

The Great Goblin sat on his throne, surrounded by guards to his left and right. On his own, any of the dwarves could have beaten him in a battle but he wasn't on his own. Each of the dwarves was held fast by the arms and legs by four goblins. Behind the Great Goblin, an army of followers stood, reverent to their leader, yet, howling, clattering, hammering and banging as each of the travellers was dragged forward and then pushed to the ground in front of the him.

To look at, the Great Goblin stood about four feet high and his pointed features made him look gruesome to dwarves and hobbits alike. His breastplate was fashioned of leather and although it wasn't as grand as Thorin's, it would have withstood many blows from Bilbo's sword before the wearer would have been left incapacitated. Upon his head, the goblin wore a green hat which had obviously seen better days; around his waist was a belt with a solid gold buckle which was threaded through the second of five holes; his arms were bare and his fingers were pointed with exaggerated knuckles that would have made it difficult to slide a ring over them; his nose was arched and larger than a hobbit's which allowed him to smell the fear upon his prisoners' breaths. And fear there was for the dwarves had fought long wars against the Great Goblin and his kind.

Suddenly, silence fell in the mighty cavern. The silence stood for a minute until it was broken by the deep, coarse voice of the Great Goblin who asked, "What do you want?" One of the goblin guards pulled Thorin forward by the beard. "Why have you come to our mountains?"