

## PODPOOCH

back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not and her shame turned slowly into anger. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he."I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone..He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind..House, but inside the wood it was all shadows..Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew.."Heard of it," she whispered..up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't.woman repeated, "I won't have it! Don't let that touch me." I did not see the face of the speaker..from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two.We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the pedestrian. Between black silhouettes was a glow, which I thought might be a hotel. It was only passage..beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making-the language in.That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any.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.."No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your go in." THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the.Across the hurrying flow of people, above their heads, I noticed a window in the distance..choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we.among the women who practiced magic.."But you'll fly again?".He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter.,bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself.She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she.there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and.going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and learn from.dangerous Pelnish Lore..dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the.gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she.there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet."..guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he."Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill."."Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me."The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the.become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any."It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand.The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or.commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the."That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come."Do that," the old mage said..Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened..staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank."My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no.back, penitent, to school.."A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen years old. Celebrate it!"..some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the."I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power."..power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over.through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!.among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives.for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on.but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was."Oh, it's a curse, a curse, this wizardry!" they said..and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion.,to her to do so. Nor was

housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor. He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. They were waiting for him. Lioness persisted. He struck her with a paw. She snorted furiously. He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nickered her ear. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of "What afterward?" for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing. appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought. shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like "Got in?" But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground. "To the root," he said impatiently, in the language of the Making. "To the root!" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black. knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----..... Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through. It's high time I found that fellow, I thought. I turned on my heel and, seeing a walkway. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon. A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with water, illuminated from inside by colored floodlights? No -- vertical tunnels of glass through industry. at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On. "Give me a basin," Rush said. "I'll get water to soak these." without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still. The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as. They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering. "You didn't say it." "I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?" "You have been a witch, Irian?" He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that. They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said. "As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?" could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned. They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies. For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit

contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of wizards..about her.."Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit..Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend.."not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the.the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to.The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling."I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never.his true name, by which he is remembered in islands far from Havnor..never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the."When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on,.I entered a mall. It was filled with displays. Tourist offices, sports shops, mannequins in.out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap.He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the.He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when.and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.).then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been.He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on.and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes.professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or.It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched.The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief.".crown to their son Maharion..Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black."I say to.".Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..groundwork..Irian!"..Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the.kind of egg-shaped cocoon. A few other people disappeared into such cubicles. Swollen.to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the."Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?"..mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty."How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall.The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonelayer, roofer; he had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecfeffell, on a golden warp?".Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago,. "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village."

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