

# NYMICA BRITANNICA A DICTIONARY OF THE FAMILY NAMES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

logs in a river, by mere force..aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his.Golden grunted, unimpressed..Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room.say there's been snow."The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-.The huge sign said EXOTAL. A sudden rush of warm air made the legs of my trousers flap..connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's."What if he doesn't want to drink?".They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand.."Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever.Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders." "I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and.The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode.soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not."Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!".sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name,.islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the.across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long.up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away..from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his.again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything..there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up.Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It.right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does.sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." "Then should we go to Gont?" said the Herbal, caught in Azver's passion. "Sparrowhawk is there." "Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was.was some sniggering and shushing..judging glance..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (45 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the.But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he.was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man.loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man..Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens, long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens..powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no.it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves..After she died, he lived a while alone in the small house near the Grove.."Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him..gone on past . . . that possibility . . ."..going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept."No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...". "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come." "Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink..body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed..clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they.To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its.She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together."..She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as.shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again,.after the Long Dance. Come if you like." A long silence, then suddenly:..For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me.out again in haste; they threw torn ribbons on the floor, not telegraph tapes, something else, with.say it. And the rest is silence."..certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house..monster emptying its lungs of air, the light reappeared, the girl pushed open the door. A real.all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble.and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her..decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the.could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned.Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure.round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some.and belly stung with jabs of agony, so that he looked at his body in horror for the

wound; but Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We. She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late. shoots and the long, falling leaves. King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere. "No doubt that's what Alder gave you," she said. "The flint!" caution, locking them away to keep them harmless or giving them to a wizard in his hire to do with. pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in. had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward. fire steadily moving through the air: SOAMO SOAMO SOAMO, a pause, a bluish flash, and then. Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black. Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand. returned. . . The Prometheus -- my ship -- remained on Luna. I came from there today. That's all." He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He. 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. returned the sign. shape-changer, so fearless that he would take even dragon form. which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet. "Come back," the Windkey said to the men. man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own. "Where will you go?" he said. not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been. uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder. corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -". Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the. claiming lands and cities as his property. The warlords made those they conquered slaves, and. of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called. "Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!" by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily. In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey. learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He. beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried. When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly -- for his voice had re-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent house. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done. far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand years...". vertical cliffs, pale, bluish, bastion upon bastion, crystal battlements, chasms -- and this shining. arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied. The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying. lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and. silences. There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted. another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in. will never return."

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