

Above the summits of the Misty Mountains

Rì æspits de ædòdhì condenè

It was the twilight of the day, but the sun did not yet appear. And it was cold between the peaks, cold like in winter. Only the wind stirred snow and made ever-new shapes. Fields of ice glittered white and silent. The valleys appeared like chasms of darkness. At last something was heard in the silence; two humans who laboured to climb the mountain, a man and a young woman.
Vè'sa cres de viadì, ach anarì oaperav nì ancà. Ì vè'sa necvarè int æspits, necvarè el en vintron. Nur chæli ogenav adh vlècì ì otìrav adh æform nòvè. Æcord de aìs oslitach blancù ì silentù. Ævalì oaperach el æcràt de nechelon. Finù adh varo vè ròdavle en silentonì; dæ æsapìen ash otrùsach grima dòdhì, lænò ì lænìnò neclùnè.

Stopping, the woman said to the man: 'Stop, I must rest, Edryn.'

'Well, Gwendolyn. But the highest summit is not far away.'

'Look, the tree-woven valleys beneath the shadow of the night. And the silvery mist of the morning. Beautiful.'

'Yes. But I can see smoke and fires in our homeland. The orcs torch the houses of our people.'

'Ever will the battles trouble the peace of the world. When will the end of these battles come?'

'If we find the things we desire on this summit, the end might come. Do we climb on?'

'We came to this place to find the secret lore of the mountains, but I have doubt now.'

'Have hope, Gwendolyn! He will find it.', said Edryn and began to walk again.

Haltantù, lænìnì ovithav na lænì: "Haltacà, devas siesta, Edryn."

"Ædù, Gwendolyn. Ach spitsì per altè è nì neccasè."

"Rosacà, ævalì machè de æroned nù nechelon de clænì. Ì condenì argentè de pìrì. Velè."

"Ìl. Ach povas sæna adh fùmòn ì adh æfær en hèmon ràlè. Ælorcì brilach æcàsadi de æbach ràlè."

"Æbaton imù itrùba adh chrìnì de mondì. Cìm ilana chaltonì de æbaton dor tiè?"

"Se findar adh ævimì ash anìronar sur dor tiè spits, ach nìras adh dùbon nun."

"Nìracà spìron, Gwendolyn! Ifindav adh sa." Edryn ovithav ì osetav pròma anatè.

While going on, Gwendolyn remembered the dreadful battle at the pass nine days ago. At first, tidings from villages not far away had come to Ordd, her home, then came wounded men who survived the war of the approaching orcs. At the end came a number of elves to bring help to the men.

Tìam furtantù, Gwendolyn omemàra adh batonì terurè bè montpasì ant naì æviad. Firtù, ænòvon rè olanach dà ædorv nì neccasè na Ordd, hèmon civè, tìm ælæn mèmavle olanach, rè osurvivach adh talitì de ælorc lanantè. Bè chaltonì càntò de æleledh olanach, vè'plach tìn omdat helpa adh ælænì.

Gwendolyn remembered the immortal faces of the elves, bright like the sun. They had spoken to the eldest of Ordd, they spoke of war and of a power of shadow from the East, of dark magic and of battles of the elves against this

power. And the people of Ordd had seized clubs, spears and hammers to fight against the approaching enemy. At the end, the orc-host came from the plain. Having seen the orcs, the men of Ordd waited hidden.

Gwendolyn omemàrav adh æsimetì senmortè de æleledhì, calè el anarì. Rè onianach na bachì per lùnè de Ordd, onianach prì talit ì prì machtò de nechelon dà orìnt, prì sorchad nechelè ì prì æbaton de æleledh contras dor tiè macht. Ì æbachì de Ordd rè oportach adh æmilos omdat bata contras necamìdhì lanantè. Bè chaltonì, ælorcì olanach dà cordì. Sænantù ælorcì, ælænì de Ordd ostarach noravlè.

And Gwendolyn remembered the waiting. It had rained. In fear she had waited, in her hands an old sword, not knowing how to fight. Auriel, an elven-maiden came and spoke words of hope, but Gwendolyn did not hear her.

Ì Gwendolyn omemàrav stara. Rè oplùvav. Snàcantè, rè ostarav, en æpalm cìvè vè macilò lùnè, ach osciav nì com bata. Auriel, càlìnò eledhè olanav ì onianav adh ævort de spìron na cìv, ach Gwendolyn oròdav nì adh cìv.

At the end the orcs had come. Arrows flew and she heard din and the crying of the wounded. Suddenly Auriel fought, and Gwendolyn did not have time to think. She raised her sword and the world appeared like a sea of blood.

Bè chaltonì, ælorcì rè olanach. Ætel otadhach ì oròdav adh pelonì ì adh tìrsantisì de æmè mavlon. Subitù Auriel obatav, ì Gwendolyn onìra nì adh tævàrì omdat pensa. Olevav adh macil cìvè ì mondì oaperav el maronò de vàndac.

