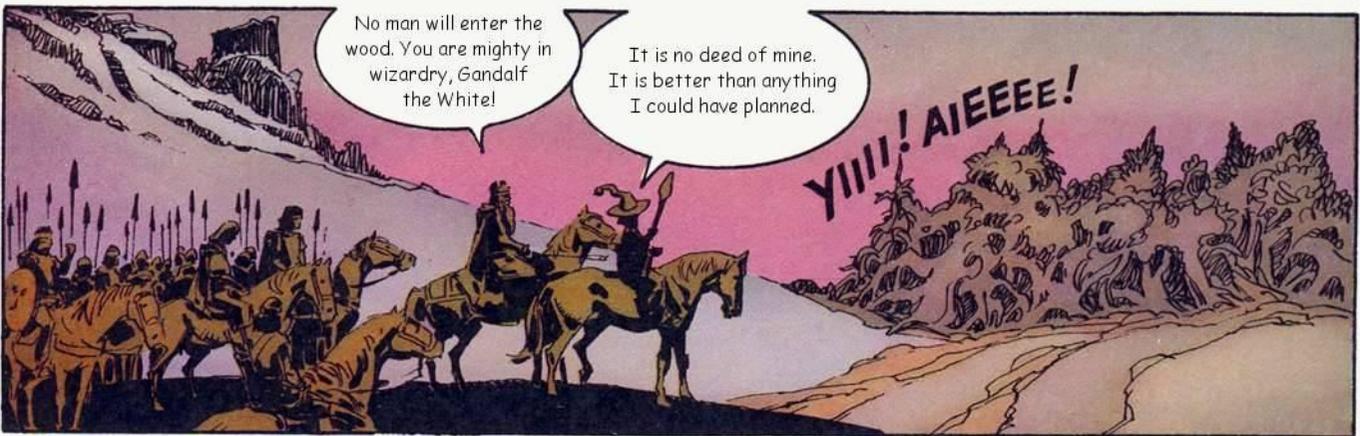
There suddenly upon a ridge appeared a rider, clad in white, shining in the rising sun.





Between them the two armies drove all the Orcs before them. The landscape had changed dramatically.

Where before the green dale had lain, its grassy slopes lapping the ever-mounting hills, there now a forest loomed. Wailing the Orcs passed under the waiting shadow of the trees.



...and from that shadow none ever came again.





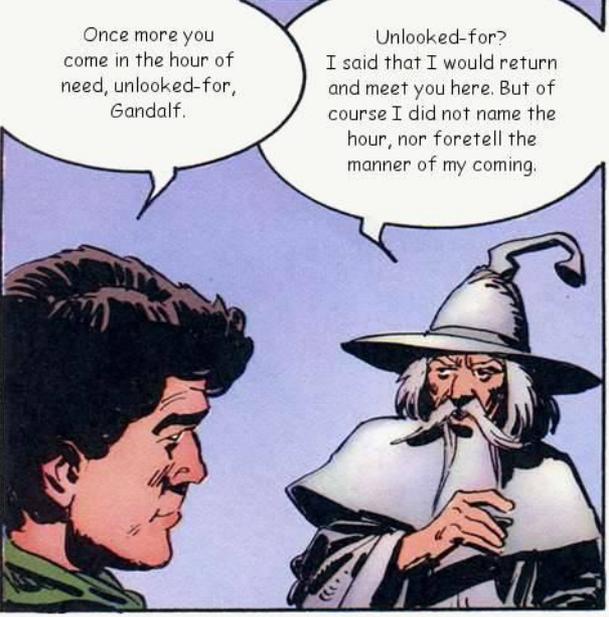
Master Legolas!
How is it with you?

Gimli, you are alive!
I am so glad to see
you again, my brave
dwarf-friend.



Welcome, Éomer,
sister-son! Now that
I see you safe, I am
glad indeed.

Hail, Lord of the Mark!
The day has brought good
news: victory over the
army of Isengard.



Once more you
come in the hour of
need, unlooked-for,
Gandalf.

Unlooked-for?
I said that I would return
and meet you here. But of
course I did not name the
hour, nor foretell the
manner of my coming.

With one voice and one gesture the Riders of Rohan raised their swords in salutation.



