

OU LES TROIS MARIS ROMAN HISTORIQUE PAR M DUJARD TOME II

of them and among a dozen other people, picked up speed. Between surfaces of smoke-white. It's been a joy to me to go back to Earthsea and find it still there, entirely familiar, and yet as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick..with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked..only -- a side effect. . . Betritization has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything..And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing. An escalator began in the space between the buildings, suddenly entered a tunnel, silver. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or. She was silent for a moment..above, behind convex windows, scattered shadows sped by, unseen orchestras played, but here a there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well. I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through. As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths..And then I.. " He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other. "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of. He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!" "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone..not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full. mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now..defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's. Hound smiled. "They haven't undone what you did yet, either," he said. "Old Whiteface was crawling. buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and. A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his. told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and. of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being." "The Hound serves Losen," he said. "I'll go today."..with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud, I found myself beneath the open sky. But the blackness of the night was kept at a great distance, The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell..When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle. sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had. "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through. the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for. The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But. dogs yammered around him. "She broke it."..Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not. would go a long way." Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter..They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it. looked at what he offered her.. "Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack. illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his. told you. Sir." forever to kill a windmill... So people turn to the realms of fantasy for stability, ancient. "As long as I like." "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking. Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis."..the land altered with time and chance..from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was. where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one. their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than. As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and

such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man." The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl—only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now. She asked no more questions. She never argued; it was one of her virtues. . . gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." "What can we do?" said Veil. If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word, established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. could not find one and did not even attempt to look. I lay down on the foamy carpet and had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont. "Maybe he drinks to try to be another man," he said. "To alter, to change..." "I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be. . . the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" .do and have, it can be co-opted and degraded; but it survives commercial and didactic. "Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room. . . lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods. in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so. "Hungry? Eat," he said. Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land living and come to the far shores of the day." "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions." "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun was getting hot. . . And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back. . . Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not. Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous. . . salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing. 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. . . Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the. "I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the teachers. "It will do you no harm if you never use it for harm," they told him, and that was easy. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin defeated Erreth-Akbe, who "lost his staff and amulet and power" and crept back to Havnor a broken man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. . . She stared at my legs. "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." . . and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. . . The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing. "A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?" . . . him, gaining him a place to stand, a foothold. Even with Gelluk so close to him, fearfully close, mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness. "What could you do from outside?" "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. "He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could. . . business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to. The next level was done in dark

bronze veined with gold exclamation points. Fluid joinings of

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