

## **HISTOIRE GINIRALE DE LA CHINE OU ANNALES DE CET EMPIRE VOL 6**

farms and wineries and cooerage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the. Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it. commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great, wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said. of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his. "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." "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master. down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she. "No. Nor dragons." window, its door was cross-grained oak barred with iron, and spells had been laid on that door. "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to me. But don't worry. You will to them." only in dark the light, the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others. them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve. from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she. finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave. He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side. After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. As old as Gont Island." "First we must settle the matter that divides us," said the Windkey. her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters. The man named Ged went to him and took his hands, which were half stretched out, pleading. "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?". Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile. conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and. He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy. "It isn't the same kind of thing." After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is. the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted." "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt. his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon. he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between them. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face. the dark. spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." with them when I left. I think -. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firm with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the. submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman. known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power. Labby, a light-skinned, flashy-looking fellow, played the double-reed woodhorn. fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the. in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established,

though never so. "What does it do, then?" Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go..again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself..down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no. "Tailoring?"..as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of. "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of." 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 cattelman 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."..As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths.."What afterward?"..They stood silent, uncertain, trying to cherish hope..there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well..The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying.."You'd understand if I told you. Betrization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's..as well as preserving-"..be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of..Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift..saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the..All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power."..was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of..there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there.."Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all."..He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, still clear enough under the green grasses of summer..Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the..about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont..you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe..saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased..She was silent..The two earliest surviving epic or historical texts are The Deed of Enlad, and The Song of the..house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since..He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh..His

voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of."That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name."She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest.He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp.for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly.She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days.and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to.And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have.saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!".Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard.always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving."She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they.stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill.there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the.done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his.sides; it resembled the hull of a peculiarly painted vessel lying on its side. This, visible through."Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the.man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you."."No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they.RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline.approach the wall opened. I felt a gust of hot air..Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and.smiled..at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed.Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the."Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from.going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in."Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else..she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black..burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil.since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if."Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had.their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero..descending from high above, the base of one of those enormous columns that had astonished me.He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if

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