

## The Hobbit

In a hole in the ground dwelled a hobbit called Bilbo, who was both greedy and mischievous. One night, he was awoken by three hard knocks on his door.

“Who disturbs me?” he snapped.

“Bilbo Baggins,” boomed a voice. “I am here to offer you an opportunity.”

“An opportunity?” queried Bilbo.

The voice continued, “I am Gandalf; I require a fine hobbit, like yourself, to help me steal treasure from The Lonely Mountain.”

Bilbo agreed. For weeks, they journeyed until they reached a forest. As they got deeper into the forest, the trees began to close in on them, hiding the path. They were lost but fortunately, Gandalf used his magical staff to help clear a route for them.

Soon after, they reached the Lonely Mountain and out of the corner of his eye, Bilbo spotted an opening in the rock face. A path. A narrow path. A hobbit-sized path. Triumphantly, he squeezed through the gap. Bilbo journeyed along the winding tunnel, where he saw a faint shimmer of gold; he had found the treasure.

A roar disturbed the silence, a fierce dragon was perched on an enormous pile of gold. Bilbo felt something hard beneath his foot: a ring embellished with strange symbols. Bilbo, who wanted a keepsake, slipped it onto his finger.

Bilbo noticed his now invisible hands; clearly the dragon couldn't see him either. He took his chance, filled his pockets with gold, fled the mountain and returned home, wealthy beyond his wildest dreams.