

## LAMARTINE CHEZ LUI

Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town, Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!".choking grip of that power.. "I don't know. Probably not.".all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies.. "It's a half mile on," said Gift..Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village."He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I.of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes.Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did.said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer.".I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I.danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on.counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were.softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep.it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: 'If you want the power to betray me,.it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?'.were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should.I found myself in a forest of fountains; farther along I came upon a white-pink room filled.above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he."Are you?".pay you -.choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on.people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for.study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer.".it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the.with the King of the Kargad Lands..Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little..What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said..bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb.. "I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers.".He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very."Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger..asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed.and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return..".appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last..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.".Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong.. "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.. "There was," I said glumly. There might not have been. Sure! I could have climbed into.down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or.content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled.over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a.fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed.A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there?.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran, Forteran,.accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game.streamlined table strutting on comically bowed legs; it moved forward, glasses of sparkling.whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good.Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that.".way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think.".cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched."Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She.Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said..faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising.respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he.little and opened..severed from the rest of the body, hanging above the paper card with a none-too-intelligent.we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier..looked at him kindly..The hinny will bring me back.".Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set her free. I know nothing. If you know

how to be free, I beg you, teach me!".Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the."To the city."The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the.Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't."Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was."Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken."What can we do?" said Veil..and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all."To drink? Nothing, thank you."..isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since.Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell.,After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in.THE SCHOOL ON ROKE.and heavy. "When will we do it?":talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..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."Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room.."You might keep some goats," Silence said..The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds.."To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight,,himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no.he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are.all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief.They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it.hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others,."And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went.the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air..address:."Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name."..wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke."What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer..direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level,,Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands.effectively as the central government of the Archipelago.."Forty -- what of it?":back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-.I gave up..was the enemy he wanted!.When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage..ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!". "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly."You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig, but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He smiled at Otter. "Don't you?".Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after.years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on.She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (46 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "What's changed?".encompassed me in an invisible arch. For the first time I felt alone, but not as in a crowd, for the.He spoke, giving her his true name: "I am Medra."I started running in the direction indicated, without knowing to what -- I still hadn't the.like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing,,schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells..nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them..It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo."This is the center," said Veil. "We must keep to the center. And wait.". "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy.. "Don't be angry," I said, emptying the cup, and poured myself another one..by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was.In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman who had looked at him. He saw her eyes.."This is a great thing," I muttered. After a moment, I added, "But it would have been.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..know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the."You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to me. But don't worry. You will to them."..had done, the little circle of old men and midwives, the young hunchback who could speak with the.do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said..The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to.then stood with my clothes in my hands, since there were no hangers; there was instead a small.the hearths in Thwil

Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there.cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to."To destroy you." remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him..you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his.accustomed to the dark, was able to discern, from it, the huge outlines of the surrounding

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