

Written assignment

Translate the following text into English.

Note that you will be able to find many of the words in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.

Løven, heksen og garderobeskabet

C.S. Lewis beskriver hvordan han fik ideen til at skrive eventyret om Narnia:

"Lige siden jeg var 16 år, har jeg haft et billede i min fantasi af en faun som står med en paraply og nogle pakker midt i en snedækket skov. Da jeg blev gudfar for lille Lucy, fik jeg lyst til at bruge dette billede i en historie som jeg kunne fortælle til hende."

I den endelige version af *Løven, heksen og garderobeskabet* møder hovedpersonen Lucy denne faun som det første væsen i landet Narnia. Lucy finder ved et tilfælde passagen til dette mærkelige land. Her findes der sære skikkelser, dyrene kan tale, og træerne kan vandre omkring. Narnia kunne være et paradis, men den onde, hvide heks Jadis har taget magten og skabt landet om til et koldt diktatur – en evig vinter.

Faunen, som hedder Tumnus, vover pelsen og inviterer Lucy hjem til en kop te. Tumnus er oprigtigt glad for at møde et menneske, "en datter af Eva", men har ordre til at rapportere til Jadis hvis han ser nogle mennesker. Jadis frygter en spådom om at fire menneskebørn skal bryde hendes forbandelse og bringe liv og glæde tilbage til Narnia.

Tumnus kan imidlertid ikke forråde Lucy, og Jadis må finde sig et andet offer. Senere lykkes det hende at få Lucys bror Edmund til at forråde sine søskende. Jadis har næsten Narnia under kontrol da den mægtige løve, Aslan, griber ind. Et stort slag om Narnias fremtid udkæmpes. Aslan dør, men genopstår på magisk vis, og spådommen går i opfyldelse: De fire menneskebørn bliver konger og dronninger af Narnia, og verden er reddet.

C.S. LEWIS

THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

J.R.R. Tolkien



John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892-1973) was born in South Africa but resided in the UK from 1895. From an early age Tolkien showed remarkable linguistic gifts and also began making up his own languages. Tolkien was Professor of Anglo-Saxon and later English Literature at Oxford University, but is best known as the 20th century's most important author of fantasy. After service in WWI he began work on *The Silmarillion* (1997, posthumously).

In 1937 he published *The Hobbit*, and in "Inklings" sessions he now introduced draft portions of his masterwork, *The Lord of the Rings* (1954-55), set in an invented version of the world he called Middle-earth. This was peopled by Men (and women), Elves, Dwarves, Trolls, Orcs and of course Hobbits. In the 1960s he was taken up by many members of the "counter-culture" largely because of his concern with environmental issues. The new millennium saw another revival of Tolkien's works with Peter Jackson's filmatizations. You can visit J. R.R. Tolkien at www.tolkiensociety.org.

posthumously *adv.*
efter en persons død
draft *sb.* kladde,
udkast
'hostile *adj.* fjendtlig
frank *adj.* ærlig
deceitful /di'tsi:ffəl/
adj. bedragerisk
af fectionate *adj.*
kærlig, hengiven
ruthless *adj.*
skånseisløs
bold *adj.* modig
cunning *adj.* snedig
treacherous
/trɛtʃərəs/ *adj.*
forræderisk
com'passionate *adj.*
medfølelse
callous /'kæləs/ *adj.*
hjerteløs, afstumpet

Pre-reading

1. Good and Evil

Here is a list of adjectives that are commonly associated with either good or evil. Discuss where you think each word belongs.

hostile	cowardly	bold	treacherous
brave	false	cunning	admirable
frank	affectionate	heroic	compassionate
deceitful	ruthless	reliable	callous

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- The members of the Fellowship belong to different races and have different characteristics and skills. Drawing on what people in your class may know, or what you are able to find on the Internet, make a list of the various kinds of beings. Draw them and add to the drawings a lot of words on what they look like, what they are like, the places they live, etc. Leave space for further information you will get when you begin reading the text.
- Explain how the members might complement each other.

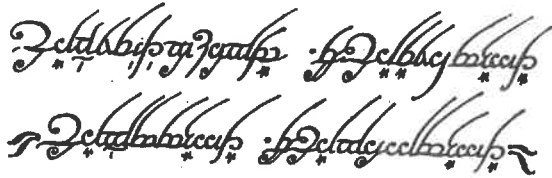
Let's also study the ring before we join the Fellowship. On the Ring, which was forged in the fires of Mount Doom, is an inscription consisting of two lines from a long verse that describes

hu 'mongous *adj.*
 kæmpæstɔr
 swarthy /swɔ:ðil-ɔ:r-/
adj. sortsmusker
 rank *adj.* stɪnkende,
 stram, sur
 rancid /rænsɪd/ *adj.*
 hærsk, ildelugtende
 'omɪnəs *adj.*
 ildævarsɪnde
 feral *adj.* vɪld,
 ucɪvɪsɪtæter
 endow *vb.* fɔ:ɪne,
 gɪve
 Im 'mensə *adj.* megeɪ
 stɔr
 'perɪljəs *adj.* færlɪg
 realm /reɪm/ *sb.* rɪge;
 sfære
 forge *vb.* smede

2. Evil
- 1) What does evil look like? Find adjectives:
 E.g.: hairy, swarthy, ...
 - 2) How does evil smell? Find adjectives:
 E.g.: rank, rancid, ...
 - 3) How does evil sound (language, voice)? Find adjectives:
 E.g.: hoarse, rasping, ...
 - 4) What does evil radiate? Find adjectives:
 E.g.: ominous, feral, ...

