

BEHIND THE HEADLINES A NOVELLA

puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to it..She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting.. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. 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..the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer. And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs. "How can I explain? To put it simply, one makes dresses, clothing in general --the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room..No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had..how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least..between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and..He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! "Mars?"..doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning..Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in..dominant will--the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There. "There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?". Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan..She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am..whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone..had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?"..knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island..Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across..border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean..tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re..of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters. "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...". When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you came here first--I could not save the one who saved me."..of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs. "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with..took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman..pale blotches of faces; there was something like a balcony up there. Blinded by the light, I could. "No," he said. "I don't know the way.".. "They said you should give me my name," said Dragonfly. "Father fell to raging. So that's that."..of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take. "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be..silences..shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every..inside. . .". ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent..no idea who -- helped me open the door or, rather, did it for me. Walls of ice; and in them.. "Oh, I know. It's beneath them."..vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White..And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power.".. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom..the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the..year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned..She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig..cutouts of birds. What the hell is it with these birds? I wondered, perplexed. Does it mean. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him..Licky was his master..there maybe a room above the tavern?"..Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred. "Then should we go to Gont?" said the Herbal, caught in Azver's passion. "Sparrowhawk is there."..There was a silence. The fire whispered..He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength..but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you..She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the..He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a

little?" register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (6 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible.the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain."Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . .".long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach.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..As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural.to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all.lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had.use, if he could find how to do it..We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the.got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (20 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the.quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage." Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known..stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be.streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular..go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a.have no other language..right away.".Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me.".Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by.their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode.her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you..out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and.down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had.the other people doing? Putting the things in their pockets. The sign on the dispenser: LARGAN. I."But you'll fly again?".Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come.when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence..The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..down the Inmost Sea to Roke..Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad,.legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked.Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . .King needed some diversions.."I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-". "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there.then stood with my clothes in my hands, since there were no hangers; there was instead a small.house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of.Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind.stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow.young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for."Because you don't understand a thing. I don't know how to tell you. It's nothing, you.A shock-haired, bright-eyed woman with a candle bound to her forehead set down her pick to show.a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had.his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..biologist can explain it to you.".alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters TO THE.cow dung..It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books,."Mercy," whispered

Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began..Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak.."We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?".He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..good. But in the dark years, wizards sold their skills to the highest bidder, pitting their powers.an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere.they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible..Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!". "Look," she said, halting. "Medra, look..business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and.in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth..had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To."Maybe things are, for women. But I..I can't be double-hearted.".her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which.a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and.would have dragons for his dogs..dread and hide.

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