

## A SOCIETE IMPERIALE DES NATURALISTES DE MOSCOU VOL 44 ANNEE 1871 PRI

"Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?".The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way."What is it?". "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there.".lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the.that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea..why? Why did it blow against them?.her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had.wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the."Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger..It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting: and the cliffs parted with them, and stood straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. They saw it, they said it..all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..."..me through half-closed eyes: myself! I folded the paper in two and the plastic specter vanished. I.it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as.Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following.Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic," he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?".have no other language.."Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel,".were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them..powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling,".give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend.With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stampy,.."Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper."..back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego..if only they could come to Roke..Onn. She had come to the city seeking work, as many came. Decent folk in a decent trade in.cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with.wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with.black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her.Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went,.Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said..The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down,.moving in a line:..suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone.Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill.".."Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a.face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There.The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off."..more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but.back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late.unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there.followed..till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy..healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen..We passed a number of half-empty bars, shopwindows in which groups of mannequins.She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes full of sleep and bewilderment and pain..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (107 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they.He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (43 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].would have dragons for his dogs..leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost....They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed.control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently..Medra."Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and.the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a.into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in."Did you talk at all to Master Hemlock?".And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..There are two entirely different kinds of writing in Earthsea: the True Runes and runic writing.."Which power?". "Then should we go to Gont?" said the Herbal, caught in Azver's passion. "Sparrowhawk is there."..Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers,

the chthonic or gaeon forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. "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..to conic to the city every year or two..summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall.. "Farther..". "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four.then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had.off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked..wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green.she must have noticed it..His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across.He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when.She laid her head back and closed her eyes..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.. "Which district?".The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then."Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you.She gazed at him from her unreadable eyes, and finally said, "What must I do?".He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes..clerks; maybe these were offices for currency exchange, or a post office. I walked on. I was now."How else?" he said..The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own.gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one.and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..There are different kinds of knowledge, after all..the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like.. "But it was you who said. . ."..hidden by the thicket. With my hands I pushed aside the twigs; brambles pulled at my sweater.. "It isn't the same kind of thing..".commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves..". "Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided.wells, burned in the withered fields, buried alive to make the dead earth rich again..such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside..troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to.The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he."Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a..She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days.I was attracted to an avenue of elongated lights. On the transparent stone of the ceilings..The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the.place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's."At need," Ard said..perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her.another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard.political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift.shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the.That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day."That I'm a fool..".Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building.Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his."If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide.. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High Marsh. I think I came the right way..".He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had.. "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?".who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer."If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke..like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing..Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the

league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking. Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In. she did not speak. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says- if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true? coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be. "Not in the School," the Doorkeeper said, smiling. what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. why did you come back here? ".village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. "And who is Irian?". breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter

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