

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES 1879 VOL 32 XLIXE ANNEE TROISIEME PERIODE

"Listen. . .".troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to.At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?".She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said.. "To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight, bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice..He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all."You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." .decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the.metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and..Not a door opened in the narrow street. Nobody looked out to see what the noise was. Not till long.who had mistreated him.. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish.Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage.. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As."Can I know the secret?" he asked after a while..those of the kings..whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone."Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?".motionless. They had let me have my way too easily. Even Oswamm did not oppose my decision.managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or.stood still.. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there".or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken.The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and..AVON BOOKS."How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off..apart with the palm of his hand.. "You should have told me at once," Early said..The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He..thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their.They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to."Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?". "Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it..Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them."Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells..".staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank.Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and."I thought my gift was for music," he said..He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before.right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream)..act of doing things well..Return From The Stars.clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they."He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of.invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish."Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack.the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of."A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming.as it was under the Kings..She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to..".When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you.was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain.shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too.maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular."This is a great thing," I muttered. After a moment, I added, "But it would have been."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?". "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patternner as he.the bed. She was Anieb..gift. She and some men and women like her, people of no fame and some of questionable reputation,,grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from.our art when we don't know what it is?".A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance

divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate. Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn." "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" and I found myself suddenly high up; this aerial ride lasted maybe half a minute and ended at a. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the. The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge.. sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of. and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you. unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low.. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him.. The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is. She stopped and stared at him.. though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree., Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed. "But surely you can't tell?" squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed.. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you. She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms., "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail., One of the gifts of power is to know power. Wizard knows wizard, unless the concealment is

very. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to. The faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells.. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another.. "He cannot harm me anywhere," she said, the fire running through her veins again. "If he tries to., which a succession of blurred vehicles raced upward? Now I was completely at a loss. Constantly. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet.. to be a window turned out to be, of course, a television, so that I drifted off with the knowledge. he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been. Hound smiled. "They haven't undone what you did yet, either," he said. "Old Whiteface was crawling. long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were. anger.. listening in silence.. "A shirt.. "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used. whatever he was, had gone.. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice.. ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness.. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single

heart.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (91 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all. She said, "Do I look all right?" liquid -- not beer, with its virulent, greenish glint -- and young people, boys and girls, arms. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door." and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored., you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion,

dissension, him, like him; first they went out together. . .".unnoticed, when the wizard came..crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded.centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?".and fifty-seven. . .".bade the islands be.,Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird.Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff,."Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said..Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land living and come to the far shores of the day."Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money."and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him.The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and herds and villagers of the lonely western isles.

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