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English 270

Denethor's Palantir

*Then he leaped upon the table, and standing there wreathed in fire
and smoke he took up the staff of his stewardship
that lay at his feet and broke it on his knee. Casting the pieces
into the blaze he bowed and laid himself on the table,
clasping the palantir with both hands upon his breast. And it was
said that ever after, if any man looked into that Stone,
unless he had a great strength of will to turn it to other purpose,
he saw only two aged hands withering in flame.*

*J.R.R. Tolkien,
Lord of the Rings: Book IV, VII*