

Mr. Frodo Baggins, Bag End, Hobbiton in the Shire

THE PRANCING PONY, BREE, Midyears Day, Shire Year, 1418

Dear Frodo,

Bad news has reached me here. I must go off at once. You had better leave Bag End soon, and get out of the shire before the end of July at the latest. I will return as soon as I can; I will follow you, if I find that you are gone. Leave a message for me here, if you pass through Bree. You can trust the landlord (Butterbur). You may meet a friend of mine on the Road: a Man, lean dark, tall, by some called Strider. He knows our business and will help you. Make for Rivendell. There I hope we may meet again. If I do not come, Eirond will advise you.

Yours in haste
GANDALF.

PS. Do NOT use it again, not for any reason whatever! Do not travel by night!

PPS. Make sure that it is the real Strider. There are many strange men on the roads. His true name is Aragorn.

All that is gold does not glitter,
Not all those who wander are lost;
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.
From the ashes a fire shall be woken,
A light from the shadows shall spring;
Renewed shall be the blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king.

PPPS. I Hope that Butterbur sends this promptly. A worthy man, but his memory is like a lumber-room: thing wanted always buried. If he forgets I shall roast him.
Fare Well