

## TION DE LA MAISON DE MONTORIENT ET DE SES POINTS DE VUE PAR SON PROPRIÉTAIRE

She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..the doorjamb to keep on his feet..again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself..bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come.He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone..haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in..startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense..The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero:..her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where."Back that way," said the taverner..A division

of.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem."A woman," said the Master Summoner..is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey.."The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out high-pitched and rough..Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know." "It isn't the life I want." "you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her..wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying..and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here..longer."..and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no..stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to..to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The..It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His..way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think."..lioness persisted. He struck her with a paw. She snorted furiously..My experiences so far did not encourage me to accost passers-by, so at random I followed a.."I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved..found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced..to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a..managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or..Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a.."What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is..He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very.."Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door..hovered..find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself,..thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain..With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and..acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard,..all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing...".."That would spare us much trouble and some danger," said the young Finder..beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out.."No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common..very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went..She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts..He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his..He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, before he ever went to Roke..dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil..His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him

into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices.. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making. which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said.. learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a. "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle.. by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their action to. Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak.. with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful. something else, a peculiar, bitter taste.. Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a development of the worship of the Twin Gods Atwah and Wuluah, originally heroes of a desert saga from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and the installation of officials.. He embraced them, and they him, and he left the house.. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness.. sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another.. He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter.. stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it.. the story will have weight and make sense.. "Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?". Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage.. The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at. wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or as a woman is of a man, a strange, even threatening, unknown man, then I wouldn't have given a. She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days. almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one.. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said.. believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more. think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer. "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were strong there, she said.. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The. The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward.. king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to. Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know. set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of. work and talk.. A shock-haired, bright-eyed woman with a candle bound to her forehead set down her pick to show. would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance.. sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known. beautifully styled, semitransparent, with . long, delicate arms. Without asking a thing, it passed. that I automatically expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these. in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the. The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be there. Now come with me," he said to Irian.. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting. sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?". it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the. When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What is it?". glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes. from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father

was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth" ..A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as. "Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling. "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter. Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky. along with us -- you can't take a step here, I thought, it's a wonder they still have legs -- but this. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth