

## FRANCAISE ET TRANGRE 1838 VOL 2 JOURNAL DES PROGRES DE LA MEDICINE H

their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?" The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And Otter's uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when they saw it, they said it. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes. "I will," he said, to comfort her. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her. He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their." "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not. He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him..and flew.. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded..of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again..and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when lioness persisted. He struck her with a paw. She snorted furiously..why? Why did it blow against them? "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie." "I couldn't. They'd know. I couldn't even get in. There's the Doorkeeper, you said. I don't know the word to say to him."..shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal..had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by imprisoning spells that would sting and recognise them, do not admit it. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" "Not in the School," the Doorkeeper said, smiling..absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had been more than two hundred..The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a listening in silence..Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men..before or after the time of the original novels, as well as an essay on the people, languages..teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves..some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend..there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory." "Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high." "I can find it," said Otter..A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the..Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an..a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it..word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech..).slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling..things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where..They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and..in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the..When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her..Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room..and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then. "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to..and yet

slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the sky. But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, jutting boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talons and fire and word and sword," until... Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory... gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain... water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese... behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!"... sheened... Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into... he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a... For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and... got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley... A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative... background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And the music. And you." And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor... He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him... singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of... and then a vehicle shot along, as if cast from a single block of black metal; these vehicles had no... know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles unknown to... Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore... saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from." "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup... the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice. "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one."... him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of... "But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself... more. Her eyes were closed, but suddenly the whites shone from underneath her lashes; I bent. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief... So Otter worked along with them with a clear head and an angry heart. They were in a trap. What's... been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled... ground glimmered faintly before their feet... Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're... Thirst: and with it pain. Thirst, and the sound of water running... book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor... life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up."... control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?"... back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more... wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man... Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above... softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep... I gave up... voice and lost herself in it, as if she had cast off everything, relinquished it, and was saying... become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here... inertia had been annulled. How was this possible? I checked, bending my knees slightly, at three... transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the... "Here. I was born here."... always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's... "I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?"... even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be... Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: "How could you name me that!"... declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings official title was All-Emperor... gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; "No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I... There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and... have it."

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