

# EDOUARD JAGUER

## SORCERERS OF YESTERYEAR

For Conroy Maddox

TRANSLATED BY ROSE — MARIE TREMBLAY

Long ago, when roots could speak, and when huge staring eyes grew at the tip of each branch of the king-oak in Dunsinane forest, it so happened that a bird, having come from afar, collapsed with fatigue at the edge of the pond, there where the nightshade and the jimson weed bloom. Lost in the gloomy vegetation, it plunged into a deep sleep and dreamed of a rainbow whose shaft was one of its feathers, and of clouds suddenly transformed into flying machines such as no mortal had ever seen. During the night, however, its claws grew all out of proportion, its tawny plumage became multicoloured and its beak changed into a new eye gifted with extraordinary powers. The next morning, it could not resume its journey for it was rooted to the earth: it was now a new tree-sorcerer. Although unable to fly into the depths of the clouds, the tree-sorcerer could see beyond the oceans, could master fire and water, and summon at will the timid vulture and the incredible whooping crane. In this same manner would come other birds, and also by chance some leopards and wild boars, the former bearing flowers, the latter fruit, and all of these wonderful creatures scintillating here and rivalling with their brilliance the grandest nights of sabbat.

*Dear Edmund,  
Few days ago I sent you the proof copy of Sorcerers of Yesteryear. Corrections have been already made & shortly I will send you the corrected version.*