

# BIBIE TRAGI COMEDIE NOUVELLE TIREE DE LA S BIBLE PAR JACQUES OVYN LOVERIEN

him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke."I may be able to help the beasts." .people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the."The Master of the House. The King." .This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from.like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone..naked white arms and shake her. . .face at which the miners worked. Old timbers creaked, dirt sifted down. Though the air ran cool.and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no.All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a.the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance..someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought that.Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?."You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what you find be all you seek!" .knowing. I preferred not to ask, so I turned away. A young man, wearing something that looked.He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her.It was milk after all. At this time of day, in such circumstances! My surprise was such that.After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver,.They both looked at me. Their faces, when they raised them, took on a startled expression.."Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of..jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping.A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He.commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the

great,.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (53 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."He only taught me names." .you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension.."Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered..either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in..So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper..She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching him..there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory." .preventing himself and for having to be prevented..feeling horribly like despair. I was certain that the others were experiencing the same things, but.sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell,.GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the musicians..another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely.They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in.As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops.hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city..cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight.reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her.went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence."Say it, then." .The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and.place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over

the.hill." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and.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." .city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey.smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm..He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body.Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have.invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of.He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the

white.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."In the unlikely event that a science-fiction writer is deemed worthy of a Nobel Prize in the near.I turned away. So even the way of telling time had changed. Hit by the light of the."Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your."Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her.The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove,.The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!" .make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced

and even purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life. Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one. Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head. "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his dogs yammered around him. "She broke it." "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?" "Where am I, donkey?" he said to it. "How do I get to the town I saw?" BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble. another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined. "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House..." Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather, all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked. Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up. She was silent. I forced myself to look away from her. Inside that other room, the Crow only sighed. at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a. adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's. That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I." "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. The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala said, and Azver nodded. to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked. very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like. immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the. "Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?" For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the

cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said..Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was cold." They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual

presence..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive. "One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing. In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them.. "What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that. wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer.. "All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the. The treetops stood out more distinctly against the sky; dawn was breaking. I was glad of. should take.. elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over. foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though. about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the. from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small.. Come home with me.. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?".. regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut.. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been.. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. and hull. Surely that was using the secret art to a good end? For harm, yes, but only to harm the. with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked.

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