APPEL AUX PRATICIENS CLAIR S ET IMPARTIAUX

The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for. That, too, I remembered. I didn't crush his fingers. I was quite calm. He wanted to say.hungry," Ember said.. "We should find shelter and rest," he said.. His mother tried to explain. "It's as if you'd found some great jewel," she said, "and what's one. They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight hovered. He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes..TERMINAL PARK..you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two.house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to. Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He slowly parted the edges: nothing. Wider: it appeared again, popping out of nowhere, a head."Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to.".sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck.. "So you thought. . . you thought that I. . . no!".file:///D|/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (56 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him..Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory." fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed."I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master. The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He.harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit..pay you -".survived the dark years. Wanting praise, not history, the warlords burnt the books in which the."I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, Medra.".I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I.knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who.know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she."I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold.file:///D|/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (32 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming the earth." the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought tor a long time, and said, "She gave me her.the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted."Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time.. "Which power?". "Keep away. No! No! I beg you!". He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack.. She was silent..ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never."They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts? He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke. protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped difficulties in his

path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me.He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice.red ridge of the mountain in the dawn.."Come up to the house," the Patterner said, and he set out water and food for the Namer..The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire..wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him..He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it..man of power is celibate.".more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that."There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?"."A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?".spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal, I quickly undressed, "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think.". What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -.thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory..defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went.round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing. THE KARGAD LANDS. "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind?.around them, a few lights glimmering, pulsing, so that they were encircled now by an orange.spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or. But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with." Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading. It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land.."He thinks I have this huge great talent. For magic.". "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just. He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and smiled.. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride..came here first-I could not save the one who saved me.".thing in a dangerous element, vulnerable to spells and hexes. As soon as Hound came aboard the new."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?"."We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through as ever.. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of courteously by their titles.. "Nowhere," said the Doorkeeper. "I let her out as I let her in, at her desire." When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky.. Tell me what it is, this bet. . . or whatever." went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation.she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her. Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about.but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old."Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened. He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked

almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one..the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick..he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a.Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take.then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the.The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was.

Dragonfly put out her groping hand and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden drunk by his cold hearth..galley, which was rowed by forty slaves..him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a

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