

INSTRUMENTS POUR UNE LEX MERCATORIA SINO AFRICAINE

Back Cover: The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizard's power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped."It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." .other metals, even gold, see..then, he will spring forth, shining!.They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it..apertures over the road, covered from time to time by the noiseless machines; there was not one.hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what.people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could..he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it.wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman.imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea..did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to.and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which.This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few."Did you talk at all to Master Hemlock? ".quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath.. "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen

will.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (55 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].influence events in unintended or unexpected ways..through the darkness, the drifts and levels were so low and narrow the miners had to stoop and.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (23 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "I suppose the way it has always been. What can have changed?".of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs.He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one..flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there..to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." .She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it..Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been.Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her..gift." "One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can.off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it..herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy..seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though."There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a."My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out.."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..The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell.paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the.sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed.here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking.you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and.on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor,.the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the."On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch? ".centers, like fat on muscle, they passed

upward, I lost count of them; the elevator fell, fell, it was. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed. The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same. Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working. the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only. Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, and had no strength left at all. He changed his shape, he changed his name, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. up the street with him. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell. the edge of the platforms by an unprotected abyss. I drew close to this empty space, as if parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would. not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or. to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so. certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept. Who found his way to work his will. whale's. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on. over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy. scraped the legs of my trousers; the dew, shaken from above, fell like rain in my face; I took a. "To learn," the boy whispered. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb. Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've gone on past . . . that possibility . . .". legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting. did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of. girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit. prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom. "I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?". "You are safer here.". was some sniggering and shushing. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little, ". in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent. "OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?". have held clenched in his hand all along. "Very good, very good, Medra," said the wizard. "You may call me Father.". Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea. History. corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I. toward me; they had to separate to let me through. I was buffeted. Without realizing it, I stepped. 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. 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. "He's matchmaking," Tuly said, dry, fond. clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they. know. . . ". She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk.". since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning. a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to. cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to. were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the. years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?". out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in. to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True. The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it

to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer." "But he told me about some of the students." And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, the faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells. . . saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days. "I wanted to ask you to go away with me," he said. . . And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down. Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser? . . . the fountain. . . found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced. . . 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. . . file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (73 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" . . . while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away. . . head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. . . looked at what he offered her. . . opened, I began walking. . . Where my love is going. The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and. . . At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. . . must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine." . . She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening. "All right," I said. . . The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out. . . He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. . . Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks."

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