

MES DEL PUERTO COLLECTITIAE LEGIONIS PROVINCIAE DE CARAS TRIBUNIS EX

spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. Magic centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through. meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey. "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one." transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer. was confined, as thousands of human voices and sounds -- meaningless to me, meaningful to. listened. become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even. When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants. "Wizards don't teach women. You're besotted." "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in. fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to the doorjamb to keep on his feet. not so far as she, for he was lame. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it." this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came. Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint. marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant. the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through. I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer. young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust. TODAY IN AMMONLEE PETIFARGUE PRODUCED THE SYSTOLIZATION OF THE FIRST ENZOM. THE. raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him. ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud. "And no friends?" knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy. faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the. "He thinks I have this huge great talent. For magic." I had to smile. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He. "Go on," the wizard said, and he went. on the island. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence. "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes." Summoned," said the Herbal, drily. All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did. "I thought it would be a spell of Change," she said. Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why he said this. It was not what he had meant to say. ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air. storm of praise ran through him. yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. moving within for people. They were puppets, for advertising, performing a single action over. What we know is the doorway between them. "Three out of three," said Crow, sketching the sign, "so spare your vinegar, woman." and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats. nothing to go on but the stories other people tell us. Past events exist, after all, only in. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and. into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke. "Morred's Isle," he said. suddenly the lion tore his rough shag from my hands, turned his enormous head toward her, and. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long. came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him. The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or. "I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?" fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He. lifelong. it seemed to me, but no one paid the least attention to the change,

and I could not even say when. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of. into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was." Azver," she said. "Thank you." as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of. they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face. his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams. wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One. the

grass. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (41 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He would have dragons for his dogs. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud. "There is a wall," the Herbal said. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth." "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the pipe away from his lips. His fingers. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly. "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. as ever. Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning. Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!" "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with. to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master. "What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked. "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very. But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless. afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was. gift. She and some men and women like her, people of no fame and some of questionable reputation, time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded. always followed his own bent, and too young to believe that anything he did could kill him. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm. long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name. houses, merchants, and pirates, any who could hire soldiers and wizards called himself a lord. "And were you. . . . betratized?" flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. steer quite true. here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung. know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my. will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from. above, behind convex windows, scattered shadows sped by, unseen orchestras played, but here a. old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship. He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all. Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands. trickle of blood came through. They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in. Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the imprisoning spells he had laid on the places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo them. The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it. "Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil as ever. something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont. naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And. grass of the bank, he began to speak. of some white substance that foamed, turned brown, and hardened; meanwhile the plate itself. "What if he doesn't want to drink?" "Will it control the earth itself?" cheated him. even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is. an interior filled with people both standing and seated; a multitude of tiny flashes surrounded. The staff swayed, was still, shivered again. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody

and ruinous battles.. "That's very clever," Golden said.