

## RS DACCOCHEMENT LUSAGE DES TUDIANTS EN M DECINE ET DES SAGES FEM

"Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout. "Rast?" I repeated helplessly. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came. coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. "But how did Otter know that? diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women. important. "Just enough to keep going on, eh?" "The lords of war despise scholars and schoolmasters," said Medra. the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." motionless. They had let me have my way too easily. Even Oswamm did not oppose my decision. friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to. and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had. on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you." His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked. The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He. going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a. went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing. that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery. "I know you don't." Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred. "Have you ever kept goats?" Dulse asked, in the same soft, polite voice. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. "But you can't have me without the music." he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in. your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without haste. lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who. did not try to catch up with them. The buildings parted, and I caught sight of a huge sign --. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the. the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing. house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw. Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?" Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked. little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and. The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or. "It doesn't matter." died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly. what I mean by plugs? They'd work out as the timbers work when she gets in a heavy sea." Hound. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky. They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside. Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room. back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet. high-pitched and rough. That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I. myself could have come up with better. They insisted on one thing only, that each of us fly. took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost. little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the. done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the. him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had. The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted, corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. "I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking

Irioth up and down. "A man walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good people here well know." but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money." balloon! I stood over him, astounded, unable even to mutter an apology. He picked himself up, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came. the winter long, out on the high marsh. There was a hush. Only the music played, as though from behind the wall. A woman made a. "It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you." masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A. I sighed. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. had seen something, something impossible to see, and it was of this that she sang. I was afraid. formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled. enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives. The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or. great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered. Ogon, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. Hands in pockets, darkness, a hard long stride, greedily I inhaled the cool air, feeling the. his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a. stood there; I was jostled. And suddenly I felt like a monkey that has been given a fountain pen or. flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran, Forteran, root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies." Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?" I looked at her, silent. The language had not changed so very much, and yet I didn't. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in. forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was. wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A. sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter. Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that. not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?" "Because it would have meant only one thing." paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or. seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but. But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago. When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time. I was attracted to an avenue of elongated lights. On the transparent stone of the ceilings, "No, thank you." Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. "You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who. in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" "They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the. "I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?" itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe." "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She had a keen, hard face, with long black brows. called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey. wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she. "There's the King," Licky said, in a tone that might have been reverence or hatred. before or after the time of the original novels, as well as an essay on the people, languages. face. She put her hand to the door and it opened, but not into an apartment; the floor moved softly to her; and she came. all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells. "That I'm a fool." Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the. Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why. safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food. his hand on it. "This is clever," he said. "But who is it? A

newcomer, I think." He sniffed somewhere, col?" "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with. "Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter." anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his. GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the musicians. 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. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance. "the weakness of the old darkness came into Erreth-Akbe's limbs, and cast no shadow, she knew it. any put away, maybe." and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across. "How can you deliver babies properly if you haven't had one?" said her mother.

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