



The Korrigans of Elidwenn

Volume 1

**The Gate of
Legends**



L'été était bien installé sur la lande face à la mer.
Solène et Benjamin couraient comme des fous sur le chemin qui conduisait à la vieille maison de leur grand-père.

Summer was well established on the moor facing the sea. Solène and Benjamin ran like mad on the path that led to their grandfather's old house.

At the very top of the cliff, on sunny days like today, the house stood proud, like a lighthouse facing the ocean with its blue shutters faded by sea salt.

And yet, on stormy days, she also knew how to collect herself like a turtle under her old stones. Its slate roof served as an indestructible shell against the sea spray- It front of laden winds.

"The first to arrive wins the snack of the other!" Solène had called out, cutting the path through the gorse.

In the sunny kitchen of the house, on the long wooden table, sat the bottle of lemonade, the chocolate as well as the brioche just brought back from the village by Grandfather Lucien.



Solène and Benjamin were cousins. meet during the holidays at his peerless place to tell them stories

"The clouds are bringing a downpour of so to the attic!" he offered them.

Solène and Benjamin adored this king of a thousand imaginary worlds. of treasures from another time brings back to life. That day, the discoveries.

"Come see what I have found,



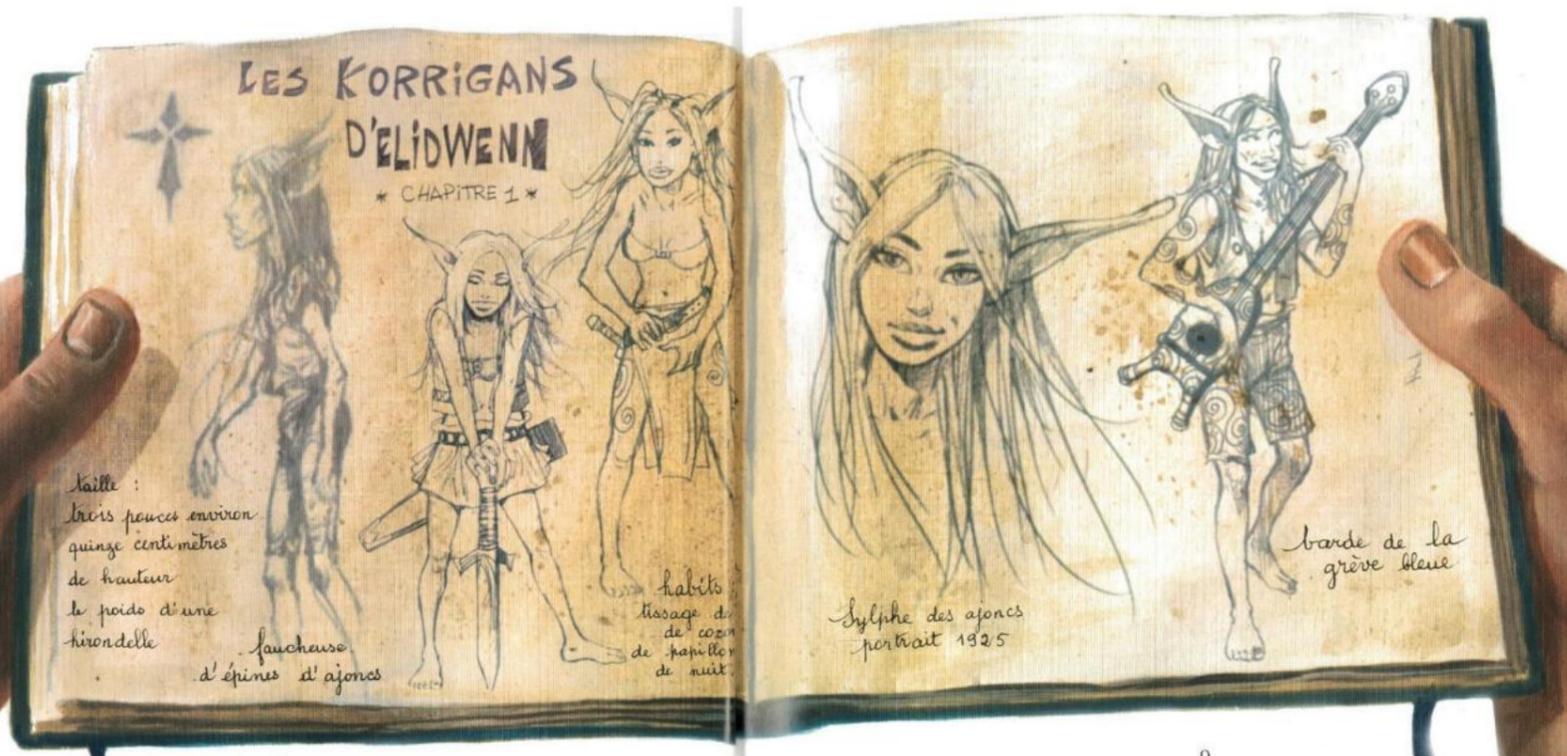
They loved their grandfather very much. This one had tales of pirates.

