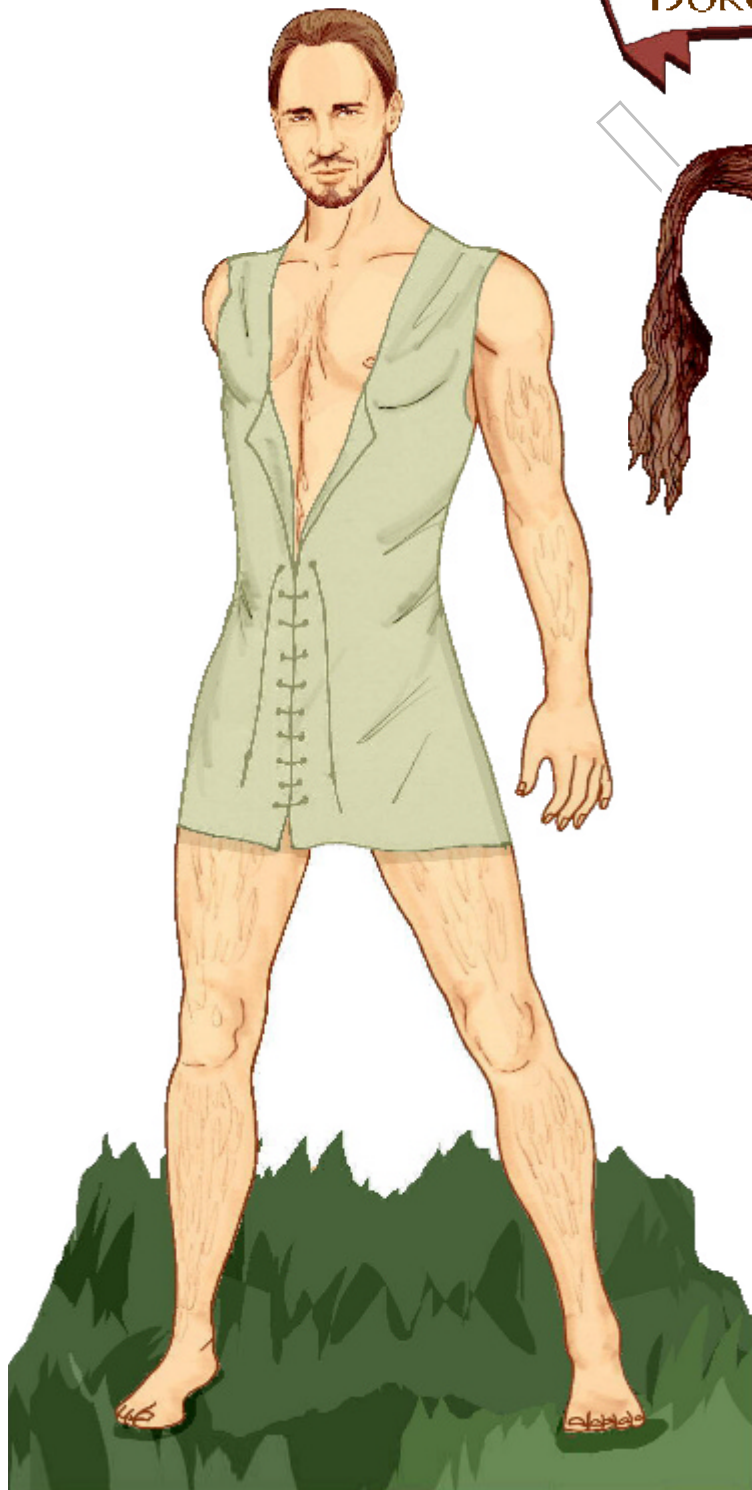


BOROMIR, Son of Oenethor



He was cloaked and booted as if for a journey on horseback; and indeed though his garments were rich, and his cloak was lined with fur, they were stained with long travel. He had a collar of silver in which a single white stone was set; his locks were shorn about his shoulders. On a baldric he wore a great horn tipped with silver that now was laid upon his knees. He gazed at Frodo and Bilbo with sudden wonder.



Proud man of Minas Tirith.





...It is not the way of the Men of Minas Tirith to desert their friends at need, and you will need my strength, if ever you are to reach the Tindrock...

At last slow words came. 'I tried to take the Ring from Frodo' he said. 'I am sorry. I have paid.' His glance strayed to his fallen enemies; twenty at least lay there. 'They have gone: the Halflings: the Orcs have taken them. I think they are not dead. Orcs bound them.' He paused and his eyes closed wearily

