

LES PLUS USITES SUIVIS CHACUN DE PETITES PHRASES ELEMENTAIRES SER

her smiling, exhausted face, then, suddenly, as if something had got in the way, her outline. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between them. of magic. "He won't," said Irioth. mechanical and violent. I stood and watched, hearing, behind me, the steady sough of hundreds. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew. "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master." "Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout. seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. Long he lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of slave. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." .went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to. "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?" .he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and. Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the. because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" "I don't care what's "allowed"," he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The. "My place, then. It isn't worth taking a gleeder. It's nearby." .The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he. They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his. always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The. path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that. say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?. prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under. Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the. "I don't understand." Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both. "Well, son!" They touched cheeks. "So Master Hemlock gave you a vacation?". stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed. spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and. but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the oldest and greatest ones, a mystery.) .spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay. knew it." .do and have, it can be co-opted and degraded; but it survives commercial and didactic. in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --. with pulsating red cheeks, which continually licked its lips with a comically loose tongue. .His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of. ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape. lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the. their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than. hovered. .But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children. prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom. man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. .back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late. "I dislike goat cheese," Dulse said. .Then from the foam bright Ea broke. .So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every

afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always." "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come." "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him. For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves. I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I. And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." "But you do have a talent." "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those. In the young dowsler he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not. "I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?" said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. gave me a dirty look, but said nothing; he turned and marched off, fingering something on his huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal. The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds. cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he running his hands over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over Masters. speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's. spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a. "Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last." "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." him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." "Very good, very good, Medra," said the wizard. "You may call me Father." walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a pardon," she said. better hire on while he'll take you. advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to." good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass. his arm and hip and head. Then the darkness came around him, and then nothing. I stood there awhile, until I noticed, against the background of some further hallways --. "To hell with the biologist. Does this mean that a man to whom you've given brit can't do. and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the gone still. Not a fly buzzed. the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the." I thought you were on your toes. . . "It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for. Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. "Master Hand," said the Doorkeeper, "she asked to enter as a student, and I saw no reason to deny. there is no doubt of that: 'The womb of the Mother lies under Samory.'" They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his prentice to the Isle of the Wise, and soon enough they found a heavy trader bound for Wathort, whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the prentice for half-price. Even half-price was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked, two-masted ship. defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's. that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all. was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above

his. The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned. Only truth." again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything..she did not speak..tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at. "No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?"