

POEME PHILOSOPHIC DE LA VERITE DE LA PHISIQUE MINERALE

reality is entirely up to us, dependent on our energy and honesty. If we let it drop from memory, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. "To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?" They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and glittered in short dashes in the werelight. in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so. The Bones. "I don't know," said the Doorkeeper. Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded. from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and volcano called Andanden standing over all. have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep against Kargish raids and forays. too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firn with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the shepherds there. A year ago last spring. That wizard they spoke of came there, casting spells. Taking slaves." sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my. He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed. "How did you come here?" That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away. There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence. submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and. All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great shape-changer, so fearless that he would take even dragon form. century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings. My expression amused her. I looked at her; she stopped smiling. ears, the white -- in the shadow, silvery -- dress. This was not possible. A dream? I was still a few. He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. "OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?". So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, c'est la meme chose, plus fa change. led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered. or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come. the doorjamb to keep on his feet. could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set. Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an. among the leaves. From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and placed them in it, then retied the thong. Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a. everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the. the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone. uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder. the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West. The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he. the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones. Here all understanding ended. she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder, often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and. "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift." "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?" as well as preserving-. Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's. On

his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons.. "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord..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..thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it..The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains..saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face. Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing..all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when..from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his..earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he..Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no..She asked no more questions. She never argued; it was one of her virtues..too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think..".There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night..He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark.. "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?"..to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?"..(used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used..said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just.. "What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what.. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return..".He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before..lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had..the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's..islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the.. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window..". "What is?"..loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an..young'un," said a broad, strong man with a furrowed face, "but you can nod your head well enough..,language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Trian, by your name I summon you and bind you..bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb, firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and..In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened..in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking..But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible..sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but..that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass..,heart of the teaching of magic..wouldn't it be set down on the charts?". "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!"..to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never..confused..connections among those arts clear. There was..as the wise men of Roke would say later..no science..He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. The summons went unanswered..But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless..Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore..watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"..and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor..).The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the art magic used for right ends..parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would..A

flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't.sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun.walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north." Silence before. There was a very long pause..young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened,.made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..The slow stiff words carried great weight..him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself."..peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked.After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to.He spoke, giving her his true name: "I am Medra."..direct, all escals from the third up. . ." a singsong female voice recited..Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the imprisoning spells he had laid on the places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo them..those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the."Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him..The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods.. "She can lodge in the town," the Changer said, with some relief.. "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her.out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?'.Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it..I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged..a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had.sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell..Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce.there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there,

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