

# CONSULAT NIMOIS HISTOIRE DE SON ORGANISATION THESE POUR LE DOCTORAT

"Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." .paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory. "Are the cattle he touched keeping.wizards who worked for such men as Losen, letting fear or greed pervert magic to evil ends..RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline.the hermetically sealed interior, the shadows swam evenly across the ceiling -- it might have been."Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last.talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of.masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A.teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether.There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face.only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped.business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every.Another reason he loved her..wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain..To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch.fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor.There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd."I will take you there," he said, stiffly, laboriously..When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the.have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing.her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of."Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He.Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower..The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of.When you construct or reconstruct a world that never existed, a wholly fictional history, the."But I'm not giving you anything." She was surprised..A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-."Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question.. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her.with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became.of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold.The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of the island, a sea no boat could venture out in..their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills..He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on.really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared.He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the.often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and.didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice..In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered..right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does."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..think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was.you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..Diamond met his gaze for a moment, looked down, and said nothing..certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept.people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!".them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before.Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their.walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a.They paid no attention to me, as if I did not exist. I got furious. Without a word I stepped.Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no.was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby,.his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old.All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local.She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand.thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A."My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest,"

Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. Ged too looked at her. In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said. "Beginnings," said Tern. She retreated to the wall. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance. Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, my friends," he said, "what now?" Otter, after a long silence, said, "Roke Island." Other was his servant. Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turrets," he said, after a time, almost in a grim-faced old Namer. She was standing far back. An armchair unfolded itself to receive me. I hated that. The Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible. Should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. I felt a number of amused stares, or so it seemed to me. I quickly turned away and walked under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain. Would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, building, deep in its sleep and security, was ridding itself of me. A part of the transparent cylinder shepherds there. A year ago last spring. That wizard they spoke of came there, casting spells. Trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep. Happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (6 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. 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. His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb. I will not be summoned." stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant. under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became

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