the sea. After the snack, go up

attic. Up there, they became the Dusty trunks full of them waited motionless for the children to do a strange

Solene!"

Benjamin pulled out from under a velvet armchair an old leather notebook, covered with cobwebs.



A faint ray of light passed through the skylight in the attic. He illuminated the title inscribed in gold letters on the cover.

"THE KORRIGANS OF ELIDWENN."

The children had opened the book on the kitchen table. "Chapter 1 : The Gate of Legends".

On the pages yellowed by time, funny threadlike characters, no taller than a magpie's feather, were drawn in light pencil. They were seen nibbling on a gorse leaf, cavorting, grabbing a flying seagull. Some twisted their faces with their fingers all over the place. With the best will in the world, Benjamin had never managed to make such twisted faces before.

"Looks like they exist." exclaimed Solène, amazed.

Details of their clothing, how they feed, where to find them on the moor were carefully annotated in Indian ink under the illustrations.





Solène thought she had already seen this menhir drawn on the right-hand page. She entered her cousin by the sleeve outside.

After the rain, the grandfather sat down on a stone in the garden to mend his fishing nets. He did not see the two children pass in front of him.

The sun had returned over the moor. A smell of warm humidity rose from the grasses which smelled of humus. Very quickly, the two cousins discovered the menhir, proudly erected in the middle of a carpet of heather. Solène began to read the notebook:

"Here live the beetles of Elidwenn. They feed on blackberries and lichen.

What is lichen? Benjamin asked.

