

With a terrible cry the Balrog fell forward, and
its shadow plunged down and vanished. But even
as it fell it swung its whip, and the thongs
lashed and curled about the wizard's knees,
dragging him to the brink. He staggered and
fell, grasped vainly at the stone, and slid into
the abyss. 'Fly, you fools!' he cried, and was gone.

J.R.R. Tolkien, "The Fellowship of the Ring"