Not everybody would agree that a spider is evil, but they would probably agree that a *bumongous* spider is. In groups, try to find 5 to 10 traits that you consider evil – like this:

the power of this ring and the other 19 rings. These two lines are written in Elvish letters:



Elvish/Elven *adj.*
 elver-
 en 'grave *vb.*
 ɪndgrævɛre

Three rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,
 Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,
 Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die,
 One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne
 In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.
 One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,
 One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them
 In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.

Draw the Ring and "engrave" on it some of the Elvish runes. Write inside the Ring what you know about it and what it might symbolize.



THE BRIDGE OF KHAZAD-DÛM

Balin tidligere herre over Moria, dværgenes herredømme
The Shire et område i Middle-earth; hobbiternes hjem
 stir *vb.* røre på sig, bevæge sig
 'tidings' *sb. pl.* nyt, nyheder
 shaft *sb.* lysskakt
 cloven *vb. præt. af cleave* kløve
 orc *sb.* ork: modbydeligt
 troldelignende væsen
 scimitar /simitə||-ər/ *sb.* krumsabel
 blade *sb.* klinger
 'recess' *sb.* indskæring, niche
 iron-bound *adj.* jembeslået
 chest *sb.* skrin, kiste
 little *her:* kun lidt
 slab *sb.* stenplade
 pore over *sth. vb.* fordybe sig i
 'gingerly' *adv.* forsigtigt
 'fortunes' *sb. pl.* skæbne
 nigh on /nəi/ *adv.* næved, cirka
 blurred *adj.* sløret
 slew *vb. præt. af slay* slå ihjel
 mere *sb.* sø



The Company of the Ring stood silent beside the tomb of Balin. Frodo thought of Bilbo and his long friendship with the dwarf and of Balin's visit to the Shire long ago. In that dusty chamber in the mountains it seemed a thousand years ago and on the other side of the world.

At length they stirred and looked up, and began to search for anything that would give them tidings of Balin's fate, or show what had become

of his folk. There was another smaller door on the other side of the chamber, under the shaft. By both the doors they could now see that many bones were lying, and among them were broken swords and axe-heads, and cloven shields and helms. Some of the swords were crooked: orc-scimitars with blackened blades.

There were many recesses cut in the rock of the walls, and in them were large iron-bound chests of wood. All had been broken and plundered; but beside the shattered lid of one there lay the remains of a book. It had been slashed and stabbed and partly burned, and it was so stained with black and other dark marks like old blood that little of it could be read. Gandalf lifted it carefully, but the leaves crackled and broke as he laid it on the slab. He pored over it for some time without speaking. Frodo and Gimli standing at his side could see, as he gingerly turned the leaves, that they were written by many different hands, in runes, both of Moria and of Dale, and here and there in Elvish script.

At last Gandalf looked up. 'It seems to be a record of the fortunes of Balin's folk,' he said. 'I guess that it began with their coming to Dimrill Dale nigh on thirty years ago: the pages seem to have numbers referring to the years after their arrival. The top page is marked *one - three*, so at least two are missing from the beginning. Listen to this!

'We drove out orcs from the great gate and guard - I think; the next word is blurred and burned: probably *room - we slew many in the bright* - I think - *sun in the dale. Flói was killed by an arrow. He slew the great.* Then there is a blur followed by *Flói under grass near Mirror mere.* The next line or two I cannot read. Then comes *We have taken the twentyfirst ball of North end to*

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dwell in. There is I cannot read what. A shaft is mentioned. Then Balin has set up his seat in the Chamber of Mazarbul.'

'The Chamber of Records,' said Gimli. 'I guess that is where we now stand.'

'Well, I can read no more for a long way,' said Gandalf, 'except the word *gold*, and *Durin's Axe* and something *helm*. Then *Balin is now lord of Moria*. That seems to end a chapter. After some stars another hand begins, and I can see *we found truesilver*, and later the word *wellforged*, and then something, I have it! *mithril*; and the last two lines *Óin to seek for the upper armouries of Third Deep, something go westwards*, a blur, *to Hollin gate*.'



Gandalf paused and set a few leaves aside. 'There are several pages of the same sort, rather hastily written and much damaged,' he said; 'but I can make little of them in this light. Now there must be a number of leaves missing, because they begin to be numbered *five*, the fifth year of the colony, I suppose. Let me see! No, they are too cut and stained; I cannot read them. We might do better in the sunlight. Wait! Here is something: a large bold hand using an Elvish script.'

'That would be Ori's hand,' said Gimli, looking over the wizard's arm. 'He could write well and speedily, and often used the Elvish characters.'

'I fear he had ill tidings to record in a fair hand,' said Gandalf. 'The first clear word is *sorrow*, but the rest of the line is lost, unless it ends in *estre*. Yes, it must be *yestre* followed by *day being the tenth of novembre Balin lord of Moria fell in Dimrill Dale. He went alone to look in Mirror mere, an orc shot him from behind a stone. We slew the orc, but many more ... up from east up*

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dwell vb. hvile, opholde sig, gøre holdt
 'forged' *adj.* smedet
mithril sb. et let og stærkt metal som kun findes i Khazad-dûm
 'armoury' *sb.* våbenkammer
 deep *sb.* dyb
 set *sth. aside vb.* her: bladte forbi
 bold *adj.* her: tydelig (flor)
 'characters' *sb. pl.* skrift
 ill *adj.* dårlig
 fair *adj.* smuk
 yestre = yesterday

re'mainder *sb.* rest
 bar *vb.* barrikadere
 grim *adj.* grim; trist
 smeared *adj.*
 udtværet
 trailing *adj.* som
 fortaber sig el.
 forsvinder
 scrawl *sb.*
 krimskrams
 sudden *adj.* pludselig
 mutter *vb.* mumle
 make a stand *vb.*
 standse og tage
 kampen op
 'valiant *adj.* tapper,
 modig
 grieve *vb.* volde sorg;
 sørge
 bear *vb.* her: styre
 mod
 tremble *vb.* skælve

the *Silverlode*. The remainder of the page is so blurred that I can hardly make anything out, but I think I can read *we have barred the gates*, and then *can hold them long if*, and then perhaps *horrible* and *suffer*. Poor Balin! He seems to have kept the title that he took for less than five years. I wonder what happened afterwards; but there is no time to puzzle out the last few pages. Here is the last page of all.' He paused and sighed.