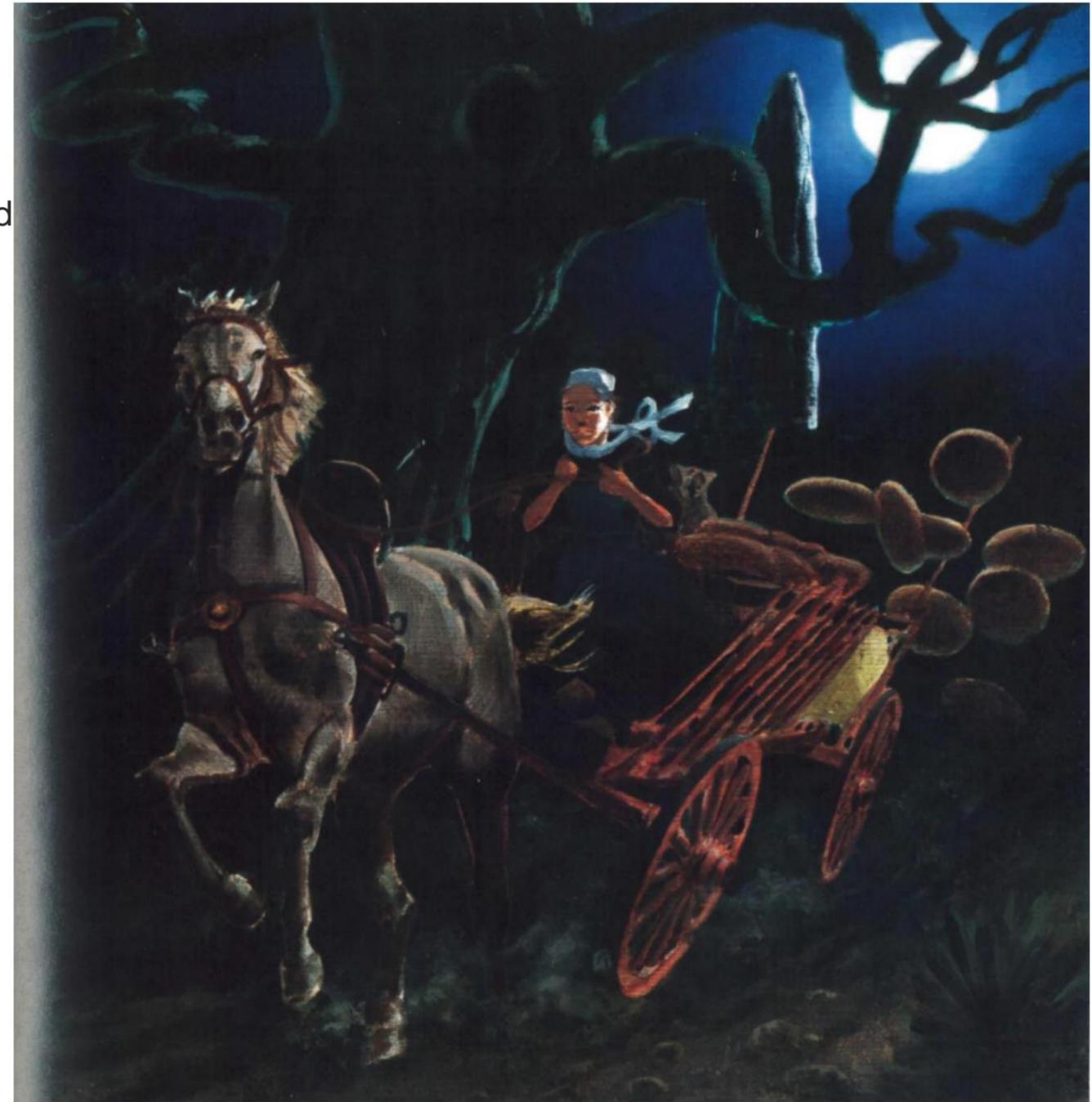
OWI – theme 4 Nature Geography – French Legend

A kind of vegetable moss that clings to stones."

Benjamin was no longer very reassured at the idea of meeting one of these beings from the notebook. What if they were evil? Spellcasters? Or worse, child eaters?

That afternoon, apart from one or two rabbits, they didn't meet anyone.

"You must have made too much noise," Grandfather Lucien explained to them that evening. My mother, your great-grandmother saw them when she was young. She was a baker. Every day, she delivered the bread to the remotest farms on the moor. She was carried by her cart and guided by her faithful horse Sam. The sun was not always up when she was leaving. Once, Sam got angry for no reason in the middle of a trail and stopped short. My mother then heard rising from the menhir a strange music, close by.





Hidden behind a rock, she saw for the first time korrigan in the moonlight. It was to bring back proof of their existence that she took used to draw them in this notebook.'

