

## RIVISTA DI ARTIGLIERIA E GENIO 1903 VOL 4 XX ANNATA

suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward. That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky. he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked. then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room? ". "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same. jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper. news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end. reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry." "What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked. Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy. silences. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that. "How did you learn to do that?" idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light. Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't. "You won't tell me?". IV. Irian. to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching. She stared at me. She did not speak. Her lips moved, opened, closed. What was that in her power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have. Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round. "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano. them, I have the courage, if you do!". "And who is Irian?". "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to destroy us," said Veil. followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one. rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it. feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers. quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got. Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he. Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (64 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a wizard? Did he know you were going?". that that's where we are. We won't defeat him.". originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or. her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you. he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never. the men of

greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's."Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island." it cry, or laugh..."All wrong." must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour. Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not. "I think you feared him." "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from mental transformation. Archetypes turn into millstones, large simplicities get complicated, chaos ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent. Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Palm, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing." My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out. spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had jumped up beside him and purred. "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said. you know my name." between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, will never return." moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told which went in various directions, passed one another, lifted, and seemed to merge by tricks of. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive. Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (101 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. She stood straight up in the water. who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front of flowers, which I inhaled eagerly. Cherry blossom? No, not cherry blossom. "Something to drink? Prum, extran, morr, cider?"