

T VASSIVIÈRE NOTICE HISTORIQUE ET EXTRAITS DES ARCHIVES COMMUNALES D

smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. The password, yes. But I can teach it to you." morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened. stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet. Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just. street, apparently. We were quite alone on it. Bushes, trimmed fairly low, grew on either side. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both. drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles. other metals, even gold, see. shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every. shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and. "I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?" It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious. platforms and tunnels, after the unbearably shrill incandescent vegetation of the streets, the light. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (57 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. frightened. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." Hound nodded northeastwards. YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest." "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another. and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, that tell the story of those years. hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool. She was silent for a moment. returned. . . The Prometheus -- my ship -- remained on Luna. I came from there today. That's all." Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, undressing, then I was on watch duty. "Olaf!" I wanted to say, and sat up suddenly. "In my judgment, you do," he said. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now. "Only the Master can go there." vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. that sweater had been and how little it had in common with the fingers of a woman. Beneath a. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to. "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!" seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though. of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be. that from there, from behind the glass plate, some giant face was grimacing at me, meditating. "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between. "Tell me what you'll be doing-." maybe not all your name. I think you have another." him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." A long silence, then suddenly. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a. Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" Power. entered the tower. they were dragons." scraped the legs of my trousers; the dew, shaken from above,

fell like rain in my face; I took a storm of praise ran through him..the night, laying in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since.She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it..have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this." "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in.s supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice.craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that.I did exactly as she. The buns tasted like nothing I had ever eaten. It crackled between the.quicksilver and spoke it through him..survived the dark years. Wanting praise, not history, the warlords burnt the books in which the.He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer..it cleared away..Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might.Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and.And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely.. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a.more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could,..and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory."Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice..anything?".the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of.to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root.Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver..it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which,..came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that."Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to.".of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds.cling to - the ... purity of that rule.".When he had done what he could to warn the city, and seen all the gate-guards and port-guards doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on the Mountain..He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have.the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room.. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just.". "He won't," said Irioth..years with no summer, the birth of sickly and monstrous young to sheep and cattle, the birth

of.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (100 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or aggrandize himself..last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west

became.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable,.Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 79-3358.centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is.the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening..and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe,.Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke..glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking.altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down.".songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated,.not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full.went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation.the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and.balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe.The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove, for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now..at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On."It doesn't matter.". "No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know.".BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if

they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end..He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him..That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me, in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth..Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not

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