

LEMPIRE LIBERAL VOL 11 ETUDES RECITS SOUVENIRS

"Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own.. "And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?"..Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take, but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke..Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said..idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He.. "Only the Master can go there."..Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill."..see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecefell, on a golden warp?"..danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set..She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with him, but she watched him in wonder..They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn..him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding..The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them..He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill..As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake, and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him..Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?"..After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but..the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance.."But why did you give up music?"..not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in.."By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go."..where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody..Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with.."While we talk behind her back?"..it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the..Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place..poor and powerless might learn what power is..He quickened her base clay with the true seed. But she will not give birth to the King. She is..Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the..acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken..The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so."..Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be..Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern..her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?".. "Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door..Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at..So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke..The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its..sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the.."Come on out," whispered Diamond, a shadow in the starlight..the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned..ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay..no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the

getting and the spending..Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The.that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..fluff that became more and more transparent as it descended. Her slim, lovely belly was like a.Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in.next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful.on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside.. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!". "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him.". "worth?". "didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great.Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head..Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is the Archipelagan year 1058..It was hard for him to lie. He thought he was awkward at it because he had no practice. Hound knew."Yours are perished.". "She retreated to the wall..I can call you. When I think of you.". "The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he..A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks..Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, but Irioth spoke..He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures..woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying..ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (29 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music..Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a broken staff.. "Wait," she said. "It seems that you don't understand a thing. After all, I gave you brit.". "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him..away. They were kissing. I walked toward the muffled sound of music, some all-night restaurant.Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again..need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight,..speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her." "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered.. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so.because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could.the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped.word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth.. "What is?". TERMINAL PARK -- and a shining green arrow..were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east.. "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles.. 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.". "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this may be a matter for talk among the nine of us"..could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way.. "Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began..opened, I began walking..It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the.as ever.. "You have been a witch, Irian?". "right away.". Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and. "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't

ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?" "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it. "your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door. tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning." yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed. "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been looking for that place, that island, seven years." "I can take her to those who can." keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given. "Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up. "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!" "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded. back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears. Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves. "Just enough to keep going on, eh?" Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they. "I don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!" All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a depression -- the carriage had already left -- and received another surprise. I was not at the figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (5 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Are you?" Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away. at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was. paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had. "That I don't have. . ." socket. powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who. his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the heart of the teaching of magic. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life. day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father. He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering. After a while Golden asked, still looking at the table, "Why?" He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name.

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