

I had been despairing already of our folk's hopes of turning back this foul tide, and now comes the news that Londannath is fallen, and that Galó and his slain, despite the power of the blade Isilret that I made for him and is now lost forever. It comes clear to me that the magic of the Eldar alone, no matter how great the hero that bears it, is not enough to slay the Beast.

My last blade - Mer-gil - the last of the Seven Swords of the Noldor - lies in the forge, nearly complete. Asildur Mithmaras waits above, in Lant a herself, to gird himself with Mer-gil and go up with war against the Dragon. I cannot allow him to throw himself away; I cannot send him out against that black creature, knowing that what I have given him to fight it with will not be enough.

Though it has never been done before, I will attempt the joining of the magic of Elf and Dwarf. In past times, I have formed trust and friendship with Durgedin the Black, the smith of the Stone Tooth. To him therefore will I send Mer-gil, to be finished and imbued with

what ever power he can must er . Then, and only then, may Asil dur have some hope of ending the nightmar e t hat has descended on our l and.

(Translation into the Common)

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