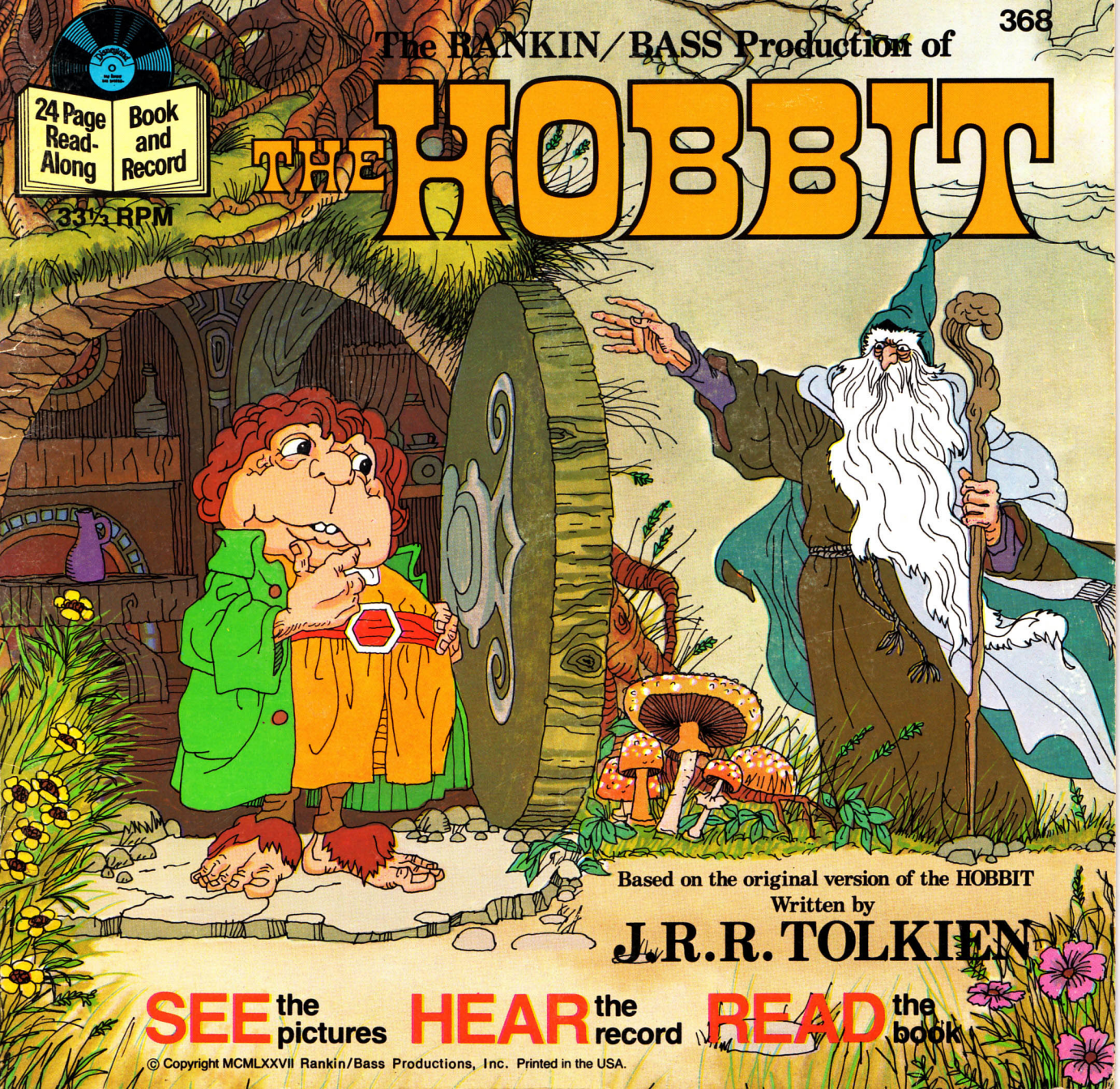


The RANKIN/BASS Production of

THE HOBBIT

24 Page
Read-
Along Book
and Record

33 1/3 RPM



Based on the original version of the HOBBIT

Written by

J.R.R. TOLKIEN

SEE the
pictures

HEAR the
record

READ the
book

The RANKIN/BASS Production of

THE HOBBIT

Based on the Original Version of the HOBBIT

Written by J. R. R. Tolkien



*This is the story of THE HOBBIT.
You can read along with me in your book.
You will know it is time to turn the page
when you hear the chimes ring like this . . .*

LET'S BEGIN NOW:



As everyone knows, Hobbits are small, quiet folk who live small, quiet lives in snug underground homes. They never ever visit the world outside, nor do they ever seek adventure. But this is the story of a special Hobbit, who did once have an adventure — and an exciting one it was. His name was Bilbo Baggins.