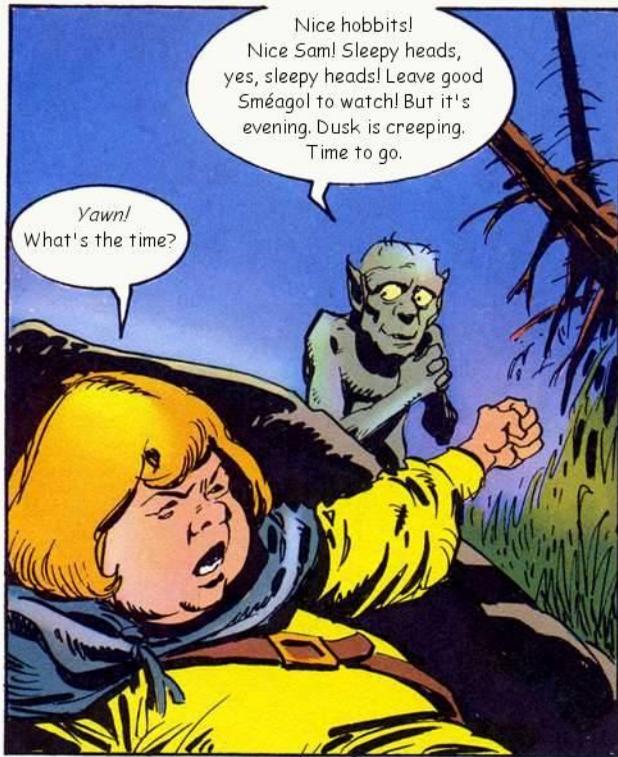
Westu
Théoden háll!

In the Dead Marshes...



We wants it!
But... no, no! Not yet!
Yes! We wants it!
We wants it!

He's feeling the terrible call of
the Ring. But he resists the compulsion
to take it. He must not know that
I overheard him. I'll pretend
I've been sleeping.



Nice hobbits!
Nice Sam! Sleepy heads,
yes, sleepy heads! Leave good
Sméagol to watch! But it's
evening. Dusk is creeping.
Time to go.

Yawn!
What's the time?



Come! You have guided
us well and faithfully. This is
the last stage. Bring us to the
Gate, and then I will not ask
you to go further.

To the Gate, eh?
And good Sméagol does
what master asks, O yes.
But when we gets closer,
we'll see perhaps.



Go on with
you! Let's get
it over!

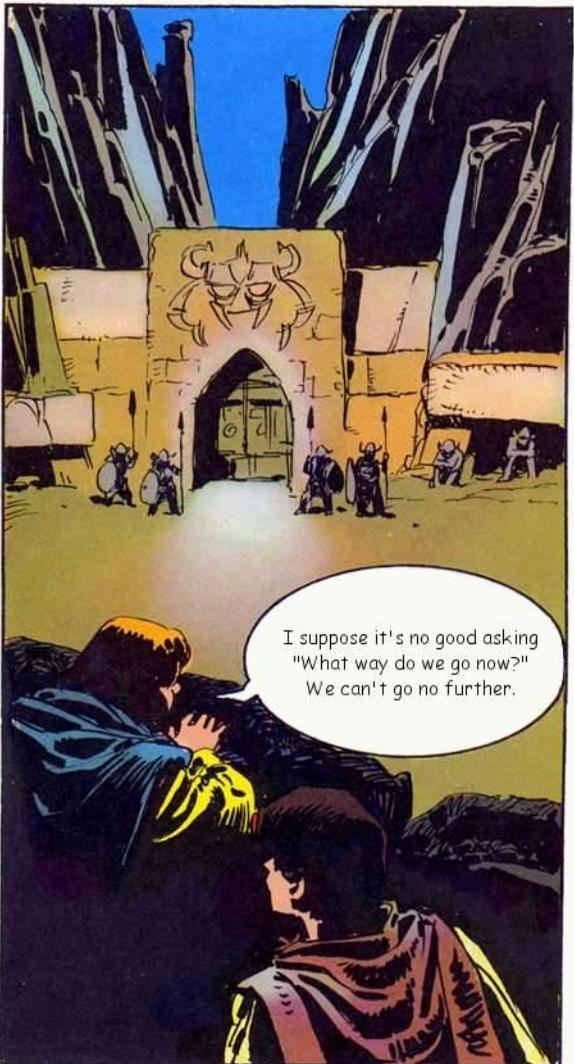
For two days they walked through
the marshes, until they came to
Cirith Gorgor, the Haunted Pass,
the entrance to the land of the Enemy.



