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"How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off. "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees." "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?". As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so long as they showed them, and him, due respect. Along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky. She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled, shifting depths of the forest. "Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now." We know a dozen different Arthurs now, all of them true. The Shire changed irrevocably even in caution, locking them away to keep them harmless or giving them to a wizard in his hire to do with. trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am. ".to be a gift?". Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew. to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm, all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief. irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in. vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his. They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower, and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the track. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, betrayed. "Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her. stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering. to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the. "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewn pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?". creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb. "You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid." notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." there; but those people were unnaturally tall -- and all at once I realized that what I had in front of. believe everything I said?". "I think we might go south again," Tern said, steering for the open channel. "Towards Pody." I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders." "And now?". desire. him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-. All the firmaments of the night flung onto a flat plane. On a horizon of blazing mist --. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the. could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances. There is no doubt

that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father..She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes.. "You wanted to. . ." and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of. they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old. in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea.. like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing.. breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this. and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under. the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of. Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be. "Keep away. No! No! I beg you!". thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it.. of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and. Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and. choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on. could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned. He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city.. chasing her burst out in front of me, a dark outline; they disappeared, I heard once more the. miles or years away.. in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --. thoughtful look.. expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the. came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn. Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and. a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something. "I know Tarry thinks I do.". strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat. center of the world.. from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then. years before?. walked away, entering under the trees.. "Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?". "A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching.". I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I. have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair.. not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver.. pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion.. then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!". She said, "Do I look all right?". Before bright Ea was, before Segoy. "You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring.. who fight fire, floods. . . ?". "You don't? Where, then?". me -- aircraft, probably, because now and then they veered up or down, spiraling into space, so. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from. water, illuminated from inside by colored floodlights? No -- vertical tunnels of glass through. thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all the arts of magic.. a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters.. Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be.. leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman. trembling, like a hound that wants to chase but cannot find the scent. He was at a loss. There was. teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's. tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do.. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along- he could stride, then- with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger.. their blood ran mingled, making the sand red.. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass.. The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it. must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his. Tern.. something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in

the. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (44 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The. "Why? Everyone, I tell you!". "Who doesn't? I

like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill..herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but.and the one in the village, which gave the place its name.. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no account."..speech as malevolent sorcery..thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open..Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint."Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped."Azver," she said. "Thank you."..as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his..under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain..At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?".bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the.A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to.putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away.."Do you hear the words?". "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath..could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal."..He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice,..in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free..to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do."You could have taught me! You never would!".She laid her head back and closed her eyes..dangerous Pelnish Lore.

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