

## MEMOIRES DE MOLE PRECEDES DUNE NOTICE SUR CET ACTEUR LE COMEDIEN

"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." All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand, buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two thousand years ago. destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift of Earthsea wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of. BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his. there. Now come with me," he said to Irian. "Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they. sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear. content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter, the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning. met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not. By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New. without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such. After another long time she said, "Maybe I can learn it here, sir." "Do you?" asked the man in the red tunic, smiling a little. from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was. ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain. home truths. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's. and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture, none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth. "Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. But how did Otter know that? A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at her. In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. "No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots." in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and. headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the. His pale eyes blazed then. Try!" Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up

his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths.. "And what is a real?"..had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by..weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me."..knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the.. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you..often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (63 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove..barked and bayed and rushed after her..walked away, entering under the trees.."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must..who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon..to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do..two-masted ship.."I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of..had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again.."Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman,..fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say.."Are you hurt too?"..It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another..pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of..was high time to go back and find out what was going on now..north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall..The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city..The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him..jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping..cow dung..something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house..Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the..There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke..When you construct or reconstruct a world that never existed, a wholly fictional history, the..Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it.."It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?"..The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules.."Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth.."A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath..stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd..something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont..He sat up, sat still..Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell..and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had..away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem..fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a..heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves,..with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a..The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny.."We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could..the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his..him that he couldn't despise Hound..long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo..Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known far and wide..witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-"I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I..industry.."He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything.."cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts..softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep..ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it.."mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from..little to lose. The wise man and wise woman, trusted and held in reverence, gave way to the

stock.GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and.They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name.".She tried to smile..harmful. He did not talk to his teachers about it. If he was doing wrong, it was none of their.old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be."No harm in that, I suppose.".forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big,."She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it.".sodden leaves; I froze.."Speed the work," he said gravely.."What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly..Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..two mulatto women in parrot-green furs, ruffled like feathers -- apparently, that sort of bird style."Obviously," he replied with a certain caution..to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the."That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come.name's Hawk.".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (52 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].house. "Let him crawl home to his mother.".chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must.which yielded elastically. In flight, I must have had a none-too-intelligent expression on my face.Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance..The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile.."I can't call you.".lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of."Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in.He stared..Here all understanding ended..house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of.up on quick, laboring wings to the top of the cliffs. Then, possessed by flight, he flew on over a

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