'It is grim reading,' he said. 'I fear their end was cruel. Listen! *We cannot get out. We cannot get out. They have taken the Bridge and second hall. Frár and Lómi and Náli fell there.* Then there are four lines smeared so that I can only read *went 5 days ago.* The last lines run *the pool is up to the wall at Westgate. The Watcher in the Water took Óin. We cannot get out. The end comes, and then drums, drums in the deep.* I wonder what that means. The last thing written is in a trailing scrawl of elf-letters: *they are coming.* There is nothing more.' Gandalf paused and stood in silent thought.

A sudden dread and a horror of the chamber fell on the Company. 'We cannot get out,' muttered Gimli. 'It was well for us that the pool had sunk a little, and that the Watcher was sleeping down at the southern end.'

Gandalf raised his head and looked round. 'They seem to have made a last stand by both doors,' he said; 'but there were not many left by that time. So ended the attempt to retake Moria! It was valiant but foolish. The time is not come yet. Now, I fear, we must say farewell to Balin son of Fundin. Here he must lie in the halls of his fathers. We will take this book, the book of Mazarbul, and look at it more closely later. You had better keep it, Gimli, and take it back to Dáin, if you get a chance. It will interest him, though it will grieve him deeply. Come, let us go! The morning is passing.'

'Which way shall we go?' asked Boromir.

'Back to the hall,' answered Gandalf. 'But our visit to this room has not been in vain. I now know where we are. This must be, as Gimli says, the Chamber of Mazarbul; and the hall must be the twenty-first of the North-end. Therefore we should leave by the eastern arch of the hall, and bear right and south, and go downwards. The Twenty-first Hall should be on the Seventh Level, that is six above the level of the Gates. Come now! Back to the hall!'



Gandalf had hardly spoken these words, when there came a great noise: a rolling *Boom* that seemed to come from depths far below, and to tremble in the stone at their feet. They sprang towards the door in alarm. *Doom, doom* it rolled again, as if huge hands were turning the very caverns of Moria into a vast drum. Then there

came an echoing blast: a great horn was blown in the hall, and answering horns and harsh cries were heard further off. There was a hurrying sound of many feet.

'They are coming!' cried Legolas.

'We cannot get out,' said Gimli.

'Trapped!' cried Gandalf. 'Why did I delay? Here we are, caught, just as they were before. But I was not here then. We will see what –'

Doom, doom came the drum-beat and the walls shook.

'Slam the doors and wedge them!' shouted Aragorn. 'And keep your packs on as long as you can: we may get a chance to cut our way out yet.'

'No!' said Gandalf. 'We must not get shut in. Keep the east door ajar! We will go that way, if we get a chance.'

Another harsh horn-call and shrill cries rang out. Feet were coming down the corridor. There was a ring and clatter as the Company drew their swords. Glamdring shone with a pale light, and Sting glinted at the edges. Boromir set his shoulder against the western door.

'Wait a moment! Do not close it yet!' said Gandalf. He sprang forward to Boromir's side and drew himself up to his full height.

'Who comes hither to disturb the rest of Balin Lord of Moria?' he cried in a loud voice.

There was a rush of hoarse laughter, like the fall of sliding stones into a pit; amid the clamour a deep voice was raised in command. *Doom, boom, doom* went the drums in the deep.

With a quick movement Gandalf stepped before the narrow opening of the door and thrust forward his staff. There was a dazzling flash that lit the chamber and the passage outside. For an instant the wizard looked out. Arrows whined and whistled down the corridor as he sprang back.

'There are Orcs, very many of them,' he said. 'And some are large and evil: black Uruks of Mordor. For the moment they are hanging back, but there is something else there. A great cave-troll, I think, or more than one. There is no hope of escape that way.'

'And no hope at all, if they come at the other door as well,' said Boromir.



'There is no sound outside here yet,' said Aragorn, who was standing by the eastern door listening. 'The passage on this side plunges straight down a stair: it plainly does not lead back towards the hall. But it is no good flying blindly this way with the pursuit just behind. We cannot block the door. Its key is gone and the lock is broken, and it opens inwards. We must do something to delay

harsh *adj.* ru, grov
 wedge *vb.* sætte fast
 med kiler
 a'jar *adj.* åben, på
 klem
 shrill *adj.* skinger
 clatter *sb.* klirren,
 raslen, skrاملen
 Glamdring Gandalfs
 sværd
 shone *vb.* præet. af
 shine
 Sting Frodos dolk
 hither *adv.* hertil (gl.
 dags)
 hoarse *adj.* hæs
 pit *sb.* hul
 a'mid *præp.* blandt
 'clamour *sb.* larm
 thrust *vb.* stikke
 (ngt.) frem
 staff *sb.* troldmands-
 stav
 dazzling *adj.*
 blændende
 whine *vb.* hvine
 plunge *vb.* styrte
 fly *vb.* flygte
 the pur' suit *sb.*
 forfølgerne

