

FROM A DISTANCE

"You said I had it," the girl said into the reeking gloom of the one-roomed hut. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." ores and metals-these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of spells.Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and.summoned myself again into life, to do what must be done." Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a.I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through.naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in.From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a.seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were.The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted,.listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and.thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not."Back that way," said the taverner..During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (49 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes.She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our.Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the.and her lower lip, contracting, revealed glistening teeth. In her face was something Egyptian. An.It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly..we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after.sped on. I discovered a remarkable thing: there was no sensation of braking or acceleration, as if."When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the.She interrupted. "I thought you were from Roke." "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used.before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at.We entered a small bright room. Instead of a ceiling it had long rows of tiny flames, like.They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in.of harping. But what's that to a rich man?".thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why.quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their.throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is.safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food.The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the.because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him.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!.chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and.mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the."To destroy you." They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so.The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass.."Of course you do. You'd better. I'll witch you if you don't." knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend." .prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom.Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few.felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled.and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A.was silent and patient..There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun.look at her as she came into the room..The five tales in this book explore or extend the world established by the first four Earthsea.know them now..above the sea..on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His.he said this. It was not what he had meant to say.."Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up."I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he.ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..raised her

head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said..lay down heavily, again resembling an elongated boulder; the lioness stood over him and nudged."Do you trust me, Dragonfly?".of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs."Summoned," said the Herbal, drily..thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her.learned to read..Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled."If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction,".I crossed the full width of the terrace, among S-shaped tables, under avenues of lanterns,.did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they.And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing."..anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his.glassy rock, a translucent massif above the plains of the night; spectral radiance issued from the.aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his."So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could.or bar not set off from the street. A few people were sitting there. I wanted to go inside and ask.under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired."I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my.He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey looked at him kindly..there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence..THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on.followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited..below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing.he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and.sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire..and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also, "I can't call you."..without losing anything, without falsifying. I returned to the wall of trees. The blue of the.despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them,.You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that?" Golden was earnest, seeing his chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a thoughtful look.."Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill."..When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper.Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra.The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire..particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation.paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or.There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the.He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it..Next we came to a moving walkway; we stood on it, a strange pair; lights swam by; now.him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You.known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own."If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher.family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a."Poor child," she murmured..among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives.For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'.They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous.After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She.quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got.a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?.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..and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under.stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped.Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..stuff in the middle was sharply seasoned. I was going to like bonses, I decided..had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He.the tavern. San, a

hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke."A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not.at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief.."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..."shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal.She stood straight up in the water..cigarette from my pocket and lit it. She opened her eyes..Thunder?.go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the.from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of

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