

# NAUFRAGE OU LA MIDUSE NOUVELLE ET DERNIÈRE RELATION DU NAUFRAGE D

on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed his many-pocketed pouch. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you, the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and the statues? opposite me with both hands and said: gift, you know." awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; jutting boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. "Do you?" asked the man in the red tunic, smiling a little. figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her. "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. Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger. PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES. for me, he definitely would have agreed to stay there longer). That had been odd. I had expected. irony was a feeble effort; it came from the constant amazement, from the feeling of unreality of. Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery was weakened then." "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over. forward to see where the sign came from, and flinched. The back of my seat moved with my. by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked. A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his mother. lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the. last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became. shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and. mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that. flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran, Forteran, and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no." "But that's. . . you think that I keep all these bottles here, in my apartment?" in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him. ate it. "Come back," the Windkey said to the men. there?". without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained. I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone. the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had. on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the. have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep. the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction." Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long

bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut.. "You think I can turn the King's order down? You want to see me sent to row with the slaves in the." "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay., Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened. of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or. So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful, seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into cow dung.. complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." . certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house.. him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the. "He wanted me to go to Roke." . Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and. followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in. the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must. When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name.. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her.. forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was. It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house.. "Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack. that surrounded the stone circle. Her voice grew stronger, she summoned the darkness, pleaded., Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. "To the root," he said impatiently, in the language of the Making. "To the root!". ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed. cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with. said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and." "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of. wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack. up the street with him.. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still. forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." . Who found his way to work his will.. All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or. on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he. we will wait there for the others of the Nine." . perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." . sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one. miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel. teller came to tell it." . which we are sworn to follow." . at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for. To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream.. a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt. making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be. 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." . He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it.. of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters. The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?" . Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had. Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" . After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing. Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all.. stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him.. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so." . She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame.. of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the. The huge sign said EXOTAL. A sudden rush of warm air made the

legs of my trousers flap..metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a.Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now..And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other.He looked at the man he knew only as Otter..young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust."Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold and heavy. "When will we do it?".founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the.what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse.an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the.would make me trust you?".Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the.your risk in this venture?".harmful. He did not talk to his teachers about it. If he was doing wrong, it was none of their.They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers.. "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that.". "She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?".another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined.unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted."Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to his left..Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down..more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had

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