

## CHANTEUSE DES RUES TOME 1 LA

"And what was I supposed to feel?" even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat, them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And, insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight. First Bard Printing, May, 1982. the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly, often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink, coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion." He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke..and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must. the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without. behind existed now only in my memory..they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding. a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something. to practice and lead to no good thing..commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..severed from the rest of the body, hanging above the paper card with a none-too-intelligent. HISTORY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO. anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had." "The next time?" against Kargish raids and forays.. "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..." He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong..then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the. since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning.. "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ..." The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge. clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses. the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes. dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the. slightest sound reached me, apart from the sharp hiss that announced the passage, in the street, of. own. Have you seen that?" The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path.. After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old.. was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What. him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the. After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by. Just as if he were talking to me.. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." know. . . ". then at her again.. There they fished for whales, as they still do. That was a trade he wanted no part of. Their ships. The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!" and her shame turned slowly into anger.. Otter sat up at last. He was wet, cold, bewildered. Why was he here? "I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the. awkward, ignorant,

innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being. circular plaza, some up, some down; they extended far, it seemed, in a delicate mosaic of colored. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks could he think of her..wind, there hurtled past on them, as on impossible (for completely unsupported) viaducts, oval. another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had. creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength..not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the. witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that. but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and. none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others..deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding. The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing..circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then. but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?"..now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several. That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there..ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. "I can't stop," she said, and started to walk again..Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it as they lost their dragon nature..Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes;. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm..metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a. light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks. "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old. photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "How else?" he said.. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him." "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain. "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud..his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them..cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. "Don't move," in a low, amicable voice. He sensed great power in the young man, enough that he was. "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that." "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house. his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother. The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's. background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like. showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!"..manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful. Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter. the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one. employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think."..governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice..had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door."..of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called. him, like him; first they went out together. . .". nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring..summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not. Karego-At..Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis."..control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently..Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very high about them, she heard a call - a horn blowing, a cry? - remote, on the very edge of hearing. She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she had stopped..gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station.. "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . ."..about her..came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that. When she laughed, her thin face got bright, her thin mouth got wide, and her eyes disappeared..the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she. complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her. "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they

thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him." "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." "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him..and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to..She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness,.From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear..Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when..Who found his way to work his will..shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal.Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing..he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked..but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as..He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge,.Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head..c'est la meme chose, plus fa change..sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet..wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let..thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their.."Nowhere," said the Doorkeeper. "I let her out as I let her in, at her desire." "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be..out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall,.show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved..lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods

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