heave *vb.* kaste el.
trække (langsomt og
møjsommeligt)
re'treat *vb.* trække
sig tilbage
quiver *vb.* skælve
grind *vb.* skure
scales *sb. pl.* fiskeskæl
hew *vb.* hugge (med
sværd, økse)
might *sb.* magt
glance *vb.* glide af
notched *adj.* hakket,
skærer
wrath /rəθ||ræθ/ *sb.*
vrede
stoop *vb.* bøje sig ned
'hideous *adj.*
afskyelig
'bellow *sb.* brøl
jerk *vb.* bevæge sig
hurtigt i et ryk
wrench *vb.* vriste
hurl oneself at *vb.*
kaste sig imod
bite *sb.* bid. Her
overført: hans hug
med sværdet
ram *sb.* rambuk
'stagger *vb.* stå
usikkert, vakle
rush *sb.* nærmest:
lyden af travle
(fødde)
a'ffray *sb.* kamp,
slagsmål
dis'mayed
adj. forfærdet,
rædselsslagen
'fierceness *sb.*
vildskab
fled *vb. præet. afflee*
flygte
duck *vb.* dukke sig
fell *vb.* fælde = slå
ihjel
sturdy *adj.* fast,
beslutsomt, stærk
smoulder *vb.* gløde
'chieftain *sb.* høvding
clad *adj.* klædt

the enemy first. We will make them fear the Chamber of Mazarbul!' he said grimly, feeling the edge of his sword, Andúril.



Heavy feet were heard in the corridor. Boromir flung himself against the door and heaved it to; then he wedged it with broken sword-blades and splinters of wood. The Company retreated to the other side of the chamber. But they had no chance to fly yet. There was a blow on the door that made it quiver; and then it began to grind slowly open, driving back the wedges. A huge arm and shoulder, with a dark skin of greenish scales, was thrust through the widening gap. Then a great, flat, toeless foot was forced through below. There was a dead silence outside.

Boromir leaped forward and hewed at the arm with all his might; but his sword rang, glanced aside, and fell from his shaken hand. The blade was notched.

Suddenly, and to his own surprise, Frodo felt a hot wrath blaze up in his heart. 'The Shire!' he cried, and springing beside Boromir, he stooped, and stabbed with Sting at the hideous foot. There was a bellow, and the foot jerked back, nearly wrenching Sting from Frodo's arm. Black drops dripped from the blade and smoked on the floor. Boromir hurled himself against the door and slammed it again.

'One for the Shire!' cried Aragorn. 'The hobbit's bite is deep! You have a good blade, Frodo son of Drogo!'

There was a crash on the door, followed by crash after crash. Rams and hammers were beating against it. It cracked and staggered back, and the opening grew suddenly wide. Arrows came whistling in, but struck the northern wall, and fell harmlessly to the floor. There was a horn-blast and a rush of feet, and orcs one after another leaped into the chamber.

How many there were the Company could not count. The affray was sharp, but the orcs were dismayed by the fierceness of the defence. Legolas shot two through the throat. Gimli hewed the legs from under another that had sprung up on Balin's tomb. Boromir and Aragorn slew many. When thirteen had fallen the rest fled shrieking, leaving the defenders unharmed, except for Sam who had a scratch along the scalp. A quick duck had saved him; and he had felled his orc: a sturdy thrust with his Barrow-blade. A fire was smouldering in his brown eyes that would have made Ted Sandyman step backwards, if he had seen it.

'Now is the time!' cried Gandalf. 'Let us go, before the troll returns!' But even as they retreated, and before Pippin and Merry had reached the stair outside, a huge orc-chieftain, almost man-high, clad in black

mail from head to foot, leaped into the chamber; behind him his followers clustered in the doorway. His broad flat face was swart, his eyes were like coals, and his tongue was red; he wielded a great spear. With a thrust of his huge hide shield he turned Boromir's sword and bore him backwards, throwing him to the ground. Diving under Aragorn's blow with the speed of a striking snake he charged into the Company and thrust with his spear straight at Frodo. The blow caught him on the right side, and Frodo was hurled against the wall and pinned. Sam, with a cry, hacked at the spearshaft, and it broke. But even as the orc flung down the truncheon and swept out his scimitar, Andúril came down upon his helm. There was a flash like flame and the helm burst asunder. The orc fell with cloven head. His followers fled howling, as Boromir and Aragorn sprang at them.

Doom, doom went the drums in the deep. The great voice rolled out again.

'Now!' shouted Gandalf. 'Now is the last chance. Run for it!'



Aragorn picked up Frodo where he lay by the wall and made for the stair, pushing Merry and Pippin in front of him. The others followed; but Gimli had to be dragged away by Legolas: in spite of the peril he lingered by Balin's tomb with his head bowed. Boromir hauled the eastern door to, grinding upon its hinges: it had great iron rings on either side, but could not be fastened.

'I am all right,' gasped Frodo. 'I can walk. Put me down!'

mail *sb.* ringbrynje
cluster *vb.* samles i
klynge
swart /swɔ:t||-ɔ:rt/ *adj.*
sortsmusket
wield *vb.* bære
hide *sb.* dyrehud
bore *vb. præet. af bear*
trænge
strike *vb.* angribe
charge *vb.* angribe
pin *vb.* spidde
shaft *sb.* skaft
'truncheon *sb.* kæp
(altså spyddet uden
spids)
burst a'sunder *vb.* gå
i stykker
make for *vb.* bevæge
sig hen mod
'peril *sb.* fare
'linger *vb.* tøve, blive
stående
haul *vb.* hive, hale
hinge *sb.* hængsel

a'mazement *sb.*
forbløffelse
'fiercely *adv.* skarpt
'utterly *adv.*
fuldstændig, komplet
grope *vb.* famle
faint *adj.* svag
peer *vb.* kigge
forsigtigt
'sloping *adj.*
skrånende
throb *vb.* dunke
stab *sb.* egl. dolkestød
thud *sb.* bump
match *sb.* ligemand
'muffled *adj.* dæmpet
de'scend *vb.* gå
ned(ad)
de'scent *sb.* nedgang

Aragorn nearly dropped him in his amazement. 'I thought you were dead!' he cried.