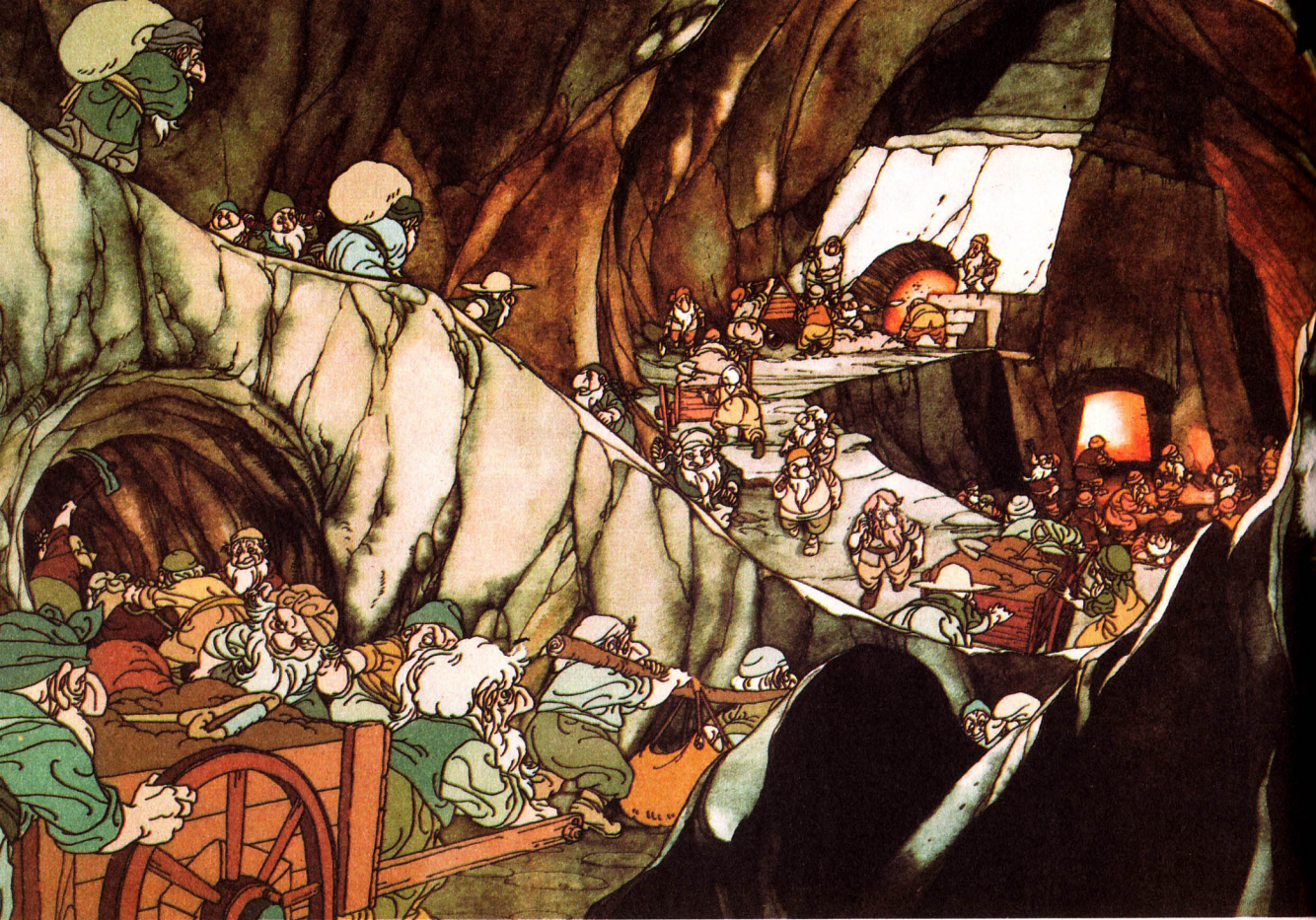
One fine Wednesday morning, who should appear at Bilbo's door but thirteen Dwarves and Gandalf the Wandering Wizard. "Mr. Baggins, I have an adventure in mind for you."

Bilbo blinked twice in astonishment. "Surely you don't want me! I'm only a simple Hobbit!"

