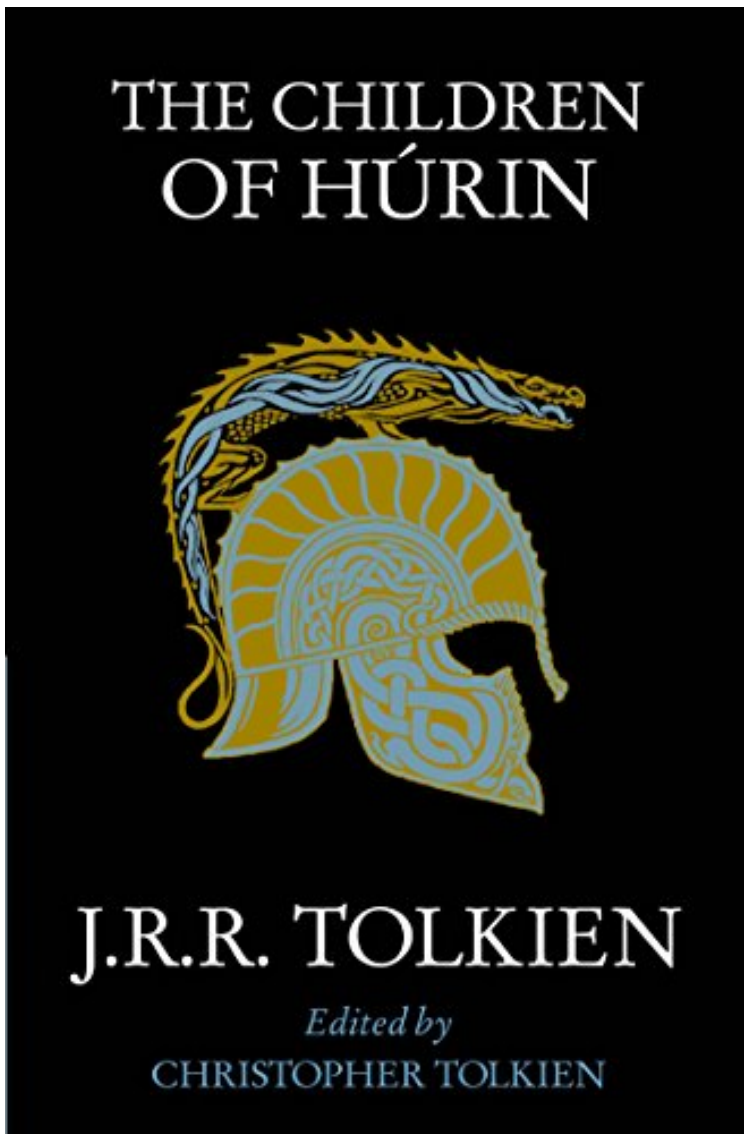


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The Children of Hrin



Par J. R. R. Tolkien
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Description : Description du produitThe first complete book by J.R.R. Tolkien in three decades -- since the publication of The Silmarillion in 1977 -- The Children of Húrin reunites fans of The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings with Elves and Men, dragons and Dwarves, Eagles and Orcs. Presented for the first time as a complete, standalone story, this stirring narrative will appeal to casual fans and expert readers alike, returning them to the rich landscape and characters unique to Tolkien. The Children of Húrin, begun in 1918, was one of three 'Great Tales' J.R.R. Tolkien worked on throughout his life, though he never realized his ambition to see it published. Though familiar to many fans from extracts and references within other Tolkien books, it has long been assumed that the story would forever remain an unfinished tale. Now reconstructed by Christopher Tolkien, painstakingly editing together the complete work from his father's many drafts, this book is the culmination of a tireless thirty-year endeavor by him to bring J.R.R. Tolkien's vast body of unpublished work to a wide audience. Having drawn the distinctive maps for the original The

Lord of the Rings more than 50 years ago, Christopher has also created a detailed new map for this book. In addition, it will include a jacket and color paintings by Alan Lee, illustrator of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings Centenary Edition* and Academy Award-winning designer of the film trilogy.

