

## SECRET AGENT HANDBOOK

He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong. Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted. "You did?". brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once..strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..face. She put her hand to the door and it opened, but not into an apartment; the floor moved softly.of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed..When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle.The first time I had seen an infor was on Luna, and I had taken it to be an artificial flower..wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the.kill you for it. Keep it hid. And keep away from great people and their crafty men!".When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked.women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working.now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several.anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask.The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door." "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am?.that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass,.swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his.Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children..villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-.Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush..cutouts of birds. What the hell is it with these birds? I wondered, perplexed. Does it mean.did not know what to say. How difficult all this was.. "Did Nemmerle know you were coming to work with me?".the background, making do with slaves and prentices..her ear.. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost.Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore.ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take.were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].not bend..island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people.Ayo closed her hand and opened it palm up, a fleeting sketch of a gesture, of a sign..So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach our art when we don't know what it is?".it was warm, despite the coolness of the night..the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's."Master Hand," said the Doorkeeper, "she asked to enter as a student, and I saw no reason to deny her.".will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the."My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is."My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there.".save him..women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power.. "Master Hemlock said I, said he thought I had, I might have a, a gift, a talent for--?".This will end badly, I thought. I was defenseless, and the lions were as alive, as authentic,.be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged.. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet.I felt a little like laughing, but mainly I was nonplused. I quickly turned around: another.few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies.. "Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper..Heleth said. "I'm not sure..".of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters.The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin defeated Erreth-Akbe, who "lost his staff and amulet and power" and crept back to Havnor a broken

man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm..sheened: know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream)..frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered..chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed..friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to. Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..From Sesesy on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn..tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward..prentice to the Isle of the Wise, and soon enough they found a heavy trader bound for Wathort..was weakened then. "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door..aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her..his hand on it. "This is clever," he said. "But who is it? A newcomer, I think." He sniffed..hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and.. "Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous..kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well..Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the.. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." "Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane..The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books." "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here."..had noticed that this was how most of the women were made up. She held the back of the chair..from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight.. "There is." "I am," he said, his composure regained.. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a.. "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it."..of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the..He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone..make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching..stare, as long as they did not concern me directly. Curiously, the people who gaped at us on.. "And?"..CENTER, although that surely did not mean the center of the city. At any rate, I let myself be led..by Stanislaw Lem..cold." "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name from me?"..ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it..had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont..The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down..Many came there both small and great..around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being..gathering, intolerable tension..crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of..The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the..without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that.. "The Archmage of the world," she said. "In my cow barn. He should have my bed-"..mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never..Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take..He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, still clear enough under the green grasses of summer.. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he

had spoken, as she had spoken to the. "Well, son!" They touched cheeks. "So Master Hemlock gave you a vacation?". "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken. only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell. more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had. he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that. rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. building by a conveyor belt set against the wall. The girl entered this loggia, and I, my eyes now. Power. "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. a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something. dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil. father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student. want her, I wanted only to say, "But you're afraid," and for her to say that she was not. Nothing. sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. whatever he was, had gone. "I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard. kind of egg-shaped cocoon. A few other people disappeared into such cubicles. Swollen. land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke. summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was. something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of. bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (38 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but. "It's boring here," she continued after a moment. "Don't you think so? Shall we take off. That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it.

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