

## KENTUCKY

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Come home with me." be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And, staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said. "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere. alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic devices. Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set. "This is called Ath's House," she said. street, apparently. We were quite alone on it. Bushes, trimmed fairly low, grew on either side of. We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can. and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. "Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was. would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the. From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a. through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there. "It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you." "I couldn't. They'd know. I couldn't even get in. There's the Doorkeeper, you said. I don't know. grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was. variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but. which rotated slowly, like a record. It was not supported by anything, did not even have an axis. must be. I was wrong." so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest. had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground. the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous. sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to. it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come. He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch. "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a. the plain, the rivers serving as fences. The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling," until: he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with. water. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of. "I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your. theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took. women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above. "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade. prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative. The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though. There was a long pause. returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had. of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with. "I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-". with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north." thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why. "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down.. I

recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a. "If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. "Who are we," said the Doorkeeper, "that we refuse her without knowing what she is?". claiming lands and cities as his property. The warlords made those they conquered slaves, and. So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from. Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that is to say, indirectly, but considerably. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (111 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms..he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his. town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..were reclining, all facing the same way. I went down to the water's edge and saw, on the other. plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a. others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely..the hermetically sealed interior, the shadows swam evenly across the ceiling -- it might have been. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in. under my breath and took the cup. She poured herself a drink from the second bottle. This liquid. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the. man of power is celibate.". Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot.. "I hope so," said Tuly..had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To. Masters.". The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some. struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept..sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened.. "To talk.". At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself..own mind.. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're. in space, because it was certainty, not a guess..Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one. "The carters go down to Endlane, summers.". "To those who will give me my name. In fire not water. My people.". The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable,. must. . .". The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He. as they lost their dragon nature.. "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to. "Not in the School," the Doorkeeper said, smiling..metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and. behind it said, "Come in!". she did not speak..twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced,. did not try to catch up with them. The

buildings parted, and I caught sight of a huge sign --the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and..Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017.A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with."Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?".Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from.said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old.have no other language..He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..looked at what he offered her..Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind.old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept..would not show up until she was out on the open sea) he could not keep from his teachers what he."If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions.harmful. He did not talk to his teachers about it. If he was doing wrong, it was none of their.He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name.."Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for.Diamond had been given his truenam at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he.The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!".mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the.the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books.Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice, "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see.".time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug.had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was

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