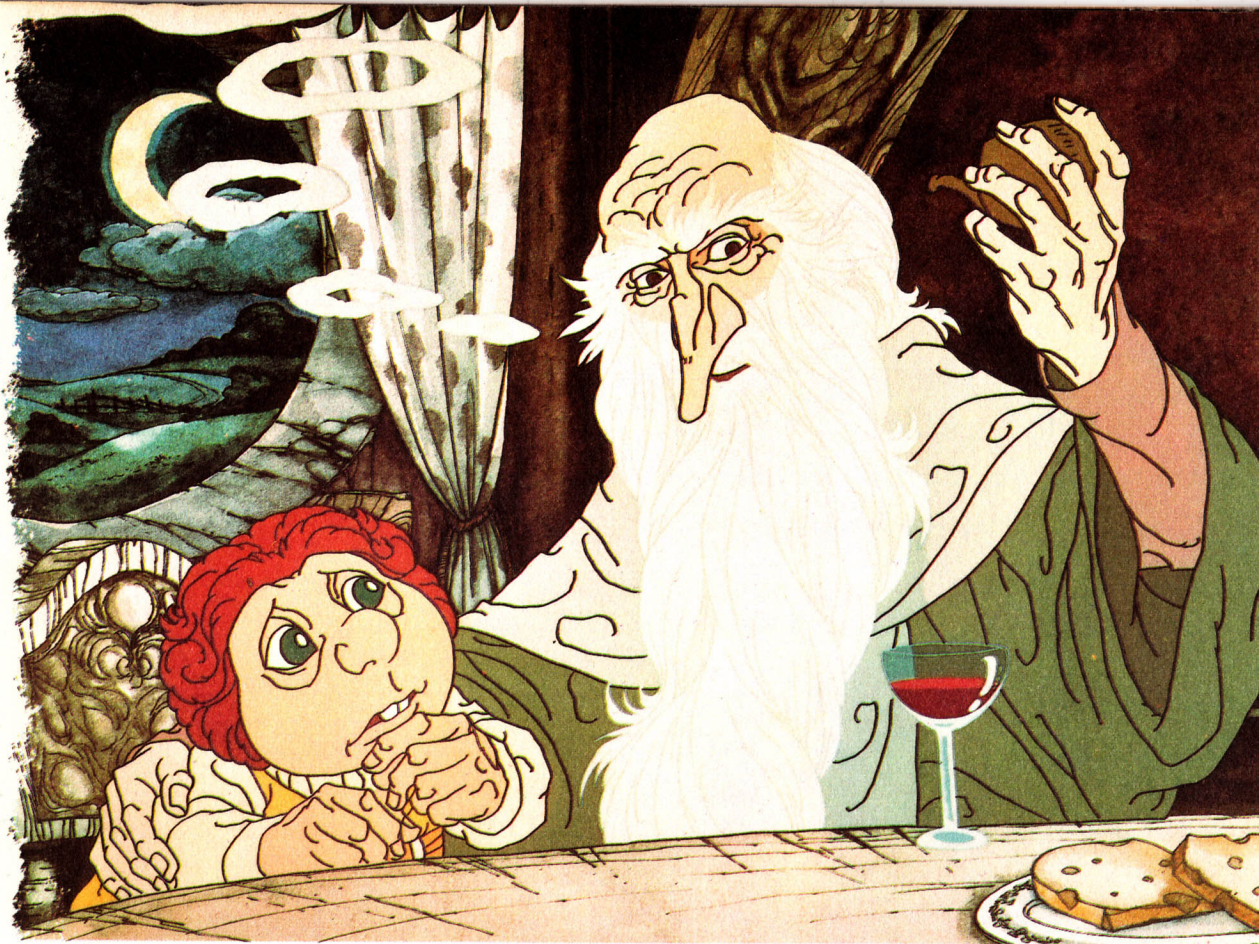
“Actually, it’s my thirteen friends who want you. They have need of a clever burglar, and I’ve told them you would be excellent for the job. This is Thorin, their leader.”

A richly dressed Dwarf stepped forward and bowed. “Let us go inside and refresh ourselves, and I will explain.”





“Far to the East lies Lonely Mountain,” Thorin began while Bilbo set out the goblets. “Long ago, our people lived there in harmony, digging gold and jewels and making beautiful treasures. But the day came when Smaug, the fire-breathing Dragon, drove us away and stole our home and treasures. He lives there still!”



Thorin turned to Bilbo. "Gandalf says you are a fine burglar and will be useful in getting our treasure back from Smaug." When Bilbo heard this, he fainted away. Thorin frowned. "A brave burglar you've found us, Wizard!"

"Don't worry, Thorin. Mr. Baggins will prove himself very useful before your journey is over."

Early the next morning, Gandalf, Bilbo and the Dwarves set out on the winding road to the East. Bilbo was grumbling. "I really don't know why I'm here. I wish I were back in my Hobbit hole beside my warm fire."

Gandalf chuckled. "Come, come, Bilbo. This will be a great adventure — one you'll not soon forget."





After many days' travel, the adventurers began winding their way up into the mountains. Suddenly, as they struggled up a narrow path, a terrible thunder storm burst upon them. "This way, quickly!" shouted Thorin. "A dry cave!"

