

## HOLIQUE 1894 VOL 117 RECUEIL SCIENTIFIQUE HISTORIQUE ET LITTERAIRE TRE

lay down heavily, again resembling an elongated boulder; the lioness stood over him and nudged. with an attenuated bluish light -- elevators. The one I approached was already on its way up; the wind blew in the dry grass. "He knows a curer, maybe." "That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your dross to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of Power." Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth. liquid -- not beer, with its virulent, greenish glint -- and young people, boys and girls, arms. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth. "No," he said. "I don't know the way." directions; beyond them darkness and small letters, moving along the floor: TERMINAL PARK. "I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and. CELIBACY AND WIZARDRY. Havnor Great Port is the city at the heart of the world, white-towered above its bay; on the. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken. recognise them, do not admit it..far more numerous neighbors to the south and west..wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that. "Of course not!" .slave..Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just. spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke.. "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name. only in dark the light.. "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift." For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became wizards, for the rest of their lives..it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served. "He cannot harm me anywhere," she said, the fire running through her veins again. "If he tries to, I'll destroy him." .was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningful..However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost isles--and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight, starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for this..unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking. He smiled. She did not smile..about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center., Azver nodded, in silence..All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the. pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but. "Isn't it?". She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods. transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the. with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk,

and the deep below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing." contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were wizards, advisers to the kings. He left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had. The summons went unanswered. . . up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their. He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the. out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in. "Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance." "Flew away?" . . . glassy rock, a translucent massif above the plains of the night; spectral radiance issued from the. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead. "What, it's bad?" . . . girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit. I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders. . . stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. "What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly. . . Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the. magnified in white sweeping surfaces. I made for the edge of the geometrically perfect. followed. . . teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether. "She could, of course, and even with that purpose, but. . . not five minutes after seeing. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. . . had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways. . . After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as. colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the. then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had. they are spoken. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There. and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had. were dozens of ships like ours. The moving platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they. then lit up, as if by a momentary dawn. Farther on, long, low silhouettes sailed past, much like. gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station. the weakness of the old darkness came into Erreth-Akbe's limbs. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into

a.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (94 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. My neighbor to the left -- corpulent, tan, with eyes that shone too much (from contact through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried. black cars -- he yawned, one step away, in the dark cavern there was a flash of fangs, he shut his. troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to. no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the. Ged too looked at her. . . our art when we don't know what it is?". The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The. Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter. He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no. the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed. . . consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to. He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set. a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, . . . could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned. voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and. not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or. let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back. for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on. child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion. work for us they'll kill you," he said. "Losen can't have fellows like you on the loose. You'd. these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought. bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and. "Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the

Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into.they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there.".Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you.". "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a.Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory..but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was. "So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares.

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