in a charmony of esperate: 10st and he thought by couldn't too large and heavy for a hobbit, if not quite tall enough for one of the too large and heavy for a hobbit, if not quite tall enough for one of the like a cow going down to down the larging through examples along there could be sing; Big People, though he made noise enough for one of the with great yellow boots on his thick legs, and rushes like a cow going down to drink. He had a blue coat and the was single be Big with great yellow boots on his thick legs, and one, stumping along and rushes like a cow going down to drink. He had a blue coat and a bright, and his face was a second or the stumping along through grass. with sand rushes like a cow going down to drink. He charging through long brown beard; his eyes were blue and bright, and a blue coat grass a ripe apple, but creased into a hundred wrinkles of laughter. In his and long brown beard; his eyes were blue and bright, and a blue coat and a as a ripe apple, but creased into a hundred wrinkles of laughter. In his small pile of whis as a ripe apple, but creased into a hundred with and his face was red hands he carried on a large leaf as on a tray a small pile of white Help!' cried Frodo and Sam running towards him with their hands whoa! Whoa! steady there!' cried the old man, holding up one stretched out. 'Whoa! Whoa! steady there! cried the old man, holding up one hand, and they stopped short, as if they had been struck stiff. 'Now, a going to, puffing like a ballance. hand, and they stopped snort, as if they had been struck stiff. 'Now, what's the matter here then? Do you know who I am? I'm Ton Do. my little fellows, where be you a-going to, puffing like a bellows? What's the matter here then? Do you know who I am? I'm Tom Bomand Sam What's the matter nere then? Do you know who I am? I'm Tom Bomush my lilies!'

Tom's in a hurry now. Don't you e-words 'My friends are caught in the willow-tree,' cried Frodo est into crush my lilies!' 'Master Merry's being squeezed in a crack!' cried Sam. breathlessly. 'Master Merry's being squeezed in a crack!' cried Sam.
'What?' shouted Tom Bombadil, leaping up in the air. 'Old Man that, eh? That Can according to the state of 'What?' snouted Tom Bomoadil, leaping up in the air. 'Old Man Willow? Naught worse than that, eh? That can soon be mended. Willow? Naught worse than that, en? That can soon be mended. I know the tune for him. Old grey Willow-man! I'll freeze his marrow I know the tune for the state of the state o up and blow leaf and branch away. Old Man Willow!' Setting down his lilies carefully on the grass, he ran to the tree. Setting down his factoring on the grass, he ran to the tree.

There he saw Merry's feet still sticking out – the rest had already been drawn further inside. Tom put his mouth to the crack and began singing into it in a low voice. They could not catch the words, but evidently Merry was aroused. His legs began to kick. Tom sprang away, and breaking off a hanging branch smote the side of the willow with it. 'You let them out again, Old Man Willow!' he said. 'What be you a-thinking of? You should not be waking. Eat earth! Dig deep! Drink water! Go to sleep! Bombadil is talking!' He then seized Merry's feet and drew him out of the suddenly widening crack. There was a tearing creak and the other crack split open, and out of it Pippin sprang, as if he had been kicked. Then with a loud snap both cracks closed fast again. A shudder ran through the tree from root to tip, and complete silence fell. 'Thank you!' said the hobbits, one after the other. Tom Bombadil burst out laughing. 'Well, my little fellows!' said he, stooping so that he peered into their faces. 'You shall come home with me! The table is all laden with yellow cream, honeycomb, and white bread and butter. Goldberry is waiting. Time enough for questions around the supper table. You follow after me as quick as you are able!' the whole Parks. But he hoped him that as blown mour of lost and tht; but er back uld be inging

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