

## PAYSAGES ET SENTIMENTS

softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep."But it was you who said. . .".liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol..between Sans house and the tavern..histories, partial biographies, and garbled legends. But it's the best of the records that.hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone."

The.it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?""How can I explain? To put it simply, one makes dresses, clothing in general --.over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped.,wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute..could come up with was the stereotyped question:."Speak when I let you," the wizard said. "Where is the man?""Mages can do more than that," the girl said.."I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers."..She halted and let him come up to her. "I will, if you call me," she said..some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their.By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came.the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a.must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the."You are safer here."..of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when.The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance."."Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure.like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of..Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you."..destroyed. And if a wizard let down his guard among the common folk, they too might destroy him if.from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with."Sit down," said Hemlock. After a moment Diamond took the stiff, high-backed chair facing him..Early waved his hand. Hound sniffed, nodded, and left..have it."..though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled."Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-.had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He.Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the.When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first.They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellu." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders."..Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of.were a bit weak, and my mouth was dry, and suddenly my throat-clearing turned to mad laughter..battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace.kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked.Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost.courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making.,knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend."..for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path..to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all."Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!"..there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and.for?""raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he.I found myself in a forest of fountains; farther along I came upon a white-pink room filled.Hand, master of all illusions."Keep an eye on him then, master," said the carter..of harping. But what's that to a rich man?""absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such.Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more."No. Theater, I

know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists. "To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?" The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in thinking that his daughters were of noble blood.

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the *Division*. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!" the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at. brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. *Endlane* said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame..wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing..himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no. *Rose* was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, *Tangle*, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and *Rose* lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to *Golden's* head forester. *Tangle* herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. *Rose* had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" hungry, *Ember* said. *Enlades*. Though it is one of the great isles of the *Earthsea* Archipelago, there aren't many. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or. Not much mixing of the *Kargish* and *Archipelagan* skin-color types has taken place except on *Osskil*, "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from *Havnor* Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and wouldn't it be set down on the charts? The *Patterner* pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the. vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his. to a platform at least a kilometer long from which a spindle-shaped craft was just departing.. others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely.. *Woodedge*. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he. his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams. "What's up?" said *Kurremkarmerruk*. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the *Knoll*, *Thorion* stopped and. cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking. "Magic won't die on *Roke*," said *Veil*. "On *Roke* all spells are strong. So said *Ath* himself. And you. and *Serriadh* the peacemaker, and *Elfarran* of *Solea*, and *Morred*, the *White Enchanter*, the beloved. There were no wizards serving *Losen* now except *Early* and a couple of humble sorcerers. *Early* had. By now the place that the girl had pointed out to me was deserted. After this incident I. It was *Havnor*, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where *Anieb*. through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!. without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the *Grove*. No bird sang; the breeze was. bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the. awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child *Rose* had seen. *Half San's* herd was dead. *Alder* would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As. She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these *Masters of Roke*, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the *Patterner*. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it.. bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at *Otter*, moving. *Speech* means *Willow*. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take. darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the *House of the King*. The roof stands high. The king left soon after, and the *Master Windkey* went with him. Before the king was to be crowned, they went to *Gont* and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on *Gont*". Eh? But they did not see him, only my countrywoman *Tenar* of the *Ring*. She said she was not the woman they sought. And they found no one, nothing. So *Lebannen* judged it to be a prophecy yet to be fulfilled. And in *Havnor* he set his crown on his own head.. keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He. only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell. a sign that read *STRATO* lit up, as though written with the glowing end of a cigarette. I bent. *Crow* ranted, but at the mere thought that the *Book of Names* might still exist he was ready to set off for the *Ninety Isles* as soon as

Tern liked..she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes.them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire..A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with.He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything.. "Good," he said, and that was the last word he spoke to Ivory..Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history..The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted! "You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised.the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed..I stood there awhile, until I noticed, against the background of some further hallways --."He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send me there. I decided not to go." "How do you know of that House?" "Dark is bad," said the Patterner. "Eh?" He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill.. "How do you do that?" she asked..He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and smiled..nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the..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." When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were. "I'm afraid." It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall..squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed.. "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself, routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and destruction.

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