'Not yet!' said Gandalf. 'But there is no time for wonder. Off you go, all of you, down the stairs! Wait a few minutes for me at the bottom, but if I do not come soon, go on! Go quickly and choose paths leading right and downwards.'

'We cannot leave you to hold the door alone!' said Aragorn.

'Do as I say!' said Gandalf fiercely. 'Swords are no more use here. Go!'

The passage was lit by no shaft and was utterly dark. They groped their way down a long flight of steps, and then looked back; but they could see nothing, except high above them the faint glimmer of the wizard's staff. He seemed to be still standing on guard by the closed door. Frodo breathed heavily and leaned against Sam, who put his arms about him. They stood peering up the stairs into the darkness. Frodo thought he could hear the voice of Gandalf above, muttering words that ran down the sloping roof with a sighing echo. He could not catch what was said. The walls seemed to be trembling. Every now and again the drum-beats throbbed and rolled: *doom, doom.*

Suddenly at the top of the stair there was a stab of white light. Then there was a dull rumble and a heavy thud. The drum-beats broke out wildly: *doom-boom, doom-boom,* and then stopped. Gandalf came flying down the steps and fell to the ground in the midst of the Company.

'Well, well! That's over!' said the wizard struggling to his feet. 'I have done all that I could. But I have met my match, and have nearly been destroyed. But don't stand here! Go on! You will have to do without light for a while: I am rather shaken. Go on! Go on! Where are you, Gimli? Come ahead with me! Keep close behind, all of you!'



They stumbled after him wondering what had happened. *Doom, doom* went the drum-beats again: they now sounded muffled and far away, but they were following. There was no other sound of pursuit, neither tramp of feet, nor any voice. Gandalf took no turns, right or left, for the passage seemed to be going in the direction that he desired. Every now and again it descended a flight of steps, fifty or more, to a lower level. At the moment that was their chief danger; for in the dark they could not see a descent, until they came on it and put their feet out into emptiness. Gandalf felt the ground with his staff like a blind man.



At the end of an hour they had gone a mile, or maybe a little more, and had descended many flights of stairs. There was still no sound of pursuit. Almost they began to hope that they would escape. At the bottom of the seventh flight Gandalf halted.

'It is getting hot!' he gasped. 'We ought to be down at least to the level of the Gates now. Soon I think we should look for a left-hand turn to take us east. I hope it is not far. I am very weary. I must rest here a moment, even if all the orcs ever spawned are after us.'

Gimli took his arm and helped him down to a seat on the step. 'What happened away up there at the door?' he asked. 'Did you meet the beater of the drums?'

'I do not know,' answered Gandalf. 'But I found myself suddenly faced by something that I have not met before. I could think of nothing to do but to try and put a shutting-spell on the door. I know many; but to do things of that kind rightly requires time, and even then the door can be broken by strength.

'As I stood there I could hear orc-voices on the other side: at any moment I thought they would burst it open. I could not hear what was said; they seemed to be talking in their own hideous language. All I caught was *ghásh*: that is "fire". Then something came into the chamber - I felt it through the door, and the orcs themselves were afraid and fell silent. It laid hold of the iron ring, and then it perceived me and my spell.

'What it was I cannot guess, but I have never felt such a challenge. The counter-spell was terrible. It nearly broke me. For an instant the door left my control and began to open! I had to speak a word of Command. That proved too great a strain. The door burst in pieces. Something dark as a cloud was blocking out all the light inside, and I was thrown backwards down the stairs. All the wall gave way, and the roof of the chamber as well, I think.

'I am afraid Balin is buried deep, and maybe something else is buried there too. I cannot say. But at least the passage behind us was completely blocked. Ah! I have never felt so spent, but it is passing. And now what about you, Frodo? There was not time to say so, but I have never been more delighted in my life than when you spoke. I feared that it was a brave but dead hobbit that Aragorn was carrying.'

'What about me?' said Frodo. 'I am alive, and whole I think. I am bruised and in pain, but it is not too bad.'

'Well,' said Aragorn, 'I can only say that hobbits are made of a stuff so tough that I have never met the like of it. Had I known, I would have

weary /'wɛəri||'wɪr-/
adj. træt
spawn *vb.* avle
per'ceive *vb.* opfatte,
sanse
word of Com'mand
sb. en befaling
prove *vb.* vise sig
strain *sb.* belastning
spent *adj.* udmattet
bruised *adj.* forslået

the Inn at Bree: hvor
 A. først mødte
 hobbitterne
 'skewer /'skju:ə||-ər/
 vb. spidde, sætte på
 spid
 wild boar /bɔ:|l|bɔ:r/
 sb. vildsvin
 'anvil sb. ambolt
 keen adj. skarp
 flicker vb. blafre,
 flimre
 swift adj. hurtig
 'archway sb. bue;
 buegang
 'devilry sb.
 djævelskab
 de'vise vb. udtænke
 beyond
 /br'jɒnd||br'jɑ:nd/
 præp. på den anden
 side af
 'cavernous adj. stor
 og dyb
 lofty adj. med højt til
 loftet
 stalk vb. stå stolt,
 knejse
 towering adj. tårnhøj
 pillar sb. søjle
 bole sb. træstamme
 branching adj.
 forgrenet
 'tracery sb. slynget
 mønster; fletværk
 'fissure sb. spalte,
 sprække
 brink sb. bred, kant
 wisp sb. stribe, smal
 strimmel
 waver vb. flakke

spoken softer in the Inn at Bree! That spear-thrust would have skewered a wild boar!

