

The Road to Isengard, from *The Two Towers* by J.R.R. Tolkien

In Isengard, the center all the roads ran between their chains. There stood a tower of marvelous shape. It was fashioned by the builders of old, who smoothed the ring of Isengard, and yet it seemed a thing not made by the craft of men, but riven from the bones of the earth in the ancient torment of the hills. A peak and an isle of rock it was, black and gleaming hard: four mighty piers of many-sided stone were welded into one, but near the summit they opened into gaping horns, their pinnacles as sharp as the points of spears, keen-edged as knives. ... This was Orthanc, the citadel of Saruman, the name of which had (by design or chance) a two-fold meaning: in Elvish, mount Fang, but in the language of the Mark of old the Cunning Minid.

"A strong place and wonderful was Isengard, and long it had been beautiful; and there great lords had dwelt, the wardens of Gondor upon the West, and wise men that watched the stars. But Saruman had slowly shaped it to his shifting purposes, and made it better, as he thought, being deceived - for all those arts and subtle devices for which he forsook his former wisdom, and which fondly he imagined were his own, came but from Mordor; so that what he made was naught, only a little copy, a child's model or a slave's flattery, of that vast fortress, armory, prison, furnace of great power, Barad-dûr, The Dark Tower, which suffered no rival, and laughed at flattery, biding it's time, secure in its pride and its immeasurable strength."