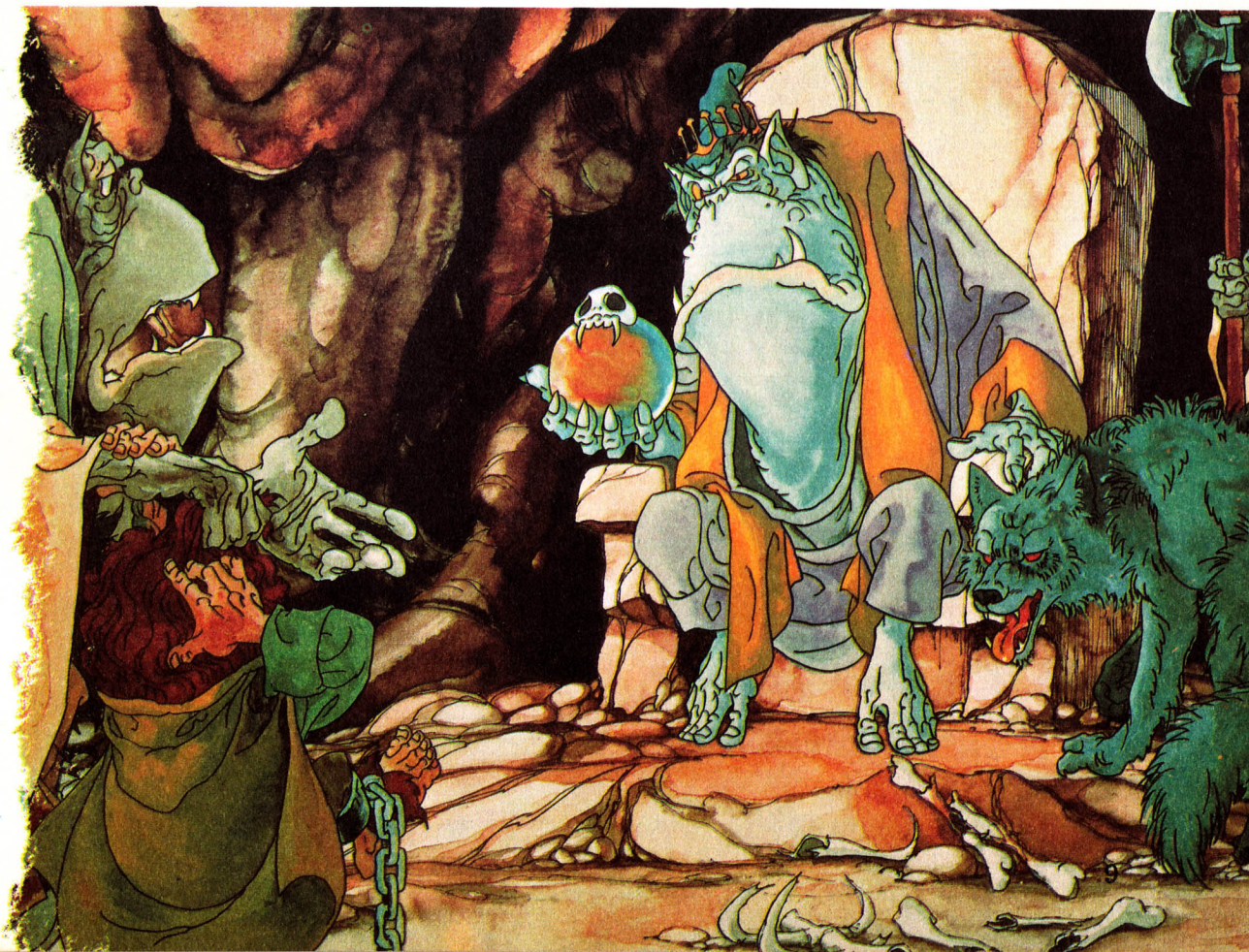
Wet and tired, they all crowded inside. Soon a warm fire was burning, and in no time at all everyone was fast asleep.



Late that night Bilbo was awakened by a strange, scraping sound. He stared in disbelief as the stone wall slowly opened. Out of the darkness leaped huge, ugly Goblins! In a twinkling, the adventurers were captured. As they stumbled down a dark tunnel, Bilbo looked desperately for Gandalf, but he was not to be found.

Bilbo and the Dwarves found themselves in a large cavern deep in the mountain. Before them on a throne sat the Great Goblin himself. "Who are these miserable persons?" he scowled.

Thorin stepped forward. "We are only traveling Dwarves looking for dry shelter. We did not mean to trespass."





“Liar!” boomed the Great Goblin, and he lunged at Thorin. Just at that moment the cavern went dark. Then dazzling white sparks exploded. The Goblins fell back, blinded.

“It’s Gandalf!” cried Bilbo. “His magic has saved us!”

Gandalf called to his friends. "Follow me, quickly. We must get out of the mountain!"

They all rushed through the dark, twisting tunnels, running faster and faster, and no matter how fast Bilbo ran, the others ran faster. His short Hobbit legs couldn't keep up. Soon he was lost!



For hours Bilbo wandered through the endless dark tunnels, until at last he came to an underground lake. On the shore something glittered. "A gold ring! This will make a nice souvenir to show back home — if I ever do get back home." Bilbo put the ring in his pocket.





But this was no ordinary ring — it was magic. Whoever placed it on his finger would become quite invisible.

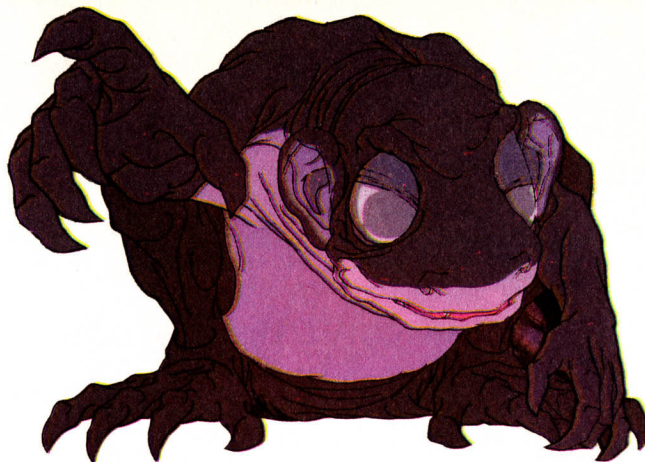
The ring belonged to a slimy creature named Gollum, who lived on a rock in the middle of the lake. Gollum liked to slip the ring on his finger, sneak up on people, and gobble them up. That's the kind of fellow Gollum was!



Gollum had just spied Bilbo. He slipped into the water and swam ashore. "It looks tasty, it does!" he hissed as he approached the Hobbit.

"Stay back!" warned Bilbo, gripping his sword. "I am Bilbo Baggins, and I am lost. Can you show me the way out of this mountain?"

Gollum squinted his large, lamp-like eyes. "Perhaps we can make a deal. We'll have a riddle game. If you win, I show you the way out, If I win, I gobble you up."



It wasn't much of a deal, but Bilbo agreed. They traded riddles for some time. Finally Bilbo won. But Gollum was a poor sport, and decided to eat Bilbo anyway.

