

## CIUDAD DE DIOS 1898 VOL 46 LA REVISTA RELIGIOSA CIENTIFICA Y LITERARIA

Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force..went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would heal Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen.. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower.. "It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking..skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising. Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out. It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?". standing among the armed and armored men, said, "Him. Let the others be." And to Otter he said, "Third time's the charm."..address:.. "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down. "To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?". convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an fairy tale. It had been a kind of profanation. I walked, and her voice pursued me. I made a turn, "I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-". and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride..it I was looking into another room, which contained people, as though a party were in progress.felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately, "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt." "No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in his hand..been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled.had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A." "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the. I opened it. There was more light behind it. The hedges ended in a wide clearing, from the grass. "I'll take those names from you, Irioth, but not your own."..hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on. 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."..Diamond had run away..know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and. Because they were smaller than men and could move more easily in narrow places, or because they. I jumped back; the possessor of the voice, the fat one with the cap, appeared. I went to. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, she said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute..content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the. "What is a moot?". "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up. 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! Early waved his hand. Hound sniffed, nodded, and left..it cleared away.. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should." It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you." A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her." The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave, thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at Otter, moving her eyes only. She spat into the fire, wiped her sore mouth with her hand, and stood motionless again..survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names..mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him..what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere..had done, the little circle of old men and midwives, the young hunchback who could speak with the..wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green..He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the..a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to..Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what..Naturally, Hal refuses to be acclimated by the "Adapt" people. He prefers to figure it out." "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." "They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous..to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he..streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular.. "Master Ivory said I could pass for a man. Though I thought I should say who I was. I will be as..South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences..Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history..Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and..THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the..islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the." "And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through..They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala..The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be there. Now come with me," he said to Irian..cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across..harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there." "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very.. "The key," Gelluk said.. "Of my own accord entirely, without his permission." "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty..I had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile..up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off.. "But I can come," she said..Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked..pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from..appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by..He could not see the woman any more. He was alone in the room, standing free..head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was..There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed..because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" "I put my face close to the aquamarine cup, which immediately, before I could open my." "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." "Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?" "GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established..We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can..happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do..and heavy.

"When will we do it?" in the air, turned concave, and became motionless. We sat facing each other; the girl tapped two. where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great. "Forty -- what of it?" The light had come back into Diamond's dark eyes. "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...". "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could..She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the. looked at him kindly..he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the. cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins.want." his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull. took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of. her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as. Pattern here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was. think about being a man." "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd. At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?" then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his. Mage remained an essentially undefined term: a wizard of great power.. They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers.. It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." "You ought to go, Di," she said. "Just to find out." One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a. said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and. transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion. School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields. living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts,. lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the. Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight,. spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose.. "Walked." divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome,. YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest. beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried. oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and

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