Painstakingly restored from Tolkien's manuscripts and presented for the first time as a fully continuous and standalone story, this illustrated paperback of the epic tale of *The Children of Hrin* will reunite fans of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* with Elves, dragons, Dwarves and Orcs, and the rich landscape and characters unique to Tolkien. It is a legendary time long before *The Lord of the Rings*, and Morgoth, the first Dark Lord, dwells in the vast fortress of Angband in the North; and within the shadow of the fear of Angband, and the war waged by Morgoth against the Elves, the fates of Trion and his sister Ninor will be tragically entwined. Their brief and passionate lives are dominated by the elemental hatred that Morgoth bears them as the children of Hrin, the man who dared to defy him to his face. Against them Morgoth sends his most formidable servant, Glaurung, a powerful spirit in the form of a huge wingless dragon of fire, in an attempt to fulfil the curse of Morgoth, and destroy the children of Hrin. Begun by J.R.R. Tolkien at the end of the First World War, *The Children of Hrin* became the dominant story in his later work on Middle-earth. But he could not bring it to a final and finished form. In this book Christopher Tolkien has constructed, after long study of the manuscripts, a coherent narrative without any editorial

invention. The first complete book by J.R.R. Tolkien in three decades--since the publication of *The Silmarillion* in 1977--*The Children of Hrin* reunites fans of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* with Elves and Men, dragons and Dwarves, Eagles and Orcs. Presented for the first time as a complete, standalone story, this stirring narrative will appeal to casual fans and expert readers alike, returning them to the rich landscape and characters unique to Tolkien. Adam Tolkien on *The Children of Hrin* How did a lifetime of stories become *The Children of Hrin*? In an essay on the making of the book, Adam Tolkien, grandson of J.R.R. Tolkien (and French translator of his *History of Middle-earth*), explains that the Hrin legends made up the third "Great Tale" of his grandfather's Middle-earth writing, and he describes how his father, Christopher Tolkien, painstakingly collected the pieces of the legend into a complete story told only in the words of J.R.R. Tolkien. "For anyone who has read *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*," he writes, *The Children of Hrin* "allows them to take a step back into a larger world, an ancient land of heroes and vagabonds, honour and jeopardy, hope and tragedy." A Look Inside the Book This first edition of *The Children of Hrin* is illustrated by Alan Lee, who was already well-known for his Tolkien illustrations in previous editions (see our Tolkien Store for more) as well as his classic collaboration with Brian Froud, *Faeries*, and his Kate Greenaway Medal-winning *Black Ships Before Troy*, before his Oscar-winning work as conceptual designer for Peter Jackson's *Lord of the Rings* film trilogy brought him even greater acclaim. Here's a quick glimpse of two of Lee's interior illustrations for *The Children of Hrin*. (Click on each to see larger images.) Questions for Alan Lee We had the chance to ask Alan Lee a few questions about his illustrative collaboration with the world imagined by J.R.R. Tolkien: .com: How much of a treat was it to get first crack at depicting entirely new characters rather than ones who had been interpreted many times before? Was there one who particularly captured your imagination? Lee: Although it was a great honor to illustrate *The Children of Hrin*, the characters and the main elements of the story line are familiar to those who have read *The Silmarillion* and *Unfinished Tales*, and these narratives have inspired quite a few illustrators. Ted Nasmith has illustrated *The Silmarillion* and touched on some of the same characters and landscapes. This was the first time that I ventured into the First Age; while working on *The Lord of the Rings* books and films--and *The Hobbit*--I've had to refer back to events in Middle-earth history but not really depict them.

