

1-page ✓ Connie Sol  
002138234  
Eng. 270

## THE MEETING OF BILBO AND GOLLUM

“WHAT HAVE WE HERE? NOW WHAT SHOULD I DO?”  
SAID BILBO IN HIS MIND.

AND THERE AT THE EDGE OF THE DARK RIVER STOOD  
GOLLUM, WITH THOUGHTS OF THE VERY SAME KIND.

“WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?” HE HISSED TO HIS PRECIOUS.  
“DO YOU THINK WE COULD MAKE IT A STEW?”

BILBO CRINKLED HIS NOSE, “IT LOOKS LIKE A MAN-FISH  
AND IT’S SKIN IS A HORRIBLE HUE!”

THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER AND NEITHER ONE  
SPOKE. THEY JUST PONDERED A MOMENT OR THREE.

FOR GOLLUM HAD NOT SEEN A HOBBIT BEFORE AND  
BILBO KNEW NOTHING THE LIKES OF HE.

THEY CIRCLED EACH OTHER WARILY AND SLOW LIKE A  
PAIR OF CHALLENGING HOUNDS.

THEN THEY BOTH SPOKE, STATING THEIR NEEDS,  
CAUTIOUSLY TESTING THE OTHER ONE’S BOUNDS.

POOR BILBO WAS SEEKING SAFE PASSAGE AND GUIDANCE  
TO A PATH BACK UP TO THE LIGHT.

WHILE GOLLUM WAS SCHEMING TO FILL HIS BELLY ON A  
MEAL OF HOBBIT IN HIS PERPETUAL NIGHT.

A CHALLENGE WAS ISSUED FOR A BATTLE OF WITS AND A GAME OF RIDDLES THEY PLAYED.

THUS FOR THE MOMENT WHILE THEY DUELED WITH WORDS, GOLLUM'S ATTACK WAS STAYED.

FOR GOLLUM THOUGHT HIMSELF QUITE CRAFTY WITH HIS PRECIOUS AND HIS GREAT AGE.

HE DID NOT SEE HOW HE COULD LOOSE AND HE WONDERED, "HOW WOULD HOBBIT TASTE SEASONED WITH SAGE?"

WHEN BILBO TRIUMPHED AND DEMANDED HIS DUE, GOLLUM'S MIND TO TREACHERY DID TURN.

THE SLIMY OLD VILLAIN WITH THOUGHTS OF BETRAYAL DID TO HIS ISLAND RETURN.

THE PRECIOUS, THE PRECIOUS, HIS PRECIOUS WAS GONE! OH WHERE, OH WHERE COULD IT BE?

HIS VILE THOUGHTS TURNED BACK TO BILBO'S LAST RIDDLE... "AH! THE BAGGINS HAS IT, HAS HE!"

"WE HATE YOU, WE HATE YOU!" GOLLUM SCREAMED IN THE DARK. "IT'S TAKEN OUR PRECIOUS! LET'S TEAR IT A PART!"

BILBO'S HEART LEAPT AT THIS HORRIBLE LAMENTATION. HE COULD SEE HIMSELF BEING TORN, HIS OWN

DECAPITATION.

HE KNEW IN HIS HEART THE PRIZE GOLLUM SOUGHT  
WAS THE RING HE HAD FOUND IN THE TUNNELS ALOFT.

BILBO RAN. GOLLUM FOLLOWED. THEY STUMBLED AND  
TUMBLED THROUGH EVERY TUNNEL THAT HAD BEEN  
HOLLOWED.

BILBO ESCAPED AND THE BETRAYAL THAT LINGERED  
WAS THAT OF THE PRECIOUS WHEN IT JOINED BILBO'S  
FINGER.