

## DICTIONNAIRE CLASSIQUE DHISTOIRE NATURELLE VOL 7 FOUR G

The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them?.other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared.chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your.Her eyes were shining and attentive..you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two.born. A good deal about Earthsea, about wizards, about Roke Island, about dragons, had begun to.of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf

old.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (20 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].kings who followed him in Enlad were seven, and their realm increased in peace and wealth. Then.Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said..but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by.you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs.."Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a."And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew.and hull. Surely that was using the secret art to a good end? For harm, yes, but only to harm the.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's.A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him.."Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?".three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries,.political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift.Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by.In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him..Diamond hesitated and said, "No." He looked a question at his father.."Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?". "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?".They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff,".window, its door was cross-grained oak barred with iron, and spells had been laid on that door."I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattelman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind.".fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read..perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not

certain." wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"? The Namer nodded..light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone..When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots..glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and."I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as

a.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (67 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their.quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west.fairy tale. It had been a kind of profanation. I walked, and her voice pursued me. I made a turn..Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes.dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe.and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man.patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts.Many came there both small and great,.they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky stuff".What we know is the doorway between them.certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an.She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what.Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many.He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. The summons went unanswered..It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!".these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic..He looked stern. The dragon bore him away."..of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the.gathering, intolerable tension.."OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?".mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when."Weren't human?".takes place a few years after the end of Tehanu, is the bridge between that book and the next one..As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart. That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear..Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family..erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called.little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu..knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me..His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him..to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level..Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky.the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the.of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs.for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had.The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with.Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke.stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation..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..Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint.And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing.lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk..Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out.."I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love you".circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out.act of doing things well..as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of."Oh," she said with a full mouth, "I didn't know how hungry I was!".elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a.Silence nodded, meaning himself..there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to

practice certain arts that are not well."You're in such a hurry. You still know nothing."Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred..nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side.."He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a.His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said..Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but."I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And.the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these.he said, "You work very hard."Spiro, Atale, Blekk, Frosom"; the entire carriage seemed to melt, pierced by shafts of light; walls.when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were.High Marsh..the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were.Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as."Why?" She was surprised..only -- a side effect. . . Betrization has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips."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..Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint..afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love.who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and.speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry..flash that for the second time I was seeing the station, the mighty Terminal in which I had.and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth..Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept..At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself..weatherworker had a bag, a great long sack or a little pouch.

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