'Well, it did not skewer me, I am glad to say,' said Frodo; 'though I feel as if I had been caught between a hammer and an anvil.' He said no more. He found breathing painful.

'You take after Bilbo,' said Gandalf. 'There is more about you than meets the eye, as I said of him long ago.' Frodo wondered if the remark meant more than it said.



They now went on again. Before long Gimli spoke. He had keen eyes in the dark. 'I think,' he said, 'that there is a light ahead. But it is not daylight. It is red. What can it be?'

'*Ghâsh!*' muttered Gandalf. 'I wonder if that is what they meant: that the lower levels are on fire? Still, we

can only go on.'

Soon the light became unmistakable, and could be seen by all. It was flickering and glowing on the walls away down the passage before them. They could now see their way: in front the road sloped down swiftly, and some way ahead there stood a low archway; through it the growing light came. The air became very hot.

When they came to the arch Gandalf went through, signing to them to wait. As he stood just beyond the opening they saw his face lit by a red glow. Quickly he stepped back.

'There is some new devilry here,' he said, 'devised for our welcome, no doubt. But I know now where we are: we have reached the First Deep, the level immediately below the Gates. This is the Second Hall of Old Moria; and the Gates are near: away beyond the eastern end, on the left, not more than a quarter of a mile. Across the Bridge, up a broad stair, along a wide road, through the First Hall, and out! But come and look!'

They peered out. Before them was another cavernous hall. It was loftier and far longer than the one in which they had slept. They were near its eastern end; westward it ran away into darkness. Down the centre stalked a double line of towering pillars. They were carved like boles of mighty trees whose boughs upheld the roof with a branching tracery of stone. Their stems were smooth and black, but a red glow was darkly mirrored in their sides. Right across the floor, close to the feet of two huge pillars a great fissure had opened. Out of it a fierce red light came, and now and again flames licked at the brink and curled about the bases of the columns. Wisps of dark smoke wavered in the hot air.



'If we had come by the main road down from the upper halls, we should have been trapped here,' said Gandalf. 'Let us hope that the fire now lies between us and pursuit. Come! There is no time to lose.'

Even as he spoke they heard again the pursuing drum-beat: *Doom, doom, doom*. Away beyond the shadows at the western end of the hall there came cries and horn-calls. *Doom, doom*: the pillars seemed to tremble and the flames to quiver.

'Now for the last race!' said Gandalf. 'If the sun is shining outside, we may still escape. After me!'

He turned left and sped across the smooth floor of the hall. The distance was greater than it had looked. As they ran they heard the beat and echo of many hurrying feet behind. A shrill yell went up: they had been seen. There was a ring and clash of steel. An arrow whistled over Frodo's head.

Boromir laughed. 'They did not expect this,' he said. 'The fire has cut them off. We are on the wrong side!'

'Look ahead!' called Gandalf. 'The Bridge is near. It is dangerous and narrow.'

Suddenly Frodo saw before him a black chasm. At the end of the hall the floor vanished and fell to an unknown depth. The outer door could only be reached by a slender bridge of stone, without kerb or rail, that spanned the chasm with one curving spring of fifty feet. It was an ancient defence of the Dwarves against any enemy that might capture the First Hall and the outer passages. They could only pass across it in single file. At the brink Gandalf halted and the others came up in a pack behind.

'Lead the way, Gimli!' he said. 'Pippin and Merry next. Straight on, and up the stair beyond the door!'

Arrows fell among them. One struck Frodo and sprang back. Another pierced Gandalf's hat and stuck there like a black feather. Frodo looked behind. Beyond the fire he saw swarming black figures: there seemed to be hundreds of orcs. They brandished spears and scimitars which shone red as blood in the firelight. *Doom, doom* rolled the drum-beats, growing louder and louder, *doom, doom*.

Legolas turned and set an arrow to the string, though it was a long shot for his small bow. He drew, but his hand fell, and the arrow slipped to the ground. He gave a cry of dismay and fear. Two great trolls appeared; they bore great slabs of stone, and flung them down to serve as gangways over the fire. But it was not the trolls that had filled the Elf with terror. The ranks of the orcs had opened, and they crowded away, as if they themselves were afraid. Something was coming up behind them.

sped vb. præt. af speed
 skynde sig
 smooth adj. glat
 chasm /'kæzəm/ sb.
 (bred og dyb) kløft
 slender adj. spinkel
 kerb sb. trædesten
 rail sb. rækværk
 span vb. spænde over,
 strække sig over
 'ancient adj.
 ældgammel
 in single file idiom i
 gåsegang
 'brandish vb. svinge
 slab of stone sb.
 klippestykke
 rank sb. række, geled

wreathe /ri:ð/ vb.
 vride sig
 mane sb. manke
 'kindle vb. antændes
 blaze vb. flamme,
 brænde
 thong sb. piskesnert
 wail vb. klage, jamre
 falter vb. vakle
 pour /pɔ:ɪ/ vb.
 ælde
 quail vb. vakle
 'fiery adj. brændende
 foe sb. fjende
 heed vb. ænse
 hold one's ground
 idiom blive stående
 gleam vb. skinne
 wielder sb. bærer; dvs.
 hersker
 a'vail vb. hjælpe,
 være til nytte

What it was could not be seen: it was like a great shadow, in the middle of which was a dark form, of man-shape maybe, yet greater; and a power and terror seemed to be in it and to go before it.

It came to the edge of the fire and the light faded as if a cloud had bent over it. Then with a rush it leaped across the fissure. The flames roared up to greet it, and wreathed about it; and a black smoke swirled in the air. Its streaming mane kindled, and blazed behind it. In its right hand was a blade like a stabbing tongue of fire; in its left it held a whip of many thongs.