Gwendolyn did not remember the battle, but she remembered Auriel slain, her beautiful immortal face stained with blood. And many friends had died. They had defended Ordd now, but she knew more orcs would come.

Gwendolyn omemàrav nì adh batonì, ach omemàrav adh Auriel mortìgavlè, simet cìvè velè senmortè vè maculavlè medh vàndac. Ì ælamìdh pæsè rè omortach. Rè odefendach adh Ordd nun, ach osciav ce ælorc plìè ulanach.

On the next day, all people of ordd met in the house of the eldest for a debate. But having spoken of many things, they did still not find an answer. At last, Gwendolyn, Edryn and a small number of people went to Morvyn, a wise woman who lived alone in the forest. At night they approached the small house.

Bè viadì venontè, æbachì alè de Ordd otrevach en càsadi de bachì per lùnè sèr resonò. Ach dùrch nìanavlè prì ævim pæsè, ancà ofindach nì adh rùbìonò. Lastù, Gwendolyn, Edryn ì càntò necvàsè de æbach ofirach na Morbyn, lænìnò gandè ash ovònav lònù en valdì. Clænù obècomach adh càsadi necvàsè.

'You are close enough.' they heard Morvyn from the house. 'Only three can enter.'

And only Gwendolyn and two women dared to enter. Inside the house they smelled herbs and holy smoke. 'Why did you come?', asked Morvyn. 'We came to hear what we can do if the orcs come again.', answered Gwendolyn. Morvyn waited thoughtful. 'The powers of the mountains might know the answer.', she said whispering. She fetched a water-vessel and looked into the dark water.

Gwendolyn waited. At last Morvyn said with a changed voice:

"Ù'nelæ casè nìsh." oròdach adh Morvyn dà càsadi. "Nur æbach tùr pòva enfira."

Ì nur Gwendolyn ì ælænìnì dæ ocuragach enfira. Inal càsadi orìcsach adh

ærosmar ì adh fùmòn sanctè. “Cìl olanan?” Morvyn ocèstav. “Olanar omdat ròda ciò pòvar tìra se ælorcì lana anatù.” Gwendolyn orepla. Morvyn ostara pensonù. “Æmachtì de ædòdhì ebla scìa adh rùbìonì.” ovithav frustrantù. Oportav adh tasò sèr vèch ì orosav ene vèchì nechelè. Gwendolyn ostarav. Lastù Morvyn ovitha medh voc meravlà:

'Long ago the powers of the mountains protected our people. But today we do not understand the mountains, we do not climb the summits and we do not hear the language of the stones. We must forge the old bond anew. It is necessary to go to the highest summit.'

“Ant tævàr fàdè æmachtì de ædòdhì shìrta adh æbach ràlè. Ach viador comprenach nì adh ædòdhì, grimach nì adh æspits ì ròdach nì adh talì de æsardì. Devar tìra adh lìgì anatù. È'sa clàrè fira na spitsì per altè.”

'Who will dare to go?', asked Rhianna. It is late spring, the ways are horrible and if we go up now, maybe someone dies.' - 'But you must go now.', said Morvyn.

'And when we come to the summit, what must we do?', asked Rhianna. 'I do not know.', said Morvyn. No-one knows. You will find it there.'

“Adh cìu icuragav fira?” ocèstav Rhianna. “È'sa temp spàtè, ævenì ù necfèrè ì se firar na tìn nun, eblè varu imortav.” - “Ach devan fira nun.” Morvyn ovithav. “Ì cìm lanar na spitsì, adh ciò devar tìra?” Rhianna ocèstav. “Scìas nì.” Morvyn ovithav. “Nìman scìa. Ifindan adh sa tìn.”

A cry of Edryn was the end of Gwendolyn's daydream of past things. From the summit a lot of snow came falling down. Swiftly, Gwendolyn attached her rope to the rock. She felt cold snow and a strong wind pushed her towards the chasm. Suddenly the rope was ripped apart. To her luck she caught a stone and endured the falling snow. Shuddering she saw towards the deep. 'Are you injured?', asked Edryn above her. 'Not injured' she gave answer. 'But I'm frightened. If you had not called, I would have fallen. Like Olwen fell.'

Pelonò de Edryn vè chaltònì de viadtrìmonì de Gwendolyn prì limenì. Dà spitsì càntò vàsè de vlèc olanav morèlantù. Snelù, Gwendolyn olametav adh tæen cìvè na sardì. Ofùlav adh vlèc necvarè ì chælò tèvè olasovav adh cìv na cràtì. Subitù tæenì vè rompavlè. Bonshansù, ofrìsav adh sardò ì ofurtav tra vlècì morèlantè. Tremantù, oròsav bè cràtì. “Ar è'dær mèmavlà?” Edryn ocèstav dà rì. “Nì mèmavlà.” ocèstav. “Ach è'las snàcavlè. Se rè ocùiad nì, rè umorèlas. El Olwen omorèlav.”

