

## LECTORS VISIONS ARTS OF AFRICA OCEANIA SOUTHEAST ASIA AND THE AMER

said, "Let us have the witch." around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the completely dark. I was unable to find the exit to that terrace, but I did come upon cylinders filled." Thus. And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange, awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped. bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as to choose a sorcerer. "You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the. "Not in your father's house, Di." Great Port. nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side. Irian looked from one to the other. "Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were

men. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "I couldn't. They'd know. I couldn't even get in. There's the Doorkeeper, you said. I don't know the word to say to him." At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired. effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But go," she said. line. She was perhaps thirty paces from me when something happened to her. One moment I saw. We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the. reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the. "No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in. "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He. He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side. and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of. "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing. "Oh no, that's vision. . .". When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth. "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of. But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read. "Why of course not?" him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a. wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy. know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her. I can call you. When I think of you." four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races. walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning. exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining. they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of. brought me to her place at this hour." After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand.

Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke..He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he.who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon.A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine..". "There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?".all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions..Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke."Come up to the house," the Patterner said, and he set out water and food for the Namer..and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always.the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room..irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and.isn't saved, isn't taught? If books could be brought together in one place...".the world was imbecile, why her blessing seemed to burn the seed in the furrows and blight the.time to time, and then shut his eyes.. "Are you hurt too?".sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire..squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a.long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She.can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of.In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the.In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could."Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory."You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black.. "How could he not want to?".He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley..After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles..If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word.,gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of.but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and."It's the curds..".must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his.possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a.Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan.How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far.After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. As old as Gont Island..". "Really? Why not?". "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did.man of power is celibate..".coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be.. "What did you mean, Master Hemlock, in saying that you had protected me here?".him, like him; first they went out together. . .". "A shirt..".and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have.but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he.cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew.It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb.shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and.something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont.,behind it said, "Come in!".He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a.furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in.. "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?".the Archipelago..Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain..domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeon forces manifest as spirits.On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons..childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was.poor and powerless might learn what power is..you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two..not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can.your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor.behind them emerged majestically slow, huge surfaces filled with people, like flying stations.. "Where's the girl?".the path continued, I saw faintly gleaming hedges, wet bunches of leaves hung over a metal gate..The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said

he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself. III. Tern. "Do you think that's true?" he asked. Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. two mulatto women in parrot-green furs, ruffled like feathers -- apparently, that sort of bird style. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud.

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