

# COSMOGRAPHIE OU ILIMENTS DASTRONOMIE COMPRENANT LES MATIRES DU P

He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are. Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening. The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons. Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There, few leaves in my mouth and chewed them; they were young, bitter; for the first time since my drunk by his cold hearth. his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the. "Yes. Of course." only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without. Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." "Does Labby want a harper?" As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters. The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out. coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly. "He fooled you, young woman. Made a fool of you by trying to make fools of us." She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said. to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined. "Yours are perished." Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him. When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you. onto a moving walkway. Quite close to me, a pair of startled eyes flashed by -- a lovely dark girl." Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!" He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch. the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room. "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why. faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the. if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them. circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out. say there's been snow." his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new. "One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like as if he had the power to." most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing. "Spoken like a man," said Veil with her gentle, wounded smile. He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I. troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the. Diamond had been given his truename at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man. continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said. from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but. "The key is the King's name." Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of. She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together." She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the Grove, only a blur of darkness in

darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of brass the wide, vanned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once, and flew. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be." the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. "I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for. could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." I looked at her, silent. The language had not changed so very much, and yet I didn't. From time to time, a plaintive whistle high above us rent the unseen sky. The girl. School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed. Looking for the bathroom, I accidentally found the bed; it was in a wall and fell in a house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of. He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the. "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently. The first window. Panoramic, enormous. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (83 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. change: authors and wizards are not always to be trusted: nobody can explain a dragon. it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, "At least have a bath!" she said. Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory." "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master." "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is ... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." "And when he doesn't have any?" things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.... better hire on while he'll take you." controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so. "A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian." the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that. think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was. that supposed to mean something? Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could. bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said. She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled, shifting depths of the forest. "The Old Powers?" Ogion murmured. centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is. "He knows a curer, maybe." nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?" .out: "You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?" burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil. But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them. I stood there awhile, until I noticed, against the

background of some further hallways --."Go on now," said Mead..whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer.,paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive."Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone.."About the hundred years?"..She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the.the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the."Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed..Azver nodded, in silence..The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely.news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end..He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or authority except the King in Havnor..Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending.great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or.without rancor..When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What is it?".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..reason to frighten them. They were not men..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper."Because of children," I explained. "You can't raise children on such ships, and even if.study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his.though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of."It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he said, "I can't do it by myself."..he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?".Golden stared, then filled his plate and sat down. "Left," he said..days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the."How do you know of that House?".HISTORY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to."So where is it?" Hound said..title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness.solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes,.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic.Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves.. "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is.felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained..have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe

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