I'm drawn to characters who bear similarities to the protagonists in myths and legends; these correspondences add layers and shades of meaning, and most of the characters in this story have those archetypal qualities. However, I prefer not to get too close to the characters because the author is delineating them much more carefully than I can, and I'm wary of interfering with the pictures that the text is creating in the reader's mind. .com: The Hrin story has been described as darker than some of Tolkien's other work. What mood did you try to set with your illustrations? Lee: It is a tragic story, but the darkness is offset by the light and beauty of Tolkien's elegiac writing. In the illustrations I tried to show some of the fragile beauty of the landscapes and create an atmosphere that would enhance the sense of foreboding and impending loss. I try to get the setting to tell its part in the story, as evidence of what happened there in the past and as a hint at what is going to occur. My usual scarred and broken trees came in handy. .com: You were a conceptual designer (and won an Oscar) for Peter Jackson's film trilogy of *The Lord of the Rings*, which I think we can

safely say had a bit of success. How does designing for the screen compare to designing for the page? Lee: They both have their share of joys and frustrations. It was great to be part of a huge film collaboration and play a small part in something quite magical and monumental; I will always treasure that experience. Film is attractive because I enjoy sketching and coming up with ideas more than producing highly finished artwork, and it's great having several hundred other people lending a hand! But books--as long as they don't get moldy from being left in an empty studio for six years--have their own special quality. I hope that I can continue doing both.

.com: Of all fiction genres, fantasy seems to have the strongest tradition of illustration. Why do you think that is? Who are some of your favorite illustrators? Lee: A lot of excellent illustrators are working at the moment--especially in fantasy and children's books. It is exciting also to see graphic artists such as Dave McKean, in his film *Mirrors*, moving between different media. I also greatly admire the more traditional work of Gennady Spirin and Roberto Innocenti. Kinuko Craft, John Jude Palencar, John Howe, Charles Vess, Brian Froud ... I'll stop there, as the list would get too long. But--in a fit of pride and justified nepotism--I'll add my daughter, Virginia Lee, to the list. Her first illustrated children's book, *The Frog Bride* [coming out in the U.K. in September], will be lovely.

More Tolkien Favorites Visit our J.R.R. Tolkien Store for a complete selection of Tolkien classics, including deluxe editions, young readers' editions, and more. The Lord of the Rings 50th Anniversary Edition The Hobbit Collector's Edition The Atlas of Middle Earth Extrait Chapter One THE CHILDHOOD OF TRIN

