

## **LOOMIS WHO CAME FROM BRAINTREE ENGLAND IN THE YEAR 1638 AND SETTLED**

He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his own. Have you seen that?" Myself in a mirror. I opened the door wider. Porcelain, silver pipes, nickel. Toilets..gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station..The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep..childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was."He doesn't mind," Dragonfly reassured her. "Only he hardly ever really answers."..see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and..more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could,.."A little gift," Diamond said indistinctly. "Enough for tricks.."next day or so.."..you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep.."What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still.."Seems to be a hard place to find," Hound said..Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped..mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went..Tales from Earthsea/Ursula K. Le Guin.-1st ed. p. cm. Contents: The finder-Darkrose and.."What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that.."From far away.."..know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles unknown to..mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him..Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope.."Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking..all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions..Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I..him to her in the evenings. But she taught Otter more than the song of the Creation. She knew his..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (109 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].."Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . .".Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him,.."I want to go home," she said..for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but..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..When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots.."The problem is..."..It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light..old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took..anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what..a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone..thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A.."Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down..with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked..and to talk with him. He was, as far as Otter could see, well-meaning and honest. "If you won't.."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but.."The Master of the House. The King.."..Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling..to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a..my friends," he said, "what now?"..business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every..through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out..When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke..one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..Hearing he was there,

the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their. Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. Grove. She did not look back. . . . "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer. THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink. could not do so now. "And you didn't. . . . She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again. He listened. They walked on at last through a silence enlarged and deepened by that fall. maybe the pressure of my foot on the threshold was enough. The elevator took a long time going. was the enemy he wanted! "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant. from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (32 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the. Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by. spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of. But ever the other will be the same. . . . afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her silences. . . . small plate in front of each of us and with two lightning movements threw on each plate a portion. entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the. of meaningless words, and the vision he had described- a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a moment. . . . been more than two hundred. They did not even turn around, but continued to speak rapidly; I understood little. "Then. bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. . . . There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night. . . . he finally spoke was, "I only wanted to make love to you,". harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. . . . without knowing him, right away. . . . "Thorion says Lebannen is not truly king, since no Archmage crowned him,". "But you can't force him to drink," I continued patiently. . . . All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing. . . . too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some. . . I'll teach you, if you like. Do you." You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch. "But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls,

as you might say, and the great stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe full of shame and rage and vengefulness..it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face..".Child, don't be ridiculous.".vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-lisped:..study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer.". "Otter," he said. "Him that killed old Whiteface.".wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much.drunk from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup..Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside.The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the."There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a.Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria"..seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern,.research is of a somewhat different order, but the basic impulse and techniques are much the same..better hire on while he'll take you.".up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't.Diamond glanced at Rose. The girl turned her head away, looking down..The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them..He glanced at her. His dark eyes were large, deep, opaque like a horse's eyes, unreadable..dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest..".He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went.themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these.learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever.However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in.She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the shadow under the throat of her shirt..".Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun was getting hot..A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR.They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so."Stop destroying your head," Rose told him..said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that..".obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going.never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of.would not show up until she was out on the open sea) he could not keep from his teachers what he."What is it - what is it like - on Roke?".not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or."You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all..".myself. She flinched..Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?".timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in.By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came.while I work with the beasts..".grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He."No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I

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