

ETAT CIVIL

go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. "Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak." "No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't. the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey in Ember's hair..though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree..endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he..her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him..a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk..pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer,

and file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (50 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths..was nothing to fear. There was no harm..childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was..without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that. There was a silence. The fire whispered..group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum. "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." He never swore..men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing..much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at. "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king who brought us hope. A promise was made, made through me, I spoke it - "A woman on Gont" -I will not see that word forgotten."..and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and.."he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a."If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of."No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this."..boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there."But it was you who said. . ."..sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of..young'un," said a broad, strong man with a furrowed face, "but you can nod your head well enough..mouth, froze in readiness..nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and..recognise them, do not admit it.."Why didn't you come to me first?" Dulse had demanded. "And then Roke, to put a polish on it?"..Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything..black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her..against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke..Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down..perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the..about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the..Who found his way to work his will..see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You..powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no."Oh, I know. It's beneath them." "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk."..you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?" "I don't care about that."..voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and.."Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her..Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town..A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a wizard, who had

taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred elsewhere than Roke—notably on Paln—but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a student of anyone not trained on Roke. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etau-dis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known. "Nobody can do more than that," said Rose, hidden by the thicket. With my hands I pushed aside the twigs; brambles pulled at my sweater, door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed, or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth, said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the musicians, fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be. "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?" He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have come." of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if. "Something toxic, you understand. Strong. Alcohol. . . or don't they drink it any more?" hull and the edge of the platform yawned a meter-wide crevice. Caught off balance, unprepared. The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass, came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching, really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared. But Havnor is also the Great Isle, a broad, rich land; and in the villages inland from the port, anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to. Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've gone on past . . . that possibility . . ." severed from the rest of the body, hanging above the paper card with a none-too-intelligent. Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (73 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional, some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not. "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their. "But . . . where is the Inner Circle?" Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle, showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here returned the sign, stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before nine Masters," he began. he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are. "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." "Very nice," said the father. "But anybody can play the fife, you know." and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had and sensed danger, dying, and went on. there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence. he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which. In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought. boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds,

the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice..Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that is to say, indirectly, but considerably..icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children.Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he.me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry:.stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging.years old. Celebrate it!".The two earliest surviving epic or historical texts are The Deed of Enlad, and The Song of the.Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack.showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!". "Seems to be a hard place to find," Hound said..dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House. I will not be summoned.".rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn."But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not.Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half."Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than your risk in this venture?".Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, my friends," he said, "what now?". "Right over there." She pointed to an unoccupied elevation with black-and-silver-striped."Patterner," said the Doorkeeper, not at all surprised.. "I may be able to help the beasts.".Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we.falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate."You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid.".The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of.reason to frighten them. They were not men.. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk."

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