Hador Goldenhead was a lord of the Edain and wellbeloved by the Eldar. He dwelt while his days lasted under the lordship of Fingolfin, who gave to him wide lands in that region of Hithlum which was called Dor-lmin. His daughter Gledhel wedded Haldir son of Halmir, lord of the Men of Brethil; and at the same feast his son Galdor the Tall wedded Hareth, the daughter of Halmir. Galdor and Hareth had two sons, Hrin and Huor. Hrin was by three years the elder, but he was shorter in stature than other men of his kin; in this he took after his mother's people, but in all else he was like Hador, his grandfather, strong in body and fiery of mood. But the fire in him burned steadily, and he had great endurance of will. Of all Men of the North he knew most of the counsel of the Noldor. Huor his brother was tall, the tallest of all the Edain save his own son Tuor only, and a swift runner; but if the race were long and hard Hrin would be the first home, for he ran as strongly at the end of the course as at the beginning. There was great love between the brothers, and they were seldom apart in their youth. Hrin wedded Morwen, the daughter of Baragund son of Bregolas of the House of Bor; and she was thus of close kin to Beren One-hand. Morwen was dark-haired and tall, and for the light of her glance and the beauty of her face men called her Eledhwen, the elven-fair; but she was somewhat stern of mood and proud. The sorrows of the House of Bor saddened her heart; for she came as an exile to Dorlmin from Dorthonion after the ruin of the Bragollach. Trin was the name of the eldest child of Hrin and Morwen, and he was born in that year in which Beren came to Doriath and found Lthien Tinviel, Thingol's daughter. Morwen bore a daughter also to Hrin, and she was named Urwen; but she was called Lalaith, which is Laughter, by all that knew her in her short life. Huor wedded Ran, the cousin of Morwen; she was the daughter of Belegund son of Bregolas. By hard fate was she born into such days, for she was gentle of heart and loved neither hunting nor war. Her love was given to trees and to the flowers of the wild, and she was a singer and a maker of songs. Two months only had she been wedded to Huor when he went with his brother to the Nirnaeth Arnoediad, and she never saw him again. But now the tale returns to Hrin and Huor in the days of their youth. It is said that for a while the sons of Galdor dwelt in Brethil as foster-sons of Haldir their uncle, after the custom of Northern men in those days. They often went to battle with the Men of Brethil against the Orcs, who now harried the northern borders of their land; for Hrin, though only seventeen years of age, was strong, and Huor the younger was already as tall as most full-grown men of that people. On a time Hrin and Huor went with a company of scouts, but they were ambushed by the Orcs and scattered, and the brothers were pursued to the ford of Brithiach. There they would have been taken or slain but for the power of Ulmo that was still strong in the waters of Sirion; and it is said that a mist arose from the river and hid them from their enemies, and they escaped over the Brithiach into Dimbar. There they wandered in great hardship among the hills beneath the sheer walls of the Crissaegrim, until they were bewildered in the deceits of that land and knew not the way to go on or to return. There Thorondor espied them, and he sent two of his Eagles to their aid; and the Eagles bore them up and brought them beyond the Encircling Mountains to the secret vale of Tumladen and the hidden city of Gondolin, which no Man had yet seen. There Turgon the King received them well, when he learned of their kin; for Hador was an Elf-friend, and Ulmo, moreover, had counselled Turgon to deal kindly with the sons of that House, from whom help should come to him at need. Hrin and Huor dwelt as guests in the King's house for well nigh a year; and it is said that in this time Hrin, whose mind was swift and

