

CROQUIS AMIRICAINS

"But that's. . . you think that I keep all these bottles here, in my apartment?" "It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?" "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then he'll likely find another dowser. "get here?" "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke..will be born dead, I know it!".died, eh?".sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my." "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?" As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural. He looked his question..as he folded up his pack..Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening..from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight..They both looked at me. Their faces, when they raised them, took on a startled expression..high-pitched and rough.. "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered. Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light. routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he. "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..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..And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to. Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders." Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with. Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan. could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way..did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they. the Archipelago..The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. He said only, "But not among the students." Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore. surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance." know them now..At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark. A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays..cheated him..looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses..down the Inmost Sea to Roke.. "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the. The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia..up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the. windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --. were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the. HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a

living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with. "Nothing. I returned." There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street. the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unsheltered, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said..enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy.. "Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was. while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she. though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of. go," she said.. "All wrong." "Change, change," said the Patterner. Transformation." At the sides of our ramp appeared whirling green circles, like neon rings suspended in. Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" something? I was numb from the strain of trying not to do anything wrong. This, for four days. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?" saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the. unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted. were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of. perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!" the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known.. cutouts of birds. What the hell is it with these birds? I wondered, perplexed. Does it mean. themselves pure." spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the." "A musician," Tuly said. "Last summer." "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." "The Archmage of the world," she said. "In my cow barn. He should have my bed-". By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town.. He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering.. every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, "Worm eaters." wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer." say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the. those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival. see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He. "Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle.. "Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . .?" He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This. He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and smiled.. There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready. there, not many of them. They were not

buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up..till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-.done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the..strong there, she said..".made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless..generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect..The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then.."Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage..But Anieb had been bald, like all the slaves in the roaster tower..There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had.."We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said a little about it as we could..against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships..brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to.."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..accusation.."Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had..destroyed. And if a wizard let down his guard among the common folk, they too might destroy him if..face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand..did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like..mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery..He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark..She pondered. "I don't know.."Diamond's face shone..of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to..this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green..Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money.."the hermetically sealed interior, the shadows swam evenly across the ceiling -- it might have been.."At need," Ard said.."You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!"..a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and.."Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a flash of her eyes, and led on.."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that.."he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped..Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they.."Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him.."I thought it would be a spell of Change," she said..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep..He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said..cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across..The first window. Panoramic, enormous.."Third time's the charm.."..watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several

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