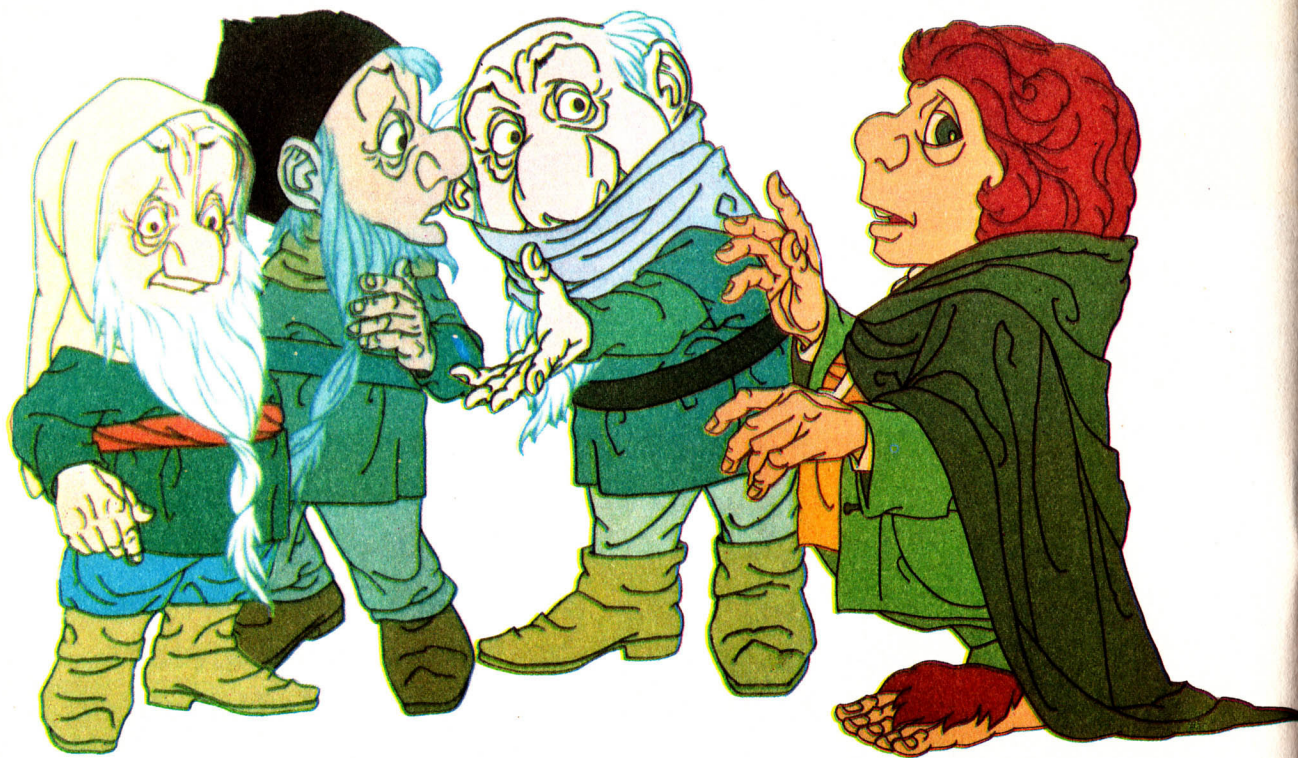
Gollum swam off to get his ring so he could sneak up on Bilbo, but of course he couldn't find it. "It's gone!" he howled, and dashed back to find the Hobbit.



But Bilbo had accidentally slipped the ring on his finger and vanished. "Curse him and crush him!" moaned Gollum. "He's gone, too!" He didn't realize he was looking right through the little Hobbit.

Bilbo slipped away and fled down the dark Goblin tunnels, eventually finding his way out of the mountain. Pocketing his ring, he rejoined Gandalf and the Dwarves. Thorin was amazed. “We had to fight our way out. How did you escape?”

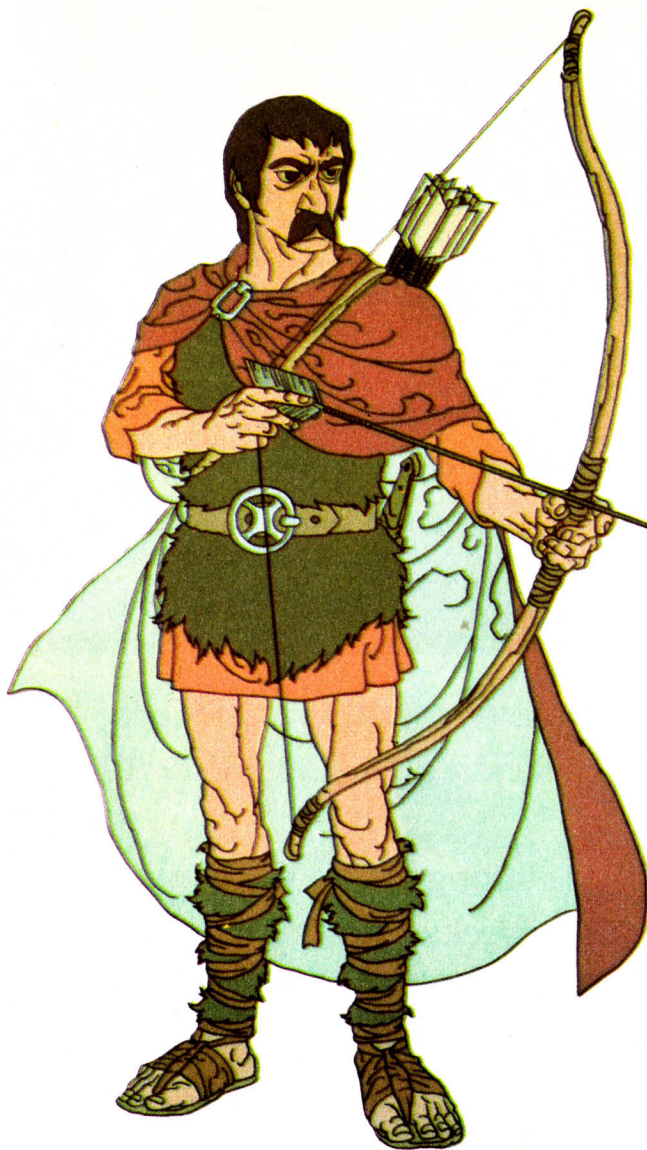
Bilbo thought of his magic ring and smiled. “We burglars are quite clever. We’re invisible, you might say.”





