

He climbed up into the sun. The light in the glass structure was blinding. It was as hot as a greenhouse, too, and Will could neither see nor breathe easily. He found a door handle and turned it and stepped out quickly, holding his hand up to keep the sun out of his eyes.

That evening when all was ready, into that happy hall came Hrothgar and Beowulf again. All around them now, on the mead-benches, sat the thanes and warriors and as many of the good people of Denmark as the benches would allow. Hrothgar's queen was there of course, all her ladies, and all the Geatish warriors too. And all rejoiced and feasted as never before, the mead-cup passing from hand to hand, until Hecrot was filled once more with the laughter of friends, with sweet song and marvellous music, with unbounded joy.

Then the great snow-white birds set about demolishing everything they could see with brutal raking blows of their feet, and stabbing, smashing, shaking, tearing movements of their beaks. The mulets around her were murmuring, almost ctooning with sorrow.

Suddenly without any warning he trotted splash into water! Ugh! It was icy cold. That pulled him up sharp and short. He did not know whether it was just a pool in the path, or the edge of an underground stream that crossed the passage, or the brink of a deep dark subterranean lake. The sword was hardly shining at all. He stopped, and he could hear, when he listened hard, drops drip-drip-dripping from an unseen roof into the water below; but there seemed no other sort of sound.

It was not long before they grew to hate the forest as heartily as they had hated the tunnels of the goblins, and it seemed to offer even less hope of any ending. But they had to go on and on, long after they were sick for a sight of the sun and of the sky, and longed for the feel of wind on their faces. There was no movement of air down under the forest-roof, and it was everlastingly still and dark and stuffy. Even the dwarves felt it, who were used to tunnelling, and lived at times for long whiles without the light of the sun; but the hobbit, who liked holes to make a house in but not to spend summer days in, felt that he was being slowly suffocated. The nights were the worst. It then became pitch-dark.