Hsh!
Behind this hill is
the Gate. Sméagol
kept his word.

We shall see!

Before them lay the Morannon, the Black Gate of Mordor.

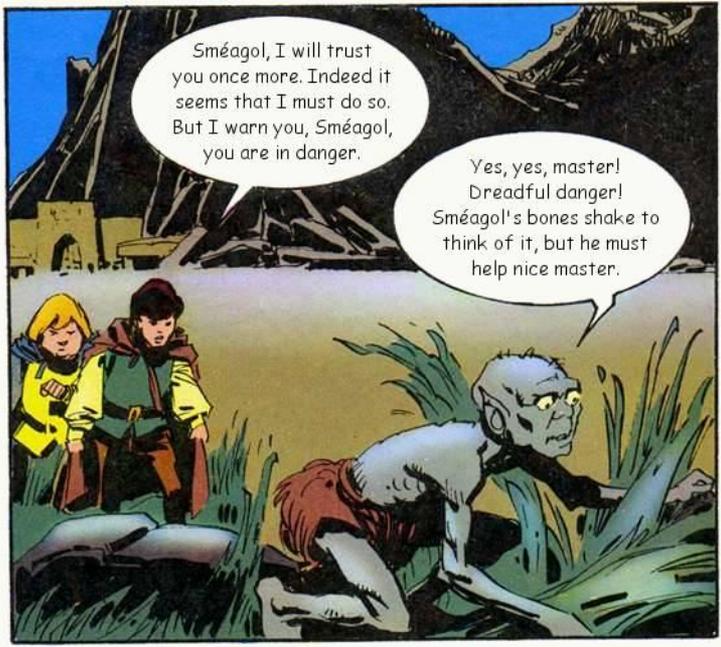


I suppose it's no good asking
"What way do we go now?"
We can't go no further.



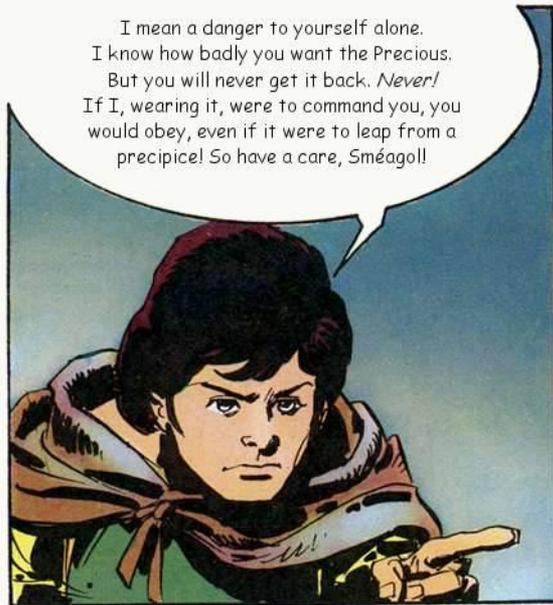
What the plague did you bring us here for, if you knew we could not get through?

Not this way, master! There is another way. O yes indeed there is. Another way, darker, more difficult to find, more secret. But Sméagol knows it.

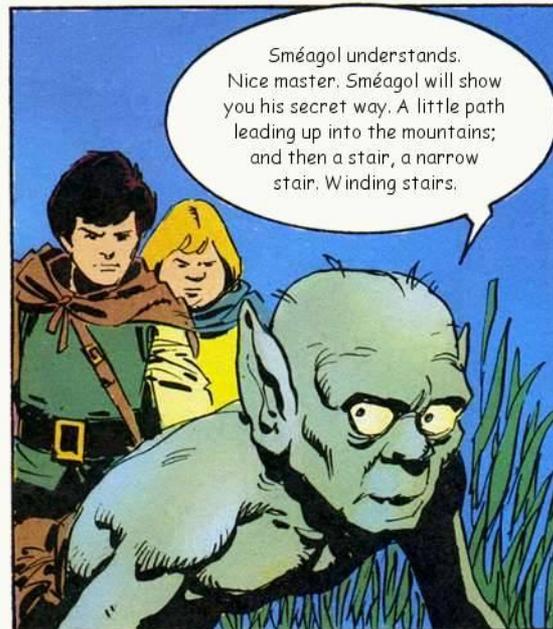


Sméagol, I will trust you once more. Indeed it seems that I must do so. But I warn you, Sméagol, you are in danger.

