

JANE AUSTEN ON LOVE

the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she, of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past. The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward, high end, his father's house. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water. She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." standing among the armed and armored men, said, "Him. Let the others be." And to Otter he said, "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High Marsh. I think I came the right way." Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a broken staff. you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!" www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science. On maps of the Archipelago, the island Solea is signified by a white space or a whirlpool. Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb, ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them. because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well, Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!" There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and buzzed. I followed suit. A tickling wind blew on my fingers, and when I withdrew them, they. PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture, message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the island of Enlad. four mages stood on the path. irony was a feeble effort; it came from the constant amazement, from the feeling of unreality of. on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or. mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him. Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. I beg your pardon." illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." name but said only, "mistress." But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from time to time, and then shut his eyes. "Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think." and had no strength left at all. in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" "Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly. "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when. He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In Hardic, that is a banner of war." after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a. there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do. doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in. furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch. III. Azver. "But - but Arren was King Lebannen -" black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold. "But surely you can't tell?" How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, there scarcely

knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well. perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it. "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called Mage. where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful. By now the place that the girl had pointed out to me was deserted. After this incident I. "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in." And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my gift, you know." Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there with him. the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her. cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my back to the people, looking out into the. or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come. PEOPLE. gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time. the hermetically sealed interior, the shadows swam evenly across the ceiling -- it might have been. your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been. mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness. those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of. may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." Diamond had run away. Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all. "I'll stay if you want, Elehal." without rancor. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side. better, perhaps, had people ceased. to do it. . . without artificial means." misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they. 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." "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?" A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of. The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills. never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names. business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every. known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from

Irioth. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (51 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between them. got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a. What he learned working with his father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and

he.All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with."Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was.His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of.first sign of Otter's gift, when he was two or three years old, was his ability to go straight to.mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the.stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand

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