A few days later, Gandalf made a shocking announcement. “I must leave you now. I am sending Mr. Baggins with you. That should be enough.”

“The burglar?” asked Thorin, thinking Bilbo was a sorry substitute for a Wizard. But in the weeks that followed, the little Hobbit proved himself again and again. Twice Bilbo and his magic ring turned tragedy into triumph — once by defeating the Great Spiders and again by escaping from the Wood Elves’ dungeon. Little by little, Bilbo began to enjoy adventuring.

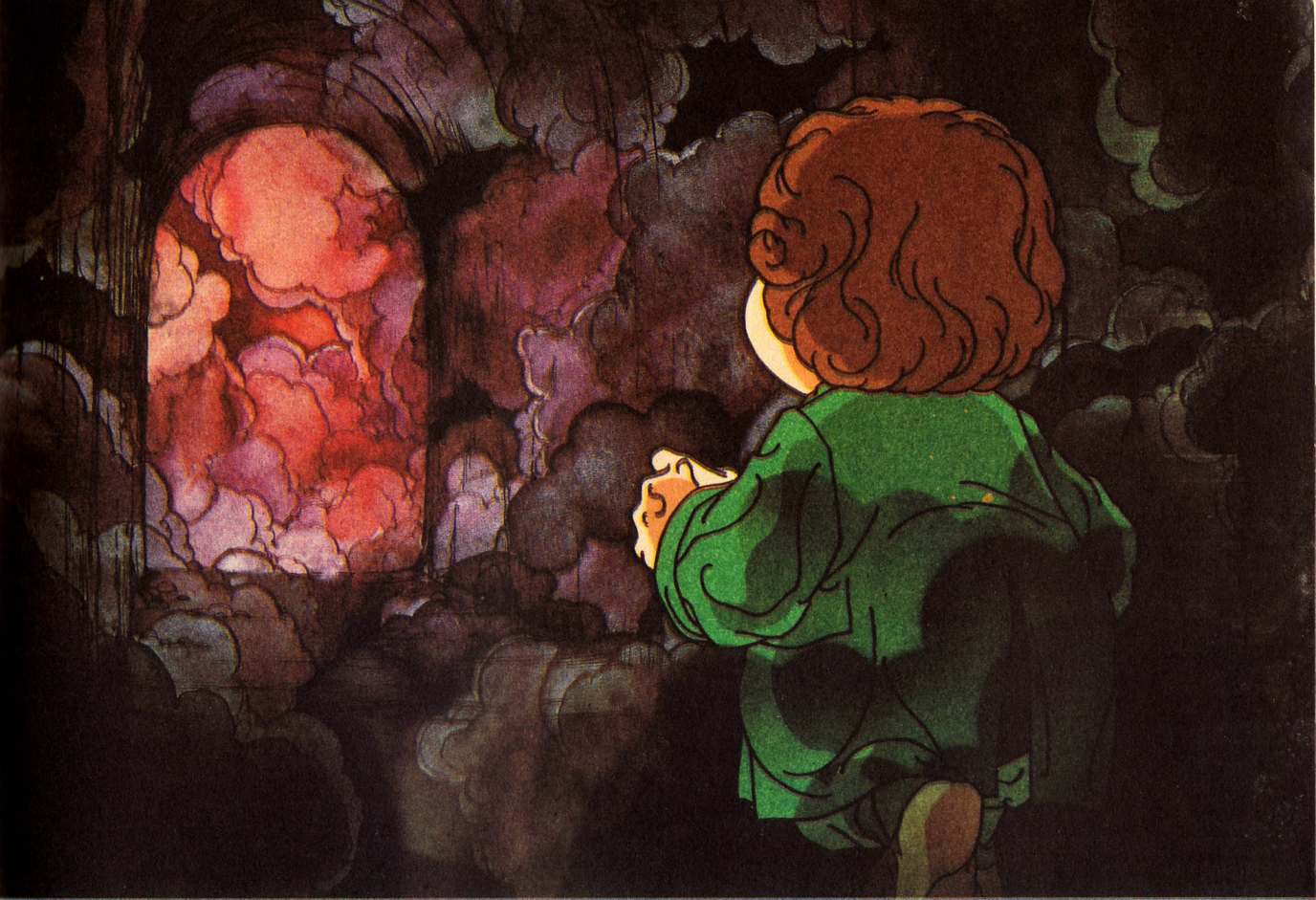


At long last the company reached Laketown, at the base of Lonely Mountain. Men lived there — brave men like Bard the Hunter. It was said that Bard could shoot an arrow farther and straighter than anyone.

