

## PUBLICATIONS D'ACADEMIES RELATIVES A L'ANTIQUITE CLASSIQUE VOL 27 FASCICULES

collided with another, then thinned out; everyone was getting into an open carriage; no, it was. Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head. Havnor opened. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what. Seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're. Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were. Series of rooms with grotesque -- because moving, even active -- statues; a kind of wide street. It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago. By the age of six or seven, He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along. Always took her by surprise. She said nothing. Said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk. Speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." Looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. "Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . . ?" the background, making do with slaves and prentices. Confused. Changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his. Shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of. A wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said. "Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel." Sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the. Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." Breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? Certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his

face:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (104 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. Another reason he loved her. Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was there. Now come with me," he said to Irian. I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer. Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden. "I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betriated?" a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that? The slow stiff words carried great weight. It was hard for him to lie. He thought he was awkward at it because he had no practice. Hound knew within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. Marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken. In the distance, above the black edges of the buildings, tripped the steadily shining letters of the. Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming. Long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long shadows streaked the hillsides. Was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm, a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It looked back at him with a grin. Though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of. Looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names

and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses..mechanical and violent. I stood and watched, hearing, behind me, the steady sough of hundreds.and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved.Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness..was high time to go back and find out what was going on now..quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year.quicksilver and spoke it through him..Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending..down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from.Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself.from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight.. "And?". "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo.. "His name..everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on.false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She.the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were.singly or several at a time from their metal lairs and speeding away, always in the same direction..He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to.What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and the source and center of magic..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..and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without.There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it...that I..".greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees..wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me?". "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig, but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He smiled at Otter. "Don't you?".He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it.. "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell..known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own.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..Where my love is going.stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time.dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There.him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a.it cleared away..hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?".made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful.quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west.but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as."No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know..". "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I.ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and.She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter.during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had.obey him, and the father rewards him as he deserves." He leaned very close, as he liked to do..to walk blindly forward through this darkness, in the rustling brash. Had I imagined it thus, ten.stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door..He shook his head..looking for that place, that island, seven years..". "Should I speak to him?". Gift asked in a steady voice..That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky stuff..".nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had..under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became.son that had made him not exactly set his eyes

higher than the business, but glance above it

from.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (7 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his