'Ai, ail!' wailed Legolas. 'A Balrog! A Balrog is come!'

Gimli stared with wide eyes. 'Durin's Bane!' he cried, and letting his axe fall he covered his face.

'A Balrog,' muttered Gandalf. 'Now I understand.' He faltered and leaned heavily on his staff. 'What an evil fortune! And I am already weary.'



The dark figure streaming with fire raced towards them. The orcs yelled and poured over the stone gangways. Then Boromir raised his horn and blew. Loud the challenge rang and bellowed, like the shout of many throats under the cavernous roof. For a moment the orcs quailed and the fiery shadow halted. Then the echoes died as suddenly as a flame blown out by a dark wind, and the enemy advanced again.

'Over the bridge!' cried Gandalf, recalling his strength. 'Fly! This is a foe beyond any of you, I must hold the narrow way. Fly!' Aragorn and Boromir did not heed the command, but still held their ground, side by side, behind Gandalf at the far end of the bridge. The others halted just within the doorway at the hall's end, and turned, unable to leave their leader to face the enemy alone.

The Balrog reached the bridge. Gandalf stood in the middle of the span, leaning on the staff in his left hand, but in his other hand Glamdring gleamed, cold and white. His enemy halted again, facing him, and the shadow about it reached out like two vast wings. It raised the whip, and the thongs whined and cracked. Fire came from its nostrils. But Gandalf stood firm.

'You cannot pass,' he said. The orcs stood still, and a dead silence fell. 'I am a servant of the Secret Fire, wielder of the flame of Anor. You cannot pass. The dark fire will not avail you, flame of Udûn. Go back to the Shadow! You cannot pass.'

The Balrog made no answer. The fire in it seemed to die, but the darkness grew. It stepped forward slowly on to the bridge, and suddenly it

drew itself up to a great height, and its wings were spread from wall to wall; but still Gandalf could be seen, glimmering in the gloom; he seemed small, and altogether alone: grey and bent, like a wizened tree before the onset of a storm.

From out of the shadow a red sword leaped flaming. Glamdring glittered white in answer.

There was a ringing clash and a stab of white fire. The Balrog fell back and its sword flew up in molten fragments. The wizard swayed on the bridge, stepped back a pace, and then again stood still.

'You cannot pass!' he said.

With a bound the Balrog leaped full upon the bridge. Its whip whirled and hissed.

'He cannot stand alone!' cried Aragorn suddenly and ran back along the bridge. 'Elendil!' he shouted. 'I am with you, Gandalf!'

'Gondor!' cried Boromir and leaped after him.

At that moment Gandalf lifted his staff, and crying aloud he smote the bridge before him. The staff broke asunder and fell from his hand. A blinding sheet of white flame sprang up. The bridge cracked. Right at the Balrog's feet it broke, and the stone upon which it stood crashed into the gulf, while the rest remained, poised, quivering like a tongue of rock thrust out into emptiness.

With a terrible cry the Balrog fell forward, and its shadow plunged down and vanished. But even as it fell it swung its whip, and the thongs lashed and curled about the wizard's knees, dragging him to the brink. He staggered and fell, grasped vainly at the stone, and slid into the abyss. 'Fly, you fools!' he cried, and was gone.

The fires went out, and blank darkness fell. The Company stood rooted with horror staring into the pit. Even as Aragorn and Boromir came flying back, the rest of the bridge cracked and fell. With a cry Aragorn roused them.

'Come! I will lead you now!' he called. 'We must obey his last command. Follow me!'

They stumbled wildly up the great stairs beyond the door. Aragorn leading, Boromir at the rear. At the top was a wide echoing passage. Along this they fled. Frodo heard Sam at his side weeping, and then he found that he himself was weeping as he ran. *Doom, doom, doom* the drum-beats rolled behind, mournful now and slow; *doom!*

They ran on. The light grew before them; great shafts pierced the roof. They ran swifter. They passed into a hall, bright with daylight from its high windows in the east. They fled across it. Through its huge broken

gloom sb. mørke
 bent adj. bøjet,
 duknakket
 wizened /wɪzənd/ adj.
 visnen
 'onset sb. begyndelse
 molten adj. smeltet
 'fragment sb. del
 bound sb. spring
 Elendil Aragorns
 forfader
 Gondor navnet på
 Boromirs land
 smote vb. præ. af
 smite ramme, slå ned i
 sheet sb. flade; som et
 tæppe
 gulf sb. afgrund
 poised adj. balanceret
 lash vb. piske, svirpe
 stagger vb. vakle
 'vainly adv. forgæves
 a'byss sb. afgrund
 blank adj. tom
 rooted adj. som
 naglet
 pit sb. afgrund
 rouse vb. vække
 at the rear adv.
 bagerst
 'mournful adj.
 sorgfuld, sørgmodig

crouch *th. krybe*
 sammen
 door-post *th.*
 dorstolpe
 age-worn *adj.* sildr
 af aldre
 'threshold *th.* tærskel
 thus *adv.* således
 but *adv.* her: ikke
 mere end
 yawn *th.* gabe
 grief *th.* sorg

