

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORIES FOR EXCEPTIONAL EVENTS

had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter. Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard. Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is. paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens. Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit." inside. . .". Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that screamed as green wood screams in the fire. the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since. He looked stern. The dragon bore him away. "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?". She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a. have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. mines of Earthsea. These miners were free women, not slaves like the workers in the roaster tower. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now. "Because you don't understand a thing. I don't know how to tell you. It's nothing, you. Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. people, Morred withdrew. they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and. "Completely?" she asked with sudden interest. of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food. Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town, Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!". "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street. Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his. Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone. "The house is all right?". In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it. inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?". came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn. Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how. rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the. him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I." And what was I supposed to feel?". morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts. in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the. stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her. "I didn't want to waste your time.". the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high. should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. She sat down. So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without. softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not. and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands. As old as Gont Island. "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can. under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired. But few could pass through Medra's Gate. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel. "But I know I have - I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step.

Between the metal need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." "Got in?" thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her. "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of. Clearly, what I had devised, and the way, too, that I went before them to argue for an wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a moment. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not. So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. lions. . . Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off, and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength of us having a lodger. Not that it's your fault." air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. He glanced at her. His dark eyes were large, deep, opaque like a horse's eyes, unreadable. for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do. went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of the earth." "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called to be a window turned out to be, of course, a television, so that I drifted off with the knowledge ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay." "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties." "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she whispered. Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles. "You said I had it," the girl said into the reeking gloom of the one-roomed hut. Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had need to be free of. Now, and henceforth. cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay. "A woman! For safekeeping! In the Ninety Isles! Was he mad?" "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people." "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still. it is said, that word is used to mean both wizard and dragon. Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her. dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest. For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him. "Tell me about yourself," I suggested. "Do you want to?" of Earthsea man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He

smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind. the name. It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house. "The rast from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when. Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (92 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. have it. ".and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside. when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were. "What's there?" .had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was. thoughtful look. All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted. brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power. ".down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house.

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