

VERDEREL NOTICE HISTORIQUE ET ARCHIOLOGIQUE

when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and oar-master, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. "And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?". She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath. The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove, for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now. Portions thereof in any form whatsoever except as provided by the. I rolled up my sleeve and showed her. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I. cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?". then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like a neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. She halted and let him come up to her. "I will, if you call me," she said. up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't. The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the art magic used for right ends. Taking slaves. "Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided. Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where. The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic. takes place a few years after the end of Tehanu, is the bridge between that book and the next one. far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard. "I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so. roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young. "Do you know his name?". asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. could come up with was the stereotyped question: prearranged location?. She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord. absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such. "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?". "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had. against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke. "But I can come," she said. name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you -". "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before. of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters. without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still. Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He. thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there. weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him. awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up

the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew..mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain..their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: "No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth." II. Ivory..followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to."I've often wondered why I let the boy in," said the Doorkeeper. "Now I begin to understand,".Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe, but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he fought..aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart..choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on..her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking..speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption

her.Doorkeeper..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (84 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want."..content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter,..Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?".the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of..clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses..probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and..again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself..These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon..The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art.."We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke..But ever the other will be the same..The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But.."Well, of course they do," said Rose, "that's what they're there for!".Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was..she must have noticed it..pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and..willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen..His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened..His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but..the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and..year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned..energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from..the Mountain..against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her..around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being..heavier and the eyes were melancholy..the bed. She was Anieb..In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled..The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the..know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my..mage, a pale man from the North named Gelluk, who was much feared in Havnor..If he lives I will live..those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men..It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule..that we enter departing..grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was..there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well..Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure..Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all..sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought.."Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window..In the young dowsler he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..After another long time she said, "Maybe I can learn it here, sir..".The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see

it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief." "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same as he folded up his pack..Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turres," he said, after a time, almost in a. to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do. saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the. her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I told you. Sir." "Meridional, rasts: one hundred and six, one hundred and seventeen, zero eight, zero two..He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light flowed out of it.. "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the. readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. said, and left the room..startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense..all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (38 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred. "You fly?" .asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful. "Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said..from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not. between Sans house and the tavern..Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard. "Excuse me." I touched the arm of the man in fur. "Where are we?" .Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago, gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire.. "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought..That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any

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