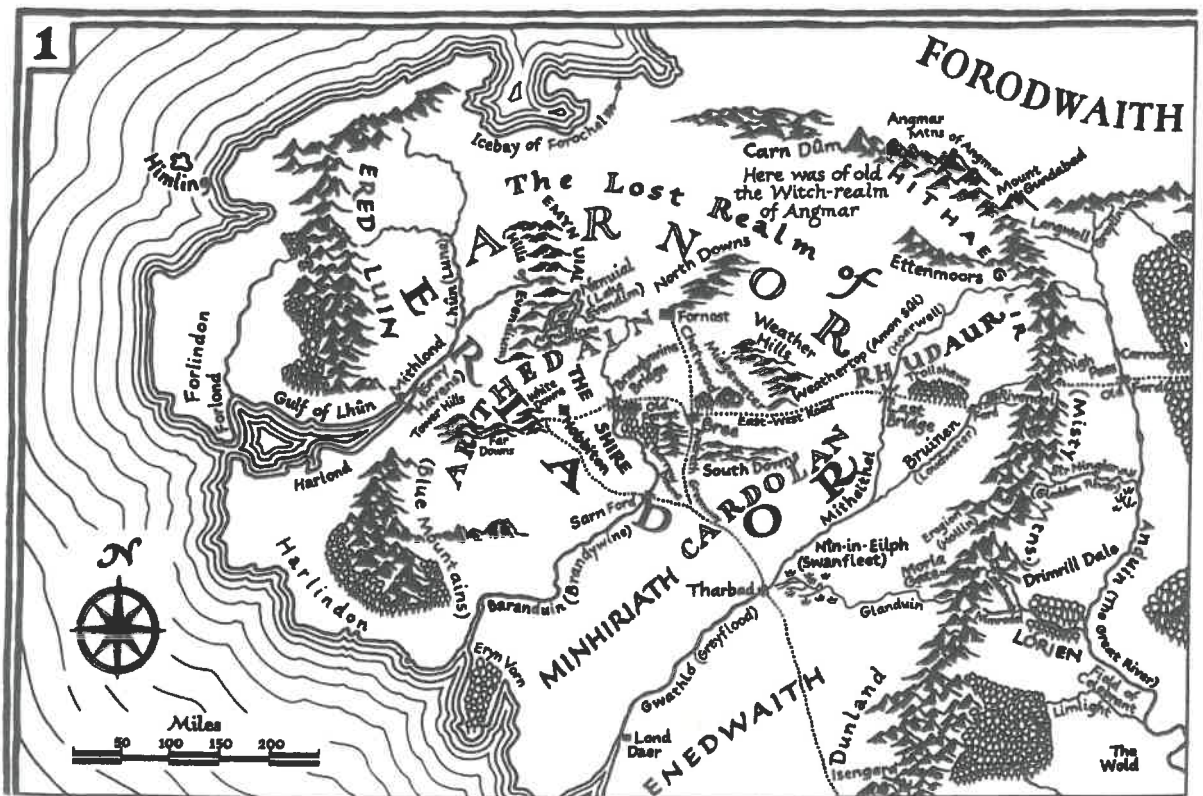
doors they passed, and suddenly before them the Great Gates opened, an arch of blazing light.

There was a guard of orcs crouching in the shadows behind the great door-posts towering on either side, but the gates were shattered and cast down. Aragorn smote to the ground the captain that stood in his path, and the rest fled in terror of his wrath. The Company swept past them and took no heed of them. Out of the Gates they ran and sprang down the huge and age-worn steps, the threshold of Moria.

Thus, at last, they came beyond hope under the sky and felt the wind on their faces.

They did not halt until they were out of fowshot from the walls. Dimrill Dale lay about them. The shadow of the Misty Mountains lay upon it, but eastwards there was a golden light on the land. It was but one hour after noon. The sun was shining; the clouds were white and high.

They looked back. Dark yawned the archway of the Gates under the mountain-shadow. Faint and far beneath the earth rolled the slow drum-beats: *doom*. A thin black smoke trailed out. Nothing else was to be seen; the dale all around was empty. *Doom*. Grief at last wholly overcame them, and they wept long; some standing and silent, some cast upon the ground. *Doom, doom*. The drum-beats faded.



Understanding the text

1. Where is the Fellowship? Find it on the map.
Point out where they came from and where they are going.
2. Based on the text, describe the place in detail.
3. How are the members of the Fellowship affected by the place?
4. What gruesome (hi)story is unfolded in the book they find in the Chamber of Records?
5. *Boom. Doom.* The book turns out to be prophetic! What happens?
6. After their narrow escape from the Orcs, Uruks and cave-trolls, the Fellowship faces new dangers. "Swords are no more use here," says Gandalf. Why not?
7. Finally out of Moria - in what condition do we leave the Fellowship?
8. Look at your list of members of the Fellowship. Do you need to add more information?
9. Who is *your* hero? Why him?

Interpretation and perspectives

1. Fighting evil: Sword or magic?
Sword: Make a wish list containing the weapons and armour that would enable you to defeat the Orcs! Then find out which verbs combine with the various weapons. Write 10 to 20 lines about your fight against the evil creatures.
Magic: As we know already, ordinary swords are of little use in the fight between Gandalf and the Balrog. Make a wish list containing what you need to defeat the Balrog. Write 10 to 20 lines about your fight against the evil spirit.
Compare the two kinds of fight!
2. Sum up how Tolkien creates the secondary world of Middle-earth. What are the differences and similarities between that and our world?
3. Watch the filmatization of the scene that you have read. Point out and discuss the differences.
4. Discuss possible reasons for the immense popularity of *The Lord of the Rings*.
5. Discuss why Tolkien's world has become such a huge inspiration for some people - closet Elves, weekend Orcs, wannabe Wizards, etc.

Grammar task: Verbs

Infect the following regular and irregular verbs from *The Lord of the Rings* into the past tense and the past participle (e.g.: to speak - spoke - spoken):

Hit, write, cleave, stand, read, cry, fall, blow, stab, meet, see, draw.

Language task: Pronunciation

The following words, which are all from the text, all have a *silent letter*, i.e. a letter that is not pronounced. Speak the words, and mark the silent letters:

tomb
sword
guard
whip
slammed
scimitar

Add to this list at least 10 more words that present the same pronunciation problem.