

**First Sight of  
Strider**

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Suddenly Frodo noticed that a strange-looking weather-beaten man, sitting in the shadows near the wall, was also listening intently to the hobbit-talk. He had a tall tankard in front of him, and was smoking a long-stemmed pipe curiously carved. His legs were stretched out before him, showing high boots of supple leather that fitted him well, but had seen much wear and were now caked with mud. A travel-stained cloak of heavy dark-green cloth was drawn close about him, and in spite of the heat of the room he wore a hood that overshadowed his face; but the gleam of his eyes could be seen as he watched the hobbits.

“Who is that?” Frodo asked, when he got a chance to whisper to Mr. Butterbur. “I don’t think you introduced him?”

“Him?” said the landlord in an answering whisper, cocking an eye without turning his head. “I don’t rightly know. He is one of the wandering folk—Rangers we call them. What his right name is I’ve never heard: but he’s known round here as Strider.”

