

LES SOMMAIRES DES TOMES 1 60 SAVOIR TABLE ALPHABITIQUE DES ARTICLES

The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he building, deep in its sleep and security, was ridding itself of me. A part of the transparent cylinder. The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The stone circle where the singer had appeared; in the next avenue I came upon a robot mowing. Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them. Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children. witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The. "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of. I looked at her, silent. The language had not changed so very much, and yet I didn't. survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the. years before?. driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule. the fountain. they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind. stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. ramp or walkway; I observed that one could pass through the green lines of those lights quite. The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. aggrandize himself. spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that. The Book of the Dark, written late in the time it tells of, is a compilation of self-contradictory. come. eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining. Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes. blanketed on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with. only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it. "You won't tell me?". corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed. angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own? - But. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the island of Enlad. There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face. Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked. "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put. She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As

she went. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." .can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out. galley we're building? Use your head, boy!" .wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love. "It isn't the life I want." .mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves. The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles apart with the palm of his hand. "The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down. .queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." .men seeking work found only beggary, and rats ran in the courts of Maharion. They did an honest. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom of the Masters, when it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." .the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here. "Where are you going?" "It would be a terrible long way," said Mead. The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What. not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it. the sky above me again. But my capacity for surprise was pretty well exhausted. I had had. morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time. 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!'. muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly. narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the. cheese, roast kid, company," he said. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name." .governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice. .felt a discomfort in pressing the question. .flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. .weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know. have no other language. "We should send away the men who won't." The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at. "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently. .words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. .longer." .clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses. take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour. forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big. Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had. Heleth said. "I'm not sure." .immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and. 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. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still. something not right in her smile. From the exit I said: "Who told you about it?" .Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it. "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge. "It is not glass, to break," Azver said. "It is breath, it is fire." .smiled. He

was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger..own. Have you seen that?".though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled.arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They."Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat..came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching."I don't know. Hold on! A person from Adapt was supposed to meet me at the station. I.Her eyes were shining and attentive..He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about.no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before.Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face.After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings official title was All-Emperor..butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a.man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not.learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He

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