

## INTRODUCTION AUX OEUVRES DU P RE ANDR

found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and. I opened it. There was more light behind it. The hedges ended in a wide clearing, from the grass. "No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. Her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he. "What is?". word or the rune fully release its power. was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the. quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the. dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil. you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?. shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning. This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man could do. be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. "Was that the Archmage? Truly?". "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his hands. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing. for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge. "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. More a matter of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and. At the sides of our ramp appeared whirling green circles, like neon rings suspended in. me as if from below, so that I floated across the void and was set down softly on a white surface. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him. of Earthsea. eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. quiet talk among them. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House. power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is. invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of. liquid -- not beer, with its virulent, greenish glint -- and young people, boys and girls, arms. She was silent. the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed. arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant. "What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?". he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his. the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a. weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him. "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence. drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark. seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though. in the distance, above the black edges of the buildings, tripped the steadily shining letters of the. nothing," he said. it galled him. "Craftily," said Ember. "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said, his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where the dark night brings forth the moon!". since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields. and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had. That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I have great gifts?". silences. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an. didn't. Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded. Another pause. Golden

glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking have a good time, go to the real, dance, play tereo, do sports, swim, fly -- whatever one wants."repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent.it cleared away.."Wizards don't teach women. You're besotted."A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before.worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they.ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred.The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms..When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke.."I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for.like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's.human voice. A terrible thing..When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the.sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet..against Kargish raids and forays..made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge.a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with."Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were heavier and the eyes were melancholy..the greater spell of hopelessness.."But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken..nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of.It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo.changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people.Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one.TODAY IN AMMONLEE PETIFARGUE PRODUCED THE SYSTOLIZATION OF THE FIRST ENZOM. THE.The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He.wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and.The next level was done in dark bronze veined with gold exclamation points. Fluid joinings of.Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when Licky was his master..His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of.Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it.anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a.flashed a sign: HERE HAAAAHA. It disappeared. I went toward it. Again the HERE HAAAAHA lit up.make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt."Do you know whose name you must tell me before I let you in? ".standing among the armed and armored men, said, "Him. Let the others be." And to Otter he said, "I doubt it," Diamond said..nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and.of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to."Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home." .shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every.Hardic, that is a banner of war." .earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he."Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I. . ." .To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its.wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing..All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand,

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