THE LURE OF FAME

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649640591

The Lure of Fame by Clive Holland

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CLIVE HOLLAND

THE LURE OF FAME





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CHAPTER I THE VILLAGE AMID THE HILLS



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TWENTY-FIVE years ago, as the sun was sinking, reddening the rocky face of Hondalsnut, and turning the blue shadows to purple, I, Eric Probst, entered Vossevangen.

In those days but few strangers came to Norway to roam amongst their fiords and hills, and still fewer reached the tiny village, which boasted but a farmhouse or two, and a score or so of cottages of lesser size. And the few travellers who came stayed, perhaps, a day or two to fish in the lake, and then passed on out of our lives.

I was not born under the shadow of the hills on which the snow rested in winter and spring and autumn, but no matter; I came amongst them to forget a sorrow and a crime, the bitterness of which was nigh unto death, and the simple-hearted people, whose lives were mostly bounded by the peaks which shut their village in, and the turn the valley took a few miles distant, crept into the aching, empty chamber