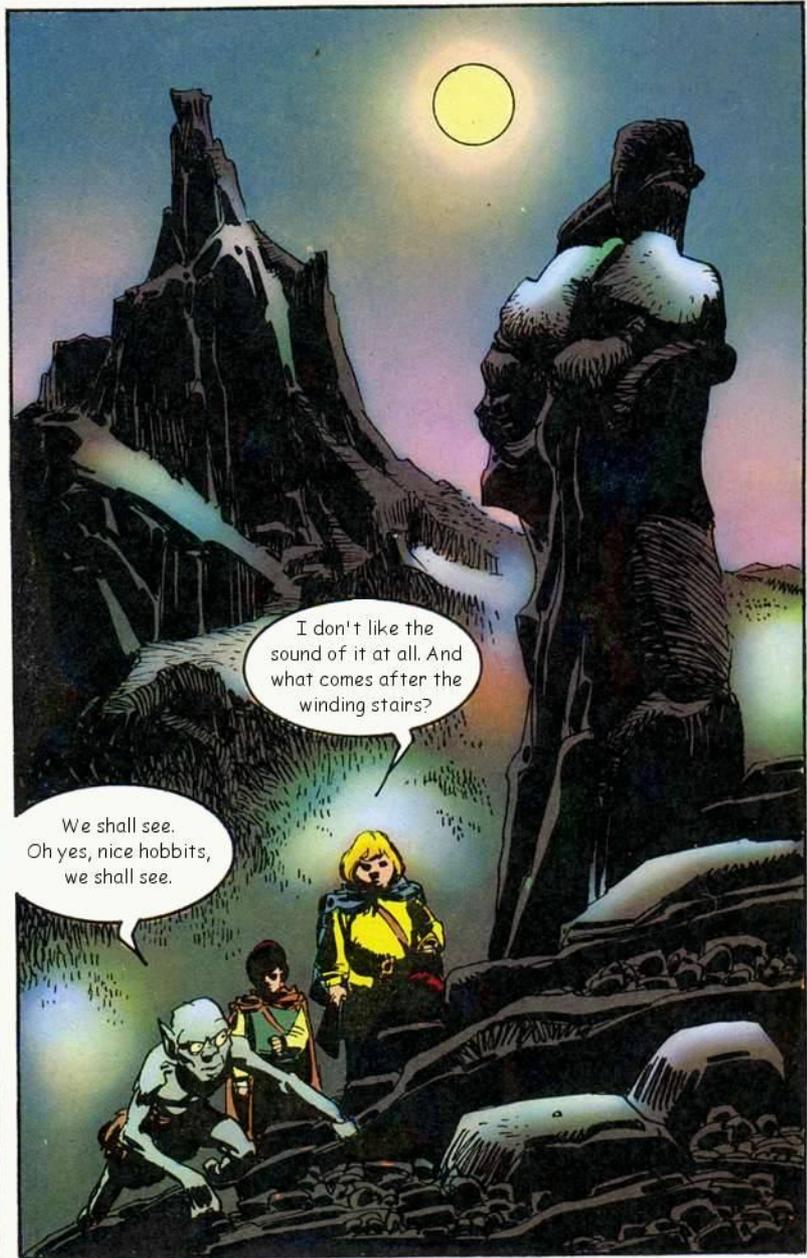
Yes, yes, master! Dreadful danger! Sméagol's bones shake to think of it, but he must help nice master.



I mean a danger to yourself alone. I know how badly you want the Precious. But you will never get it back. *Never!* If I, wearing it, were to command you, you would obey, even if it were to leap from a precipice! So have a care, Sméagol!



Sméagol understands. Nice master, Sméagol will show you his secret way. A little path leading up into the mountains; and then a stair, a narrow stair. Winding stairs.



I don't like the sound of it at all. And what comes after the winding stairs?

We shall see. Oh yes, nice hobbits, we shall see.

