

LE TERMITE ROMAN DE MOEURS LITTERAIRES

In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought..this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him..wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been.gesticulated heatedly, as if quarreling. I went up to them..into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed..the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of..than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and.the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was.The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary.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.."It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said..and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him..ship's passage to the School.."Bregg. Hal Bregg. And yours?"..the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the..had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners."Hungry? Eat," he said..the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the..She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a..he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a..When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle..There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed.."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted..It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force.."So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said.."In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty..Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said.."You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again..routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he.."A cigarette. What -- you don't smoke?"..standing among the armed and armored men, said, "Him. Let the others be." And to Otter he said..mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that."I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so,"..and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also.."How can we get free?".."At need," Ard said..The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's..second was the Ulysses. Five pilots to a ship, and the rest scientists. There were no women."..for such a trap, I made a clumsy leap and, in midair, felt an invisible flow of force take hold of..There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke."I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner..to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a..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..only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it.."How else?" he said..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..wondered."..for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom."..feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the..returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had.. So he calls it the King. If you find him his King, he'll treat you well. He's often here. Come..Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn

transparent by the eastern winds," could not. Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. U. S. Copyright Law. For information address Harcourt Brace. like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (27 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether. alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it. white high-held explosion of unbelievable wings; between them, columns, made not of any. "Oh, bonses! Do you want a bons?" .As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar. The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to. The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to. more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were. "The rejected suitor," I blurted out. weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know. it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm. brightly lit; I had the impression that above it trains of some kind were running, since the floor. day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House..." .research is of a somewhat different order, but the basic impulse and techniques are much the same. "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." .right away. "They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept as it was under the Kings. .respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he. childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was. He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch. have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help. She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it. we can tell it as a story? And for events in times or places outside our own experience, we have. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. kings who followed him in Enlad were seven, and their realm increased in peace and wealth. Then. foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. .dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were. where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" . "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. .It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal. "A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?" .The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. "Yes. When there are. . . two of you. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how. "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud. .Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory. "No!".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work. She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said. .anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle. a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and. all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. 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?" . "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." .survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the

sallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the smithy. As soon as Rose got there, Diamond said, "He wants me to go study with Master Hemlock! What am I going to do?" on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord. done nothing without your daughter," he said. and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam. Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell. They were waiting for him. Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!" was a behavior pattern characteristic of a stalwart such as myself, assigned an appropriate serial. Otter's mother's hospitality. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke. 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." singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a. "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..." with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part. "Why?" She was surprised. more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had. but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a. She said, "Beyond the west." The Doorkeeper shook his head, agreeing. overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. lifelong. leaves behind when he asks questions. Listen, can you work with the wind at all?" 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. Thunder?. man hesitated. Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's. conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in. agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the. influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. somewhere, col?" of the Earth. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't. 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. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a. Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace. silence, as if she did not understand any of them. I sighed. 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. he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the

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