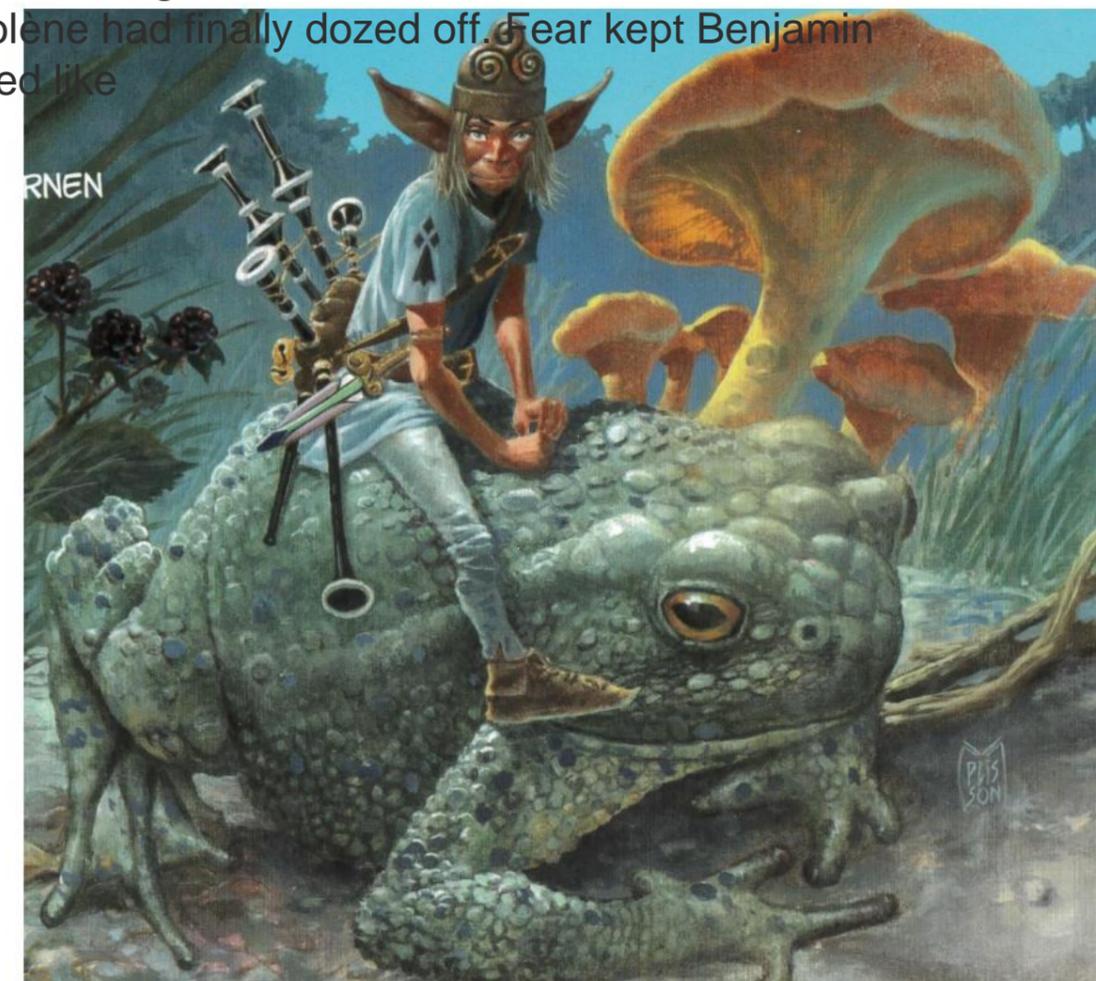
This story prevented Benjamin and Solène from sleeping. Standing in front of their bedroom window, they watched the moon swell in the sky. Thousands of spangles of light danced on the crest of the ocean waves.

"If we must meet korrigan, it's now!" affirmed Solène. Led by his cousin, Benjamin found himself in spite of himself outside on the path leading to the menhir. A light wind was blowing over the grass. His breath guided the children to the huge standing stone.

Solène put the notebook on her lap and Benjamin took out a flashlight which he kept switched off. Long minutes stretched like hours without anything happening. Solène had finally dozed off. Fear kept Benjamin awake. His eyes widened like

balls.

He wanted to put a name to each of those suspicious shadows moving around him. Here, a bush, There, a rabbit. It was then that, mechanically, he turned his head to the left and jumped. A korrigan, astride a toad stared at him. He didn't move, didn't say anything. How long had he been there? His blue eyes shone with a strange metallic luster. He wore long, blond hair like gorse. Suddenly, he began to speak: "I am a korrigan of Elidwenn who runs, runs and struggles. And you, who are you? What are you doing on my domain?" The musical tone of his voice woke Solène. She let out a sharp cry. In one leap, the toad and its rider were gone.





Without thinking, the two cousins set off in pursuit.

"He's gone this way!

Nope ! Over there !"

They bumped into each other as they threw themselves to the ground together. It was dark under the long grasses of the moor.