The Lake People hated the Dragon Smaug as much as

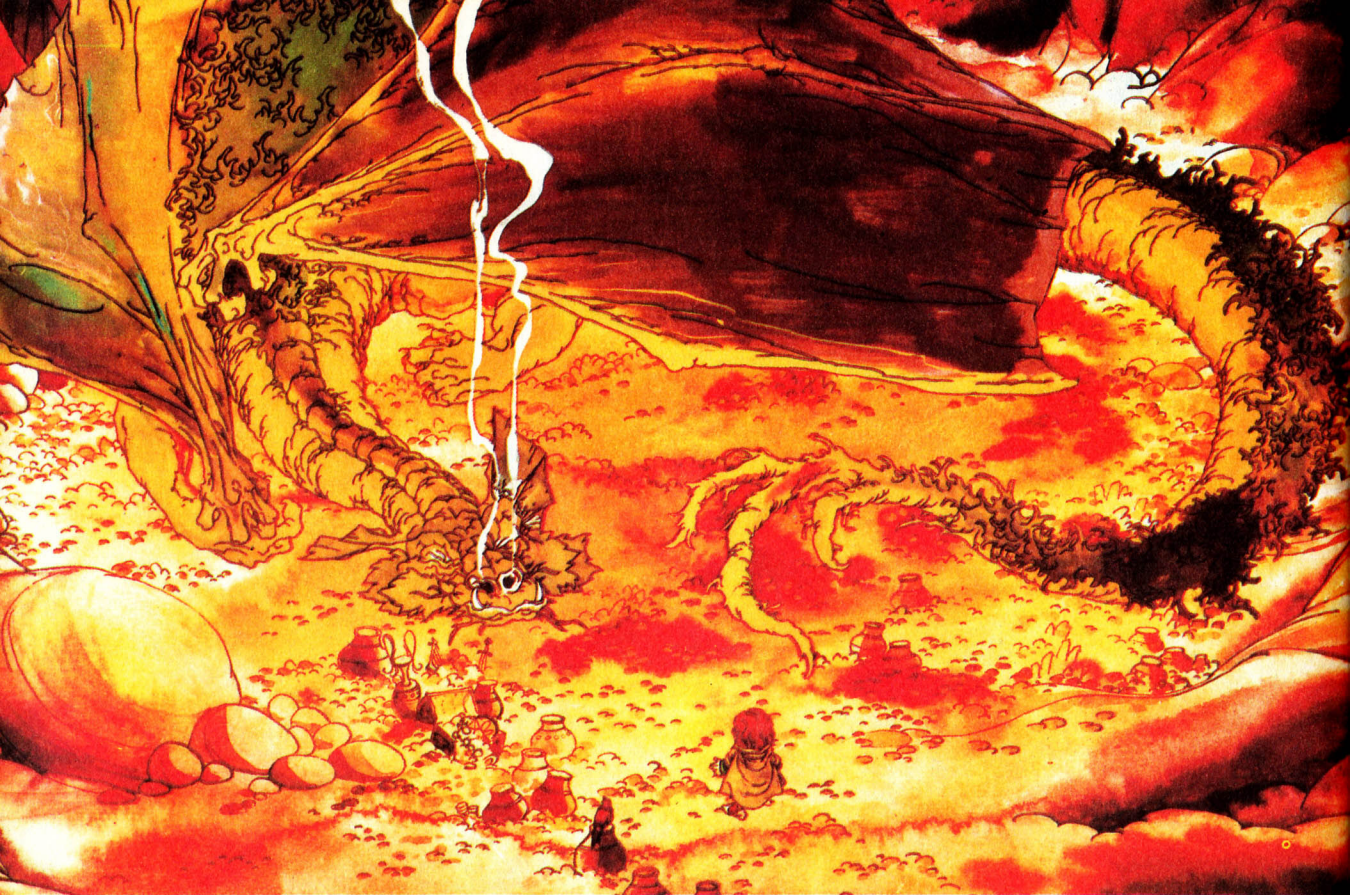
the Dwarves did, and they gave the adventurers all possible help for the last part of their journey.

After a long, hard climb, the brave little company found itself at a secret door in the stony cliffs of Lonely Mountain. Behind that door was the home of Smaug the Dragon.



Thorin turned to Bilbo. "It is now time for you to perform the service for which you were hired! Go burgle something!"

As Bilbo made his way down a dark tunnel, he told himself, "A few more steps and you'll see old Smaug himself. It's true you are afraid, but if you go on now, it will be the bravest thing you've ever done." And on he went.



In the great hall, Bilbo found the terrible Dragon lying asleep, breathing fiery blasts. The Hobbit breathed a sigh of relief. "He fills the entire hall!" whispered Bilbo in awe. "I am no bigger than one of his claws!"

Bilbo stepped up to the large mound of gold and jewels that was the Dwarves' stolen treasure. Nervously he plucked up one small gold cup. Then mighty Smaug awoke!

