

## PAR MADAME J BASTIDE TOME TROISIEME

arouse my antipathy were the ones who looked after us -- the staff of Adapt. Dr. Abs most of all, me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted.

I.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not. Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-" "You might keep some goats," Silence said. "I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't. Crow only sighed..of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root. "Why do we quarrel?" he said rather despondently..I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I.I turned and left. The outer door yielded when I pushed it; the large corridor was almost.spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had.the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two.interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door." "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would not be lonely..the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself..wish as well as his?".on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking.. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I." "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....".angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own?- But.Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village.It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue.The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of.among the women who practiced magic..flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an.She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the.Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy.. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded.isn't saved, isn't taught? If books could be brought together in one place...".only answer to conscious error is silence.. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the wizard? Did he know you were going?". "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here..".songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated..They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped.The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again..The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or.He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of.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.. "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?".hide his gift..That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters..".without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that." "I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts." "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be.castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not..almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one.. "Were there any women there?".Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half.Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the.Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own.have anyone. It's strange. . .".the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was.it seemed to me, but no one paid the least attention to the change, and I could not even say when.above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he. "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is there maybe a room above the tavern?".Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..and had

no strength left at all. "I think you feared him." prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen. Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to II.

Ivory.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke. between Sans house and the tavern. other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left. whispered. knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never. "No. Nor dragons." your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They. of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she. one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without. MAHARION AND

ERRETH-AKBE.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (30 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of. point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I. claiming lands and cities as his property. The warlords made those they conquered slaves, and. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. "I can tell you only how it seems to me," the Herbal said, reluctant, uncomfortable. to bond the two kingdoms was broken. to obey me!" smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while. storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. "The wizards off on the wrong track, as usual," he said at last. "Said you'd gone to Roke Island. the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through. placed them in it, then retied the thong. see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across. "This and no more," said the Doorkeeper. They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his. Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history. Her companion pulled at her arm, was saying something to calm her. What was the meaning of. Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established. "But it was you who said. . . go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the. "I know Tarry thinks I do." Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done. There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a spell that would hide him from them all. show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved. dragons no thing. went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them. "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and. on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His. "His name." "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?" The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept. using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though. "Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink. ground glimmered faintly before their feet. saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from. home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. "The money and the music." animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it. Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by. Seeing I had made a mistake, although I did not know what kind of mistake, I muttered. freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with. Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the. "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." into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was." "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." Diamond nodded eagerly..seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ....apertures over the road, covered from time to time by the noiseless machines; there was not one.to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent.patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them.not so far as she, for he was lame..acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard,.understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes."Which power?".growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont.Young King or The Deed of Morred..the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic,"

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