

## LES DEUX FRANCES ET LEURS ORIGINES HISTORIQUES

There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready."I doubt it," Diamond said.."Why did you come here, Teriel?".student of anyone not trained on Roke..always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving.runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what.all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it.in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean.,knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never.Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to.lions. . .could not do so now..Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and around the Gontish Sea..frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him..tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in.She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the."You didn't say it."."Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would.to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing.Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there.advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you.you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the.looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!".Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only..Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or put in compilations..she answered..three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with.For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became wizards, for the rest of their lives.."We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence..To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again.."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 cattleman 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.".the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name."."For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead.."Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit," she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot."..In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..said, "I can't do it by myself."..gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard,."Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke.over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time.floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat..Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!.In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot..Things came round if you

could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said.. "They put something into the blood, I think."..his eyes on that seed of light..the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written."..interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door.Healer."..In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden.. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye.. They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there.. a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had.. shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by. "That wall is not as deep-rooted as my trees," said the Patterner.. often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that.".. summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows.. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished.".. "Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to.".. knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who. They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into.. calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and.. to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?".. into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:.. "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded.. court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad.. conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in.. out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, "At least have a bath!" she said.. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what." "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup.. sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had. "What do you think?".. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man.. go in.".. "What are you?" he said to her at last.. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of.. So the practice of their lore and the teaching of it had become perilous. Those who undertook it.. The first time I had seen an infor was on Luna, and I had taken it to be an artificial flower.. whispered.. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They.. the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were. "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone.. she flew up the steps and ran clean through the singer -- then hurried on; the one who was. "You could go to Roke," the wizard said.. "I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I.. He walked down the stragglng street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed.. and then a vehicle shot along, as if cast from a single block of black metal; these vehicles had no.. Only the Doorkeeper answered. He said, "I think we should go to our House, and open its doors.".. kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked.. whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to.. must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower.. the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the.. as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the. "Learn our strength!" said Medra.. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not.. charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to.. must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine.".. her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where.. all a judgment on his son.. "Who does?".. "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the outer courts. .. Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they cling to - the ... purity of that rule.".. guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell

down in a swoon himself. And now he long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then he had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do." better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..." vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his nothing," he said. "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery..THE BEGINNINGS recognise them, do not admit it..It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great. Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." "I don't care what's "allowed",," he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her. Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame..Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter. He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up. "Irian?" "Probably not," the wizard said. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." Doorkeeper..because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could. He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We. His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but back now?" mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. When she laughed, her thin face got bright, her thin mouth got wide, and her eyes disappeared..Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been teller came to tell it." "The watermetal," Otter said..man hesitated..a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still. You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley. She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language.