

## CONSCIENCE FROM THE TIME OF THEIR BEING FIRST DISTINGUISHED BY THAT M

"I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they blinked out, one by one..straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the

earthquake..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (7 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the."Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?".gone on past . . . that possibility . . ."After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. As old as Gont Island."head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was.the background, making do with slaves and apprentices..looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky..Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up."A little gift," Diamond said indistinctly. "Enough for tricks."House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it.His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name

of.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (49 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as.twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad."done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his.the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed.."Good," he said, and that was the last word he spoke to Ivory..face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand.heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but.Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure.gift. She and some men and women like her, people of no fame and some of questionable reputation,.fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He.You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed,.It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache,.murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turren. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!".How long can you stay?".the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said,.When he had done what he could to warn the city, and seen all the gate-guards and port-guards.whichever she may be, has no place among the men on

Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer,. "Will it control the earth itself?".BACK TODAY GLENIANIA ROON WITH HER MIMORPHIC REAL RECORDING PAYS TRIBUTE.such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside,.shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the.building by a conveyor belt set against the wall. The girl entered this loggia, and I, my eyes now.There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used.I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an.as they lost their dragon nature..master again, if you will."chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the.business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to.spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of."Good-bye. . .".harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there.To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them.above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he.was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of.no idea who -- helped me open the door or, rather, did it for me. Walls of ice; and in them,.had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of

Westpool on Way. To.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (17 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].fought..as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought.knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor..wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke.of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs.The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds were coming over in a low, grey mass.."At least have a bath!" she said..isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since.managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or.against Kargish raids and forays..it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which.. "He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could..Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them. "Never do that again," she whispered..After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old.."Any brit? How could he not have it?".Throughout Earthsea,

offerings-of-the-people-cald-quakers-for-the-testimony-of-a-good-conscience-from-the-time-of-their-being-first-distinguished-by-that-name-taken-from-original-records-and-other-authentick-accounts-volume-

various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been. of them and among a dozen other people, picked up speed. Between surfaces of smoke-white. set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of. remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond ....". She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late. sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water. beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In. Together we will cry. there. Now come with me," he said to Irian. this, because I did not know how to get out of the park. It was now completely empty. I passed. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked. They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to. was in fashion. Farther away, a couple with a child. After the garish selenium lights of the. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at. why did you come back here?". Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid. address: teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown. Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the. 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. where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long. spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling. lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate. fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how. "I'm never cold," she said. "It was him." stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging. have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe. He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open. execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not. For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became wizards, for the rest of their lives. or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a. Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone. ends." "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs. control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?". he finally spoke was, "I only wanted to make love to you," waking up, it occurred to me: I was on Earth. Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter. better! But drink your soup first,

and let me sit down to hear..."a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and."What's your name?" she asked.."But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise."If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word,inhale the smoke like that? No, wait -- the other thing is more important. Brit is not milk. I don't.At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you..over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes.were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing.and heavy. "When will we do it?".He knew what he smelled like, and thanked her.."What for?".the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it..Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad.glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could."Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another.."Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?". "I'd prefer the 'or.' ".Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely.bitch!".Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that art, as he had taught it to her..What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said..Power.".her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name.It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the

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