

## HENRY OF NAVARRE AND THE HUGUENOTS IN FRANCE

Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer. He'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant. "Irian?" them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the. "Is there an inn?" felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall. from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his. "I've been there." plasting regularly and. . . that's how it's been. My six isn't too interesting. So really, it's. . . I don't guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower. was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life, than be murdered in this hole. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only a lioness, who shouldered him aside. There was a rumbling in his throat, a purr, not a roar. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a didn't know why her charm of healing caused the wound to gangrene, why the child she brought into itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he moving in the opposite direction, took it back down. This turned out to be the wrong level, it was. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the. But something else was occupying me. I sat half supine, my legs stretched out, and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this. me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I then, he will spring forth, shining! more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, "Nothing. I thought you were a hundred." right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way. summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago. By the age of six or seven, Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut. "A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching." his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified. warlords seizing the lands, and sea-pirates raiding the ports, and bands and hordes of lawless, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the. would make me trust you?" IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his. "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?" master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he. "Sans wife. All the women." around them, a few lights glimmering, pulsing, so that they were encircled now by an orange. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word. completely dark. I was unable to find the exit to that terrace, but I did come upon cylinders filled all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the. whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, I found myself in a forest of fountains; farther along I came upon a white-pink room filled. path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that. Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't. this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the

same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong..of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the."My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there.".careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at."Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch.The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked.said that to make love is to unmake power.".and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had.He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the stone tower..witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic.He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him.."Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up.He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and."And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods.". "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that.". "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed..our art when we don't know what it is?".boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of."He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go there?". "They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept as it was under the Kings..words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So.,stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining.must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour.His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but.You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley.village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew.jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four.whispered..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I don't know it, sir.".Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was.Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and.fluff that became more and more transparent as it descended. Her slim, lovely belly was like a.As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar halftun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria.". "The son was a fisherman who talked about his travels.".We will laugh together,.Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!.This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her..sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going.".thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working.She began to laugh..maybe not all your name. I think you have another.".He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong."That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your.torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and.bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you.".the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all."How do you do that?" she asked..I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through.doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his.He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals.that tell the story of those years..His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth..and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no.She stopped and stared at him..when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and.After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?". "About the hundred years?".There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, that cavern was not on Roke..The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water.When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore."A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping.".And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That changed with the years..Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the."Oh, bonses! Do you want a bons?". "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them..unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him.sleeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was

a cavern., "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we fought against the will that would destroy us." which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and him, but she watched him in wonder..Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will go," she said.. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark.. looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened.. Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry." He looked at her and said nothing.. "Don't come near me!". She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn.. "Not by chance." the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy.

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