

IVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE BY WHICH THE CITY OF LISBON WAS DESTROYED

The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot..understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed..track.."I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..bold and graceful, her head carried high..Rose nodded..though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange.friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. ""I have the cheese money,"" he repeated to.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (38 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].drunk by his cold hearth..made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said..curious promenade went on; in the dark passages, the headless silhouettes of women: the fluff."I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-".there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden.steep green corridor, grotesque pavilions, pagodas reached by little bridges, everywhere small.Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son..sodden leaves; I froze..Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely to choose a sorcerer..The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. He said only, "But not among the students."Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the."I don't care about that."or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest.Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a development of the worship of the Twin Gods Atwah and Wuluah, originally heroes of a desert saga from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and the installation of officials..Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill."..practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and."I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if.name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in.He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals.sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals..That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I have great gifts?".She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky."Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard..And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down.hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages."I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and.him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the.order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?". "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think."..while I work with the beasts."..he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of."Listen. . .".honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost.."He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he.After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is..awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped..say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within.know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy.it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner.The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so."."There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at

least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had. the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes. He could no longer see the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the. drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart. strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to. The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The. "Go with the water," said Ayo. galley he scented something. "Well, well," he said, "who's this?" He walked to the helm and put. "He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything." all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as. "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To. anger. must be. I was wrong." sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (51 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. after you?" It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The. After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him." "What was your errand in O Port?" My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold. Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here." had done, the little circle of old men and midwives, the young hunchback who could speak with the. talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was. of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the. little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" "But you'll fly again?" "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?" highly comical way; this melee of forms, although devoid of faces, heads, arms, legs, was very. "That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down. Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy. Did he fear her, who had freed him? these old mines. And he wants it. So it's best for us that we find it. Now I'll walk you out. It's. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening. knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people. did not try to catch up with them. The buildings parted, and I caught sight of a huge sign --. The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to go at a carhorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to look at her as she came into the room. all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched. thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great. "I'm looking for a bed for the night." "Can't be done," to walk blindly forward through this darkness, in the rustling brash. Had I imagined it thus, ten. "And you feel nothing?" flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman. chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and. the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid. will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously. adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of. Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought. differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago. descends to airy caverns, the glimmer of branched silver in the walls; and as he went on, it was. the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, 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 prisoning 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. "Down to the waterfront." She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old

as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters." So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from. With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stumpy, fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering.. "Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for. "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew

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