eager, gained much lore of the Elves, and learned also something of the counsels and purposes of the King. For Turgon took great liking for the sons of Galdor, and spoke much with them; and he wished indeed to keep them in Gondolin out of love, and not only for his law that no stranger, be he Elfor Man, who found the way to the secret kingdom or looked upon the city should ever depart again, until the King should open the leaguer, and the hidden people should come forth. But Hrin and Huor desired to return to their own people and share in the wars and griefs that now beset them. And Hrin said to Turgon: Lord, we are but mortal Men, and unlike the Eldar. They may endure for long years awaiting battle with their enemies in some fardistant day; but for us the time is short, and our hope and strength soon wither. Moreover we did not find the road to Gondolin, and indeed we do not know surely wherethis city stands; for we were brought in fear and wonder by the high ways of the air, and in mercy our eyes were veiled. Then Turgon granted his prayer, and he said: By the way that you came you have leave to return, if Thorondor is willing. I grieve at this parting; yet in a little while, as the Eldar account it, we may meet again. But Maeglin, the Kings sister-son, who was mighty in Gondolin, grieved not at all at their going, though he begrudged them the favour of the King, for he had no love for any of the kindred of Men; and he said to Hrin: The Kings grace is greater than you know, and some might wonder wherefore the strict law is abated for two knave children of Men. It would be safer if they had no choice but to abide here as our servants to their lifes end. The Kings grace is great indeed, answered Hrin, but if our word is not enough, then we will swear oaths to you. And the brothers swore never to reveal the counsels of Turgon, and to keep secret all that they had seen in his realm. Then they took their leave, and the Eagles coming bore them away by night, and set them down in Dor-lmin before the dawn. Their kinsfolk rejoiced to see them, for messengers from Brethil had reported that they were lost; but they would not tell even to their father where they had been, save that they were rescued in the wilderness by the Eagles that brought them home. But Galdor said: Did you then dwell a year in the wild? Or did the Eagles house you in their eyries? But you found food and fine raiment, and return as young princes, not as waifs of the wood. Be content, father, said Hrin, that we have returned; for only under an oath of silence was this permitted. That oath is still on us. Then Galdor questioned them no more, but he and many others guessed at the truth. For both the oath of silence and the Eagles pointed to Turgon, men thought. So the days passed, and the shadow of the fear of Morgoth lengthened. But in the four hundred and sixtyninth year after the return of the Noldor to Middle-earth there was a stirring of hope among Elves and Men; for thereumour ran among them of the deeds of Beren and Lthien, and the putting to shame of Morgoth even upon his throne in Angband, and some said that Beren and Lthien yet lived, or had returned from the Dead. In that year also the great counsels of Maedhros were almost complete, and with the reviving strength of the Eldar and the Edain the advance of Morgoth was stayed, and the Orcs were driven back from Beleriand. Then some began to speak of victories to come, and of redressing the Battle of the Bragollach, when Maedhros should lead forth the united hosts, and drive Morgoth underground, and seal the Doors of Angband. But the wiser were uneasy still, fearing that Maedhros revealed his growing strength too soon, and that Morgoth would be given time enough to take counsel against him. Ever will some new evil be hatched in Angband beyond the guess of Elves and Men, they said. And in the autumn of that year, to point their words, there came an ill wind from the North under leaden skies. The Evil Breath it was called, for it was pestilent; and many sickened and died in the fall of the year in the northern lands that bordered on the Anfauglith, and they were for the most part the children or the rising youth in the houses of Men. In that year Trin son of Hrin was yet only five years old, and Urwen his sister was three in the beginning of spring. Her hair was like the yellow lilies in the grass as she ran in the fields, and her laughter was like the sound of the merry stream that came singing out of the hills past the walls of her fathers house. Nen Lalaith it was named, and after it all the people of the household called the child Lalaith, and their hearts were glad while she was among them. But Trin was loved less than she. He was dark-haired as his mother, and promised to be like her in mood also; for he was not merry, and spoke little, though he learned to speak early and ever seemed older than his years. Trin was slow to forget injustice or mockery; but the fire of his father was also in him, and he could be sudden and fierce. Yet he was quick to pity, and the hurts or sadness of living things might move him to tears; and he was like his father in this also, for Morwen was stern with others as with herself. He loved his mother, for her speech to him was forthright and plain; but his father he saw little, for Hrin was often long away from home with the host of Fingon that guarded Hithlums eastern borders, and when he returned his quick speech, full of strange words and jests and half-meanings, bewildered Trin and made him uneasy. At that time all the warmth of his heart was for Lalaith his sister; but he played with her seldom, and liked better to guard her unseen and to watch her going upon grass or under tree, as she sang such songs as the children of the Edain made long ago when the tongue

