**‘The Hobbit’, *JRR Tolkein* (1937)**

***In this extract, taken from the middle of a novel, a hobbit named Bilbo Baggins***

***enters the lair of a dragon named Smaug and steals a golden cup.***

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| **1**  **2**  **3**  **4**  **5**  **6**  **7**  **8**  **9**  **10**  **11**  **12**  **13**  **14**  **15**  **16**  **17**  **18**  **19**  **20**  **21**  **22**  **23**  **24**  **25**  **26**  **27**  **28**  **29**  **30**  **31**  **32**  **33**  **34**  **35**  **36**  **37**  **38**  **39**  **40**  **41**  **42**  **43**  **44**  **45**  **46**  **47**  **48**  **49**  **50**  **51**  **52** | He was altogether alone. Soon he thought it was beginning to feel warm. Is that a kind of a glow I  seem to see coming right ahead down there? he thought. It was. As he went forward it grew and grew, till there was no doubt about it. It was a red light steadily getting redder and redder. Also it  was now undoubtedly hot in the tunnel. Wisps of vapour floated up and past him and he began to  sweat. A sound, too, began to throb in his ears, a sort of bubbling like the noise of a large pot  galloping on the fire, mixed with a rumble as of a gigantic tom-cat purring. This grew to the unmistakable gurgling noise of some vast animal snoring in its sleep down there in the red glow in  front of him.  It was at this point that Bilbo stopped. Going on from there was the bravest thing he ever did. The tremendous things that happened afterward were as nothing compared to it. He fought the real  battle in the tunnel alone, before he ever saw the vast danger that lay in wait. At any rate after a  short halt go on he did; and you can picture him coming to the end of the tunnel, an opening of  much the same size and shape as the door above. Through it peeps the hobbit’s little head. Before  him lies the great bottommost cellar or dungeon-hall of the ancient dwarves right at the Mountain’s root. It is almost dark so that its vastness can only be dimly guessed, but rising from the near side of  the rocky floor there is a great glow. The glow of Smaug!  There he lay, a vast red-golden dragon, fast asleep; thrumming came from his jaws and nostrils, and wisps of smoke, but his fires were low in slumber. Beneath him, under all his limbs and his huge  coiled tail, and about him on all sides stretching away across the unseen floors, lay countless piles of precious things, gold wrought and unwrought, gems and jewels, and silver red-stained in the ruddy light. Smaug lay, with wings folded like an immeasurable bat, turned partly on one side, so that the hobbit could see his underparts and his long pale belly crusted with gems and fragments of gold  from his long lying on his costly bed. Behind him where the walls were nearest could dimly be seen coats of mail, helms and axes, swords and spears hanging; and there in rows stood great jars and vessels filled with a wealth that could not be guessed. To say that Bilbo’s breath was taken away is  no description at all. There are no words left to express his astonishment, since Men changed the language that they learned of elves in the days when all the world was wonderful.  Bilbo had heard tell and sing of dragon hoards before, but the splendour, the lust, the glory of such treasure had never yet come home to him. His heart was filled and pierced with enchantment and  with the desire of dwarves; and he gazed motionless, almost forgetting the frightful guardian, at the gold beyond price and count.  He gazed for what seemed an age, before drawn almost against his will; he stole from the shadow of the doorway, across the floor to the nearest edge of the mounds of treasure. Above him the sleeping dragon lay, a dire menace even in his sleep. He grasped a great two-handled cup, as heavy as he  could carry, and cast one fearful eye upwards. Smaug stirred a wing, opened a claw, the rumble of  his snoring changed its note.  Dragons may not have much real use for all their wealth, but they know it to an ounce as a rule, especially after long possession; and Smaug was no exception. He had passed from an uneasy dream  (in which a warrior, altogether insignificant in size but provided with a bitter sword and great  courage, figured most unpleasantly) to a doze, and from a doze to wide waking. There was a breath  of strange air in his cave. Could there be a draught from that little hole? He had never felt quite  happy about it, though was so small, and now he glared at it in suspicion and wondered why he had never blocked it up. Of late he had half fancied he had caught the dim echoes of a knocking sound  from far above that came down through it to his lair. He stirred and stretched forth his neck to sniff. Then he missed the cup!  Thieves! Fire! Murder! Such a thing had not happened since first he came to the Mountain! His rage passes description - the sort of rage that is only seen when rich folk that have more than they can  enjoy suddenly lose something that they have long had but have never before used or wanted. His  fire belched forth, the hall smoked, he shook the mountain roots. He thrust his head in vain at the  little hole, and then coiling his length together, roaring like thunder underground, he sped from his deep lair through its great door, out into the huge passages of the mountain palace and up towards  the Front Gate. |

Q1: Read again **lines 1 to 8** of the source.

List **four** things that Bilbo Baggins sees and hears in the tunnel. [4 marks]

**Q2**: Read again **lines 17 to 27**, where Smaug **and** his lair are described.

How does the writer use **language** here to describe the dragon **and** his lair?

You could write about:

* words and phrases
* language features or techniques
* sentence forms [8 marks]

**Q3**: Now read the whole of the passage.

The extract is taken from the middle of the novel.

How has the writer **structured** the text to **interest** you as a reader?

You could write about:

* what the writer focuses our attention on at the beginning of the extract
* how and why this focus changes as the extract develops
* any other structural features that interest you [8 marks]

**Q4**: Focus this part of your answer **from line 28 to the end** of the extract.

A student, having read this section of the text, remarked:

***“I like the way the author makes this moment of the story very dramatic.”***

To what extent do you agree? In your answer, you should:

* Write about the ways the author develops the tension
* Evaluate how the writer makes this moment dramatic
* Support your ideas with quotations [20 marks]