

# **A Restless Night at Bag End**

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*A little LotR fanfiction I wrote some time ago. It's told from the point of view of Frodo...I don't know how no one I showed it to could figure that out...*

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# 1 - A Restless Night at Bag End

It was midnight in the Shire. A violent storm had just passed and I found myself lying awake. It wasn't the storm that stirred me from my slumber. I think it is because I miss Bilbo. Why did he have to leave? He talked for so long about leaving, but I never thought he's actually do it. I wish I could've gone with him.

I got out of bed and headed for the kitchen for some tea to calm my nerves. The cold floor sent a chill through my body. I never remembered Bag End being this cold and lonely before. It was always filled with Bilbo's warm laughter, but no longer.

I sat in front of the fireplace sipping my tea. The warm fire did seem to lighten my mood. I glanced up and noticed the little envelope on the mantle place with Bilbo's old ring.

"What's so special about this ring?" I asked myself as I picked up the envelope. "And why does Gandalf want to keep it secret?"

It was then that I remembered Bilbo's old stories about his adventures with the Dwarves and how he obtained the ring from the creature Gollum. I loved sitting for hours listening to those stories, imagining I was off with Bilbo on one of his adventures.

I chuckled and finished my tea. I walked into my room and got into bed. I closed my weary, blue eyes and quietly drifted off to sleep.

~The End~