Gwendolyn remembered the fall of Olwen. It was the middle of-the night. She had cried out for a moment, then she vanished from the border of the chasm. Only silent snow fell untroubled. Two climbed on.

Gwendolyn omemàrav adh morèlonì de Olwen. Vè'sa mitì de clænì. Rè opelav sèr parò, tìm onecaperav dà bortì de cràtì. Nur vlèc silentè omorèlav nectrùbù. Dæ ogrimach mal.

Having cold snow in their fingers they came at last to the highest summit. The sun did not yet rise, but the day approached swiftly. Edryn looked to the top of ice and of snow. 'Here is no-one!', he cried. 'What must we do here? We came to this place, Olwen died but we find only snow! Where is the voice of the stones?'

Nìrantù vlèc necvarè en æfiner plachè, olanach lastù na spitsì per altè. Anarì rè

olevav nì ancà, ach viadi obècoma snelù. Edryn oròsav na spitsì de ais ì de vlèc. “Nìman è acì!” opelav. “Adh ciò devar tìra acì? Olanar na dor tiè lòc, Olwen omortav ach findar nur adh vlèc! Cìn è vocì de æsardi?”

Gwendolyn waited, her arms shaking. She desired to sleep forever and the crying of Edryn appeared without sense. She felt the cold snow beneath her feet. The sun kissed the border of the world and far peaks glittered in the new daylight. And suddenly she felt a great calm and peace.

Gwendolyn ostarav, æranc cìvè tremantè. Oanironav dorma pèrimù ì tìrsantisì de Edryn ooperav sen coms. Ofùlav adh vlècì necvarè nù æpàd cìvè. Anarì ocisav adh bortì de mondì ì æspits neccasè osìlach en helonì de viadi nòvè. Ì subitù ofùlav adh rùichonò vàsè ì chrìn.

'Do you not understand, Edryn?', she said. 'The mountains are eternal, orcs and foes from the East do not trouble them. The light of the sun, the fall of the snow - the darkness cannot conquer them - they will endure.'

'But our people will not endure, Gwendolyn. Our people will die when the orcs come.'

'It is necessary to learn the lore of the mountains for our people.

When the orcs approach, we must to go to hidden valleys. There the mountains will protect us. It is necessary that or people are like mountains - the snow falls in winter, the snow melts in summer, but it does not trouble the mountains. The orcs are for our people like the snow is for the mountans. The orcs will not trouble us if we do these things.'

'This is without sense. Orcs will conquer Ordd and burn a great fire.'

'Yes. But they will not conquer the people of Ordd'

'Are these the words of the mountains which we came to hear?'

'Yes, Edryn. Now I understand the language if the mountains.'

“Ar comprenad nì, Edryn?” ovithav. “Ædòdhì ù eternè, ælorc ì ænecamìdh dà orìntì trùbach nì adh plach. Helonì de anarì, morèlonì de vlècì - nechelonì pòvav nì venca adh plach - ifurtach.”

“Ach ràlè æbach ifurta nì, Gwendolyn. Ràlè æbach imorta cìm ælorc lana.”

“È'sa clàrè lerna adh lincosì de ædòdhì sèr æbach ràlè. Cìm ælorcì bècoma devar fira na æval noravlè. Tìn ædòdh ishìrta adh ràl. È'sa clàrè ce æbach ràlè ù el ædòdh - vlècì morèlav en vintronì, vlècì fandav en somerì, ach trùbav nì adh ædòdh. Ælorcì ù sèr æbach ràlè el vlècì è sèr ædòdhì. Ælorc itrùba nì adh ràl se tìrar ædor tiè ævìm.”

“Dor tiè è sen coms. Ælorc ivencach adh Ordd ì ibrilach adh færò vàsè.”

“Ìl. Ach ivencach nì adh æbach de Ordd.”

“Ar ædor tiè ù ævort de ædòdh adh ash olanar omdat ròsa?”

“Ìl, Edryn. Nun comprenas adh talì de ædòdhì.”

And then they went downhill, two of mankind, changed, but only Gwendolyn with hope.

Ì tìm ofirach sub, dæ de æsapien, meravlè, ach nur Gwendolyn medh spìron.

The End.

Chaltonì.

The shadow does not hold sway yet. Not over you... not over me. Do you remember when we first met?

Nechelonì rè venca nì ancà. Nì adh dær... nì adh las. Ar memàrad cìm otrevar unù?

I thought I had strayed into a dream.
Opensas ce rè opròmas ene trìmonò.

Long years have passed. You did not have the cares you carry now. Do you remember what I told you?
Ætrànas fàdè rè pasach. Onìrad nì adh ædònol adh ash nìrad nun. Ar memàrad adh ciò ovithas na dær?