of the Elves was still fresh upon their lips. Fair as an Elf-child is Lalaith, said Hrin to Morwen; but briefer, alas! And so fairer, maybe, or dearer. And Trin hearing these words pondered them, but could not understand them. For he had seen no Elf-children. None of the Eldar at that time dwelt in his father's lands, and once only had he seen them, when King Fingon and many of his lords had ridden through Dor-lmin and passed over the bridge of Nen Lalaith, glittering in silver and white. But before the year was out the truth of his father's words was shown; for the Evil Breath came to Dor-lmin, and Trin took sick, and lay long in a fever and dark dream. And when he was healed, for such was his fate and the strength of life that was in him, he asked for Lalaith. But his nurse answered: Speak no more of Lalaith, son of Hrin; but of your sister Urwen you must ask tidings of your mother. And when Morwen came to him, Trin said to her: I am no longer sick, and I wish to see Urwen; but why must I not say Lalaith any more? Because Urwen is dead, and laughter is stilled in this house, she answered. But you live, son of Morwen; and so does the Enemy who has done this to us. She did not seek to comfort him any more than herself; for she met her grief in silence and coldness of heart. But Hrin mourned openly, and he took up his harp and would make a song of lamentation; but he could not, and he broke his harp, and going out he lifted up his hand towards the North, crying: Murrer of Middle-earth, would that I might see you face to face, and mar you as my lord Fingolfin did! But Trin wept bitterly at night alone, though to Morwen he never again spoke the name of his sister. To one friend only he turned at that time, and to him he spoke of his sorrow and the emptiness of the house. This friend was named Sador, a house-man in the service of Hrin; he was lame, and of small account. He had been a woodman, and by ill-luck or the mishandling of his axe he had hewn his right foot, and the footless leg had shrunken; and Trin called him Labadal, which is Hopafoot, though the name did not displease Sador, for it was given in pity and not in scorn. Sador worked in the outbuildings, to make or mend things of little worth that were needed in the house, for he had some skill in the working of wood; and Trin would fetch him what he lacked, to spare his leg, and sometimes he would carry off secretly some tool or piece of timber that he found unwatched, if he thought his friend might use it. Then Sador smiled, but bade him return the gifts to their places; Give with a free hand, but give only your own, he said. He rewarded as he could the kindness of the child, and carved for him the figures of men and beasts; but Trin delighted most in Sador's tales, for he had been a young man in the days of the Bragollach, and loved now to dwell upon the short days of his full manhood before his maiming. That was a great battle, they say, son of Hrin. I was called from my tasks in the wood in the need of that year; but I was not in the Bragollach, or I might have got my hurt with more honour. For we came too late, save to bear back the bier of the old lord, Hador, who fell in the guard of King Fingolfin. I went for a soldier after that, and I was in Eithel Sirion, the great fort of the Elf-kings, for many years; or so it seems now, and the dull years since have little to mark them. In Eithel Sirion I was when the Black King assailed it, and Galdor your father's father was the captain there in the King's stead. He was slain in that assault; and I saw your father take up his lordship and his command, though but new come to manhood. There was a fire in him that made the sword hot in his hand, they said. Behind him we drove the Orcs into the sand; and they have not dared to come within sight of the walls since that day. But alas! my love of battle was sated, for I had seen spilled blood and wounds enough; and I got leave to come back to the woods that I yearned for. And there I got my hurt; for a man that flies from his fear may find that he has only taken a short cut to meet it. In this way Sador would speak to Trin as he grew older; and Trin began to ask many questions that Sador found hard to answer, thinking that others nearer akin should have had the teaching. And one day Trin said to him: Was Lalaith indeed like an Elf-child, as my father said? And what did he mean, when he said that she was briefer? Very like, said Sador; for in their first youth the children of Men and Elves seem close akin. But the children of Men grow more swiftly, and their youth passes soon; such is our fate. Then Trin asked him: What is fate? As to the fate of Men, said Sador, you must ask those that are wiser than Labadal. But as all can see, we weary soon and die; and by mischance many meet death even sooner. But the Elves do not weary, and they do not die save by great hurt. From wounds and griefs that would slay Men they maybe healed; and even when their bodies are marred they return again, some say. It is not so with us. Then Lalaith will not come back? said Trin. Where has she gone? She will not come back, said Sador. But where she has gone no man knows; or I do not. Has it always been so? Or do we suffer some curse of the wicked King, perhaps, like the Evil Breath? I do not know. A darkness lies behind us, and out of it few tales have come. The fathers of our fathers may have had things to tell, but they did not tell them. Even their names are forgotten. The Mountains stand between us and the life that they came from, flying from no man now knows what. Were they afraid? said Trin. It may be, said Sador. It may be that we fled from the fear of the Dark, only to find it here before us, and nowhere else to fly to but the Sea. We are not afraid any longer, said Trin, not all of us. My father is not afraid, and I will not

be; or at least, as my mother, I will be afraid and not show it. It seemed then to Sador that Trin's eyes were not the eyes of a child, and he thought: Grief is a stone to a hard mind. But aloud he said: Son of Hrin and Morwen, how it will be with your heart Labadal cannot guess; but seldom and to few will you show what is in it. Then Trin said: Perhaps it is better not to tell what you wish, if you cannot have it. But I wish, Labadal, that I were one of the Eldar. Then Lalaith might come back, and I should still be here, even if she were long away. I shall go as a soldier with an Elf-king as soon as I am able, as you did, Labadal.