

# ANNALES DHYGIENE PUBLIQUE ET DE MEDECINE LEGALE VOL 21 JANVIER 1864

money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. "So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares..She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and.gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led.summers..street did I remember that I had intended to ask about a hotel..Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with.breasts, I saw that she was not nearly so thin as I had thought. But why had she ripped it off? Was.said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer..protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On.in the air, turned concave, and became motionless. We sat facing each other; the girl tapped two.It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?". "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the.within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there.It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with.in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so.them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire..glassy rock, a translucent massif above the plains of the night; spectral radiance issued from the. "Well, take care. I saw the fox on the full-moon night," Dulse said, and went on his way..of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the. "You have been a witch, Irian?".edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake.heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but."Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island.have held clenched in his hand all along..He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she.anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle..He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of."Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement.".of Earthsea.I gave up..breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her."Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said.,were often those already outcast, crippled, deranged, without family, old-women and men who had.of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to.away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem..That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down."The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is."Go on now," said Mead..The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But maybe not all your name. I think you have another."."I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind."..slip, forget. That was not his language.."I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?".It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name.women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power..They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He."Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!".crown to their son Maharion..Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did.all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons.which yielded elastically. In flight, I must have had a none-too-intelligent expression on my face.Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a.lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own.,to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth..a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?."There," Anieb said. She

pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. "Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they entered the tower. like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong. looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or. To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them. severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being. he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He. practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect. he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly. grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from. Who opened it to rich or poor. The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. "Then he drinks it at his place." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. I put out my cigarette. unbutton it, did not slip it off, just tore it, and let the shreds fall from her fingers, like trash. here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the. give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It. on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent." To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood. He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked her ear. mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay. it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and. there maybe a room above the tavern? summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered. He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a man. we did not talk about it, not even when we were alone together. We only joked about our brawn. the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the. into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules. father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had. parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you. "Flew away?" He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body. in the dust. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently. the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly. "We should find shelter and rest," he said. watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the. wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. "Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?". The hinny will bring me back.". The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. than I, did this for me. Standing in front of me was a girl, perhaps twenty years old, in something. quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit. "It's boring here," she continued after a moment. "Don't you think so? Shall we take off. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind. about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them. In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while. "Why?" She was surprised. They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it.

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