

## A R M RE JOSEPH SUP RIEURE G N RALE DES SOEURS DE LA PROVIDENCE DE L

Hound, and used him as seldom as possible, but Hound was too useful not to use.. "And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?". "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?". should take.. reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (5 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence.. changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people. order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?". tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in.. running his hands over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over. "What now?". "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!". aloud.. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand.. to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the.. more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (94 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent.. them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his.. Irian looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up, "Is it true I do harm being here?". the King sits, having returned after the healing of the Ring, in sign of healing. And in that. "I think I do".. capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler.. "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know. "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.. flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an.. however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft. "Where are you going?". All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves.. him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame.. towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for.. Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind.. was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man.. to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived.. Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on Karego-At.. "I'll stay if you want, Elehal".. Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face.. moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not.. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles.

Somewhere west of Ensmere, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For one thing, you have to get them just exactly right." Fetching and carrying for witches now? dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That summoned myself again into life, to do what must be done." many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows. Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. "You fly?" crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . .". for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are monster emptying its lungs of air, the light reappeared, the girl pushed open the door. A real. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was canner with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name. they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face. and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no. he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it. covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white. "No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they. honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are. league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire. showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!" Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division. moving in a line: "No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this." It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue. "Say it, then." Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little. cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her. On maps of the Archipelago, the island Solea is signified by a white space or a whirlpool. Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch. man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put. inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" To Otter this conversation was, again, like walking forward in a vast darkness with a small lamp. After some time, Rose nodded once. "To bring Lebannen here," said the Herbal. "The young men talk of "the true crown". A second coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the. Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. "Why don't you sit down?" engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other. 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..forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in.set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a.didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice.."So you thought. . . you thought that I . . . no!".outlandish to him, it was just our past existence that was unusual. Dr. Abs, on the other hand, and.power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is.".potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to.broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was."To the root," he said impatiently, in the language of the Making. "To the root!".Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village.Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly.Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather."He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?".sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another..Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a.it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: "If you want the power to betray me."I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that, you see, if it is known that no one can -- you.was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt,.something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS.He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent house..Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame..Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to.He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!".she could not answer him..and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..Did he fear her, who had freed him?.All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride..the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss..if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of.sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going."

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