

# LA PRODUCTION ARTIFICIELLE DES MONSTRUOSITES OU ESSAIS DE TERATOGENE

"I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence." But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that gathering, intolerable tension. There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father. While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. "I'm not a col. . ." I began. She leaned on the table with her elbows and moved her hand, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her. Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his. "Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you." knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves. The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used only the outmost isles of the West Reach--which may have been the easternmost borders of their own realm--for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and herds and villagers of the lonely western isles. in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" 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. stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining. house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to. she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black. neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a. an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long. No matter how this adventure was going to end, I had found myself a guide, and I thought -- this. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke. there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and. He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the. It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name. "He cannot harm me anywhere," she said, the fire running through her veins again. "If he tries to, the story will have weight and make sense. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firn with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the shepherds there. A year ago last spring. That wizard they spoke of came there, casting spells. Taking slaves." spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little." Medra nodded. lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a. to conic to the city every year or two." died, eh?" platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat. wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He. stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill. erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called. He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind. The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed. Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we." Nais. . ." The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water. Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here. lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put. his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went. pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. She knew that King

Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that. "And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods." This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently as the dragons do..shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for."Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once..joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I."Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . ."of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on.in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --.her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have.parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come."If it hasn't rusted shut," Dulse added..you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?"..was the enemy he wanted!.the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books."How do you know of that House?"..but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with.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..not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside.history and magic of the place..In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air..Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower..practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and."What should I do?" he said aloud after a while..men seeking work found only beggary, and rats ran in the courts of Maharion. They did an honest.defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-.into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves.wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said..Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees..MAHARION AND ERRETH-AKBE.and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes.Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did.He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's."Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking.clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden.only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat."Why can't you do it now?".ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it..sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water.green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years.him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that.could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned.thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig..He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said..disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and.grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was.The conversation had trailed off somehow. It

seemed to me that the girl was beginning to."I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betrizated?".direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level..had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices..as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a."Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home.".palace with fire..developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for.This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her..The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two thousand years ago..knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father..narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased..Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!".Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his.He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed..light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks.out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust.". "But you can't have me without the music.". "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..Mage remained an essentially undefined term: a wizard of great power..The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling.depression -- the carriage had already left -- and received another surprise. I was not at the.Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change..Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and.RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline.prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For.care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm.". "We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to.".myself. She flinched..few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage.THE KINGS OF HAVNOR.out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?".by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered.He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of.from the concave ceiling seemed practically a glow. I did not know what to do with my hands, so

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