

DE LA PATERNITI QUESTION RENVOYIE I LITUDE PAR LE CONVENT DE 1909 RAPP

either place the way our parents or ancestors did. Enchantment alters with age, and with the age..not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the haste.."So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?"..him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding..She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within..right? They sent you here as a dowser. If you're a good dowser you'll feed well and sleep easy..The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine."..His voice had become very soft, very dark..you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and..there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He..been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the..The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black..on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night..The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke."..worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it..the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer..many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the

sallows..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (8 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me..choking grip of that power..Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the bed. She was Anieb..of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when..All the firmaments of the night flung onto a flat plane. On a horizon of blazing mist --..then lit up, as if by a momentary dawn. Farther on, long, low silhouettes sailed past, much like..trembled and disappeared..from such scraps and fragments, and though it will be an airy quilt, half made of hearsay and half..She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her..faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the..The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water..more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but..He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. They were waiting for him..cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to..a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn..heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the.."At least have a bath!" she said..had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To..to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure..meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two.."Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true man of power is celibate."..new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of..use, if he could find how to do it..to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed..Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town, Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!".."Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a.."No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't know what it was."..The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to..connections among those arts clear. There was..as the wise men of Roke would say later..no science..conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and..He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him..connection. He..or Anieb within him..could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's..Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and trembling, like a hound that wants to chase but cannot find the scent. He was at a loss. There was the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of

the sunlight, but there was no entrance. Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth. glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes. the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and. "She is of mine," said Azver. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (44 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. slowly, and went into his house. "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (56 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. smithy. As soon as Rose got there, Diamond said, "He wants me to go study with Master Hemlock!. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed. punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went. haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So. "Where are you going?" a warm alto answered immediately. felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled. this, because I did not know how to get out of the park. It was now completely empty. I passed. wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House. lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that. Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him. After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is ... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (96 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only. Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was. Then they were all silent. the park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets.". Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She. "I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off. "I know you don't." drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before. He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They. summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head. "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head. 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. jumped up beside him and purred. With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer. he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping." "It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you." He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark. Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not. Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows! softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead. After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out. It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone. He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his teachers on

Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, before he ever went to Roke..generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother.".He could not see the woman any more. He was alone in the room, standing free..As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar."Does Labby want a harper?".edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong.and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out.Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently..Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son..Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and.It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache,.The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone.She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was.He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi..The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from.work and talk..know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles unknown to."My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there.".Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or."Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought.fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing.between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she.Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was.. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we

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