**Introduction to Literary Studies**

**Language and register**

‘Of course, I have sometimes thought of going away, but I imagined that as a kind of holiday, a series of adventures like Bilbo’s or better, ending in peace. But this would mean exile, a flight from danger, drawing it after me. And I suppose I must go alone, if I am to do that and save the Shire. But I feel very small, and very uprooted, and well - desperate. The Enemy is so strong and terrible.’

He did not tell Gandalf, but as he was speaking a great desire to follow Bilbo flamed up in his heart - to follow Bilbo, and even perhaps to find him again. It was so strong that it overcame his fear: he could almost have run out there and then down the road without his hat, as Bilbo had done on a similar morning long ago.

‘My dear Frodo!’ exclaimed Gandalf. ‘Hobbits really are amazing creatures, as I have said before. You can learn all there is to know about their ways in a month, and yet after a hundred years they can still surprise you at a pinch. I hardly expected to get such an answer, not even from you. But Bilbo made no mistake in choosing his heir, though he little thought how important it would prove. -- But I don’t think you need to go alone. Not if you know of anyone you can trust, and who would be willing to go by your side - and that you would be willing to take into unknown perils. But if you look for a companion, be careful in choosing! And be careful of what you say, even to your own closest friends! The enemy has many spies and many ways of hearing.’

Suddenly he stopped as if listening. Frodo became aware that all was very quiet, inside and outside. Gandalf crept to one side of the window. Then with a dart he sprang to the sill, and thrust a long arm out and downwards. There was a squawk, and up came Sam Gamgee’s curly head hauled up by one ear.

‘Well, well, bless my beard,’ said Gandalf. ‘Sam Gamgee, is it? Now what may you be doing?’

‘Lor bless you, Mr Gandalf, sir!’ said Sam. ‘Nothing! Leastways I was just trimming the grass-border under the window, if you follow me.’ He picked up his shears and exhibited them as evidence.

‘I don’t,’ said Gandalf grimly. ‘It is some time since I last heard the sound of your shears. How long have you been eavesdropping?’

‘Eavesdropping, sir? I don’t follow you, begging your pardon. There ain’t no eaves at Bag End, and that’s a fact.’

‘Don’t be a fool! What have you heard, and why did you listen?’ Gandalf’s eyes flashed and his brows stuck out like bristles.

‘Mr. Frodo, sir!’ cried Sam quaking. ‘Don’t let him hurt me, sir! Don’t let him turn me into anything unnatural! My old dad would take on so. I meant no harm, on my honour, sir!’

‘He won’t hurt you,’ said Frodo, hardly able to keep from laughing, although he was himself startled and rather puzzled. ‘He knows, as well as I do, that you mean no harm. But just you up and answer his questions, straight away!’

‘Well, sir,’ said Sam, dithering a little, ‘I heard a deal that I didn’t rightly understand, about an enemy, and rings, and Mr. Bilbo, sir, and dragons, and a fiery mountain, and - and Elves, sir. I listened because I do love tales of that sort. And I believe them, too, whatever Ted may say. Elves, sir! I would dearly love to see *them*. Couldn’t you take me to see Elves, sir, when you go?’

 J.R.R. Tolkien: *The Lord of the Rings,* 1954

‘Now that you’re feeling a little better,’ he said to her, rising from the easy chair, ‘I’d just like to run over your statement with you, and clear up a few other points we’re still unsure about. I’d also like your permission to look through your husband’s things – the pockets of his clothes, for example; any personal papers or boxes.’

 He waited. Lilian looked up at him. ‘You want to do all that now?’

‘We’d be very grateful. Perhaps there’s another room we might go to, to save troubling your family. Oh, and there’s one more thing,’ he added as, uncertainly, she got to her feet. ‘Rather an intimate one; I’m sorry. But I think I might have mentioned Mr Barber’s overcoat? It’s been with the analysts at Scotland Yard, and they’ve found a number of hairs on it, not all of them from Mr Barber’s own head. I dare say the strays became attached just in the general way of things, but since there seems to have been a tussle before your husband died it’s possible that one or two of them came from the head of his attacker. It would help our inquiry if we could rule out the ones that must have got on his coat while it was here in the house. Could I ask you to provide me with a sample of hairs from your own head? Just half a dozen from a comb or a hairbrush will do.’ Then, unexpectedly, he looked across at Frances. ‘Could I ask you the same thing, Miss Wray? The hairs in question are all brown or black, so we needn’t trouble your mother, I think.’

She couldn’t answer for a moment. The question had called up a shock of memories in her muscles and her skin: the digging of Leonard’s fingers into her armpit, the push and weight of his body as the two of them staggered across the carpet – this carpet, right here, with the stains of his blood still on it. She blushed, and felt her face blaze where his cheek had rasped against hers. ‘Yes, of course,’ she said. She put down her head and left the room. But then she stood at her chest of drawers with the hairbrush trembling in her hand. She didn’t want to do it. They couldn’t make her, could they? She had to force herself to tug free the hairs from the tangle caught in the bristles. And when, out in the landing, she handed the hairs to Sergeant Heath, he had an envelope waiting for them, with her name already on it; and that made her tremble again.

 Back in the sitting-room, the women looked at her, impressed.

 ‘Scotland Yard!’ said Mrs Viney. ‘Would you ever have believed it, Miss Wray! Isn’t it wonderful how they can put it all together? But just fancy them going through Lenny’s bits and pieces like that. Murder or no murder, I shouldn’t want them poking about in my husband’s things – should you, Netta?’ She cocked her head. Lilian had taken the men into her bedroom and was murmuring with them there. ‘Still, they’ve got to do it, I suppose, if it helps their investigations. Oh, but didn’t it turn you right over, hearing all that talk about poor Lenny’s brains!’

 The little girl had returned, in a cloud of Eau-de-Cologne. Dumping a wriggling Siddy into his mother’s lap, she said, ‘What did they say about uncle Lenny’s brains?’

 Mrs Viney pulled a sad face. ‘They said there was a great big bruise on them.’

 ‘How do they know?’

 ‘The doctors saw it.’

 ‘How did they see it?’

 ‘Well –‘

 Vera was reaching for her cigarettes. ‘They cut his head open, didn’t they?’

Min squealed. Netta protested. The little girl looked appalled and delighted. ‘Did they, mum? Did they, Nanny?’

 ‘Of course they never did,’ said Mrs Viney.

 ‘How did they do it, then?’

‘Oh, well… The doctor’s got a special light, I expect, and he shone it in Uncle Lenny’s ear.’

 Sarah Waters: *The Paying Guests,* 2014