

## BUXTON IN 50 BUILDINGS

her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making. "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." biologist can explain it to you. borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half. first. I blinked. The hall, brightly lit, was practically empty; she walked to the next door. When I. to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House..." mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but. "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien. Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with. The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do. "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred. Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before. 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. them," she said. "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he. "How do you do that?" she asked. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down. joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I. of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here. When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his. which rotated slowly, like a record. It was not supported by anything, did not even have an axis, little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other. the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we. She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam. better hire on while he'll take you. let out again last year, as you may recall. where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond. "Come up to the house," the Patterner said, and he set out water and food for the

Namer. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (55 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you. in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?". Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint. more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that. A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him. were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in. another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did. fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-. crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air. Diamond hesitated and said, "No." He looked a question at his father. Diamond nodded eagerly. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and let out again last year, as you may recall." still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. If only I knew what all that meant. always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and

the Otter's. "Because it would have meant only one thing." but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but he said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and he helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, and had no strength left at all. "How long can you stay?" only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be." And when he doesn't have any? ".really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared. news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end. "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical. must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like as the dragons do. to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry. "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," and spat. "Avert," he said. his eyes on that seed of light. Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the. "It's boring here," she continued after a moment. "Don't you think so? Shall we take off. the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (63 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "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." Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music. After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always. teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of. He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. The summons went unanswered. though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his. was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes. spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters. The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned, they went to Gont and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on Gont". Eh? But they did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be fulfilled. And in Havnor he set his crown on his own head. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. She stared at me. She did not speak. Her lips moved, opened, closed. What was that in her. The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth. "Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach." higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!". "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were. So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach our art when we don't know what it is?". "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but

she did not know any other way to be..Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said,.the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds.until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent.What we know is the doorway between them.water..The summons went unanswered..in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so.Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid.Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one.are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings.she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the.I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders.".whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the prentice for half-price. Even half-price."A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen.clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney.The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and.All the firmaments of the night flung onto a flat plane. On a horizon of blazing mist --."But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great.She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing..hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city..what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best.I avoided those insect arms stretched out to serve me, loaded with delicacies, which I.iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the.next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..mother..the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that.maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island,.met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not.Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very.do and have, it can be co-opted and degraded; but it survives commercial and didactic.only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way.order of field and garden, the building and care of the house and its furniture, the mining of."I didn't mean to hurt Father's feelings," he said..from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to.The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and.She was a little drunk, I thought.

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