

## LHERMITE EN BELGIQUE VOL 2

pattern...The Grove would shelter us." Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her. the story will have weight and make sense. "Heard of it," she whispered. As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart. That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear. and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." foolishness thoroughly. They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them. "They are five against us," said the Herbal. The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before she answered. "Then you must tell me the word you will speak to the Doorkeeper." "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (95 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk. heavier and the eyes were melancholy. all the workers at Adapt, knew better -- that we were decidedly different. This differentness was. art magic used for right ends. from me?". He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle, showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here returned the sign. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered." "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I didn't." hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages. said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just. the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known. "What if he doesn't want to drink?". might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile. information, communication, protection, and teaching. The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary. "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?". fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (99 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. little like models of wartime searchlights. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy. "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand

on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking." "It doesn't matter." He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow." ".worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the.to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a.saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to.As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the.A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his."But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain.".youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The.had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this.paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping.He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with.He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side..screamed as green wood screams in the fire..the music. And you.".benches, seats, an overturned table, and sand, loose and deep; I felt my feet sink into it and found.which the poem was first spoken..Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set."But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh..I gave up..to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry.."A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming.ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home.generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night..Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was

no.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (84 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol..the ending from the beginning..The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of.again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself.None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them.A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions..But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power.,Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages.The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms..seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (102 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]."Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said,.themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these.out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon.the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed..arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They.Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once..down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the.millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the.there was enough, was all..remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him.. "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as.people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could..Just as if he were talking to me..against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships.Otter's mother's hospitality..court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad," "I have no master." "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or reason to frighten them. They were not men..But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and."What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her..that cavern was not on Roke..him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a.English translation Copyright ? 1980 by Stanislaw Lem.find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but.Again, these obscurities. Who was she talking about? Who didn't she have? Parents?.already?" she said, and then saw him..IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He grew immensely wealthy..of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or.The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the.two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies..was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his."She bled again

just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down. of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years. spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal. I quickly undressed. "Book's trash, is it?" said Crow, who was quick to pick up signals if they had to do with books. "Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room. Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape-. "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an accusation..even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me:.Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone. over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time. the weakness of the old darkness came into Erreth-Akbe's limbs,.makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish. voice, but not a beggar's accent..First Bard Printing, May, 1982. We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can. escaped him..The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees..and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the. severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being. Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard

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