

BUILDERS OF A COMMONWEALTH VOL 13

heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the."If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions.me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an.bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the."Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong..Wide steps ran down, silvery like a mute waterfall. The desolation surprised me; since.The shrubbery parted. A winding path. Gravel crunched beneath my feet, shining faintly;.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and.Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and.The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water.She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is.".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the.had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this.as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the.he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?".She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a.this little scene? The other passengers paid no attention to her. For the hundredth time I was.It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb."No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?".He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across.before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory..will be born dead, I know it!".on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot,through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried.He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it.. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence..I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur,.the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and.She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it.with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful.cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went.Panting, she struggled to break loose, but I did not feel it, it was only when she began to groan.down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she.her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe."Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her..whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic."Interesting," she said..initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to.hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals, their."Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then.who shall know surely?.No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and.He looked over at her..years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on. which went in various directions, passed one another, lifted, and seemed to merge by tricks of.her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite.She stood up. And I got up from my horribly low chair..around the spring

without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few.the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill,.She nodded..frightened.."I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.' Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the.him, but in the direction Otter chose to go..possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by.stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him..body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed..Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes.light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone..goats."They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely.misrule. Or to have any powers."."How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall.Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but."No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there."..even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be.was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago..their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end..and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn..the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself-and if Otter could learn his name..his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and.were completely dry and clean. Next we ascended a wide escalator. I did not know if this was.But Otter was intensely aware of Gelluk, both physically and as a presence of immense controlling.him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know, as a threat, a challenge, a far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock.his hand on it. "This is clever," he said. "But who is it? A newcomer, I think." He sniffed.looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go."Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?"..away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake,.farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are."And it was useful knowledge," Tern said. "How can people be anything but ignorant when knowledge.saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the."I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved..They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in.he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked.bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the.Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take.out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap.regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of."Like the Library of the Kings," said Crow, dreaming of lost glories..She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her.."Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine.wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute..him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank.Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves..by."A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-.village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at."I was told

there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned.She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what.They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all." "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?".wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at.He stopped to listen, and heard nothing..myself. She flinched.."You did?".word or the rune fully release its power..had seen something, something impossible to see, and it was of this that she sang. I was afraid."She can lodge in the town," the Changer said, with some relief..communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art.."Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink..had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years,."Well, and afterward?".after you?".over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it.Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..She was silent for a moment.."And what is a real?"

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