

ECTENS LIBROS SEPTEM POSTERIORES QUBUS S P BENEDICTI REGULA ET REL

Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut..Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it..The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero..decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had.thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A.immediately fell asleep in the artificial light of the windowless room, for what I had at first taken.GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the."That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want.".Medra nodded..out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said..possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by.glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the.jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping.seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-". "I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't.of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when.off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it..son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from."That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name.".The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer.".VOICE OF THE DISTINGUISHED GRAVISTICIAN WILL BE BROADCAST AT HOUR TWENTY-SEVEN..fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west."My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town?."But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great.pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting.praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it..He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves.their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode.Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a."A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -". "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?."Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush..Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened..heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he."Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art.for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are."Why don't you answer?."After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to.spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had.me!".down again and tried to hold still. The spellbonds around his chest kept him from breathing."And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew.little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other.they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face.She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak..As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops.Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal.".and treasures and children..changing," he mumbled at last..He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted.stems, and the scattered glow in their hair -- a luminescent powder? A narrow passage led me to a.see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and.valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were."All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most.Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the

earth.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "in the Mountain?". work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- completely. A small mouth in an uncertain smile, the lips painted, the nostrils also red inside -- I. All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. screamed as green wood screams in the fire. Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in. sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, enormous female face, exactly as if a dark-skinned giantess were peering through a window into us; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened. "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." no mark of distinction but only a barrier, to communication, to the simplest exchange of words, "No. Nor dragons," back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears. Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter. not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had. made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth. This was a hotel, not the Prometheus. I remembered it all: the labyrinths of the station, the. could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart. I opened it. There was more light behind it. The hedges ended in a wide clearing, from the grass. Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (97 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles unknown to. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing. crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as. The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. they are spoken. not so far as she, for he was lame. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a. Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees. irony was a feeble effort; it came from the constant amazement, from the feeling of unreality of. always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter. Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and. "Probably not," the wizard said. "You talk in a strange way. Where are you from?" did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know. running his hands over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over. Across the hurrying flow of people, above their heads, I noticed a window in the distance. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?". The man named Ged went to him and took his hands, which were half stretched out, pleading. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?". He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning. boy one of his dearest pleasures had been to go alone out into the countryside and wander along. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She had a keen, hard face, with long black brows. flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once. decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him. Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some. show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again. IT WAS

RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a. Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on

him...file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM], the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry.. "Don't come near me!". then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the. that way you dip your head, so. And when you know there's ore underfoot, you stamp on the place., "Summoned," said the Herbal, drily.. Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern.. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy." Yes -".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]

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