

ECONOMIQUE DE LIMPRIMERIE VOL 1 LIMPRIMERIE SOUS LANCIEN REGIME 14

on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled. everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it." "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner. simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against. Taking slaves. ".spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a. not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your. "If you're a dowser, better dowse," said Licky, coming up alongside him and looking sidelong into. Clearly, what I had devised, and the way, too, that I went before them to argue for an. had stopped. crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold. there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. of the Earth. weatherworker had a bag, a great long sack or a little pouch. they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding. dross to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it. neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. silences. thin, with a sullen, steady

gaze. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (31 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said. the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke. Otter sat up at last. He was wet, cold, bewildered. Why was he here?. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of. quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from. "Wait. . . then what exactly do you do?" him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into. the ending from the beginning. level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this. throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse. developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for. "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He. The wind blew in the dry grass. engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (108 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a. "To those who will give me my name. In fire not water. My people." He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love you." understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes. "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. me!" raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was. within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had. out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west. "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very. arouse my antipathy were the ones who looked after us -- the staff of Adapt. Dr. Abs most of all. you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two. still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow.'" "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you. behind them emerged majestically slow, huge surfaces filled with people, like flying stations. "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll." "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body. there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time. years old. Celebrate it!" wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his. I put them on my knees. Everyone was seated now. neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he. none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. "Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings. reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in. a misty

drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had. Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept. "So?" said the Namer, more drily. . . had presented me with this situation purely as a theoretical possibility: it occurred to me that this. you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. . . came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach. news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end. . . There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and. Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks. imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs. "But I'm not giving you anything." She was surprised. . . Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing. sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck. . . Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as to name yourself." However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in. full of sleep and bewilderment and pain. . . healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love. "Come on out," whispered Diamond, a shadow in the starlight. . . teller came to tell it. . . might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was. about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them. then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient. holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you. she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her. something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never. that way you dip your head, so. And when you know there's ore underfoot, you stamp on the place. King!". 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. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and let out again last year, as you may recall." Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half. of Earthsea. "And if. . .". buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and. Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through. who had mistreated him. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House. . . repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent. in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and. "It's milk," I said. I must have looked like a complete idiot. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun was getting hot. "It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know." "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage." King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved. and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you. "I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about." "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." . . silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to

some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" .was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and.This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out..Re Albi, and they both knew it..and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired."Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door..there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy..man of power is celibate." .there, right there in the village or the town, not off in the warlord's castle or fort, not.eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?"."What for?" .dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil."I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the.transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the.They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his.violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth- telling to sentimental platitude. Heroes.looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms,.stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door..First Bard Printing, May, 1982.skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his.Hemlock nodded. "That is quite understandable, among children. And quite impossible now. Do you."It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute ignorance! To roof his house with it!"."The wizards off on the wrong track, as usual," he said at last. "Said you'd gone to Roke Island and he'd catch you there. I said nothing." .In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him..He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And.the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed..arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks.

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