"Benjamin, where is your lamp?

We don't need it, look!"

Around them, small flames clinging to the grass formed a path of light.

"Glowworms!" exclaimed Benjamin.

They look like they're lighting up an airstrip," noted Solène.

She didn't believe so well. Two bats passed over their heads. They seemed to follow the route of the little lights. Benjamin thought he saw two figures on their backs.

They had been walking through the thickets for quite some time, guided by the lights of the glowworms. They passed troglodyte birds in their nest, disturbed a vixen and her young. And then there was this badger who began to scamper in front of them, jostling them. This time, Benjamin clearly saw a rider on his back.

The two cousins quickened their pace so as not to lose sight of him. Concentrated in their pursuit, they did not see the huge hole in the middle of the grass. They tumbled into the void, hurtled down the butt down a steep, earthy slope.

This descent into the darkness seemed endless to them. Benjamin finally bumped into his cousin. She had arrived downstairs before him.

“Where is the notebook? Solène looked for him around her. Benjamin did not answer her. The sound of an argument drew him out of the earthen tunnel. Under In the moonlight, a landscape of luminescent moorland spread out facing the sea.



I found it, moldy nuthead!

But it was I who touched him first, my nose stuck! »

In the air, above the moor, two winged korriganes disputed the notebook.

Their feet, buttressed on the blanket, they pulled with all their might away from one another.

On the other at the risk of tearing it.



One of them was a rather young boy, simply dressed in very thin green leather pants. He was advantageously endowed with a long nose with wide nostrils and two cabbage-shaped ears. These protruded from a long mop of red hair.

The other was a girl. Her face, the sweetness of a rose, contrasted with her dark, almond-shaped eyes that flashed with anger. Her ebony hair was dotted with bluish jay feathers.

Solène couldn't help but shout:
ÿ Stop! You are tearing up our notebook. »

Benjamin buried his head in her shoulders. How he would have liked at that moment to be an ostrich, to put his head in the sand. To know nothing more of what was going to happen.

The two korrigans circled around the two cousins and stared at them from head to toe.

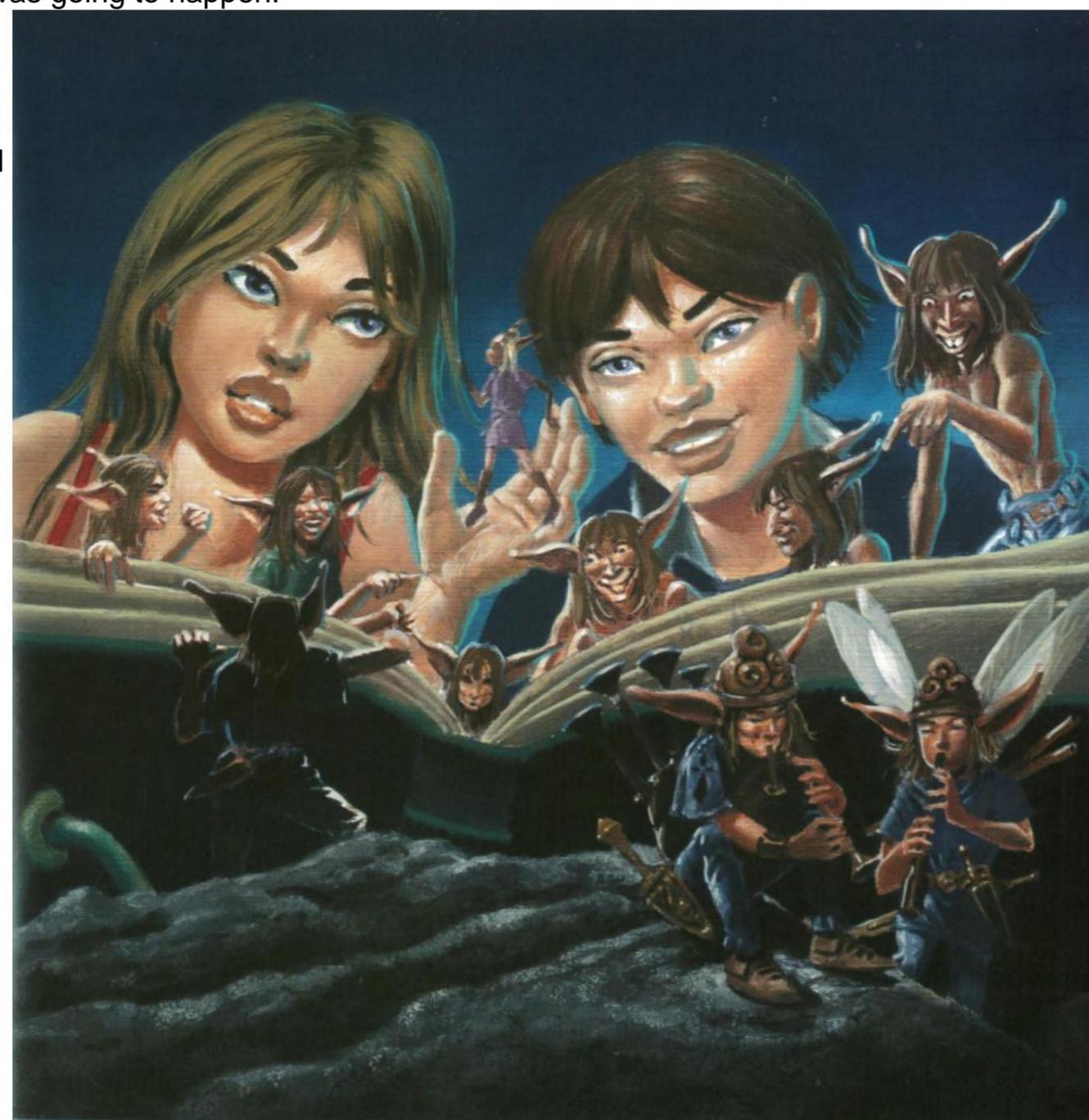
“What do you care if we defile or scribble what belongs to us?” asked the red korrigan

- We do what we want, added his companion defiantly.

ÿ Not at all! This notebook is ours” protested Solène.

Benjamin was decidedly dismayed by his cousin's attitude. Why couldn't she be quiet?

A disturbing murmur began to buzz around them. The grass stirred more and more. And dozens of little men began to spring from all sides as if they were mounted on springs. It was jumping everywhere. At their head, Benjamin recognized the korrigan by the toad. He introduced himself as Beg Aryen, the leader of Elidwenn's korrigans. In this starry night, everyone gathered around the notebook.





They squealed with joy when they recognized the drawings of the little baker they had known a hundred years ago. She had known how to win their trust because she had powers like them. Benjamin and Solène were flabbergasted to see the korrigans talking about their great-grandmother as a great magician.

"She made our most beautiful grimaces eternal by sticking them in this leaf chest," Beg-Arven explained. And you know what ? A simple scraper stick out of nowhere. »

Emotion choked his voice as he saw the drawings again.
"Here, look! I'm here, under the mushroom! ".



During that night, the two children learned a lot about the secret friendship that long linked their great-grandmother to the korrigans.

This night was magical.

"Too magical to be true," Benjamin thought suddenly. He shivered from head to toe and felt his eyelids grow heavy. His body heaved gently into the air.

Who wore it?

Was it his great-grandmother? The korrigans?

The dawn was beginning to tint the sea with pastel reflections. A thick mist gently enveloped the moor as if to erase the magic of the night.

The next morning, he was disappointed to wake up in his room. "Obviously I dreamed."

In the bed next door, Solene slept. Between the folds of his duvet, Benjamin saw a piece of the notebook sticking out. He grabbed it but something slipped off the pages.

On the ground, he recognized a hat from Elidwenn's koriggan.



He opened the notebook again and read the title of the second chapter: "The mystery of the crab-men."

Outside, a beautiful day was beginning. Perhaps the promise of new encounters with the beings in the notebook? As if to answer him, a seagull in flight passed in front of the window, uttering a mocking cry.



Comme pour
lui répondre, une
mouette en vol passa
devant la fenêtre en
poussant un cri moqueur.

My hat !?!

End