Quick as a wink, Bilbo put on his magic ring. Smaug's blazing eyes peered through the gloom. "Ho, thief! I know you're here. What do you want?"

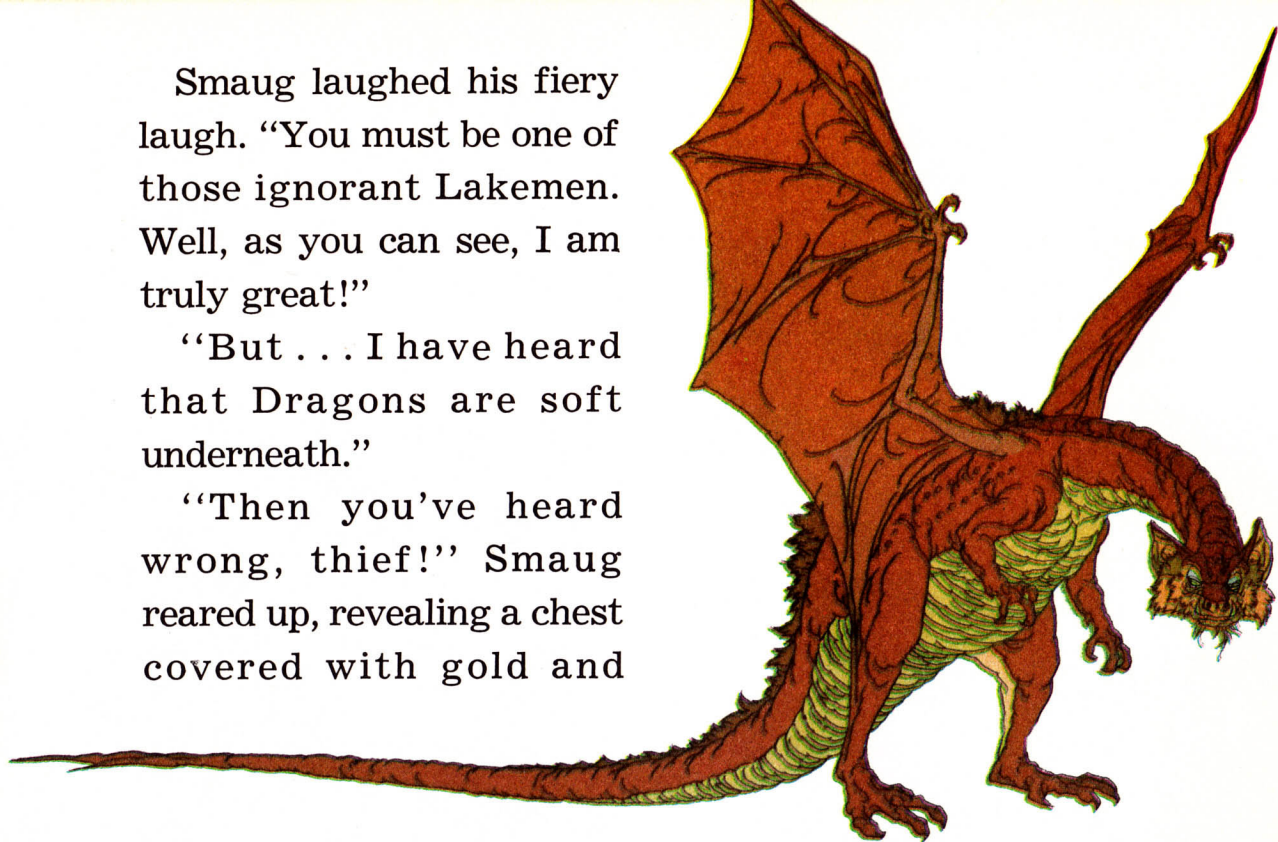
"O Smaug, I only came to see if you are as great as people say you are." (If you are a little Hobbit, it is wise to be polite to Dragons.)



Smaug laughed his fiery laugh. "You must be one of those ignorant Lakemen. Well, as you can see, I am truly great!"

"But . . . I have heard that Dragons are soft underneath."

"Then you've heard wrong, thief!" Smaug reared up, revealing a chest covered with gold and



jewels. "No weapon can pierce this armor!"

Bilbo searched carefully, and there was what he sought! Just below the Dragon's neck was a tiny, unprotected spot! "Ah-ha!" he thought, and he backed into the tunnel, popped off his ring, and held up the gold cup. "You're a sorry match for my burgling, Smaug!" and he darted away.

"No one steals from me!" roared the Dragon, and out of the mountain he flew in a rage.

Bilbo sped down the mountain to warn the Lake People. Spying a small bird, he cried out to it. "Go and tell Bard the Hunter to look for the bare spot under Smaug's neck!"

Meanwhile, Smaug was flying over Laketown, burning down buildings with his fiery breath. The Lakemen were helpless.

But the small bird had delivered Bilbo's message. Bard the Hunter took careful aim and shot an arrow deep into the bare spot below Smaug's neck. The Dragon fell into the lake, his flaming breath changing to steam in the water. Smaug was dead.



So the people of Laketown were saved, and the Dwarves regained their home and their treasure. And Bilbo returned to his nice quiet Hobbit hole.

Every now and again he would recall his part in the adventure. It had given him bravery, treasure, and a magic ring. Gandalf had been right. Bilbo had had an adventure — one he would never forget.

