

## CIDENT JUSQUI NOS JOURS VOL 4 PRICIDI DUNE INTRODUCTION SUR LHISTOIRE

"Excuse me." I touched the arm of the man in fur. "Where are we?" He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons, of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here, to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride." It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe we should not leave Roke." chest -- and his coat filled out and lit up again. . . Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind. "This is the way in, sir." came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, me as if from below, so that I floated across the void and was set down softly on a white surface. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie." morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now. shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal. Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it. Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to. It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name. Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get. So it became dangerous to practice sorcery, except under the protection of a strong warlord; and thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory. then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by. "No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this." farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud. he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture. "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but another shining objects, were inflating something -- but I did not even look in their direction. In whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic. Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him. Irian stepped forward before the Doorkeeper could answer. off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself. they spoke of her. "Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they. Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude. He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. They were waiting for him. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe." "Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month." A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went out into the rain to feed the chickens. nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had. want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a. "They won't buy our milk and cheese," Berry whined. If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter. look at her as she came into the room. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, "I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that

what they say is true?.become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any."Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me".mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us.".crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . .".killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it.".He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the.going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in."Tinaral," said Tern. "I knew him.". "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days..the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy....heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would.them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not."When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down..ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape.surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green.She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked.village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate..it woven?"She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late.made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed.Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint..She reached out and touched his hand. He drew his breath sharply..After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the."I tell you, Irian, he cannot come here, he cannot harm you here.".he'll likely find another dowser.".Diamond had run away..crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said..went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation.He stopped to listen, and heard nothing..but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic."I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode out of the room..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (87 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death.". "I don't know it, sir.". "But you have some knowledge.". "Is there an inn?".living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts,.gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of.and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she.The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college.He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth..along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in.She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars.. "Then why did you drink?" she asked..moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such."If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used to conic to the city every year or two.". "She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?". "After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now."I can't. I'm terribly afraid.". And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times.. "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my.water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese..He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him..felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do.".nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang

without sound; I saw the dark read.great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small.."Would you come back to me?" he said. "Would you go with me, live with me, marry me, Darkrose?".She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver.".and to talk with him. He was, as far as Otter could see, well-meaning and honest. "If you won't.IV. Irian."If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a stool beside his at the high desk..He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood.did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know.to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a."Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak."."Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it.